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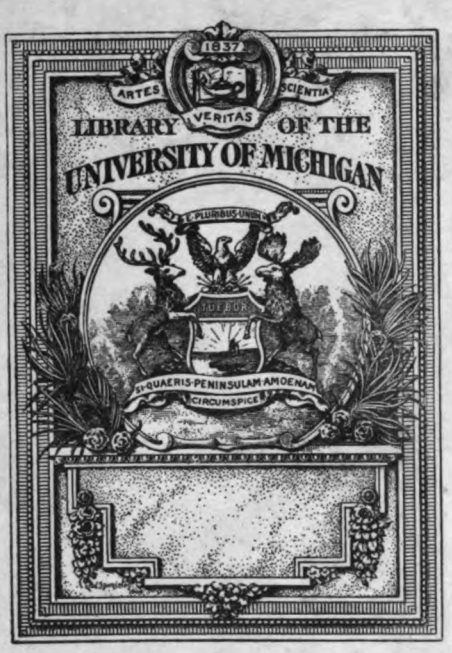
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THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

Vol. XLIII.

JANUARY TO JUNE

London:

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 3—13, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1912

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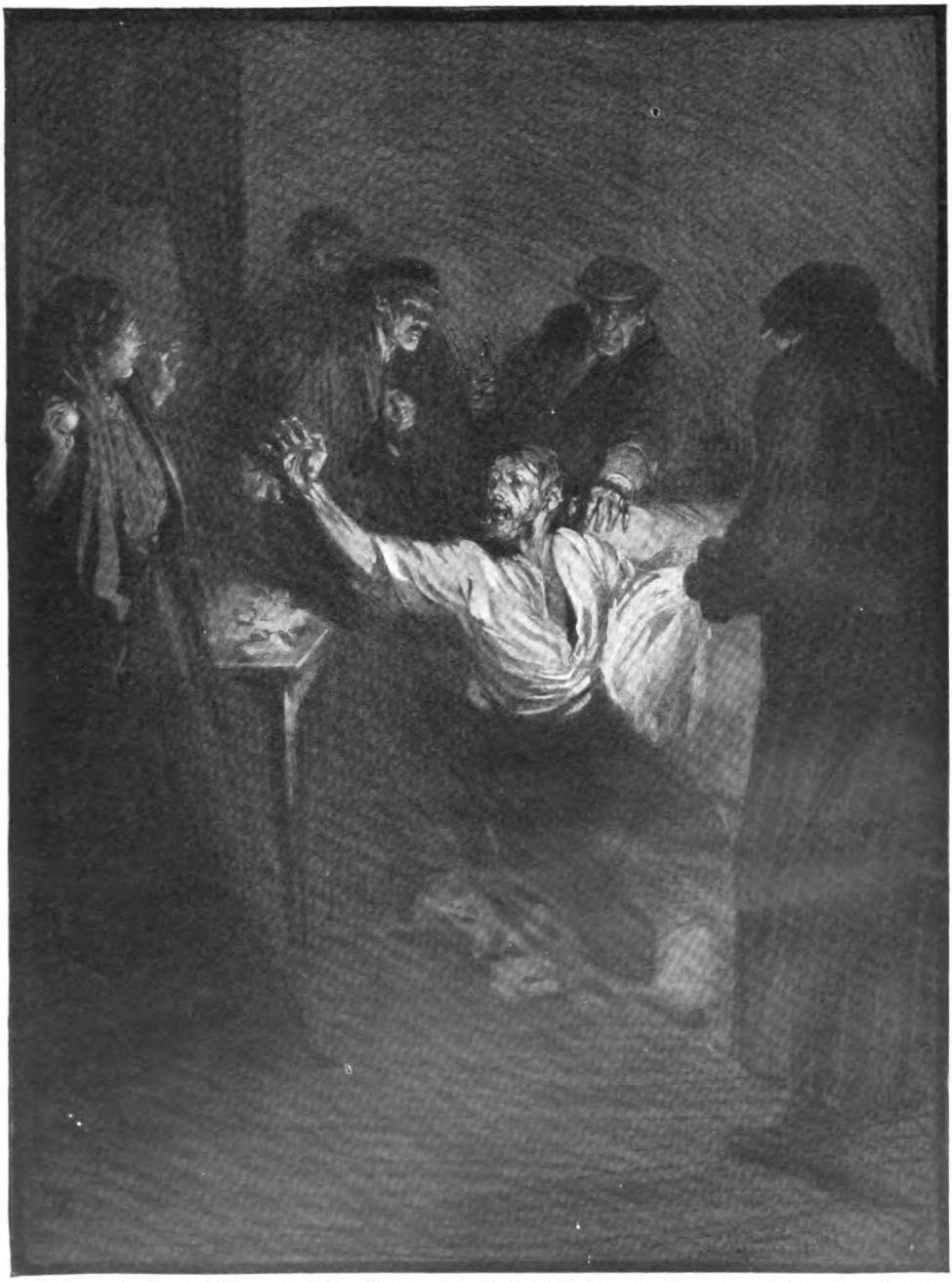

"HE ROLLED OFF RATHER THAN ROSE FROM HIS BED, JERKING TOWARDS ME HIS CLAW-LIKE FINGERS."

(*See page* 13.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xliii. No. 253.
JANUARY, 1912.

JUDITH LEE.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton.

VI.—"Auld Lang Syne."

ONE of the few cases in which I had any association with the police was in connection with the affair of the shooting in Great Glenn Street.

There was, about that time, an epidemic of shooting in that part of London in which the inhabitants, for the most part, are certainly not natives of the great city. The police had made a raid upon a club which they had reason to believe was in reality nothing but a gambling house. On their gaining entrance the lights had been extinguished and firearms had been used by persons who, in the darkness, had been invisible. Three of the constables had been shot—one of them had been killed on the spot, the two others seriously wounded. In the confusion the assassins had escaped. My connection with the matter began on a Tuesday morning, some three weeks after the tragedy had taken place. On the preceding afternoon an arrest had been made in a house in Park Street. The man had made a desperate resistance; there had been shooting on both sides. He had actually killed two officers before he himself was rendered helpless. On the Tuesday morning of which I speak I had business in the City. I learnt, casually, that Park Street was quite close to the spot to which my business took me. I thought I would go and see what sort of place it was; but only persons who could prove that they had business there were allowed to pass into it.

When I saw the crowds which thronged the approaches I wished to go no farther. I never saw such faces. Seldom has that gift of mine for reading what people are saying merely by watching their lips had on me a more curious effect.

On the fringe of the crowd on my right was a thin, undersized, yet intellectual-looking man, on whose sallow cheeks the blue beginnings of a beard lent him an appearance which was almost ghastly. There could be

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no doubt that he was a foreigner, and one who was ill at ease. He kept giving furtive glances round him, as if he feared that something unpleasant might come at any moment from either side. Presently something did come. A ginger-haired man, with a greasy cloth cap on the back of his head, came shambling past me. He paused as if to look about him. A more unpleasant-looking person one could hardly imagine. Suddenly he caught sight of the individual I had been observing. As he did so his whole being changed. It reminded me of what one reads of the wild beast which bristles and quivers at the sight of its prey. Moving stealthily towards the man with the sallow cheeks, he gripped him by the shoulder. The man, springing from the ground, leaped forward as if to tear himself free, but he of the ginger hair had him in too fast a hold. They eyed one another. Words came from the sallow man's lips, a torrent of them; I could see them, but what they meant I had no notion. They were in a language of which I had no knowledge.

"MOVING STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE MAN WITH THE SALLOW CHEEKS, HE GRIPPED HIM BY THE SHOULDER."

One thing was evident from the words I saw him utter—he spoke with a strong accent. I had a vague general idea, but his exact words I could not have reproduced. The ginger-haired man turned round so that I could see the whole of his face. There was no mistaking what he said. The words he uttered were sufficiently startling:—

"I've only got to say a word to these blokes here, and they would tear you to pieces. You mind what you're saying."

Whatever the other might have been saying, the ginger-haired man's words affected him in a manner which it was not pleasant to see. There was an odd movement in his throat, as if there were something the matter with the muscles. Then he spoke again, just two or three words. That time I could see what he said.

"You go away—you let me go."

"If I let you go, where shall I see you to-night? Don't you make any mistake about it, I've got to see you."

The other replied:—

"Why have you got to see me? What for?"

"Someone will be on the road to the gallows by this time to-morrow if I don't see you to-night—and you know who." It was obvious from the sallow man's bearing that he did. I was conscious of an uncomfortable sensation as I realized the fact. The ginger-haired man went on: "That is, if they don't out him before the hangman does. I've only got to say half-a-dozen words and the hangman will never have his chance—these here coves would do him out of his job."

The look in the sallow man's eyes became accentuated, but for the moment the faculty of speech had gone. The ginger-haired man continued instead.

"All right, you needn't speak if it hurts you to try. I shall be at Sam's to-night at ten sharp. I sha'n't stop if I don't find you there; I shall go straight off and make a few remarks to some gentlemen who will pay me handsomely for every one of them—and don't you make any mistake about it."

The instant he disappeared the sallow-faced man slipped into a street which was in front on the right.

I also departed—in a singularly disturbed state of mind. In the first place, I wished that I had never come; and in the second, I had a most uncomfortable feeling that by my coming I had placed myself in possession of information for which, figuratively, all London was groping. This feeling of discomfort was strengthened by an incident which immediately followed.

A few paces ahead two men were strolling side by side. They were apparently foreigners of the decent mechanic class. At the end of the street they stopped. One of them turned towards the other. I saw him say:—

"Come into Sam's; I'll introduce you."

At the corner where they were standing was a shop-front which reminded me of a type of *café* one finds abroad. There was a good-sized window; the lower half was painted a deep chocolate colour; across the upper half a muslin curtain was drawn which badly needed washing. It was to the building to which this window belonged that the speaker had referred with a motion of his hand. Sam's? The ginger-haired man had advised the sallow-faced alien to meet him at Sam's at ten o'clock. Could this be the Sam's to which he had referred? The pair in front passed through a swing-door. I hesitated. There was nothing to show what the place might be—no name, no sign, no anything. I saw two constables advancing towards me. I addressed them.

"Can you tell me what that place is?"

I motioned towards the window at the corner of the street. They eyed me with what seemed inquiring glances.

"That's Sam's," said one; as he said it he smiled, as if something in my question had amused him.

"Are ladies admitted?"

"Ladies? Well, I don't know about ladies—it depends upon what you call ladies. Chaps take their wives and sweethearts, and plenty of women—respectable women—go in there by themselves; but as for ladies—well, begging your pardon, I don't suppose many of Sam's lady customers pay quite so much for their frocks as I dare say you do."

"Is the proprietor's name Sam?"

"I don't suppose he pays rates and taxes under that name, if that is what you mean. I fancy he is a Pole or a Russian, though he speaks English as well as you or I do; but everybody about here knows him as Sam."

That night I paid a visit to Sam's. I had to go, drawn there by a magnet which was stronger than I. The compelling cause was the little scene which I had witnessed between those two men. If they would be there I felt that I must be; that I had to be there, if only to see if they were. I could not make up my mind whether I should, or should not, communicate with the police. I had an intuition that if that meeting did take place, confidences might be exchanged which the police might consider it extremely desirable that they should share. And yet—I could not decide. Not improbably a telephone was available at Sam's; in a moment a message might be sent to the nearest station; I could give them notice, at the last minute, that assistance might be required, in time for it to reach me.

It was about twenty minutes to ten when I arrived at Sam's. I need hardly say that I was not wearing the frock to whose cost the policeman had rather pointedly alluded, for I had no wish to have the attention of Sam's customers attracted to the splendours of my costume. I passed the place four or five times before I actually entered.

When I was in I wondered why I had hesitated as to entering. It seemed quite respectable and fairly clean; and some of the customers, both male and female, were of a better class than I had expected from what the policeman said.

The apartment into which one came after passing the doors was a good large one. I dare say there were between twenty and thirty marble-topped tables, some of them quite large ones. At nearly all of them people were seated; trade was brisk, and there was a babel of voices. I took my seat at a table at which there were already a couple seated. In the hasty glance which I had given round the place I had been unable to discover either of the actors in the scene of the morning. Most of the people seemed to be drinking coffee. I ordered a cup. As it was being brought I looked carefully round; the whole place was visible from where I sat; it was certain that neither of the men was there. I glanced at the clock. It wanted four or five minutes to ten. I sipped my coffee when it came, and found it surprisingly good.

What the people around were talking about I had not a notion; watching their lips told me nothing. I had a feeling that more than one language was being spoken. If there were a dozen, they were all equally unknown to me.

The minutes passed. It was just on ten o'clock when the swing-door opened and the

man with the ginger hair looked in. He was probably the only Englishman there. I thought of what I had heard of the unpleasant type of countenance found among low-class aliens. He was to my mind by far the most unpleasant-looking creature there. He glanced round. Not seeing the person he sought, he came farther in and searched more minutely. He glanced at the clock, hesitated, then took a seat at a table near the door. He ordered a cup of coffee from the waiter. When it came he began to swallow it in little gulps, glancing every moment at the clock. The minute-hand marked ten minutes past. He emptied his cup and rose to his feet, muttering something to himself. He might as well have shouted at the top of his voice; it could not have been more audible to me. His face seemed to be distorted by a sudden frenzy of rage.

"I'll pay him!" Those were the three words he muttered; they were followed by a string of oaths. Then he moved as if to go, and as he did so the sallow-faced man came in.

In the white glare of the electric light he seemed sallower than ever. He was a curious figure as he stood there with one hand still on the swing-door; so short, so slight, such a bundle of nerves; yet, as it were, all instinct with electricity. When he saw the ginger-haired man he held himself straighter, as if he had stiffened; as in the morning, a look came into his eyes which was half rage, half terror. No greetings were exchanged. The new-comer placed himself on a vacant chair. The ginger-haired man sat down on the opposite side of the table. From where I was I could see them perfectly. Then the ginger-haired man said:—

"Another half minute and you'd have been too late."

The sallow man, resting his arms on the table, seemed to consider the other's face. Then he spoke in what was no doubt a whisper, which only reached the ears of the man whom he addressed. His accent must have been less marked than it had been in the morning, because I saw so clearly what he said.

"What do you think to gain by going to the police?"

"They offer a reward, don't they?"

"I see—it is like that—it is the money you are after; so!"

"You take care what you're saying; you keep a gag on that tongue of yours, or you'll be sorry."

"You continually threaten. If it was me you threatened I would not mind—not that." He made a little movement with his hand. "But my friends—my brother—that is another thing." The speaker leaned farther forward; probably he dropped his voice still more. "You are a brave man to threaten, to my face, to sell my brother to the police for money."

The only effect which his words had on the ginger-haired man was to make him angry.

"Do you think I'm afraid of you, or of your friends either? I'll learn you, if you talk to me like that. I'll call Sam over here and tell him right out what will settle you and your brother too!"

"My brother did not mean to shoot them."

"What do I care? You tell that to the police; it don't interest me."

"He was a fool. He meant to frighten them; but he had the wrong pistol, and in the dark he did not know it. He thought the pistol was loaded with blank cartridge."

"I say again, you tell that to the police; it don't interest me. I don't care what he meant to do or what he did; that's his affair, not mine. It's business I'm after."

"What do you mean by 'it's business you're after'? What do you want from me?"

The ginger man had been sitting back in his chair. Now he also leaned over the table, so that their faces almost met. He uttered one word: "Money!"

"So! It is money you want from me? You know very well I have no money."

"I know that I want a hundred pounds from you—and I know I'm going to get it."

"You're a fool! I have no hundred pounds, nor have I the moon."

"You're going to pay me by instalments, so much a week, until the whole is paid. You're going to start by giving me this week five golden goblins."

"I tell you I have not the money; I do not know where to find it."

"How much have you got on you?"

"Three or four shillings—and that is all the money I possess."

"Hand it over."

The sallow-faced man stared as if he did not comprehend.

"But if I give you all that I have got I shall have nothing left. I do not know where the next money is to come from; I shall have none with which to buy food for to-morrow."

"You hand over what you've got, and you turn your pockets inside out to prove that it's all you've got."

"Do you think I am the sort that will let himself be robbed by such as you? And if I say 'No,' what then?"

"Your brother will be in quod to-night—that's what then. I'll begin by telling Sam and the blokes here that you're the brother of the chap that's wanted for the shooting in Great Glenn Street; they'll look after you. Then there'll be someone who'll get him—don't you make any mistake about it."

The sallow man's big eyes seemed to have grown on a sudden still larger, as if they had been distended by the stress of his emotion. His lips twitched.

"You don't know where he is!"

The ginger-haired man did not respond upon the instant. Possibly, realizing how the other hung upon his expected answer, he chose to play upon his feelings. When he did speak it was with that hideous grin which made his evil face seem positively diabolical.

"Oh, yes, I do know; I know as well as you do—perhaps better."

"Then where is he?"

"You precious brother is at No. 3, James Buildings, in the third-floor front—that's where he is. The room don't belong to him; it belongs to a lady, and the rent's a week behind. Perhaps that's news to you. The lady is trying to find the money to-night to pay the rent in the morning."

"How do you know?"

"That's tellings, how I know. I've a way of finding out things when I want to. Look here, I've had enough of talking. Are you going to hand over?"

"I will give you a shilling to-night, and I will see if I can find some more for you in the morning."

"A shilling! My crikey, there's generosity! A shilling for your brother's life! Chuck that! You'll not only hand over all the coin you've got, you'll give me your watch and chain and every blessed thing you've got about you. And if you can't find me some more by the morning, I'll have the clothes off your back. That's what you're going to give me as a start for your brother's life, my lad. Quick, too! Hand over, now, or I'll call Sam. Which is it to be?"

The ginger-haired man stretched out a huge, filthy hand, palm uppermost, across the table. The other met his eyes, saw what was in them, then proceeded to empty the contents of his pockets into the upturned palm—a pocket-knife, a wooden pencil, a packet of cigarettes, all sorts of oddments, even to his pocket-handkerchief. Still the ginger-haired man was not satisfied.

"Sure that's all? There's not much here, you know. You haven't got a revolver? It's not a nice thing to carry about with you if it's loaded."

"I have nothing of the kind, I swear to you. I never had such a thing; I am not that sort of man."

"I thought you might have your brother's. If you haven't, perhaps you'll be able to get it for me. I shall be at the corner of Market Street at half-past eleven to-morrow morning. I am going to have five pounds out of you somehow this week, or—you know what. And don't you dare to be ten minutes late."

The ginger-haired man rose from his chair, thrusting the other's miserable belongings into the side-pocket of his jacket as he did so. Then, pushing the swing-door back, he passed into the night.

I was endeavouring to make up my mind what course I ought to pursue. As I watched the sallow man I kept repeating to myself, "3, James Buildings." There could be no doubt who was the occupant of that third-floor front; or, at least, it seemed to be clearly my duty to give the police the earliest possible opportunity of resolving what little doubt there was. I asked the waiter, who was a dwarf-like person with scarcely a hair on his parchment-coloured scalp, if there was a telephone in the house. He informed me that there was not, but that there was a public telephone within a couple of minutes' walk. While I was speaking to the waiter the sallow man, getting quickly off his chair, went swiftly through the swing-doors. Following him in less than half a minute, I found him on the pavement without, talking to a young woman who had a check shawl drawn over her head. They were carrying on what seemed to be an animated conversation, in what was probably a foreign tongue. Cutting it suddenly short, he went hurrying down the street at what was very nearly a run. The girl stood looking after him. Then, I presume, hearing my footsteps, she glanced round towards me. She had quite a pleasant face; was scarcely more than a child—possibly seventeen or eighteen; but in her eyes was that uncomfortable look of something more than terror which had lent such grisly character to the face of the man I could still see hurrying through the street.

I left her there and went to seek the telephone. It was in a small tobacconist's shop. The people at the exchange put me on at once.

"Is that Scotland Yard?" I asked. "Who is that speaking? Put me on to

Inspector Ellis. I am Judith Lee. I have an idea that I can put you on the track of the man you want for the shooting in Great Glenn Street."

There came along the wire a sound which was very like an ejaculation of surprise, even of incredulity.

"Are you serious, Miss Lee? Where are you speaking?"

"I want you to send half-a-dozen men in plain clothes, made up to look as little like policemen as they can manage, to the corner of Perrivale Street as soon as possible. Let them go singly and appear not to know each other when they get there. I fancy it's a ticklish job they'll have to handle. The great thing is not to arouse suspicion till the thing is done. You had better come with them. How long will it be before you are there?"

"I'll be there as soon as a taxicab can bring me."

"Will you be there, say, in fifteen minutes?"

"Before that—probably in less than ten."

When I came out of the telephone-box there were two women standing under a lamp-post on the edge of the pavement. I recognized one as the girl with a shawl over her head who had been outside Sam's talking to the sallow man. The other was bareheaded, so that I could see her scanty grey hair and how her face was seamed with wrinkles. They were so absorbed in what they were saying that they did not notice me standing at the door of the telephone-box. They seemed to be in a state of almost hysterical agitation; unless I erred, tears were in the voices as well as in the eyes of both. I looked at their lips, expecting to find that they were still speaking in that unknown tongue, and that, therefore, what they were saying was sealed from me. After watching them a moment, however, it struck me that, while they were not speaking in English, some of the words they uttered were not unfamiliar.

A few months before the occurrences of which I am writing I had received an invitation from certain persons who were starting an institution for the education of deaf-mutes in the town of Posen, in the province of that name, in that part of Eastern Germany which is adjacent to Poland. I was invited for a month, but I stayed four. I had a fair knowledge of German before I went, but the variety of the language which was spoken in that part was new to me. Before, however, I came away it had become more familiar. I had only to watch the two women standing under the lamp-post closely for a few seconds to perceive that that was the tongue they were speaking.

At first I merely catch a word here and there. Only by degrees did I obtain anything like a clear insight into what they were saying. When I did understand I lost words here and there, so that I had to guess at them, but I learnt sufficient to render me thankful that I had been able to learn so much.

One of the first words I caught was "bomb"—which in German is "Bombe." My interest in their conversation grew when I realized that the word was being formed on the younger woman's lips again and again, and the sense in which it was being used. She repeated the same statement two or three times.

"I tell you he has got a bomb on a little table by his bed."

"But why a bomb?" the elder asked.

"Because he will not be taken. I have a particular way of entering the room; he would know in a second if it was anyone else who wished to enter. He says that if anyone tries to enter the room, someone who is not me, he will push the bomb over on to the floor—and that will be the end of everything."

"He must be mad to have a thing like that at his bedside. Suppose the table were to tumble over?"

"That would be the end! I tell you I am afraid to go near it, to look at it. I would not touch it for all the money in the world. It is made of some sort of glass; he says that if you hold it in your hand and squeeze, closing your fingers on it sharply, like that"—she demonstrated her meaning with her outstretched hand—"that would be enough. What I have suffered because of that thing!"

The girl covered her face with the edge of her shawl, as if to hide from herself the dreadful picture her imagination had conjured up. The tears were streaming down the old woman's wrinkled cheeks.

"He must be mad," she wailed, "to have a thing like that beside his bed."

"That is not the worst," continued the girl. "How can I tell you what I suffer when I return? When I am going up the stairs my knees tremble so that I can scarcely mount them; I tremble so that I can hardly think of the signal which tells him it is I. Consider what would happen if I made one little slip; he would not wait to give me a chance to put it right—he has sworn it. That same moment the bomb would fall."

The two women were reducing themselves

almost to a state of nervous collapse by their own words. They both of them trembled and cried.

"What is the signal which you give?" asked the elder.

"It begins when I enter the house. I give one whistle—like that." She gave utterance to a clear, bird-like note. "As I ascend the stairs I sing, something different nearly every day. He is so afraid that someone will hear me and imitate that he makes me continually change. To-night it is to be a verse of an English song—like this."

As I stood on the step of the telephone-box she sang, just above her breath, so that the air reached me, the chorus of "Auld Lang Syne," with the strangest accent.

"It is an English song; I do not know what it means. He sang it to me—you know how well he sings."

"I TELL YOU HE HAS GOT A BOMB ON A LITTLE TABLE BY HIS BED."

"He can still sing?" There was an anxious note in the elder woman's voice.

"Yes, a little; enough to make me understand. I do not ask him to explain; I copy him as nearly as I can; for him that is sufficient. I sing this song as I am ascending, my knees shaking, my tongue dry in my mouth. When I reach the top, I pronounce

what he calls the password loud enough for him to hear it on the other side; to-night it is 'Gruss.' Then I knock on the door, three times; first one tap, then two taps, then three taps; then I go in, and I sigh with thankfulness because I am still alive. Then I see the bomb upon the table, and I am worse than ever, because the sight of it terrifies me more than I can tell you."

"But there are other people in the house; they cannot go through all this performance each time they go in or out?"

"That is where you are wrong; there is no one else in the house; except that one, all the rooms are empty—that has been arranged. See, I have here the street-door key; with that I let myself in; and——"

The elder woman interrupted her, without glancing in my direction; so that if I had not been observing her lips I should not have guessed that it was to me she referred.

"Why does that woman stay so long upon the step? You see how she is watching us?"

The younger answered not a word. Without a look in my direction she glided away, up the street on my left; while, without so much—so far as I could perceive—as a peep towards me, the elder went trudging past me on the right.

Within a very few minutes I was at the corner of Perrivale Street. As I neared it a man came and accosted me.

"Miss Lee? I thought that you were not coming, that some hoax had been played. I am Mr. Ellis—you telephoned to me just now."

"Where are the men I asked you to send?"

"They are about the street, separately. They will gather at a word from me. They are in charge of Inspector Davis, who is standing in front of that shop-window smoking a pipe."

I noted the burly figure to which he referred. So far as I could judge, there was nothing to point to the presence of his six policemen. He went on:—

"Where is this man of whom you spoke? Are you sure that you are on his track, or is it merely surmise?"

"This is going to be a much more delicate business, Mr. Ellis, even than I supposed. The man who tries to arrest him will do so not only at the peril of his own life, but of the lives of others."

"Do you mean that there will be more shooting? We are prepared for that."

"I do not mean that there will be more shooting."

I told him of the conversation with which I had just been made acquainted. He heard me with growing amazement.

"Do you mean to say that the fellow has a bomb with him in his room, which he will explode if anyone tries to take him? He will do for himself if he does. Where's the gain?"

"That I cannot tell you. These people seem to have their own ideas. He will not only do for himself and his would-be captor, or captors, but he'll work wholesale havoc in the neighbourhood. That is a consummation not to be desired."

Mr. Ellis's manner suggested that he was excited.

"But, even if you are right, even if the fellow is such a hideous monster—because he is a hideous monster, is he to defy us, to escape us? Are we not to take him? What are we to do?"

"I'll tell you what we will do. I will take him."

"You! You will take him! What do you mean by you will take him? Do you imagine that we will allow you to do our work, to do what we dare not do, to run a risk which we should be afraid to take? You are dreaming."

"I am not dreaming. It is because I am very wide awake that I make the proposition. There will be not only risk in your case, there will be certainty. It would be absolutely certain that you would bring destruction upon innocent heads; while, in my case, there will be practically no risk at all. Let me explain."

He condescended to listen as I went scampering on.

"This girl, from whom I learnt about the bomb, is the only person who is allowed to approach his room. You must remember that the house is empty. She is the only person he permits to enter. I propose to pretend to be her."

"Do you mean that you're going to make up to imitate her? He would probably detect you in an instant."

"Not at all. I'm not going to try to imitate her in appearance. Haven't I been telling you about the elaborate series of signals by which she announces to him her coming, and how she described them in detail to the other woman? They're what I'm going to imitate. I know them off by heart. Before he's begun even to suspect that there's anything wrong I shall be in his room."

"There is, I am free to admit, a certain amount of sense in your suggestion. The idea of imitating the girl's signals is not bad;

but if you try that we shall have to enter the house with you—some of us, at any rate; and, keeping close at your heels, go into the room with you, and trust to luck to down him before he's reached his bomb. There are women in the force. I'll get one here. You can tell her about the signals, she can work them instead of you. It's her business—as I said, each to his job."

"And don't you realize that by this time that girl has probably gone back to him, or may go back at any moment, and that then your chance is lost? If anything is to be done, it must be done at once—now, and I will do it."

"Where's the fellow to be found?"

"He's at 3, James Buildings, in a room on the third-floor front."

"That's just round the corner, less than a minute from here. If you and I go on in front, my men will follow."

He turned into a narrow side-street. There was not a soul in sight. A woman came out of a doorway on the left perhaps a dozen yards in front of us. I whispered to my companion:—

"That's the girl—the one I saw talking about the bomb. She is probably going to him now; if she gets to him first we are done."

Mr. Ellis made a curious sound—I think he did it with his tongue between his teeth. The girl hurrying along in front stopped and looked round, as if to see from whom it came. Two men, appearing from what I take it was an alley on the right, were on her before she could move. Each had her by an arm.

She never uttered a sound or attempted to struggle. When we got to her she seemed paralyzed with terror—trembling as if, without the support of her captors, she would have fallen.

Mr. Ellis spoke.

"You two had better look after her—take her to the station; detain her till I come." He addressed the girl. "Do you speak English?"

"I have no English." It was with difficulty that she spoke. Then she saw me. "You!" she exclaimed in German. "You were on the step."

I said to Mr. Ellis:—

"Can't I have her shawl? It might enable me to carry the deception a little farther if I have it. He'll spot the trick at once if I enter the room with a hat and jacket on. Apparently she wears neither."

They took her shawl. Removing my hat and jacket, entrusting them to the men who had her in charge, I donned the shawl in their place. A notion seemed to dawn on her of what the proceeding meant. She began all at once to struggle violently, breaking into voluble speech.

"Off with her," directed Mr. Ellis. "We don't want any fuss here."

I sped on in front. After a second or two he joined me.

"James Buildings is the next turning on the left," said Mr. Ellis. "You had better go on ahead. When you have got the door open we will follow—my men are all here. But for Heaven's sake run no more risk than you can help."

His words were sounding in my ears as I stole down the narrow street. All the windows seemed to be in darkness; there was not a creature to be seen. As I went a thought suddenly occurred to me—I had no key. The girl had spoken about gaining admission with a key. It seemed that the only thing to be done was to go back to her in search of it.

As I decided that the only thing to be done was to return and tell Mr. Ellis of my stupidity I drew the shawl closer around me and—something struck me quite a smart blow over the breast as I swung the corner over. There was something concealed in the shawl. I felt for it; something hard was tied in a knot in the corner. I unloosed it. It was a key—possibly the key I wanted.

I hurried on with the key in my hand. Odd numbers were on one side of the street, even on the other. The door of No. 3 was in a shocking state. I could see how grimy the windows were, and how the blinds which veiled them were in keeping. There was not a glimmer at one of them. I was just about to insert the key into the lock when I thought of the whistle the girl had said she always gave before she did so. I am rather a good whistler; but it was odd how, on a sudden, I had become doubtful of my capacity. With difficulty I produced the note. I had not intended it to be a loud one, yet it seemed to me that it must have been audible streets away. Then I put the key into the lock and opened the door.

As I did so someone came up behind me. It was Mr. Ellis. I had seen him coming, but so noiselessly had he moved that I had heard nothing. Four other men came after him. We entered the hall—I first, Mr. Ellis and his four men after me. The moment my foot crossed the threshold I began to sing the chorus of "Auld Lang Syne." The girl's voice had been soprano; hers had struck

me as being very soft and sweet ; I felt that mine was shriller. I tried to pronounce the words as she had done, so that they seemed to an English ear to be so much gibberish. I do not know to what extent I succeeded in rendering it as she would have done ; I do know that singing that immortal chorus under such conditions had on me the most

door immediately in front of us. As I paused my heart was beating so noisily that it seemed to me it must be audible to whoever might be within.

I gritted my teeth as I knocked at the door —one tap ; then knocked again—two taps ; another interval—three taps. Then I grasped the handle, turned it, opened the door, and

"'YOU!' SHE EXCLAIMED IN GERMAN. 'YOU WERE ON THE STEP.'"

singular effect. I wondered what effect the performance was producing upstairs.

One of the constables had a dark lantern, by whose light we ascended the uncarpeted, rickety staircase. Two men remained below to keep an eye on the street ; Mr. Ellis and the two others went up with me. Not a word was spoken ; my singing was the only sound there was. I was through the chorus before we were up the second flight of stairs, so, in order to cover a possible stumble on the part of the men behind me, I started it again.

We reached the third floor. There was a

went into the room, with my heart in my mouth.

The programme we had arranged was that I was to enter the room alone, divert the attention of the man within, then give a tiny whistle, and Mr. Ellis and his companions were to appear, and ensure his never reaching the bomb at all.

When I opened the door it was to find that there was darkness in the room. This was unlooked for. I had expected to find a light of some sort, if only a candle or a lamp. It was a strange sensation to enter a room

of which I knew nothing and could see nothing, with the consciousness strong upon me that it was occupied by a desperate, blood-stained wretch, who had that hideous weapon of destruction within reach of his fingers. No words of mine could describe my feelings. I did not know whether to move or to speak, or what to do. Any instant, in the darkness, before we knew what he was about to do, the bomb might be thrown—death would be on us.

I longed for a light; yet how was I to get one, ignorant as I was of the geography of the room and of what it contained? I ventured to move, and struck against the back of a chair. He must have heard. I had a sudden feeling that the dreadful silence could not continue. I summoned up my knowledge of the sort of German the girl had spoken.

"Where are you? Why do you not speak to me? Why are you hiding? Why is it so dark?"

When I had put my four questions I had a fresh access of fright. Now I felt the bomb must come, but it did not. The silence continued, and on the instant I became conscious of a quality in the silence which made me behave as if I had lost my head. I broke into reiterated exclamation, throwing open the door.

"Give me a light! Give me a light! Give me a light!"

The constable turned the shutter of his dark lantern, and allowed its light to travel round the room.

"What's that," he asked, "upon the bed?"

The light was resting on what seemed to be a truckle bed, on which something was lying. It was a man, huddled up anyhow, partially dressed, amid some filthy, scanty bed-clothes. I thought for the moment he was dead. But as we looked he turned slowly over on to his side, and stretched a lean, brown hand towards an old deal table within a foot of his bedside, on which was a quantity of the sort of wool which they use for stuffing chairs. Resting on this was what looked like one of the gleaming glass balls which serve as decorations for Christmas-trees.

It burst on me what it was. Ere his hand got there I snatched it up. As I did so he rolled off rather than rose from his bed, jerking towards me his claw-like fingers. I shrieked; I had to. Mr. Ellis and his men rushed forward. Someone caught the man by the shoulder. The instant he was touched he collapsed on the floor—dead. So near he had been to dying when we came in.

Later inspection by experts made it clear that the glass ball I had caught up was a bomb of a particularly diabolical sort. Had it been exploded in that small room the whole of James Buildings might have been destroyed with their inhabitants. Death, however, removed its owner before he had been able to put his benevolent design into execution.

The girl whose shawl I had annexed made a statement to the police, by which it appeared that the man's name was Stepan Grilovitch. His chiefly had been the hand which had dealt out death in Great Glenn Street. There the shooting had taken place in a darkened room. As, in the circumstances, was not surprising, a shot from one of his friends had struck him; he had been conveyed to that upper room, where he had been in charge of the girl ever since. The wound had gangrened. A doctor might have prevented it; on the other hand, a doctor would almost certainly have sent him to the gallows. He preferred to die in another way instead. What became of his brother I do not know; he has never crossed my orbit since. Nor, thank goodness, have I seen anything more of the man with the ginger hair.

I shall never forget mounting that rickety staircase, singing "Auld Lang Syne"; or those awful moments in the pitch-black room.

It was only afterwards I remembered that when I reached the top of the staircase, before tapping at the door, I had omitted to give what the girl said Stepan Grilovitch called the password: "Gruss!" What a shudder went all over me in the first shock of recollection! Sometimes that shudder comes over me still.

THIS LADY HAS BEEN ASKED, "WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE GAME?" CAN YOU LIP-READ HER REPLY? IT IS A WORD OF ONE SYLLABLE.

LIP-READING

The Art of Judith Lee.

By C. SIBLEY HAYCOCK.

Director of the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

Photographs by F. G. Hodsoll.

READERS of Mr. Richard Marsh's fascinating stories describing the adventures of Judith Lee, which have been appearing in the pages of THE STRAND MAGAZINE since August last, have no doubt been asking themselves and their friends whether her power of lip-reading the conversation of strangers comes within the range of possibility. "Can the power to lip-read," it will have been asked, "rise to such a degree of accuracy and reliability as virtually to constitute a sixth sense, the sense of seeing spoken words?" I can well imagine some of the readers of the stories, and especially those who may have been exchanging confidences in a crowded room or a public conveyance, exclaiming, "How dreadful it would be to meet a person gifted in that way!" On the other hand, there have doubtless been many whose thoughts have been directed to the beneficent nature of such a power. To all, whether young or old, who are unfortunate enough to be deprived of the sense of hearing, the power *to see* speech is an untold blessing.

Let me say at once that it is quite possible to read the speech of a person at a distance beyond the range of the ordinary conversational tones, merely by seeing the movements of the lips and facial muscles of the speaker. Judith Lee is, of course, a fictitious character, and one must be prepared to accept her as a person of exceptional ability, and, if need be, grant her the possession of the art of lip-reading to a degree beyond the range of attainment of the ordinary individual. In her case, as she tells us in the first of the stories, practice has brought perfection; and who would care to set a limit to the achievements of a perfected exponent of this art? In order to have brought home to one the immense possibilities of human achievement, one has only to recall the remarkable instance of Helen Keller, the American authoress, who, though both blind and deaf, is yet able to carry on an oral conversation with her friends, lip-reading the words addressed to her by simply placing her hand on the speaker's face in such a manner as to feel the movements of the lips and jaw.

I am personally acquainted with many deaf people who can lip-read with ease and certainty a conversation directly addressed to them; and there are many hearing people who possess a similar power in varying degrees. It may be remarked, however, that it does not follow, as might be supposed, that all who can teach the art successfully can themselves practise it to any useful extent. One of the few persons known to me who has this dual ability is a lady whose hearing became impaired in early childhood, and who

cannot remember the time when she had not to depend to some extent on lip-reading in order to understand what was said to her. The following is one of the many incidents she relates, as happening when she was a child. She was being taken by a relation to see some intimate friends, and as they approached the house, which faced the road along which they were walking, someone appeared at the drawing-room window and, speaking to another occupant, said :—

" Open the door, Annie ; here are May and Edith ; but Willie is not with them."

The child turned to her relation and said :—

" Don't ring ; Annie is coming to open the door."

" How do you know ? " was asked.

" Oh, I heard Mrs. —— say so."

" What ! heard her across the road and through the closed window ? "

In those days this youthful lip-reader had no name for her gift of seeing speech ; all she knew was that she could not hear well unless she had a view of the speaker's face. She was often scolded for supposed inattention and a habit of " dreaming," though, as a matter of fact, she was always keen to hear ; but whenever she was unable to see the lips of the person speaking she found it impossible to gather what was being said, and consequently occupied herself with her own thoughts, or turned her attention to other things. Her excuse, that she could not hear, was invariably met with the rejoinder, " You are a naughty, inattentive little girl, and can hear perfectly well if you choose."

Both my wife and I have some facility in the art, and we often find it a great convenience, especially on occasions when, as in a crowded room or at a railway station, we are unable to get near enough to each other to carry on an ordinary oral conversation. A short time ago I was seeing her off at a London terminus by a very crowded train, and, as is usually the case, the doors of the carriages were surrounded with people. She, however, took up a position at one of the windows of the carriage in which she had obtained a seat, whilst I stood outside on the platform, and we continued our conversation uninterruptedly until the train moved off. This facility in speech - reading, as the Americans prefer to call it, again proved useful on a more recent occasion, when I was addressing a meeting in a provincial town. A friend travelled down from London rather late in the day, and arrived at the hall after I had taken my place on the platform and the chairman had opened the proceedings. He thereupon took a seat near the back of the room and, catching my glance of recognition, asked, by lip-movements :—

" Anybody special here ? "

I answered, " Yes, Sir H——H——. He wants to see you. Has to go early. He's in the back row."

I was detained at the close of the meeting ; but, thanks to the voiceless message I had sent over the heads of the assembled company, my friend was enabled to obtain an interview which led to important results, and which, but for the lip-reading, would not have taken place.

Here are one or two incidents related to me by a Training College lecturer who possesses the gift to an uncommon degree. Her classes often numbered as many as a hundred students, and not infrequently her facility in lip-reading *sotto voce* remarks proved both helpful in maintaining discipline and in removing a difficulty which a timid student lacked the courage to voice.

On one occasion the lesson was about to begin, but before actually starting she paused until all eyes were looking her way. There were two girls, however, seemingly oblivious to everything but their own conversation. She watched them for a moment. The rest of the class, noticing that her gaze was fixed on the two talkers at the back of the room, watched events with repressed amusement. Finally the conversation was interrupted by the lecturer observing :—

" Yes, I think the pink dress *will* be a dream, but I should not advise you to have the tiny blue trimming, though it *is* the sweetest thing you have ever seen."

The general titter which went round completed the discomfiture of the culprits.

Another time the students were assembling rather noisily, and seemed in no great hurry to settle down. The lecturer was meanwhile occupying herself by arranging her material on the platform. On looking up she saw one student remark to another :—

" I say, she doesn't look very amiable this morning ! "

" No, Miss Z——" (the remark came forth in severe tones), " and she will look still less amiable unless you settle down quickly and quietly to work."

There was, as may be expected, immediate silence.

Another typical instance of the lecturer's power to lip-read may be mentioned. A geometry lesson was in progress. After having explained a rather intricate problem, one of the students was seen to remark to a neighbour ;—

"Yes, it's all very well; but I don't see how she makes it out."

Whereupon the teacher announced that, for the benefit of the student in the fourth row who hadn't followed her reasoning, she would go over the problem again, and the second explanation made things clear to everybody.

At social gatherings one often sees little confidences meant only for the private delectation of a favoured one. The following little episode was related to me by one who witnessed it. The scene was a ballroom, and the lady who tells the story was sitting out one of the dances. Her glance was wandering more or less aimlessly around the room, when she noticed a couple apparently talking quite openly. There was nothing in their attitude to suggest that they were discussing matters of a private nature, for they were seated in the full glare of the lights—not the kind of place in which one would expect to surprise an enamoured youth making a proposal.

Some people, however, have a way of making the most of their opportunities, and of profiting by any occasion which offers itself. The man had evidently asked a very important question, judging by what followed, though the immediate answer had already been given. The girl was seen to remark:—

"If you ask mother I won't speak to you again."

"Then you don't love me?" said the man.

"I think you don't understand," was the reply.

At this point the witness of the little scene turned away, as it was evident that the conversation was a strictly confidential one.

It will very naturally be asked whether everybody's lips can be read, and the answer is that there are many people whom, for one reason or another, it is impossible to lip-read, while others, again, are lip-read with difficulty. I am now referring to the lip-reading of conversations as carried on between two hearing and speaking people, conversations solely addressed to the ear, and not to those carried on with the knowledge that the words which are spoken are being followed with the eye, as is the case when an orally-educated "deaf and dumb" person is addressed.

Speech is ordinarily intended for the ear, and it satisfies all essential aural requirements if the sounds of the voice are sufficiently distinct for the spoken words to be heard without any strain on the part of the person who is addressed. But whilst the words which are uttered may be heard clearly enough, the movements of the articulating organs, visible to the eye, may be insufficient of themselves to enable a lip-reader to differentiate those for one sound or syllable or word from those for another. The explanation of this is that the conditions which must be satisfied for the production of good vowel *tones*, considered acoustically, are not in all respects identical with those conditions which must be observed in the formation of the same vowels for lip-reading

THE SPEAKER IS PRONOUNCING THE WORD "BUS."

In reading the vowels on the lips, it is the shape of the orifice of the mouth which symbolizes the vowel. Each vowel is, of course, best pronounced, either for aural or visual purposes, when the internal conformation of the mouth and the position of the lips are what they should be; but for lip-reading purposes alone it is the lip positions more than anything else that count. This explains why whispered speech may be as easy to read as voiced speech; and also why some people whose pronunciation is good are yet extremely difficult, or even impossible, to lip-read. They give no play to the muscles of their lips and cheeks, scarcely opening their mouths at all; or, what is quite as bad,

THE LIPS FORMING THE WORD "GOLF."

they speak behind a screen of ivory formed by their shut teeth. Without attempting any further explanation, it will, I think, be quite evident that a speaker is more likely to be successfully lip-read if he speaks with the knowledge that he is addressing his words to the eye and not to the ear.

To lip-read a word the mind has to spell out the phonetic elements which go to form its pronunciation.

Take, for example, the words "bus," "golf," and "three," which are illustrated on these pages by means of photographs of a teacher at the Fitzroy Square Oral School for Deaf Children, showing the positions assumed by the lips in the utterance of the respective constituent elements. The word "bus" is composed of three simple sounds represented by the letters b-u-s, and in order to lip-read the word the mind must interpret the movements of the articulating organs and the positions they assume in the formation of the sounds. The eye sees first a shut position of the lips (b), then a medium open position (u), followed by a teeth to teeth position (s). The movement of the point of the tongue to the upper front teeth in the formation of "s" may or may not be noted.

For the word "golf" the series of organic movements are: First, back of tongue to palate, and also an upward throat movement (g); second, a wide oval formation of the lips (o); third, a tip of tongue to gum movement (l); and, finally, fourth, lower lip to upper teeth (f).

The movements for initial "g" (or "k") are inconspicuous, and the sound has usually to be inferred from the context.

For the word "three" the movements and positions are: First, tongue to teeth, tip visible (th); second, a slight puckering of the corners of the lips and an upward movement of the tip of the tongue (r); and, third, a teeth to teeth position, with retracted movement of narrowed lips.

Lip-reading is thus seen to be based upon the assumption that the positions of the organs of speech in pronouncing each of the phonetic elements are typical positions, sufficiently constant in their character to form a phonetic alphabet of lip or facial signs, which may be read very much in the same way that one reads the printed words on the page of a book.

The nearest thing to which I can compare reading the lips is reading shorthand. Each exercise consists in deciphering signs of sounds, phonetic characters; but with this difference, that in the former case the characters are transitory, whereas in the latter case they are stationary. There is another respect, too, in which systems of lip-reading and stenography bear some resemblance to one another. In stenography use is made of what are called contractions—a contraction being essentially a combination of the chief

THE WORD BEING PRONOUNCED HERE IS "THREE."

SAYING "YES."

of the series of characters which represent the sounds composing a word or phrase. Now, in lip-reading it is not necessary to see the position for every one of the component elements in a word, nor even of every syllable or word in a phrase or sentence. The reading of the more conspicuous elements or syllables suffices for the reading of the whole, the less evident positions denoting intermediate parts being neglected.

In this way great economy of effort is effected, reducing the physical strain of seeing. On the other hand, the mental exercise is all the greater, for the mind has to fill in the spaces and grasp the full meaning of the partially-seen expression. For example, to the practised eye the series of vowel positions "ow-oo-oo-oo" would at once be interpreted as "How do you do?" and "The St-an Ma-e-zeen" would be read as "The Strand Magazine."

Let us refer for a moment to the third of the Judith Lee stories. In reading "White dress, star in her hair, pink roses over left breast. To-night," Judith Lee would have seen the mouth movements of something like the following sequence of phonetics: "Whiet-ess-ta(h) in u(r) ai-u p-ng-oses." (Read without a pause.) When one has some clue to the subject of conversation the difficulty of lip-reading such a sentence is not so great as would be imagined.

It will be apparent that successful lip-reading demands a high degree of mental alertness as well as a full and ready command of language, in order that unseen words may be filled in from the context, or alternative words inserted in a sentence when the positions read offer a choice of interpretation. Many words differing in both spelling and meaning look exactly alike when seen on the lips in ordinary conversation. Therefore, in deciding which of any two or three words is meant, the mind must select quickly unless the lip-reader is to be left behind in the conversation, or the conversation itself checked to clear away the difficulty. The words *path* and *bath; pen, men, Ben, bet, pet; mat, pat, man, pan; me, pea, bee,* are a few examples, selected at random, of groups of simple words of this kind. The sentence: "I met a man on the Ben this morning," might easily be read as, "I bet a pan on the men this morning," though the circumstances under which the statement would probably be made, and the previous conversation, would prevent a moderately good lip-reader from falling into error.

It will be obvious, too, that successful lip-reading is affected by the degree of light on the speaker's face, or by the view obtainable of the face. A full view is best as a rule, though I have known cases where a three-quarter view presented advantages. A side face is difficult to read—indeed, usually impossible, except for well-known words and phrases.

SPEAKING THE NAME OF A TOWN: "RHYL."

The need for a good light on the face of the speaker is well illustrated by the following story. A friend of mine, whose hearing is never good, and who in some states of the weather is very deaf indeed, has such natural powers of lip-reading that many of her friends refuse to believe that her hearing is ever at fault,

One winter's afternoon she called with her sister on a Mrs. L——, who, besides having weak sight, was also somewhat deaf. The lamps had not yet been lighted and the drawing-room was in semi-darkness. Mrs. L——, who was always very bright and cheerful, with a fund of amusing anecdotes on which to draw for the entertainment of her visitors, on this occasion seemed somewhat less cheerful than usual. Presently she began to speak about her sight, which had lately become very much worse, and said that the doctors had told her she would in a few months become quite blind. My friend could scarcely hear a word of what was being told her and could see very little of the expression on the lady's face, for to make matters worse the latter was sitting with her back to the windows. But taking it for granted that she was "hearing" the usual bright talk, she punctuated every period with a "How nice!" "Oh, yes, that is amusing!" Her sister, sitting a little way off and realizing what was happening, tried to attract her attention, but failed to do so for some time. At last, seeing her hostess puzzled and surprised, she came to the rescue and explained the situation. The old lady now thoroughly believes in my friend's deafness; whilst my friend learned a lesson which she has never forgotten.

The value of lip-reading to those who have the misfortune to be born deaf or to lose their hearing is inestimable. Deaf children are now happily taught to speak and to lip-read, and are thus brought into normal relations with the hearing and speaking world. One of the most interesting lessons to be witnessed at the Oral School for Deaf Children, at 11, Fitzroy Square, London, is the synthetic lip-reading lesson of the Kindergarten class, consisting of little children of from four to six years of age. Although they at present know the written names of very few of their toys, they can pick out any one of the thirty odd objects in their toy-box at the oral direction of their teacher. A child will be told to fetch a doll, get the bath and soap, wash the doll, and dry it, and each action is performed as readily as though the child could hear.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of this speech and lip-reading which these little children learn, thanks to those generous people who by their subscriptions enable the association to carry on its good work.

As an "aid" to hearing for those who have become deaf in adult life lip-reading is superior to any of the mechanical or electrical devices now on the market, good as some of these are for certain forms of deafness. The lip-reading instruction which is provided at the Fitzroy Square College has been taken advantage of by large numbers of deaf people, but many more would no doubt avail themselves of the facilities provided were they aware of them, and could they be brought to realize how serviceable a knowledge of lip-reading would be to them.

CAN YOU READ THIS ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, "WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE FLOWER?" IT IS A WORD OF TWO SYLLABLES.

In conclusion, let me point out another instance in which a knowledge of lip-reading gives its possessor an enormous advantage, and enables him to add immensely to the enjoyment of some of his leisure time. There are probably few of us nowadays who do not spend an hour or two occasionally in a cinematograph theatre, watching the humour and pathos of life as depicted in dumb show on the screen. The actors in these dramas are so skilled in the art of gesture that the story is usually followed with a fair amount of ease; but think how much more interesting and realistic the story is to one who is able to follow even only a part of the dialogue by means of lip-reading.

The Goal-keeper and the Plutocrat.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

THE main difficulty in writing a story is to convey to the reader clearly yet tersely the natures and dispositions of one's leading characters. Brevity, brevity—that is the cry. Perhaps, after all, the play-bill style is the best. In this drama of love, football (Association code), and politics, then, the principals are as follows, in their order of entry :—

ISABEL RACKSTRAW (an angel).

THE HON. CLARENCE TRESILLIAN (a Greek god).

LADY RUNNYMEDE (a proud old aristocrat).

MR. RACKSTRAW (a multi-millionaire City man and Radical politician).

More about Clarence later. For the moment let him go as a Greek god. There were other sides, too, to Mr. Rackstraw's character, but for the moment let him go as a multi-millionaire City man and Radical politician. Not that it is satisfactory ; it is too mild. The Radical politics of other Radical politicians were as skim-milk to the Radical politics of Radical Politician Rackstraw. Where Mr. Lloyd George referred to the House of Lords as blithering backwoodsmen and asinine anachronisms, Mr. Rackstraw scorned to be so guarded in his speech. He did not mince his words. His attitude towards a member of the peerage was that of the terrier to the perambulating cat.

It was at a charity bazaar that Isabel and Clarence first met. Isabel was presiding over the Billiken, Teddy-bear, and Fancy Goods stall. There she stood, that slim, radiant girl, buncoing Ardent Youth out of its father's hard-earned with a smile that alone was nearly worth the money, when she observed, approaching, the handsomest man she had ever seen. It was—this is not one of those mystery stories—it was Clarence Tresillian. Over the heads of the bevy of gilded youths who clustered round the stall their eyes met. A thrill ran through Isabel. She dropped her eyes. The next moment Clarence had made his spring ; the gilded youths had shredded away like a mist, and he was leaning towards her, opening negotiations for the purchase of a yellow Teddy-bear at sixteen times its face value.

He returned at intervals during the afternoon. Over the second Teddy-bear they became friendly, over the third intimate. He proposed as she was wrapping up the fourth golliwog, and she gave him her heart and the parcel simultaneously. At six o'clock, carrying four Teddy-bears, seven photograph frames, five golliwogs, and a billiken, Clarence went home to tell the news to his parents.

Clarence, when not at the University, lived with his father and mother in Belgrave Square. His mother had been a Miss Trotter, of Chicago, and it was on her dowry that the Runnymedes contrived to make both ends meet. For a noble family they were in somewhat straitened circumstances financially. They lived, simply and without envy of their richer fellow-citizens, on their hundred thousand pounds a year. They asked no more. It enabled them to entertain on a modest scale. Clarence had been able to go to Oxford ; his elder brother, Lord Staines, into the Guards. The girls could buy an occasional new frock. On the whole, they were a thoroughly happy, contented English family of the best sort. Mr. Trotter, it is true, was something of a drawback. He was a rugged old tainted millionaire of the old school, with a fondness for shirt-sleeves and a tendency to give undue publicity to tooth-picks. But he had been made to understand at an early date that the dead-line for him was the farther shore of the Atlantic Ocean, and he now gave little trouble.

Having dressed for dinner, Clarence proceeded to the library, where he found his mother in hysterics and his father in a state of collapse on the sofa. Clarence was too well-bred to make any comment. A true Runnymede, he affected to notice nothing, and, picking up the evening paper, began to

"HE WAS OPENING NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE PURCHASE OF A YELLOW TEDDY-BEAR AT SIXTEEN TIMES ITS FACE VALUE."

read. The announcement of his engagement could be postponed to a more suitable time.

"Clarence!" whispered a voice from the sofa.

"Yes, father?"

The silver-haired old man gasped for utterance.

"I've lost my little veto," he said, brokenly, at length.

"Where did you see it last?" asked Clarence, ever practical.

"It's that fellow Rackstraw!" cried the old man, in feeble rage. "That bounder Rackstraw! He's the man behind it all. The robber!"

"Clarence!"

It was his mother who spoke. Her voice seemed to rip the air into a million shreds and stamp on them. There are few things more terrible than a Chicago voice raised in excitement or anguish.

"Mother!"

"Never mind your pop and his old veto. He didn't know he had one till the paper said he'd lost it. You listen to me. Clarence, we are ruined."

Clarence looked at her inquiringly.

"Ruined much?" he asked.

"Bed-rock," said his mother. "If we have sixty thousand dollars a year after this, it's all we shall have."

A low howl escaped from the stricken old man on the sofa.

Clarence betrayed no emotion.

"Ah," he said, calmly. "How did it happen?"

"I've just had a cable from Chicago, from your grand-pop. He's been trying to corner wheat. He always was an impulsive old gazook."

"But surely," said Clarence, a dim recollection of something he had heard or read somewhere coming to him, "isn't cornering wheat a rather profitable process?"

"Sure," said his mother. "Sure it is. I guess dad's try at cornering wheat was about the most profitable thing that ever happened—to the other fellows. It seems like they got busy and clubbed fifty-seven varieties of Hades out of your old grand-pop. He's got to give up a lot of his expensive habits, and one of them is sending money to us. That's how it is."

"And on top of that, mind you," moaned Lord Runnymede, "I lose my little veto. It's bitter—bitter."

Clarence lit a cigarette and drew at it thoughtfully. "I don't see how we're going to manage on twelve thousand quid a year," he said.

His mother crisply revised his pronouns.

"We aren't," she said. "You've got to get out and hustle."

Clarence looked at her blankly.

"Me?"

"You."

"Work?"

"Work."

Clarence drew a deep breath.

"Work? Well, of course, mind you, fellows *do* work," he went on, thoughtfully. "I was lunching with a man at the Bachelors' only yesterday who swore he knew a fellow who had met a man whose cousin worked. But I don't see what I could do, don't you know."

His father raised himself on the sofa.

"Haven't I given you the education of an English gentleman?"

"That's the difficulty," said Clarence.

"Can't you do *anything?*" asked his mother.

"Well, I can play footer. By Jove, I'll sign on as a pro. I'll take a new name. I'll call myself Jones. I can get signed on in a minute. Any club will jump at me."

This was no idle boast. Since early childhood Clarence had concentrated his energies on becoming a footballer, and was now an exceedingly fine goal-keeper. It was a pleasing sight to see him, poised on one foot in the attitude of a Salomé dancer, with one eye on the man with the ball, the other gazing coldly on the rest of the opposition forward-line, uncurl abruptly like the main-spring of a watch and stop a hot one. Clarence in goal was the nearest approach to an indiarubber acrobat and society contortionist to be seen off the music-hall stage. He was, in brief, hot stuff. He had the goods.

Scarcely had he uttered these momentous words when the butler entered with the announcement that he was wanted by a lady on the telephone.

It was Isabel, disturbed and tearful.

"Oh, Clarence," she cried, "my precious angel wonder-child, I don't know how to begin."

"Begin just like that," said Clarence, approvingly. "It's topping. You can't beat it."

"Clarence, a terrible thing has happened. I told papa of our engagement, and he wouldn't hear of it. He c-called you a p-p-p——"

"A what?"

"A pr-pr-pr——"

"He's wrong. I'm nothing of the sort. He must be thinking of someone else."

"A preposterous excrescence on the social cosmos. He doesn't like your father being an earl."

"A man may be an earl and still a gentleman," said Clarence, not without a touch of coldness in his voice.

"I forgot to tell him that. But I don't think it would make any difference. He says I shall only marry a man who works."

"I am going to work, dearest," said Clarence. "I am going to work like a horse. Something—I know not what—tells me I shall be rather good at work. And one day when I——"

"Good-bye," said Isabel, hastily. "I hear papa coming."

Clarence, as he had predicted, found no difficulty in obtaining employment. He was signed on at once, under the name of Jones, by Houndsditch Wednesday, the premier metropolitan club, and embarked at once on his new career.

The season during which Clarence Tresillian kept goal for Houndsditch Wednesday is destined to live long in the memory of followers of professional football. Probably never in the history of the game has there been such persistent and widespread mortality among the more distant relatives of office-boys and junior clerks. Statisticians have estimated that if all the grandmothers alone who perished between the months of

"CLARENCE WAS TOO WELL-BRED TO MAKE ANY COMMENT."

September and April that season could have been placed end to end, they would have reached from Hyde Park Corner to the outskirts of Manchester. And it was Clarence who was responsible for this holocaust. Previous to the opening of the season sceptics had shaken their heads over the Wednesday's chances in the First League. Other clubs had bought up the best men in the market, leaving only a mixed assortment of inferior Scotsmen, Irishmen, and North-countrymen to uphold the honour of the London club.

And then, like a meteor, Clarence Tresillian had flashed upon the world of football. In the opening game he had behaved in the goal-mouth like a Chinese cracker, and exhibited an absolutely impassable defence; and from then onward, except for an occasional check, Houndsditch Wednesday had never looked back.

Among the spectators who flocked to the Houndsditch ground to watch Clarence perform there appeared week after week a little grey, dried-up man, insignificant except

for a certain happy choice of language in moments of emotion and an enthusiasm far surpassing that of the ordinary spectator. To the trained eye there are subtle distinctions between football enthusiasts. This man belonged to the comparatively small class of those who have football on the cerebrum.

Fate had made Daniel Rackstraw a millionaire and a Radical, but at heart he was a spectator of football. He never missed a match. His library of football literature was the finest in the country. His football museum had but one equal, that of Mr. Jacob Dodson, of Manchester. Between them the two had cornered, at enormous expense, the curio market of the game. It was Rackstraw who had secured the authentic pair of boots in which Bloomer had first played for England; but it was Dodson who possessed the painted indiarubber ball used by Meredith when a boy—probably the first thing except a nurse ever kicked by that talented foot. The two men were friends, as far as rival connoisseurs can be friends; and Mr. Dodson, when at leisure, would frequently pay a visit to Mr. Rackstraw's country house, where he would spend hours gazing wistfully at the Bloomer boots, buoyed up only by the thought of the Meredith ball at home.

"FATE HAD MADE DANIEL A MILLIONAIRE AND A RADICAL, BUT AT HEART HE WAS A SPECTATOR OF FOOTBALL."

Isabel saw little of Clarence during the winter months, except from a distance. She contented herself with clipping photographs of him from the sporting papers. Each was a little more unlike him than the last, and this lent variety to the collection. Her father marked her newborn enthusiasm for the game with approval. It had been secretly a great grief to the old gentleman that his only child did not know the difference between a linesman and an inside right, and, more, did not seem to care to know. He felt himself drawn closer to her. An understanding, as pleasant as it was new and strange, began to spring up between parent and child.

As for Clarence, how easy it would be to haul up one's slacks to practically an unlimited extent on the subject of his emotions at this time. One can figure him, after the game is over and the gay throng has dispersed, creeping moodily—but what's the use? Brevity—that is the cry. Brevity. Let us on.

The months sped by; the Cup-ties began, and soon it was evident that the Final must be fought out between Houndsditch Wednesday and Mr. Jacob Dodson's pet team, Manchester United. With each match the Wednesday seemed to improve. Clarence was a Gibraltar among goal-keepers.

Those were delirious days for Daniel Rackstraw. Long before the fourth round his voice had dwindled to a husky whisper. Deep lines appeared on his forehead; for it is an awful thing for a football enthusiast to be compelled to applaud, in the very middle of the Cup-ties, purely by means of facial expression. In this time of affliction he found Isabel an ever-increasing comfort to

him. Side by side they would sit, and the old man's face would lose its drawn look, and light up, as her clear young soprano pealed out over the din, urging this player to shoot, that to kick some opponent in the face; or describing the referee in no uncertain terms as a reincarnation of the late Mr. Dick Turpin.

And now the day of the Final at the Crystal Palace approached, and all England was alert, confident of a record-breaking contest. But alas! How truly does Epictetus observe: "We know not what awaiteth us round the corner, and the hand that counteth its chickens ere they be hatched oft-times doth but step on the banana-skin." The prophets who anticipated a struggle keener than any in football history were destined to be proved false.

It was not that their judgment of form was at fault. On the run of the season's play Houndsditch Wednesday *v.* Manchester United should have been the two most evenly-matched teams in the history of the game. Forward, the latter held a slight superiority; but this was balanced by the inspired goal-keeping of Clarence Tresillian. Even the keenest supporters of either side were not confident. They argued at length, figuring out the odds with the aid of stubs of pencils and the backs of envelopes, but they were not confident. Out of all those frenzied millions two men alone had no doubts. Mr. Daniel Rackstraw said that he did not desire to be unfair to Manchester United. He wished it to be clearly understood that in their own class Manchester United might quite possibly show to considerable advantage. In some rural league, for instance, he did not deny that they might sweep all before them. But when it came to competing with Houndsditch Wednesday—here words failed Mr. Rackstraw.

Mr. Jacob Dodson, interviewed by the *Manchester Weekly Football-Boot*, stated that his decision, arrived at after a close and careful study of the work of both teams, was that Houndsditch Wednesday had rather less chance in the forthcoming tourney than a stuffed rat in the Battersea Dogs' Home. It was his carefully-considered opinion that in a contest with the second eleven of a village Church Lads' Brigade Houndsditch Wednesday might, with an effort (conceding them that slice of luck which so often turns the tide of a game), scrape home. But when it was a question of meeting a team like Manchester United—here Mr. Dodson, shrugging his shoulders despairingly, sank back in his chair, and watchful secretaries brought him round with oxygen.

Throughout the whole country nothing but the approaching match was discussed. Wherever civilization reigned, and in portions of Liverpool, one question alone was on every lip: Who would win? Octogenarians mumbled it. Infants lisped it. Tired city men, trampled under foot in the rush for their tram, asked it of the ambulance attendants who carried them to the hospital.

And then, one bright, clear morning, when the birds sang and all Nature seemed fair and gay, Clarence Tresillian developed mumps.

London was in a ferment. I could have wished to go into details, to describe in crisp, burning sentences the panic that swept like a tornado through a million homes. A little encouragement, the slightest softening of the editorial austerity, and the thing would have been done. But no. Brevity. That was the cry. Brevity. Let us on.

"CLARENCE WAS A GIBRALTAR AMONG GOAL-KEEPERS."

Houndsditch Wednesday met Manchester United at the Crystal Palace, and for nearly two hours the sweat of agony trickled unceasingly down the corrugated foreheads of the patriots in the stands. The men from Manchester, freed from the fear

of Clarence, smiled grim smiles and proceeded to pile up points. It was in vain that the Houndsditch backs and half-backs skimmed like swallows about the field. They could not keep the score down. From start to finish Houndsditch were a beaten side.

London during that black period was a desert. Gloom gripped the City. In distant Brixton red-eyed wives faced silently-scowling husbands at the evening meal, and the children were sent early to bed. Newsboys called the extras in a whisper.

Few took the tragedy more nearly to heart than Daniel Rackstraw. Leaving the ground with the air of a father mourning over some prodigal son, he encountered Mr. Jacob Dodson, of Manchester.

Now, Mr. Dodson was perhaps the slightest bit shy on the finer feelings. He should have respected the grief of a fallen foe. He should have abstained from exulting. But he was in too exhilarated a condition to be magnanimous. Sighting Mr. Rackstraw, he addressed himself joyously to the task of rubbing the thing in. Mr. Rackstraw listened in silent anguish.

"If we had had Jones——" he said at length.

"That's what they all say," whooped Mr. Dodson. "Jones! Who's Jones?"

"If we had had Jones, we should have——" He paused. An idea had flashed upon his overwrought mind. "Dodson," he said, "look here. Wait till Jones is well again, and let us play this thing off again for anything you like a side in my private park."

Mr. Dodson reflected.

"You're on," he said. "What side bet? A million? Two million? Three?"

Mr. Rackstraw shook his head scornfully.

"A million? Who wants a million? I'll put up my Bloomer boot against your Meredith ball. Does that go?"

"I should say it did," said Mr. Dodson, joyfully. "I've been wanting that boot for years. It's like finding it in one's Christmas stocking."

"Very well," said Mr. Rackstraw. "Then let's get it fixed up."

Honestly, it is but a dog's life, that of the short-story writer. I particularly wished at this point to introduce a description of Mr. Rackstraw's country house and estate, featuring the private football ground with its fringe of noble trees. It would have served a double purpose, not only charming the lover of Nature, but acting as a fine stimulus to the youth of the country, showing them the sort of home they would be able to buy some day if they worked hard and saved their money. But no. You shall have three guesses as to what was the cry. You give it up? It was Brevity—brevity! Let us on.

The two teams arrived at Mr. Rackstraw's house in time for lunch. Clarence, his features once more reduced to their customary finely-chiselled proportions, alighted from the automobile with a swelling heart. Presently he found an opportunity to slip away and meet Isabel.

I will pass lightly over the meeting of the two lovers. I will not describe the dewy softness of their eyes, the catching of their breath, their murmured endearments. I could, mind you. It is at just such descriptions that I am particularly happy. But I have grown discouraged. My spirit is broken. It is enough to say that Clarence had reached a level of emotional eloquence rarely met with among goal-keepers of the First League, when Isabel broke from him with a startled exclamation, and vanished; and, looking over his shoulder, Clarence observed Mr. Daniel Rackstraw moving toward him.

It was evident from the millionaire's demeanour that he had seen nothing. The look on his face was anxious, but not wrathful. He sighted Clarence, and hurried up to him.

"Jones," he said, "I've been looking for you. I want a word with you."

"A thousand, if you wish it," said Clarence, courteously.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Rackstraw. "I want to explain to you just what this game means to me. Don't run away with the idea I've had you fellows down to play an exhibition game just to keep me merry and bright. If Houndsditch win to-day, it means that I shall be able to hold up my head again and look my fellow-man in the face, instead of crawling round on my stomach and feeling like a black-beetle under a steam-roller. Do you get that?"

"I do," replied Clarence.

"And not only that," went on the millionaire. "There's more. I have put up my Bloomer boot against Mr. Dodson's Meredith ball as a side bet. You understand what that means? It means that either you win or my life is soured for ever. See?"

"I have got you," said Clarence.

"Good. Then what I wanted to say was this. To-day is your day for keeping goal as you've never kept goal before. Everything depends on you. With you keeping goal like mother used to make it, Houndsditch are safe. Otherwise they are completely in the bouillon. It's one thing or the other. It's all up to you. Win, and there's four thousand pounds waiting for you above what you share with the others."

Clarence waved his hand deprecatingly.

"Mr. Rackstraw," he said, "keep your dross. I care nothing for money. All I ask of you," proceeded Clarence, "is your consent to my engagement to your daughter."

Mr. Rackstraw looked sharply at him.

"Repeat that," he said. "I don't think I quite got it."

"All I ask is your consent to my engagement to your daughter."

"Young man," said Mr. Rackstraw, not without a touch of admiration, "I admire cheek. But there is a limit. That limit you have passed so far that you'd need to look for it with a telescope."

"You refuse your consent?"

"I never said you weren't a clever guesser."

"Why?"

Mr. Rackstraw laughed. One of those nasty, sharp, metallic laughs that hit you like a bullet.

"How would you support my daughter?"

"I was thinking that you would help to some extent."

"You were, were you?"

"I was."

"Oh?"

Mr. Rackstraw emitted another of those laughs.

"Well," he said, "it's off. You can take that as coming from an authoritative source. No wedding-bells for you."

Clarence drew himself up, fire flashing from his eyes and a bitter smile curving his expressive lips.

"And no Meredith ball for you!" he cried.

Mr. Rackstraw started as if some strong hand had plunged an auger into him.

"What!" he shouted.

Clarence shrugged his superbly-modelled shoulders in silence.

"Come, come," said Mr. Rackstraw, "you wouldn't let a little private difference like that influence you in a really important thing like this football match, would you?"

"I would."

"You would practically blackmail the father of the girl you love?"

"Every time."

"Her white-haired old father?"

"The colour of his hair would not affect me."

"Nothing would move you?"

"Nothing."

"Then, by George, you're just the son-in-law I want. You shall marry Isabel; and I'll take you into partnership in my business this very day. I've been looking for a good able-bodied bandit like you for years. You make Captain Kidd look like a preliminary three-round bout. My boy, we'll be the greatest combination, you and I, that the City has ever seen. Shake hands."

For a moment Clarence hesitated. Then his better nature prevailed, and he spoke.

"Mr. Rackstraw," he said, "I cannot deceive you."

"That won't matter," said the enthusiastic old man. "I bet you'll be able to deceive everybody else. I see it in your eye. My boy, we'll be the greatest——"

"My name is not Jones."

"Nor is mine. What does that matter?"

"My name is Tresillian. The Hon. Tresillian. I am the younger son of the Earl of Runnymede. To a man of your political views——"

"Nonsense, nonsense," said Mr. Rackstraw. "What are political views compared with the chance of getting a goal-keeper like you into the family? I remember Isabel saying something to me about you, but I didn't know who you were then."

"I am a preposterous excrescence on the social cosmos," said Clarence, eyeing him doubtfully.

"Then I'll be one too," cried Mr. Rackstraw. "I own I've set my face against it hitherto, but circumstances alter cases. I'll ring up the Prime Minister on the 'phone to-morrow, and buy a title myself."

Clarence's last scruple was removed. Silently he gripped the old man's hand, outstretched to meet his.

Little remains to be said, but I am going to say it, if it snows. I am at my best in these tender scenes of idyllic domesticity.

Four years have passed. Once more we are in the Rackstraw home. A lady is coming down the stairs, leading by the hand her little son. It is Isabel. The years have dealt lightly with her. She is still the same stately, beautiful creature whom I would have described in detail long ago if I had been given half a chance. At the foot of the stairs the child stops and points at a small, round object in a glass case.

"Wah?" he says.

"That?" said Isabel. "That is the ball Mr. Meredith used to play with when he was a little boy."

She looks at a door on the left of the hall, and puts a finger to her lip.

"Hush!" she says. "We must be quiet. Daddy and grandpa are busy in there cornering wheat."

And softly mother and child go out into the sunlit garden.

"How the King Works."

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE IS WRITTEN BY THE OFFICIAL OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD WHO CONTRIBUTED THE ARTICLE ON "THE HOME LIFE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY" WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST NUMBER. IT WAS SUBMITTED TO THE KING, AND RECEIVED HIS MAJESTY'S ENTIRE APPROVAL ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

THE Court of King George, like Gaul of old, is divided into three parts officially. These are the departments respectively of the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Master of the Horse. As a matter of fact, there is a fourth department, and this is the most important of all, since it comprises His Majesty's personal staff, presided over by Lord Stamfordham, still better known to the outside world as Sir Arthur Bigge. In order of strict precedence, the Lord Steward comes first, and is followed by the Lord Chamberlain and the Master of the Horse. At the moment these positions are filled respectively by the Earl of Chesterfield, Earl Spencer, and the Earl of Granard, and it is an invariable rule that each of these positions must be held by a peer of the realm. The appointments are all political.

It is rather curious that the King's confidential Private Secretary is not officially recognized, since this is the head of the department that really controls Court life. Indeed, it may be said that the Private Secretary is the heart that supplies the life-blood to the main arteries of the many divisions and subdivisions into which the British Court is split.

When His Majesty finds it necessary to issue an official order it is signed either by the Lord Chamberlain or by the Earl Marshal of England, who, by the way, is not a Court official at all, but a State official, which is a very different matter. When, however, he issues a personal message to his people, or replies to any statement that may demand his attention, it is his Private Secretary who drafts the letter, submits it for his approval, and finally gives directions for its publication. Thus it comes about that all "commands" for Courts, Levées, State Balls, and other functions are issued from the offices of the Lord Chamberlain's department in Stable Yard, St. James's Palace; while invitations to meet the King and Queen privately for dinner, or for the shooting at Balmoral or York Cottage,

KING GEORGE.
From a Photograph by E. H. Mills.

LORD STAMFORDHAM,
CONFIDENTIAL PRIVATE SECRETARY.
From a Photograph by W. & D. Downey.

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,
THE LORD STEWARD.
From a Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

emanate from Lord Stamfordham, as His Majesty's confidential Private Secretary.

It is this department that is the most interesting of all about the Court, and the one that is the least known. His Majesty's "office," as he smilingly calls it, is situated on the first floor of Buckingham Palace on what is known as the "garden front" of the Palace, and was formerly used by the late King Edward, being in close proximity to the room in which he died. It is a light and airy apartment, and is very simply furnished. A few years ago, when King Edward found that the duties of the State were becoming more than he could conveniently undertake, a large roll-top desk was placed here for the use of the then Prince of Wales. This, it is of rather pathetic interest to note, is still used by His Majesty, and the large knee-hole writing-table where the late King passed so many of his working hours is still in much the same condition as when he left it.

On the other side of the room is another desk, now used by Lord Stamfordham, while His Majesty's assistant secretaries and the minor officials of the department are close at hand, in case their presence is suddenly required.

King George is an extremely early riser, and his secretaries often find, when they arrive to commence their daily duties, that he has been hard at work for several hours. All letters addressed to the King and Queen are sent direct to whichever of the Royal residences they are occupying from the General Post Office in London in specially-sealed bags. In the case of Buckingham Palace, this bag arrives, as a rule, just as His Majesty is finishing dinner, and is taken charge of by the secretary on duty, who opens it and proceeds to sort out the contents. Such letters as will ultimately demand the personal attention of King George are placed before him the same night, but it is not often that he deals with them at the moment, save in matters that will not brook delay. He glances through them, makes a few brief notes upon them, and they are then placed under lock and key until he is ready for them on the following morning.

He has barely had time to deal with these before the Royal breakfast is served, and almost simultaneously an even larger bag of correspondence arrives. Only those who have been called upon to handle them can realize the vastness of the Royal post-bags, the contents of which often range from a private communication from the Kaiser or the Czar to a letter from some amiable lunatic who considers that his claim to the British Throne is superior to that of King George. By the organization of a well-nigh perfect system, however, this heavy correspondence is dealt with in remarkably quick time. Lord Stamfordham, should he be on duty, opens every communication, and, glancing at it, places the bulk of it in the large crimson leather baskets labelled with the tenor of the epistle.

Thus invitations to undertake public functions of one description or another go into one basket, charitable appeals into another, the official report of the proceedings

EARL SPENCER,
THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
From a Photograph by W. & D. Downey.

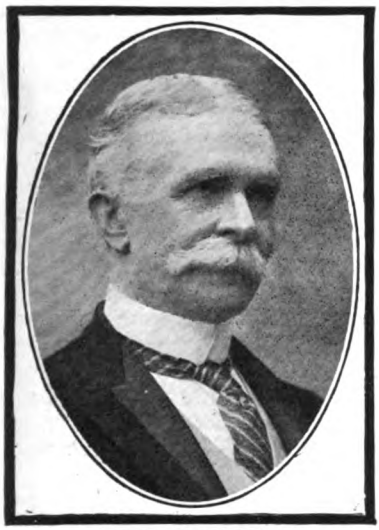
THE EARL OF GRANARD,
THE MASTER OF THE HORSE.
From a Photograph by W. & D. Downey.

of the two Houses of Parliament into a smaller basket, letters of a personal or semi-personal character into a fourth, and so on. At the finish there is a small but highly important little pile left. This is composed of letters from the rulers of other States, personal reports from our Ambassadors abroad, or communications from Ministers at home. These never for one instant leave the custody of whoever is entrusted with the task of opening them. There is a special box standing on the table with a slit in the top of it wide enough to take any paper. It is fastened with a patent lock, of which only the King, Lord Knollys, and Lord Stamfordham have the keys; so that anything dropped in, even by accident, can only be taken out by one of these three.

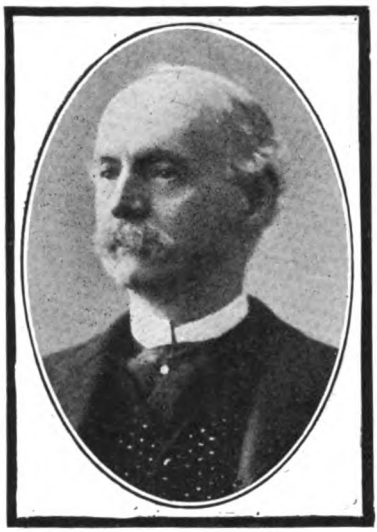
These are the first letters that are presented to the King every morning, together with a memorandum reminding him of the duties he has to perform that day. In many cases the King elects to write letters in reply with his own hand, but should this not be convenient he sends for one of his secretaries and dictates his reply. His Majesty is by no means a quick thinker, and likes to ponder over every word that he proposes to place on paper. In this respect he presents a curious contrast to his late father, who would reply to the most important letter in a few seconds, and who rarely or never revised anything when once it was written. Very careful record is kept of every letter written by the King in person, and in due course these are sent down to Windsor to be added to the private archives there.

As a rule, so soon as he has disposed of the letters that demand his personal attention, the King next turns to the reports of the proceedings in Parliament on the previous day. He goes through these most painstakingly, and will often issue orders for certain points upon which he desires further information to be looked up and the result placed before him. Possibly he will likewise issue orders for a special messenger to be sent round to the Premier or the Foreign Secretary, to say that the King desires his presence at the Palace at a certain time, and will ask for a complete statement upon some new question that may have arisen. King George is not content to be monarch of these realms in name alone, and aspires to be a real head of the State and not a nominal one. Though he has not that deep acquaintance with European politics which characterized his beloved father, he keeps very closely in touch with all that takes place in any country of the world, and so soon as there seems to be a probability of any international friction arising in any part of the globe, by special direction of the King large-scale maps of the territory in question are at once hung in such position as to enable him to make instant reference to them.

King George, moreover, keeps a very vigilant eye upon the other departments of his Court. He is a great lover of horses, though he has not that inborn enthusiasm for the Turf that characterized King Edward, and



SIR W. CARINGTON,
KEEPER OF THE PRIVY PURSE.
From a Photograph by W. & D. Downey.



VISCOUNT KNOLLYS,
ADVISORY PRIVATE SECRETARY.
From a Photograph by W. & D. Downey.

it is rarely that he allows a day to pass when he is in town without paying a visit to the Royal Mews, while he is in constant communication with the Hon. W. C. W. Fitzwilliam, the Crown Equerry, who, under the Earl of Granard, Master of the Horse, is in charge of the Royal stud of horses. Since His Majesty ascended the Throne many changes have been introduced into the Royal Mews, and motor-cars are now substituted in the majority of cases for horses, and the number of animals now constantly kept here is less than a quarter of what was the case even ten years ago.

Even the famous old State coach, in which their Majesties drive to the opening of Parliament and other similar functions, is no longer to be seen in the Royal Mews, but during such times as it is not in use is kept at the Royal carriage-builders', very carefully sheeted up. A certain number of horses are, however, still maintained here. Queen Mary, for instance, still makes use of a handsome pair of blacks for her drives in the Park or upon her shopping expeditions in the West-end, while there are always two or three hacks kept here for the use of His Majesty upon his early morning canters, and a still larger number for the use of the officials in attendance. A large portion of what were formerly the Mews has been converted into a motor garage, where several cars are constantly in readiness for the use of the King and Queen.

It is to be doubted if ever there was a King of England who kept so closely and so constantly in touch with every department of his vast Household as does King George. Reports reach him at stated times from the Master of the Household (Sir Charles Frederick), the Lord Chamberlain, (Earl Spencer), and the Lord Steward, and these receive his immediate and most careful attention. He checks all his accounts most painstakingly, and every month there is laid before him a summary of the receipts and expenditure of every department in the Royal Household. He likewise insists that the young Prince of Wales shall make himself personally acquainted with the administration of the estates of the Royal Duchy of Cornwall, so that His Royal Highness pays frequent visits to the office of the Duchy in Buckingham Gate, where the details of its administration are carefully explained to him by those in charge.

The King is, as already mentioned, an extremely early riser, and likes to get his State affairs of the day completed, so far as possible, before noon. About this hour he gives audiences to such of his Ministers, representatives of foreign Powers, and others as desire to see him, and he then takes a brief rest before lunch. Part of this time he devotes to a visit to the Queen and such of the Royal children as are in residence. This latter is a duty that His Majesty never neglects, and he always contrives to give the young princes half an hour or so of his time, either in the open air or, should the weather be unfavourable, in the Royal nurseries. Needless to say, this is a time that is very keenly looked forward to by the children.

SIR CHARLES FREDERICK,
THE MASTER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.
From a Photograph by W. S. Stuart.

Unless there is any official present at an interview with a Minister or a foreign Ambassador, His Majesty himself takes down a very full summary of what has taken place. This is subsequently copied out and then filed away among his private papers for reference at any future time. If the interview is of a purely formal character, or is of more than usual importance, the King has one of his secretaries in attendance to undertake this task. The King is insistent upon being kept fully informed of all that takes place in our relationship with foreign States, and he will often send to the Foreign Office for complete information upon some point that has suddenly arisen. He followed the events that led up to the war in Tripoli with the closest attention, and intimated that he was frankly surprised at the unexpected declaration of war by Italy. He made it clear, however, that this was his personal opinion, and that it was not to be regarded in any way as an official expression.

The King is even more scrupulous to observe the purely constitutional aspect of his exalted position than even King Edward. He gives the closest attention to the views of his responsible Ministers. From time to time he will venture to make a suggestion for consideration, but he always insists that his words shall be dealt with purely on their merits, and if any demur is raised he promptly withdraws them. For all that, when the occasion demands it, King George can use the iron gauntlet with effect, as more than one who serves him has had good reason to discover.

Not very long ago, one of the minor officials of the Court received orders to carry out the preparation of some documents His Majesty required, and received very detailed instructions as to how these were to be drawn up. The official in question, however, thought that he could introduce some improvement into their form and, incidentally, save himself some amount of time. In due course the papers were laid before the King, who glanced through them with a gathering frown. When he had finished, he quietly tore them up, dropped them into a waste-paper basket by his side, and then said, "Now, Mr. —— we will have them done again in *my* way, if you do not mind."

The room in which His Majesty transacts his business is conveniently placed for his private suite, and he makes it a rule only to receive official visitors in his "office," inviting such personal friends as call upon him to join him in his private smoking-room. This is one of the most handsomely-fitted-up of the whole of the private suites of the Palace, and was carried out by the direction, and under the personal supervision, of the late King Edward. It is not very large and is a thorough "man's room" in every sense of the word, containing, among other things, shooting trophies, mostly testimonies to His Majesty's skill with rifle, gun, and rod. Occasionally the King will suggest, during the course of a busy morning, that Lord Stamfordham, Colonel Sir F. Ponsonby, or others of his secretarial staff should suspend their duties for a short time and accompany him to the smoking-room, there to have a chat over a brief smoke. The King does not smoke to anything like the same extent as his late Majesty, of whom it is on record that he never was seen on his way to his bathroom of a morning without a cigar in his mouth. It is very rarely that the King smokes anything stronger than a cigarette, though when he is travelling on the sea, as in the case of the *Medina* voyage, he will light a briar pipe with obvious enjoyment. He could never, however, be called a heavy smoker, and this may be accounted for in some respect by the fact that the Queen does not like the smell of tobacco in any room she enters.

Unless King George has some public duty to perform, he regards the afternoon as his own time, and when at Buckingham Palace usually spends it in the gardens of the Palace, when the season of the year is suitable, reading or chatting with the Queen. Or perhaps

he will visit a picture gallery. He never takes afternoon tea, and has nothing between luncheon and dinner. This latter meal is now served earlier than usual, eight o'clock being the customary hour, unless their Majesties have arranged to visit a theatre in the evening, when the hour is advanced to seven. King Edward, on the other hand, never dined much before nine, while half an hour later was customary, if he were not going out.

It is a matter of some regret to the King that he is no longer able, by reason of his position, to be present at the debates in the Houses of Parliament. This was quite one of his favourite ways of passing an afternoon or an evening when he was Prince of Wales. His interest in politics is a very deep one, and not only does he read the official reports of the proceedings in either House with the greatest care, as has already been mentioned, but he carefully peruses the leading articles in the principal daily papers when there is anything of more than common interest taking place. For instance, His Majesty might justly claim a greater and more intimate acquaintance with the provisions of Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill than any other person, save the author of the measure himself. He has studied the Bill line by line and almost word by word.

No matter what his evening engagements may be, His Majesty always contrives to give an hour or so to examining such affairs of State as may have arisen during the day, and he will often sit up until the early hours of the morning considering matters that have been brought under his notice, and determining in what manner they shall be treated. As a rule, however, he likes to retire to bed not later than midnight, but he never leaves until the following morning anything of pressing importance that can be dealt with at night.

Naturally, His Majesty cannot hope to exert that great influence in European politics that the late King Edward did, and this is partly the reason why the annual spring and autumn visits that King Edward used to pay to the Continent have been abandoned in the present reign. He maintains, however, a regular correspondence with several of the rulers of the leading States of Europe, including the Kaiser, the Czar, and the Kings of Italy, Spain, Greece, and Norway, and has promised to pay State visits to several of these States when a suitable opportunity presents itself. By His Majesty's direction, his secretaries keep him fully posted in the affairs of almost every civilized State, especially so far as they affect this country.

COL. SIR F. PONSONBY,
ASSISTANT PRIVATE SECRETARY.
From a Photograph by Langfier, Ltd.

It is in his devotion to the outlying portions of the British Empire that His Majesty best discloses himself as at once a leader and a student. It is certain that the British Empire, as a whole, never had so devoted a monarch as is King George, while it is equally the fact that there has been no Sovereign who has ever occupied the throne of Great Britain, its Colonies and Dependencies, who had the same intimate acquaintance with the Empire as a whole. There is nothing too small in the tiniest of our Colonial possessions that he does not deem worthy of his attention, and he is able to discuss most events in the light of personal experience.

Space does not allow of detailed reference to the interesting subdivisions into which the British Court is divided, but it may be said at once that there is no more complete or perfect organization in the world than that of which King George is the head. No labour-saving device is ever brought out that does not receive his personal attention, and if it promises to be of the slightest assistance towards the reduction of labour it is immediately installed. The King is essentially a business man himself, and he expects all those about him to be the same. Anything approaching slackness he will not tolerate for a moment, but most emphatically no one could wish for a better or more considerate master for whom to work.

A Costume Pageant of Leading

An example of "Picture-Building," as described in the article on page 60. The arranged by us for the organizers of the great Dickens Centenary Costume Ball leading part which THE STRAND MAGAZINE has

Dickens Characters.

above characters are selected from the work of various illustrators of Dickens, and at the Royal Albert Hall next month. We need not remind our readers of the played in the celebration of the Dickens Centenary.

"Your Gods Are Not My Gods."

By EDWARD CECIL.

Illustrated by Tom Peddie.

OSEPH CARTWRIGHT had a reputation in Westby. In certain circumstances men were always liable to say, "Oh, why don't you go and ask Joe Cartwright, and see what *he* thinks?"

Nine times out of ten the person so admonished would go. Sometimes he would get what he wanted, but sometimes he would fail to get it, for it was not always Cartwright's mood to be communicative. But, if he were lucky enough to get sound advice, it was his own fault if he did not act upon it. Nevertheless, there were cases of men who, in the vanity of their own opinions, still holding in their secret thoughts that their own wisdom was naturally and unquestionably superior to anyone else's, even after gaining Cartwright's advice, did not act upon it. With a certainty which was almost uncanny, these men lived to know a day when they bitterly regretted having thought too much of their own brains.

The long and short of all this is that Joseph Cartwright was one of those rare men who have a positive genius for finance. They may deal in millions or they may manipulate shillings. But with them a million is likely to produce another million and a shilling is pretty certain to double itself. Joe Cartwright did not deal in millions nor yet in shillings, but in pounds, in fifties and hundreds, and, occasionally, in thousands.

"Joe Cartwright is one of the shrewdest men alive," was a common remark in Westby.

But it was said, pretty generally, that he was never generous, except at other people's expense, and often cruelly hard.

Yes, Joe Cartwright was shrewd. But was he good or bad?

Well, you must look into his heart for yourself, and see there—well, as much as you have the power and insight, or the goodness or badness, to see for yourself.

After a certain time people in Westby took little interest in Cartwright's son, Cyril.

"Westby isn't good enough for him," was the comment most of those Westby people made upon him, before they more or less forgot him.

But Cartwright was a widower and Cyril was the only child, and, though acute insight is not very common in Westby, some people felt that there was something like tragedy in Cyril's turning out badly, as they expressed it.

Cartwright scented this opinion soon enough and he promptly blew it to the winds.

"Cyril would not have done any good in Westby," he said. "He is going to follow his own bent. That is what he ought to do. I am quite satisfied."

"But what *is* he doing?" pressed one of Cartwright's old friends when he sat with him one evening.

"Well, he is studying Art and Literature in London," Cartwright vouchsafed in reply. "I am quite satisfied. Help yourself to another glass of port."

Of course there was no getting behind that "I am quite satisfied." It closed up all discussion.

After a time, however, people put two and two together and formed their own opinions.

On rare occasions they saw Cyril. In Westby people attach great importance to clothes, and those which the young man wore were poles asunder from his father's black coat, spotless linen, well-blacked boots, gold watch-chain, and square-crowned hard felt hat. His extraordinary taste in ties, mere loose bows of ribbon, seemed to indicate that he might hold loose and extraordinary views. People jumped to conclusions. They did not know what passed between father and son. But they guessed.

"What a blow to Joe Cartwright," they reflected, "to have such a fool of a son. Quite satisfied, indeed! Well, it's easy enough to see through *that*."

And someone asked Cartwright once this question: "Is there any money in Art and Literature?"

"Plenty, when you make your name," was the answer they got. "It's just like other things."

But the old man said nothing concerning a certain extraordinary view which his son held about doing a thing for what it was worth in itself, and not for the money to be got from doing it.

Still, people soon forgot all about Cyril

"HIS EXTRAORDINARY TASTE IN TIES, MERE LOOSE BOWS OF RIBBON, SEEMED TO INDICATE THAT HE MIGHT HOLD LOOSE AND EXTRAORDINARY VIEWS."

Cartwright. For a whole year he never set foot in the town. Then for one Christmas he did not come home.

The end of the January after that Christmas brings us to our story.

The twenty-third of the month was a day of rough winter weather, and as the evening advanced and the night closed in the inclemency of the elements increased. But the stout, warm, comfortable house, which Joseph Cartwright had built for himself and in which he lived, stood four square to the gusts of the violent wind and the driven showers of snow and sleet, without wincing. All the doors and windows fitted perfectly. The blinds were drawn. Within there were good fires and solid comfort. In the heart of that substantial material security Cartwright sat.

His chair was a little closer to the fire than usual. That afternoon he had been at his solicitor's, and the business in hand had kept them longer than he had expected. He had walked home against the east wind and a fall of sleet. That had not gone well with his old bones.

But the room was warm. The firelight played pleasantly on the heavy gilt frames of the pictures, for he had turned down the gas, as he wished to think and not to read; his supper was over and a wineglass of his well-matured port stood within easy reach.

The room was ponderously substantial. Everything in it was "good." Everything in it had cost a respectable sum of money.

Sometimes Cartwright counted up what the furniture of that room had cost him. Perhaps he was doing so then, as he sat by the fire that January night, in lonely grandeur. For a time the dignified silence of the room remained unbroken. But before long it was violated.

"Fudge!" exclaimed the respectably-dressed, white-haired man sitting there in that substantial security. "Stuff and rubbish!"

He made these two comments on whatever was passing through his mind with something like anger. There was more than contempt. His tone jarred upon the repose of the room. Yet he was in truth defending that room and all that it stood for and typified.

"Fudge!" he repeated, and sipped his port.

He was disputing something with someone in his thoughts. That something was the value of money, and that someone was his son.

That afternoon Joseph Cartwright had signed a new will.

It was a complicated document, carefully thought out. It divided the "heap" of this world's goods which he had raked up for himself in various ways. It set up several trusts. It safeguarded that "heap," so that it should last as long as possible. It was all cut and dried. It contained a clause setting on record his opinion of his son. That clause would be the "last word" in the controversy between them.

"Since my said son does not understand the value of capital," it ran, "I therefore constitute the following trust for his benefit; so that, at least, he shall never know want."

That clause was to be "the last word" with good and well-calculated emphasis. And it was satisfactory; yes, it pleased him. But somehow something was not satisfactory. That house, that room, all was to be sold and realized. Relatives whom he had remembered to mention to share in his "heap" only after an effort of memory might or might not be alive.

His brother Jacob? Well, he had not seen him for years. He would be rather surprised, perhaps, at being remembered. Janet's children? Where were they? He hardly cared. For all he knew, they *might* be like Cyril rather than what they ought to be. His cousin Frank? Was he married, or was he not? He was not sure.

But there was one, whose flesh and blood and bones had come from his own body, who would some day be looking down on him, looking upon his face with its closed eyes, and *thinking*. What would that one *think* after he had read that "last word" which he could never answer? What would that one *think* when he was being polite to those relatives he had never heard of before? What would that one *think* when he realized what his folly had cost him? Would he see that it was folly? Very likely not. He might hold that he was right after all.

"Fudge!" Cartwright exclaimed again.

And then once more, though he was not an imaginative man, he saw that spectacle of Cyril looking down on him when he was dead, and *thinking*.

"Ugh!" He shivered. Was it his thoughts, or had he really caught a chill?

As he went slowly upstairs it could hardly be said that he was a happy man. But of one thing he knew nothing—that in the morning he would not be walking down those well-built stairs of which he was so proud because they were so well built that they never creaked.

One night, a week later, Cyril Cartwright was dining with Edith Kelway, the girl to whom he was engaged to be married, at a restaurant in Soho. They had a table in a quiet corner, where they were neither overlooked nor overheard. Alphonse, who knew them well, had waited on them perfectly. It was one of the pleasant rules of their pleasant courtship that once a week, every Wednesday night, they dined together thus, always at the same restaurant, always at the same table, and always waited upon by Alphonse.

They were cracking nuts and talking.

Edith Kelway was a London girl, bred and born. At school in London, a graduate of London University, now teaching in a London school, she knew no other environment, except during holidays spent cheaply on the Continent or at the seaside. She belonged to a family which was also "London" in blood and bone. Her father put the whole of his heart and brain into the school of which he was head master; her mother was prominent in the local life of the part of London in which they lived; her elder sister "kept house"; of three brothers one was a medical student, one a curate in the East-end, and one a Civil Servant. Edith was "the baby" of the family.

The Kelways thus were an interesting family. Every one of them worked hard. It was with them that young Cartwright had spent the Christmas just passed.

At their weekly dinner the two lovers discussed all things under the sun, from the newest book or play to the oldest of subjects which engaged people talk about—their future life together.

That night a new subject had been broached, brought up by a recent novel, and welcomed by Edith because her lover

might be supposed to have real knowledge about it—"The Country Town."

"I can't understand what Westby must be like," she said.

Her pretty face reflected the puzzled state of her mind.

"How could you?" exclaimed young Cartwright, cracking a Brazil for her.

"But tell me."

"Well, it's all intensely dull. Nobody thinks. Everybody who is anybody sets great store on eating well and dressing well. Then, when you meet, you criticize people you know. Generally you pick holes. You never by any chance praise if you can possibly help it. And year by year you all grow older. Now and again you get hold of a bit of scandal and chew it for all you are worth."

"How awful!"

"Yes. Can you wonder that I've left it?"

"I can understand your leaving Westby," she said. "But there's your father. You see very little of him. Don't mind my saying this, dear. But tell me why. Some day, you know, I should like to see your father."

Young Cartwright met her gaze and weighed his answer. How could he tell her that his father would start by estimating

"THAT AFTERNOON JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT HAD SIGNED A NEW WILL."

her by her clothes? How could he tell her that he would estimate her father by the amount of money he had made and could settle on his daughter? How, above all, could he tell her that he and his father were wholly out of sympathy with each other? So he turned the subject lightly.

He adapted a doggerel hymn well known in the early days of the Salvation Army to his purpose, and answered in rhyme:—

"My father and I we don't agree;
I understand him, but he doesn't me."

"Do you mean," she asked, "that he is old-fashioned and you are up-to-date?"

"Perhaps that expresses it."

"No," she pressed; "it's more than that. Tell me what it is."

"It isn't easy to explain."

But in the end he tried to explain it. It was the two different ways of looking at the value of money. His father estimated men, not by what they were, but by what they made.

"But," said Cyril, "that is not my way of looking at things. The best work in the world is done for its own sake. Isn't that

"'DO YOU MEAN,' SHE ASKED, 'THAT HE IS OLD-FASHIONED AND YOU ARE UP-TO-DATE?'"

so? You paint a good picture if you paint it with your heart and soul and make it good itself, not if you paint it for what it will fetch. But my father doesn't understand this. Money is his god; he surrounds himself with solid material comfort. He doesn't know what an idea or an ideal is. He thinks I am a spendthrift, because I only value money for the good it does for myself and others. There; I've put it clumsily, perhaps. But that is why my father and I disagree."

Edith, with practical common-sense, saw that there was, indeed, a tragedy, but that there was exaggeration on both sides.

"Does your father live alone?" she asked.

"Yes. He has two servants and a man to do the garden. Remember, he's not altogether lonely. He has such a keen eye for money-making that he is a sort of financial adviser to half the town."

"But, surely, he really has only you?"

"He thinks I'm a fool."

Edith looked across the table at her lover. He was undoubtedly clever. He had originality and enthusiasm for his work. His mobile, eager face, clouded now by the thought of his perpetual misunderstanding with his father, was one that betrayed an intensity of restless, daring thought. But she knew he was also sensitive of criticism, especially from those who, he felt, did not understand him; and not merely that, but also very obstinate when he knew himself to be in the right. She guessed that in his father there was a similar obstinacy, just as there was also a similar keenness of brain.

"Surely," she urged, "you should make allowances."

Cyril met her gaze and smiled.

"You do not know my father. He doesn't disguise his contempt for my views."

"Does he show his contempt to other people?"

He looked at her keenly.

"Why do you ask that? No, I don't think he does. He knows our difference of opinion is our own affair, not other people's."

"Then, don't you see how he feels it? It must be the great disappointment of his life."

She spoke earnestly, certain in her own mind of the truth of what she said.

"The great disappointment of his life!" Cyril repeated, weighing the words. "That sounds rather sensational, doesn't it? But, still, I suppose it's true. Only—don't you see?—I can't help it."

At that the subject seemed exhausted.

Then Edith did an impulsive, lovable thing. She seemed to feel that this quarrel between a father and an only son was something which threatened the happiness of her engagement. It jarred upon her. She was so happy, Cyril was so good and clever in her eyes, she was looking into the future so joyously—and now this cloud had arisen!

She reached across the table and put her hand on Cyril's.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said. "Can't you two make it up and let there be one less quarrel in the world?"

He drew his hand away. How little she understood! How much she exaggerated quite an ordinary and inevitable difference of opinion.

"It is not so bad as all that," he said. "We write, you know. Here's a letter I had from my father this morning."

He took it from his pocket and passed it over. She hesitated. Did he mean her to read it? Then something prompted her to do so. She read it through.

Having read it through once, she read it through again, and yet a third time.

Then she looked up. Cyril was watching her.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "It only says he has a cold."

"No," she protested, "it's worse than that. Don't you see it does all but ask you to go and see him? It tells you when he got the chill—a week ago. It's written in snatches. Can't you see that? Here and there the lines break. It's ever so well done, but I am sure only one or two words were written at a time. Moreover, I am sure it was written in bed. The lines slant."

"Let me look."

Cyril had received the letter that morning at his studio, had paused in his work to glance through it, and had then stuffed it into his pocket.

He saw now the things which Edith had seen, but he felt sure she exaggerated their importance. If his father had been really ill he would have said so.

Edith had beckoned to Alphonse.

"Can you find me a Great Eastern timetable?" she inquired.

"What do you want that for?" asked Cyril, sharply.

Edith paled. It was the first time she had acted for him.

"I want you to go down to Westby tonight," she said, quietly.

"What, and spoil our evening!" he exclaimed. "It's only just past eight!"

She paused before speaking. She was

putting her thoughts into order. It was not merely an impulse which urged her, or a mere instinct that she was right. She knew how hard it would have been for Cyril's father to ask him to come. He had not been home for Christmas. That must have widened the breach between them. But that letter did all but ask it. She was quite sure of that. And a chill a week ago might have been bronchitis now for several days, and with an old man there might be other weakness.

"You must go to-night, dear," she pleaded. "I ask it of you. Let me find the train."

Alphonse had brought the time-table, and even as she spoke she was turning over the leaves.

Cyril reached across the table and put his hand on the book.

"All right," he said. "Don't bother. There's a train at nine-fifteen. I'll go by it. I know what you are afraid of."

The square, comfortable house in which Joseph Cartwright lived in such solid and substantial material security was strangely permeated with a fear which was well understood, but not expressed in words.

The master of the house was seriously ill. He had two nurses. He was not yet in danger. If he had been his son would have been wired to. But it was felt that at any time the necessity for sending that telegram might arise.

Everything was being carried on properly in that well-ordered house. The housekeeper did her work scrupulously, the usual servant did hers, the extra servant, employed for this time of pressure, felt the necessity to do all that was expected of her. The sick man, propped up by his pillows, inquired whether the household machinery was in good working order, and was assured that it was. But had he cared to think of it, as he lay there fighting his battle, nothing that was done for him was done for love.

Perhaps he did think about it. He was thinking, indeed, a good deal about his son Cyril.

Of course Cartwright knew quite well that it was serious with him. He knew just what his chance was. It was rather poor. But he was not yet in danger.

Somehow or another he felt that he ought to pull through. He felt that he ought to struggle with his last ounce of strength to turn the scale. But most unaccountably there existed, somewhere at the back of his mind, a feeling that he was rather tired. But he did not realize why this was, though he had a sort of suspicion of the truth. That unpleasant truth, now making itself felt, was just this. Though in money matters Joseph Cartwright's life had been a great success, in certain other matters it had been a great failure. And the worst failure of all was failure with Cyril.

Shrewd and clever to the last, however, Cartwright had a scheme on foot even as he lay there in serious illness. He had got a telegram ready written, to be sent to Cyril when the doctor directed, *but not sooner*. The scandal of his dying alone was certainly to be avoided. But, in the meantime, he had arranged a little test. He had written a letter. It was such a letter as would bring a son who loved his father to that father's side. If it did not, that father would know for certain before he died that his son was what he thought he was, and that therefore that will he had made was right and proper.

But the worst of it was that the test was going against him.

The day had passed. There had been no word from Cyril, much less his arrival. Preparations for the night were being made. The doctor had looked in. The nurse considered that her patient was rather less cheerful than usual. He was apparently dozing now. In reality he was listening.

It was nearly half-past eleven when suddenly he opened his eyes.

"What is that?" he demanded.

The nurse, sitting at the bedside and absorbed in the romantic climax of a new novel in which an eminent doctor lost his heart to a nurse, looked up.

"I did not hear anything," she said.

"It was the front-door bell."

"I did not hear it, sir," she said. "I don't think you can hear it in this room."

"Nonsense. I've heard it scores of times. Go and see what it was."

The nurse prepared to do so; but she delayed for a moment, and thus gave Cyril just time to learn how matters stood and to mount the stairs.

The door opened softly, and he stood in the doorway in his gloves and overcoat. He closed the door without a sound and came to the bedside.

"How are you, dad?" he asked.

In truth Cyril had found time during his journey to think. He had found his fears confirmed, with a shock of sheer fright. And this completed the process which had been begun, with true insight, by Edith Kelway. He had got down to one of the great realities of life.

His father looked at him. The gloves and overcoat showed he had come up at once. His coming at all showed that the letter test had worked as it should have worked.

"I am very much better," said the sick man, as he brought up his hand from under the sheets.

"THE DOOR OPENED SOFTLY, AND CYRIL STOOD IN THE DOORWAY."

Afterwards—some days afterwards—Cyril was sitting in his father's room. "Get up and fetch those papers in the top right-hand drawer of the bureau," Joseph Cartwright directed, "and give them to me."

Cyril did so. His father, who was now sitting up in bed, took one document out of the bundle.

"Put this in the fire," he said. "Hold the poker on it so that it doesn't fly up the chimney. Don't look at the ashes. Break them up." For he knew that sometimes one can read writing on burnt paper.

Cyril and Edith never knew what that burnt document was. But they made a guess. It was, of course, the will which had been made only a fortnight or so before it was destroyed.

Have Undergraduates Deteriorated?

A SYMPOSIUM OF UNIVERSITY AUTHORITIES.

OXFORD and Cambridge still hold the premier place among English Universities. This is due not only to their reputation, their age, and the historic interest that clusters round the ancient walls of the various colleges, but to the fact that to-day these Universities do influence, most vitally, English life, both private and public. For the great bulk of the clergy of the Church of England are still drawn from the ranks of 'Varsity men, as also, to an increasing extent, are Nonconformist ministers. Besides, it is an exception to find a member of His Majesty's Government who has not been an alumnus of either University. And it is well known that the permanent officials, who wield so much power and are so little heard of, are Oxford or Cambridge men. Almost to a man the head masters and assistant masters of great public schools have been through one of the two Universities. Therefore it is a question of vital national interest as to whether the whole life—both moral and physical—of the Universities is at as high a level as it was a generation ago, or whether there are signs of deterioration. Is the undergraduate of to-day, morally and physically, as good as he was twenty or thirty years ago? That was the question addressed to the heads of different colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and we are deeply indebted to the interesting replies received upon this question, itself originally suggested by a speech of Dr. Welldon, Dean of Manchester, which caused much discussion.

Let us take Oxford first. Dr. WARREN, the famous head of Magdalen College, Oxford,

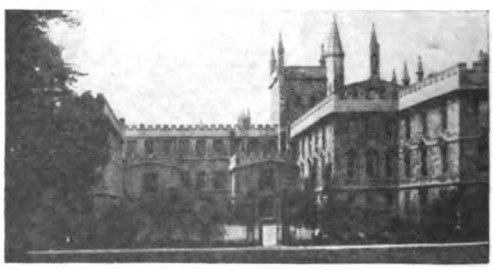
MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.
From a Photograph by Photochrom Co.

and entertainer of Royalty, has had a long and varied experience of undergraduate life. He is optimistic. His reply is as follows :—

"My firm conviction is that the *average* undergraduate is better, both physically and intellectually, than the average of thirty years ago. All records tend to be broken."

The Rev. W. A. SPOONER, Fellow and Tutor of New College, writes :—

"On the whole, I should say that I find very little signs of deterioration, either



NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.
From a Photograph by Photochrom Co.

physical or moral. The men have gained somewhat in sobriety and are more careful of their money; but they are rather more pleasure-loving and childish than they used to be. I should say that intellectually the average was about the same as it used to be, but there are few men of special distinction in any particular line. This seems to me to be due to the range of education being widened, while nothing is very thoroughly learnt."

One of the most interesting replies received was from the Rev. Dr. JACKSON, Rector of Merton College. He has evidently given deep consideration to this question, and the result of his long experience is most valuable :—

"The composition of the mass of undergraduates varies considerably. Fifty years ago, when I was an undergraduate, it was homogeneous. Consequently a sketch like 'Verdant Green' could be drawn which had a good many traits of resemblance to a large part of the society of that day. 'Verdant Green' is now almost prehistoric. So with other sketches. If they have some resem-

blance to the facts to which they refer, they soon become obsolete.

"The undergraduates are becoming more and more heterogeneous. It is misleading to characterize them in the mass. That is one important point.

"Another point is also of great importance. The undergraduate of a particular time is what he is because of the general influence of society brought to bear on him outside Oxford and in his earlier training—though something is due to Oxford itself.

"Even in the last twenty years new elements have been coming in and the original homogeneous constituents declining. Many of the good homes where University education was a tradition have become impoverished. An increasing number come from homes with no such tradition—some wealthy—many poorer men, with help and with utilitarian views, wishing to better their worldly prospects. There must be five hundred such or more. Then a great many are working hard for Civil Service appointments, and the professional element keeps growing.

"The wealthy men who keep motor-cars, etc., bulk too largely in public esteem. But there is no doubt that they do some mischief, and that their way of looking at life spreads to others, who are injuriously affected. Even these cannot be characterized in the lump. Some are good fellows. Fashions vary; sometimes there is a wave of drinking or gambling; but on the whole there is, in my opinion, rather an upward than a downward tendency even among these.

"Then there is the influence of Oxford itself. The purely University influence is almost wholly to the good. The number of men who benefit by it is infinitely larger than

MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD.
From a Photograph by F. Frith & Co.

those who are harmed. A particular college may get out of hand for a time. Fashion is very strong, though transient. But things have a tendency to right themselves.

"I have said nothing on a most important topic—the influence on the undergraduates of changes in society at large."

Mr. ARTHUR SIDGWICK, whose lectures on "Virgil" used to be attended by every aspirant for classical honours, and who was for many years Fellow-Tutor of Corpus, replies that of late years he has not been in touch with University life, but as he still belongs to several undergraduate societies, and is a contributor to their magazines, his opinion is of the greatest value:—

"First, then, the *Laudator temporis acti*, better described as the *Depreciator of the Present*—for that is his real aim and function—exists in all healthy and flourishing institutions, and must be expected, and allowed for, and disregarded, and, where possible, exter-

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.
From a Photograph by F. Frith & Co.

minated, like other frauds and parasites. He exists in Oxford, as in other institutions which flourish, and need not be further considered. Though always a nuisance, he is not a danger.

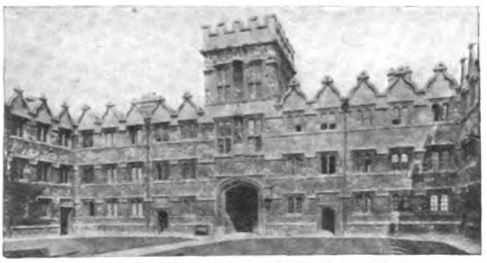
"As to your main question, about the alleged decadence of the undergraduate intellectually and physically, if I had to deal with it I should require to see the *evidence*. What *experience* of *fact* has the accuser had? Is he going by the class-lists? Or by the athletic reports? Or by his friends and acquaintances? Have Oxford men fallen off in the class-lists? The calendar will answer that question. The sporting papers and records will answer the other. It is not a question of personal opinion, but of *facts*."

Dr. MACAN, the Principal of University College, gives a most interesting reply to the question under discussion. He writes:—

"In reply to your request for an expression of opinion on the relative merits of Oxford undergraduates in 1881 and in 1911, I should be content to say that—

"(1.) There are (I believe) about twice as many undergraduates in residence now as were in residence thirty years ago;

"(2.) Then the majority of that smaller number were Pass men; now the majority take Honour courses and schools;



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.
From a Photograph by F. Frith & Co.

"(3.) The number and variety of intellectual interests have increased very largely; not merely by the multiplication of studies, linguistic and scientific (schools of English, of Modern Languages, Medicine, Engineering, Forestry, etc.), but by the growth of literary and similar societies among the undergraduates themselves;

"(4.) Similar developments and multiplications have taken place in sports and exercises (the proportion of mere loafers now is small);

"(5.) The advent of Colonial, American, and foreign students has stimulated the intellectual as well as the athletic interests of undergraduates.

"I would say, in summary, that while the picked students of thirty years ago—say the first hundred or hundred and fifty in each year—were just as good men, mentally and physically, as the cream of the present, the general average has risen, and the first thousand men in Oxford now are superior, certainly in education, and probably in mental and physical power, to the thousand thirty years ago."

Dr. WRIGHT-HENDERSON, the Warden of Wadham College, who has had a long experience, writes:—

"I think that the Oxford undergraduate is better—not worse—than his predecessor of thirty, still more of forty, years ago. He is more virtuous because he is poorer; more intellectual because he has to work harder and competition is more severe; better physically because more temperate—and because training is more sensible—not that he 'drank' in former days, but 'wines' and dinners at hotels were more frequent. If you look at *Blackwood's Magazine* for March or April, 1910, you will find there what I wrote about the undergraduate. General questions are hard to answer, but my experience has been long and varied."

WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD.
From a Photograph by F. Frith & Co.

Equally interesting are the replies from Cambridge.

The Rev. Dr. S. A. DONALDSON, the well-known Master of Magdalene College, writes:—

"Speaking broadly and generally, I am not of opinion that the 'Cambridge undergraduate of to-day has, in comparison with his predecessor of twenty or thirty years ago, deteriorated mentally or physically.' Intellectually he has a far wider range of subjects to study, and it may be said with some truth that what he has gained in breadth he has lost in concentration; on the other hand, the need for specialization in order to obtain success is a corrective for this danger for the abler men. Physically, I don't think there is deterioration at all—rather the reverse; and with the cult of athletics so markedly in the ascendant as it is to-day, I don't think there is danger on this score. Indeed, one might say that it threatens to be too absorbing a feature in its demands upon the time and attention of our undergraduates. A greater danger, in my opinion, lies both intellectually and physically in the tendency observable towards dilettantism and want of thoroughness, fostered by a too prevalent spirit of self-indulgence."

MAGDALENE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
From a Photograph by F. Frith & Co.

The Rev. Dr. E. ATKINSON, who has been Master of Clare College, Cambridge, since 1856, writes:—

"So far as I can judge, undergraduates

CLARE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
From a Photograph by F. Frith & Co.

at Cambridge are much the same now as they were thirty years ago. But I do not think that I have the best means of judging. My age renders me less able to go about and observe what is going on in town. If anything, fewer cases of misconduct on the part of undergraduates come before me now than used to do in the earlier years of my mastership. I have certainly no reason to think worse of undergraduates now than I did in older days."

One of the Tutors of Trinity College, Cambridge, who prefers to remain anonymous, writes :—

"The recorded results of athletic sports seem to me to give no suggestion that the undergraduate of to-day is either worse or better physically than the undergraduate of twenty-five years ago, and I can say with some confidence that no striking change in mental capacity has been noticed here over that period.

"The only other important change during the period which I can mention without going into details is the improvement in habits of diet. There is no doubt that the diet of the undergraduate is becoming lighter and more

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
From a Photograph by Photochrom Co.

wholesome, and there is also no doubt that there has been an enormous decrease in the consumption of alcohol."

Mr. R. F. Scott, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, sends the following most interesting reply :—

"I find it difficult to answer such a question. Deterioration means, I suppose, a falling-off from some standard. What standard?

"I have the best of reasons for believing that when I was an undergraduate, nearly forty years ago, some of my seniors held that deterioration was lamentably apparent among us youngsters. We, on the contrary, were stoutly of opinion that we compared very favourably with those of our seniors with whom we had the opportunity of contrasting ourselves. The fact is, the body of undergraduates at any given time consists of honest young men, representative of the country at large, with the aims and ideals of their time.

"I believe that the undergraduates of the present day can challenge comparison with those of any other time. I believe them to be as a body harder working, vastly more temperate, in matters of religion quite as much in earnest as their predecessors. If I were to criticize them, it would be to say

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
From a Photograph by Photochrom Co.

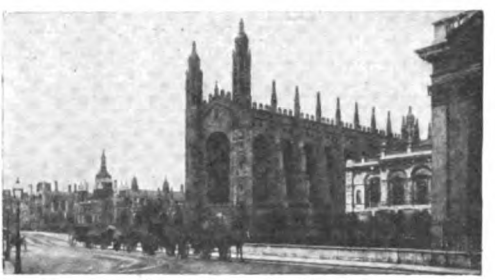
that they are in some things more apt to seek advice of their seniors and to rely on them. That is, perhaps, comparing them with myself; it may be 'deterioration'—I should hesitate to describe it as such. Deterioration sounds well; Amelioration sounds better and is quite as long—let us use it."

Dr. M. R. James, the Master of King's College, Cambridge, writes :—

"Your letter has followed me about for some time, and I have at last an opportunity of answering it. I hope my reply will not reach you too late.

"In considering the question you have put to me, two factors at least have to be taken into account. First, the number of undergraduates has largely increased during the last twenty to thirty years. Secondly, they are now drawn from a less limited area, geographically and socially, than formerly. Not that there have not always been men of all classes receiving education at Cambridge; but nowadays the proportion of students whose parents do not belong to the greater professions (so-called) is much larger than it was. Allowing for this, and realizing that many of our men come from poor and humble

homes, I yet cannot see that the physique of the whole body has been unfavourably affected. It is a continual surprise and pleasure to see what a fine lot, physically considered, they are when gathered in any numbers. Their habits, too, I consider have changed for the better. Very many of them have to consider narrowly their expenditure, and the standard of living is more modest than it was. Many are non-smokers (which, in my eyes, is no particular recommendation !) and many are teetotallers (which is probably an advantage). I cannot, in short, say that I think they have deteriorated physically. Have they done so mentally ? Probably the added numbers have had more effect in this direction. The proportion of men of average intellect — of men who take a low second or a third class in their tripos—is very likely larger. Comparisons and statistics based on the examination lists of the beginning and end of your period are likely to be fallacious, and a principal reason for this is that within the last twenty to thirty years the range of studies has been immensely widened, and that some of the modern triposes are among the most popular. Moreover, the older triposes have been so remodelled and divided that without intimate knowledge of their working it is very difficult to draw right inferences from the lists. However, study of examination lists would, in any case, be a poor way of arriving at the truth. One point you would wish to put would doubtless be whether the craze for athletics tends to put intellectual interests into the background. To this question I should answer 'No.' The position of the athlete at the University is widely different from that which he held at his school. To be successful in games is naturally a passport of some value at the University—but it does not take a man nearly so far. It introduces him to a set, not to universal popularity. The man whose interests are intellectual can always find a niche, and if he be otherwise acceptable will encounter no sort of obstacle in the fact that he plays no games.



KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
From a Photograph by Photochrom Co.

"To the man of ability more avenues are open now, and more men go out from the University to take up business careers of different sorts. In fact, the danger is that too few really able men will consent to take up academic work, of which the monetary rewards are modest, to say the least.

"There is no doubt that the intellectual interests of undergraduates are strong and varied. They are naturally attracted now by political and social questions, and there is much taking up of extreme opinions. As always, they are apt to be fascinated by what is newest in literature and art. But whether their taste in these matters is such as I approve or not, the fact remains that they *are* interested; they have a passion for forming societies for discussion and reading of papers, and they will go in large numbers to hear lectures on burning questions of the day. My doubt (and it is one which it would be extremely difficult to solve) is whether the number of not-brilliant men has increased in a higher proportion than that of the brilliant. To put it bluntly, I feel sure that there are as many brilliant men now as there were twenty years ago ; the question is, whether there are more stupid ones. The probability is, one must suppose, that that is the case. My own feeling is that, if so, the proportional increase is a very small one. In my own college I know many men who are good at something, and few who are entirely undistinguished ; but it must be remembered that my college does not admit 'poll' men ; and I see too few of these to be able to generalize about them."

On the whole the consensus of opinion of those whose position and experience best qualify them to judge would seem to be that the average undergraduate is both physically, intellectually, and morally a better man than his predecessor of twenty or thirty years ago. The numbers have nearly doubled, the drinking has decreased, the number of those who take Honours instead of Pass degrees has very largely increased, and the standard of the different schools is higher, while at the same time the records for all University athletics are better than those of twenty years ago. We can, therefore, rest in hope that the ancient Universities, nurses of so many famous Englishmen, may for many years continue the good work for Church and State.

An Air from Verdi.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

Illustrated by W. R. S. Stott.

AFTER the manager had said what he had to say, and Edward Bryan had left the theatre, he found exactly eighteenpence and a halfpenny in his pocket, and he was, it seemed, a great deal better off than many others of the stranded company. Owing to the strikes in Liverpool there had been no money coming into the treasury for full ten days, and the play had been doing badly for some time, even before the final disaster, which broke the manager and made him cry like a child.

"Eighteenpence and a halfpenny!" said Bryan; "and a silver watch!"

He walked along the deserted streets in a dream, fingering the money in his pocket. He owed his landlady at least sixteen shillings, and his wife, who had remained behind at Derby because she was ill, must need by now two pounds or more, to say nothing of what she owed the doctor and the chemist. To get back to her and take her and the child to London, where the only chance of work lay, would cost another two pounds at least.

"I want five pounds—five pounds!" said Bryan. "Eighteenpence and a halfpenny! *And* a small silver watch!"

Though such consciousness is no proof that a man has any gifts, yet he was conscious of ability. It was not only that he himself thought so; his perceptions were sharpened and reinforced by the beliefs of others. And this was the result: eighteenpence-halfpenny and a silver watch!

"And old Tasker has thousands, thousands, thousands," said Bryan, as he walked on. "Thousands, and eighteenpence-halfpenny and a silver watch! He'll leave me nothing."

Yet Simon Tasker was his mother's brother. He lent money, but lent none where it would not grow and flower in interest.

"He wouldn't give away eighteenpence-halfpenny," said Bryan. "And yet——"

Bryan, truly, had never asked him for any help since he went on the stage against the old man's wish. For old Tasker, though he was no more than a common usurer and unscrupulous and ruthless in his dealings, had a strange puritanic hatred of the stage.

"I've never asked him for eighteenpence," said Bryan, "or a halfpenny."

He came to the house where he lived and, entering with his key, went into his bed-sitting-room, which was in the disorder characteristic of poor-class theatrical lodgings, where service is scanty and overworked. He rang the bell and Mrs. Curtain, who expected or hoped to get some money from him, answered it herself. But when she saw him she knew better.

"Then it's bad luck, Mr. Bryan?" she asked.

"The worst," said Bryan, with both hands working oddly. "We're broke, the company's broke, and the manager cried."

"Cried?" she asked.

"Like a baby," said Bryan. "So I've eighteenpence-halfpenny. And this small silver watch."

He took it out of his pocket and looked at it, and Mrs. Curtain sat down.

"Don't go on so," she said; "you make me nervous. Is there anyone you can borrow from?"

"Not in Liverpool; and things are pretty bad in town too," said the actor. "I've only one relation in the world, and he wouldn't lend me eighteenpence-halfpenny. I wonder what my wife will do?"

"Don't go on so," said his landlady; "you make me that nervous I don't know where I am. I'm a poor woman, and to lose sixteen bob is 'ard."

"I'll leave my things with you," said Bryan, "and I'll go to London and see if my uncle will do anything. When I tell him Edie and the kid are ill in Derby, don't you think he might do something, Mrs. Curtain?"

But Mrs. Curtain shook her head.

"Bless the man, how do I know?" she asked. "Them as 'asn't would, and them as 'as won't. That's my experience. But 'ow will you get to London?"

"I—I don't know," said Bryan. "Yes, I do. I'll pawn this silver watch."

Mrs. Curtain shook her head and went away downstairs and made him some tea.

"The man's only a child, as most play-actors are," she said, "but he's a good boy, and I won't be 'ard on him."

And after tea he went out to pawn his watch. He got nineteen shillings on it because he knew the pawnbroker. If he hadn't known him he might have got a pound. But nineteen shillings was half a crown over the fare, so he now had four shillings and a halfpenny to draw on. Without going back to his room, he went to the station and waited for a train. It was supposed to start at midnight, but at twelve o'clock he was told that it wouldn't go till the morning at eight, for the whole system was still disarranged. So he walked back to his room and found Mrs. Curtain glad to see him sober. For she knew what poor actors are when the ghost doesn't walk, and what usually happens when they pawn their watches. She saw him into bed and promised to call him at seven. And at nine o'clock the train actually left Liverpool and got thirty miles by noon. His fellow-passengers grew angry and again resigned, and ended in that odd joviality which comes to relieve mankind when things, having ceased to be a mere joke, show themselves at last, as all life does, in the shape of a preposterous and gigantic jest. Bryan spoke with them and remembered nothing of what he said. He fell back into complete reverie and was unconscious of their presence. A man gave him a sandwich with the air of one who throws all he possesses into the common stock. And two hours afterwards Bryan said:—

"Thank you for that sandwich!"

"What sandwich?" asked the other.

And Bryan shook his head, and said he thought he had just eaten a sandwich.

"That was two hours ago," said the giver.

"Two hours!" said Bryan. "Two hours! I beg your pardon."

He relapsed into silence; but at times his lips moved. He had the actor's mobile face, but it was also acute and sensitive. His thoughts played upon it perpetually, for he went through a hundred scenes in London before he got there. Perhaps Poole could lend him some money. Poole was doing a sketch at the Met. Or Paddy Jones, who often had money got no one knew how, might be flush. Then he saw himself at his uncle's door. They talked in his mind. The old man was savage; then he relented. Bryan's mind built up a scene, partly suggested by a foolish melodrama in which he had played a repentant miser of a sudden charitably prodigal. His uncle bestowed a handful of notes on him and called him "my dear boy." Then—then old Simon did exactly the opposite—refused him a penny and called him an infernal beggar. Bryan crawled (in his mind) down the stairs with his head bent, blind with rage. "I could kill him," said Bryan. He ground his teeth. The power of rage in him amazed his self-control. At times a man digs deep into the foundations of his heart, and finds terrible graves there and awful resurrections. He saw the old man's room again, and heard him snarl, heard himself answer in a voice he didn't know, a dreadful, hoarse voice. He put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a pistol. That was another theatrical scene of last year. He pulled the trigger, and saw his uncle on the floor, wriggling in the same fantastic, theatrical way that Ned Burke wriggled and died. Ned Burke had played the villain. What a good chap he was, though he couldn't act for sour apples! Edith liked Ned Burke; he was so kind and so funny. Yet he always played bad old men. "I'll kill him if he doesn't help me," said Bryan's mind, going back to his uncle. But of course he would. No man on earth could hear Bryan's story and refuse some help. He seemed to hear old Simon say, "You're a fool; but if I must, I must. Here's ten pounds."

So Bryan played within himself on those boards which are never empty, for thought succeeds thought, sleep or awake, and their insistent continuity is life. For some their play is mean and poor, but others live tragically and yet lapse into mad burlesque, and that again becomes sweet and gentle. So Bryan lived and spent long years of peace with Edie in that train. And yet he was hung for murder, and made a vain but powerful defence. And, being hanged, he yet survived and became a great actor. And he told the audience who cheered him the day he was knighted about the time when he had only eighteenpence-halfpenny and a small silver watch, and one of the audience said, "Euston at last, thank Heaven!"

When he got out at Euston with four shillings and a halfpenny in his pocket he walked down to the Strand. It was seven o'clock, and the sun was still powerful, so that he sweated as he walked. But he was in a dream, and only partly waked out of it when he met an old actor known as "Teaspoons," on account of some legend reflecting more on his honesty than his ingenuity about the time

that Charles James Mathews was at the top of his reputation. They stood and talked together, and Bryan told him what had happened in Liverpool, and what he had come down to; and "Teaspoons" hastened to say that he, too, was dead broke, for fear Bryan might ask for half a crown on account of seven-and-sixpence he owed the younger man. Whether it was true or not, it made Bryan laugh oddly.

He said, "Where's Paddy Jones?"

"Teaspoons" knew where everyone in the profession could be found.

"In Glasgow. But the show's a frost," said old "Teaspoons."

So Paddy Jones couldn't help. He asked about half-a-dozen others. One was in Dublin, one was in Holloway, one in hospital. Two of the others had gone with a company to Australia, and the sixth was "on his uppers."

"And Poole?" asked Bryan.

"He's at the Met. The show's comin' off on Saturday," said "Teaspoons." "A good thing too, or the Lisson Grove boys will wreck the place. So long! Wish you luck!"

He shuffled off, and turning round saw that Bryan went east along the Strand. When he was sure his friend would not see him, he went into the Bodega and had two drinks, feeling very sorry that he could not afford to ask poor Bryan to have one.

And presently Bryan found himself in the cool shadow of the Temple, and he kept on saying to himself, apropos of nothing actually in his mind, "They have made my Temple a den of thieves." He passed the staircase at the top of which his uncle lived. He had occupied the same chambers for nearly thirty years, and rarely left them. Not once had he gone abroad; he loved nothing, it seemed, but money. Yet in his room was an old violin, which he had played on with some promise of skill in his boyhood. Once the old man explained to his nephew why he had practically ceased to play it and why he kept it.

"It made me what I am," said the old man. "I met someone once who could play it beautifully, and he was very poor. That made me think, and I put it away. The next week I made five shillings more than I needed to spend, and I did it in the time I used for playing. And next week I had saved ten shillings. If I hadn't met that poor fool of a musician, I might have been one myself."

And Bryan had shivered to hear him talk like that. For at times, when the old usurer thought of his early youth, he had a fine face, keen and almost delicate; but that look passed like a cloud in a brass sky, and left him hard and eager and esurient, protesting poverty and very bitter against the poor. And especially he loathed musicians. Perhaps he sometimes thought of music still. There were even yet times that he played a little. He said it helped now, when it couldn't hinder.

It was eight o'clock before Bryan made up his mind to speak to his uncle and ask assistance. For his gorge rose against it and his heart was sick. But for that purpose he had come, and Edith was in Derby alone and ill and waiting, and there was no one else in London but Poole, always kind and always nearly broken, who could help him.

So at last he climbed the bitter stairs. He had not climbed them since he had become an actor, for then his uncle had said things not easy to forgive, wishing to see him no more, for fear he should want money. And now Bryan came to ask it, and his heart was sick within him, and he raged against the man even before he was refused help. But still he went up, driven in a dream. He felt his mind had not been awake since old Smith cried on the stage because he had no money. It was a hideous world, a nightmare of a world, and money ruled it, and the power of money, and those who held it held power, and those who were powerful became cruel.

And even as he stood outside his uncle's door he heard its power and cruelty. For the door was ajar and he heard voices inside. He recognized the thinnish, ageing pipe of Simon Tasker, but the other voice was strange to him and had a Scottish accent. He heard the Scotsman speak first.

"For God's sake, Mr. Tasker——"

There was agony in the man's voice. But Tasker's voice was cold, the voice of conscious power. Bryan knew it. The man loved power and had grown cruel. There would be an odd little smile upon his mouth as he answered.

"You've had your full time. The money to-morrow, please."

Bryan heard a groan and then the voice spoke rapidly—urgently:—

"Don't you understand this means ruin? My wife and children will be in the street. Everyone will come down on me, sir. Oh, give me time, a month, to let things mature. They'll come right; I know it, I know it. The business I've built up and put all my money and my life into!"

But Tasker answered: "I've no more to say."

"My God!" said the other man; "my God!"

Bryan had heard that said upon the stage. His artistic consciousness seized on the peculiar intonation now with a dreadful feeling of satisfaction. That was the right way to say it.

"I'll—I'll say it that way next time," said Bryan. But he turned and ran downstairs, choking. He went lightly and heard the other man stumble, as if he were blind. Bryan stayed outside and saw him go past. The man's face was dreadful; drawn, haggard, and fierce. All possibilities were in it. His skin was a greyish blue. He showed his teeth oddly. His hands were clenched. He never noticed Bryan.

"So goes murder!" said Bryan. He writhed his own mobile face into the same demoniac mask and felt his lips go back, his nails almost enter his palms. His muscles arched and ridged themselves, and hate grew in him out of the shape he gave it. He grasped the boiling mind of the man he dreadfully and eagerly mimicked, and his own mind seemed to cry aloud for vengeance and for time out of eternity.

And then above him, and out of the window of the upper story, he heard the thin and reedy wail of the violin.

The air that the moneylender played was out of an old and forgotten early failure by Verdi. Perhaps not ten men in England knew its name: "Un Giorno di Regno." Once his uncle had told Bryan that he only played when he had done a good stroke of business, when things went very well, when he was happy.

"He's happy, then!" said Bryan. He walked a little way till he lost the poor, tremulous sounds made by a man who even yet had not wholly choked the life out of the music in him. It survived like a worm-eaten flower on a worn-out rose-tree that cumbered the ground. Did he never think of death? But all passions are fences against the thought of it, and avarice drugs a man to the last.

Bryan found himself again upon the stairs. It seemed to him that he woke and knew that he was half-way up. He said, "I'm going to beg—to beg!" And he added, "I—I could kill him. Or myself!" So could the man he had seen come out; the poor wretch he had taken as a model for some future chance tragedy of the stage.

He knocked at the door and wondered to find it ajar. Had he been his uncle he would have kept it closed, against the chances of fate. But avarice deafens a man to the rising pipe of death, and power makes him careless as it grows. He heard old Simon rise and shuffle in slippered feet across the uneven floor. By now it was nearly dark inside; though there was still a glow in the western sky, it did not penetrate there. A gas-jet burned in the passage. It lighted the old man's face as he opened the door wide. In its flickering, uncertain light Bryan saw only the bigger planes of the usurer's face, and thought it a fine head, after all. But what Bryan saw was what the old man might have been. The smaller marks and wrinkles were what some little seed of evil had made him.

"Who are you?" he asked; and Bryan answered with a dry tongue:—

"I'm Ned Bryan, uncle."

He was respectably dressed and had no suppliant aspect. There was at the bottom of Bryan something hard. Though he felt a little sick his muscles were on a stretch, and he held his head high during a moment's doubtful pause.

"Come in," said the man who lent money where it would grow.

And Bryan entered. As he followed his uncle down the passage he noted etchings on the wall that he remembered. Two were Meryon's, grim and slaughterous, but a good investment. Tasker had got them from a client for a fortnight's grace. He kept them because he believed their annual increment in the market outweighed even a usurer's common interest on their present value.

The inner room was as he remembered it, save for one or two pictures and two wonderful blue Chinese jars. They had their history. Save for a small set of four Chippendale chairs, three of them covered with litter, the furniture was poor and soulless. In the centre, or rather to the left, was a big roll-top desk, filled with papers, and now open. The fireplace was behind it, a broken-springed chair stood by the fender. The table was of deal and might have come from a kitchen. Tea-things stood on it, and among them lay the open case of the violin, with the bow across the case. Before old Tasker turned he shut down the roll-top desk. The action was ominous to Bryan; he raised his eyebrows and frowned.

"I—I could kill him," said Bryan. For now he saw in the better light the life-long script of cruelty and meanness upon a face which, outside, had reminded him of his mother's, dear and dead long ago.

"Sit down," said Tasker. And Bryan sat in the only empty Chippendale chair.

"It's a long time since I saw you," said the old man.

"Years," replied Bryan, with a dry throat.

"Glad to see you looking so respectable. And I heard you were married," said old Tasker.

Bryan's mind followed him quickly. He understood why he said these things. He expected more, and it came.

"Ah, and I'm not doin' so well," said his uncle, quickly. "Things are very bad—very bad; couldn't be worse, young man, couldn't be worse."

The open violin said he lied, and Bryan's eyes turned to it. The old man was as quick as he was.

"The same old violin," he said; "it's not worth selling. I've not played on it since you heard me."

That was true enough, though he meant to lie. Bryan heard again its thin wail of triumph and saw the twisted and abhorrent mask of the man who was his uncle's debtor and had sought him at home to beg for the mercy of time. Bryan could not speak, though he tried. His voice dried in his throat; fear and hatred oppressed him. Never had he known that he possessed such hate within him or the power of violence. But these things no man knows till the hour comes.

There was a little moment in him as if he lost consciousness or as if he dreamed. But he never lost it and did not dream. Only an abyss opened and the moment's sight of it seemed an eternity. He heard his own voice as of another speaking. His double consciousness, the gift of the artist, came back to him. He applauded the way he spoke, the manner of his speaking, its passion. His inner soul stood at the wings of his mind's stage and applauded. For Bryan knew he was telling his story, and telling it wonderfully. He heard again of the disastrous time when his wife fell ill, when she and the child had to remain behind; the wild days at Liverpool, when trouble piled itself on trouble. With a laugh which was half a cry and half a sob, he drew his old landlady, and then said, soberly, "Eighteenpence-halfpenny and a

"'WHO ARE YOU?' HE ASKED."

silver watch!" He told the silent old man of his search for friends, of the played-out old actor "Teaspoons" who lived on alms. And then he asked for help, for a little help, for a very little help, and his mind said, as he asked, "Oh, you rich old devil, if you don't help me I'll kill you, kill you, kill you!"

But the old man would not. He made no professions, no excuses, but stood by the letter of the word he spoke when Bryan went upon the stage. He spoke of it with an odd puritanic horror. But not all the real or imagined licence of the stage could balance in the scales of justice the licence he gave to avarice. Yet so he justified himself, for all men must, and his justification was as absolute as his soul was dead.

And Bryan begged no more. He sat for a moment holding his elbow in his hand. He tapped his cheek with his fingers. He kept his eyes fixed upon the old violin. The case seemed a kind of coffin to keep a dead little soul in. He spoke suddenly.

"You lied to me just now. You played that fiddle this evening."

The old man glared at him.

"Lied?"

Bryan nodded.

"Played it in—in triumph. Being happy! As you once told me. Happy! My God!"

He rose and turned away. Suddenly he turned back.

"How long will you live, uncle?" he asked, as if in mere curiosity. And Simon Tasker flinched.

"Leave my rooms," he said. "And when I'm dead you'll get nothing—nothing—not a stiver."

"Take it to the grave with you," said Bryan.

Simon tapped his shut desk.

"I made my will when you and I parted, boy," he said, hoarsely. "I've left it all to the richest man I know."

Bryan went to the door and turned again, looking about the room curiously.

"A man like you ought to be killed," he said, not knowing how the words came or from what depths they rose. But he seemed to know that other folks might be saying the same thing. He spoke aloud, continuing his thoughts. "That poor Scotsman, for instance," he said, suddenly. And then he shook his head and went, leaving his uncle standing. And as Bryan went down the stairs he said:—

"If I'd had something in my hand I—I think I could have killed him!"

More intensely than ever the sense that he was in a dream oppressed and at the same time relieved him. The passers-by were shadows, the crowded streets the streets of a visionary city. And not even when a sudden and clamorous hunger assailed him did he truly wake. But he had not eaten since the morning, and in his pockets he still had four shillings and a halfpenny. He went into a mean eating-house and ate. But he left half they gave him on his plate.

"I must go and see Poole—good old Poole," he said. And he walked all the way to Edgware Road without any sense of fatigue. It seemed strange to him that he was not tired. But it was not strange. The passions within him drugged his nerves; their physical results were those of auto-intoxication. He viewed things clearly as he thought, and really saw the world in no perspective, no actual relations. So a man might see nature as a flat pattern, strangely coloured, without distances. For that was how fatigue took him. He walked for a mile quite calmly; then he was conscious of the beating of his heart—a thing he had never noticed before. It puzzled him, and he cursed the old man suddenly out aloud, and found that he was in Hyde Park; and a passer-by heard him and was alarmed, and hurried away.

"He thinks I'm mad," said Bryan. It was a peculiarly ludicrous idea, and he laughed aloud.

"I never was saner," he said. But those who know might not have agreed with him.

He walked on and crossed the traffic at the Marble Arch easily. But he did not know he crossed it, or that he helped an old woman to cross. He became conscious of the objective world, that visible, sonorous projection of a dream, outside a pawnbroker's shop. There were several revolvers in the window. He inspected them curiously. He had never used one save with blank cartridge on the stage. Once in a melodrama he had been supposed to kill someone. He disliked the actor very much, but when he shot at him he actually hated the man, for his fictitious dramatic hatred was added to amazingly.

"I could kill my uncle," he said. "Why won't he help? It's—it's cruel!"

He went on and turned to look back at the shop-window. By it there was standing a figure he seemed to know.

"It's like that—that Scotsman," said Bryan.

He rubbed his eyes and looked again. No man was there; he had disappeared suddenly. Yet he could not have gone in so short a space of time. Bryan walked back to the shop and stared in. He saw no one; but

he saw himself in a mirror, and didn't know his face.

"That's me!" he said. "I—I wonder if it is?"

He came at last to the Metropolitan, and went round to the stage-door by the narrow, squeezed little way that runs down from Edgware Road to the side of the house. The stage-doorkeeper took his name in to Poole, and after a very long time, as Bryan thought, told him Mr. Poole would see him. He found the actor in a small, gas-lit dungeon. Poole, in his drawers and socks, was putting the last touches of paint on his face.

"Dear old man!" said Poole, jovially. He always was jovial, even if he hadn't a penny piece to jingle on the door-step of an angry landlady to whom he owed money. Poole was ready to give away his very head, and Bryan knew that if anyone could help him, Jack Poole was the man.

"Good old Jack!" said Bryan, queerly.

"What's wrong?" asked Poole. He was shortsighted, and the light was poor; but he had the quickest ear.

"I'll tell you," said Bryan. And as he told him he kept on thinking of a bitter story, in which a man turned an unfortunate friend out of his house on the ground that the recital of such miseries broke his heart. But Poole listened with a concerned face; and when he heard about old Tasker he swore vigorously.

"If he was my uncle I'd murder him," said Poole; "and, oh, my dear old chap, I'm so sorry. I've not sixpence in the world.

"BRYAN SAT THERE WITH THE SHINING WEAPON IN HIS HAND."

And this blighted sketch is coming off to-morrow. Times are rotten—fairly rotten."

"Then you—you can't help me, old boy?" asked Bryan, quietly.

"Ab-so-loot-ly imposs," said Poole. "I've drawn all I am to get here, and I've pawned my watch."

"So have I," said Bryan.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Poole, and the actress who was playing with him put her head in.

"Hurry up, Jack," she said. "Do you want to be murdered in the Edgware Road for keeping the nobility of Lisson Grove waiting?"

She nodded in a friendly manner to Bryan, who didn't know her, and withdrew. Poole hurried into his clothes. As he finished the call-boy knocked.

"Look here," said Poole, "come and see me to-morrow in my digs. I'll try and raise the wind. And take this and pop it."

He rushed to his bag, took out a revolver, and thrust it into Bryan's hand.

"It's a good gun," he said—"a real good 'un. You'll raise ten bob on it for the missus. See if it's loaded! So long, if you can't wait!"

And he went out of the door with a rush that made scraps of paper on the floor leap and swirl. And Bryan sat there with the shining weapon in his hand.

The sanest man alive can be driven mad by calculated tortures, for all sanity is but resistance to stresses. And Bryan was an artist, one of those who live by the natural ease with which they register, even as they resent and fear them, the impressions of life and art. It seemed to him that something cracked in him. Or was it outside? Something giving way which held him? He looked at the revolver, and saw that it was loaded, not with blank, but with ball, cartridge; and he wondered what Poole had been playing in that needed lead. It might have been no play, but actual tragedy. The cheerfullest man he knew had shot himself.

"I—I feel free," said Bryan. There is peace in the centre of a cyclone.

Conversion, when it comes suddenly for good, is a shifting of a man's whole point of view—a sudden change of psychic orientation. The under-mind comes uppermost; the old self goes under. But conversion can be for evil; for the gentlest may be unstable, and beneath the surface of the best lie things unutterable. In them is the past; the deeds of ancestral devils yet survive in subdued but not wholly conquered passions.

"I'll kill him!" said Bryan.

He walked across the park, and as folks passed, hurrying folks or quiet lovers, he said, "They don't understand life." For he understood it now, and had a clear view, a mission, a task entrusted to him. He felt as those feel who have attained something of the mystic ecstasy. His mind seemed wonderfully clear and steady. It burnt like a blow-pipe flame; things fused in it. He was certain he was doing right. Everyone would understand it, if they ever found out. Yet they would not find out. In sanity he was peculiarly simple, thoughtful of others, careless of himself; but now he found within him extraordinary cunning, or what he, almost proudly, thought such. He took everything into consideration. No one would suspect him. They would suspect some client, when it came out that this quiet old man in the Temple was a moneylender. They would probably discover all about that Scotsman and suspect him, and perhaps arrest him. The man could easily prove his innocence.

"Poor devil!" said Bryan.

He meant to take money, a little money, not very much, but perhaps as much as old Simon ought to have lent him. Probably ten pounds or twenty.

"I shall walk into the Temple whistling cheerfully," he said, "in case anyone notices me. Twenty pounds will be enough. He ought to have lent it me."

He went into the Temple from the Embankment. Before he did so he lingered a moment by the river, and saw how beautiful it was. That surprised him, and when he turned away he felt as if part of himself stayed there, looking, looking. He turned round to see, and shook his head. He went across the road swiftly.

"I said I'd go in whistling. What shall I whistle? Oh, I'll whistle what he played."

That air from "Un Giorno di Regno" was bitten into his brain, but came with difficulty to his dry lips. But he moistened them and whistled. He felt as if he were making an entrance on the stage. Nothing was quite real. The night atmosphere seemed peculiarly theatrical. He stepped inside the gate and pulled at his collar. That was a little mannerism of his, and he knew it. Then he said:—

"Why, I always hated him! He was very unkind to mother."

There are depths and graves in the human mind. Out of them come ghosts. He remembered his uncle coming to see his mother when he was only a child. Simon

made his mother cry, and Bryan remembered that he had said with the passion of a child, "I'll kill him when I'm a man!"

He laughed, and came to the entrance of the court where the old man lived.

"Now he—lives here," said Bryan, with a satiric twist of his face.

A gas-lamp burnt in the middle of the court and cast a feeble light. Through the archway at the end he saw people pass. A man came out of the stairway leading to his uncle's chambers, and, turning very abruptly, went out of the far archway. Bryan saw him and did not see him. But half-way up the stairs he said, "He was rather like that Scotsman! Poor devil, poor devil!" He was extraordinarily sorry for that Scotsman, amazingly sorry for him. He made up a little tale about him and his business, and his wife and children. He wondered what the business was. Do Scotsmen go in for any particular business? And why had he failed? They usually succeeded, he thought. But all the time he went upstairs steadily and came to the door. The outer one was open. And so was the inner one.

"I thought that silly of him," said Bryan. He walked in. The sitting-room door was shut. No, it was not shut. He saw the window there and lights through it from some other chambers. The old man had no light going, then.

"Miser!" said Bryan. He expected to hear his uncle's voice. He went back lightly and shut the front door. Then he went in again and came to the sitting-room door. In his hand was the revolver, though he did not recollect taking it from his pocket. He thought he heard a little noise from the bedroom. It reminded him of the noise a man makes cleaning his teeth. Then he kicked against something on the floor, and knew what it was. It was the violin! A sudden coldness came over him; he sweated ice.

"THE DESK WAS OPEN, SOME OF ITS CONTENTS LAY ON THE FLOOR."

"The violin!"

He did not know why that made him get so cold. And then he was aware of an extraordinary confusion in the room. He saw some sparks in the empty fireplace, sparks running along the edge of a piece of paper, the sparks which children call the congregation, the parson, and the clerk. A chair was upset; Bryan breathed heavily. He took out a match and struck it. The desk was open, some of its contents lay on the floor. The little table by the window was upset.

"Oh, my God!" said Bryan. But he saw no one. The bedroom door was shut. Old Simon had stopped cleaning his teeth. What—what did it mean?

In his mind he stood again in the court below, and saw a man come out of the stairway, a man like the Scotsman whose tortured face he had seen and mimicked.

"Ah!" said Bryan. He trod on the violin and a string went with a dreadful snap. The sound was as loud as thunder. It seemed to call the world in. And Bryan went straight to the bedroom door and thrust it open. There was no sound inside; no sign of life. He breathed heavily and struck another match. He was going to see something—something which he had no wish to see. He half closed his eyes and put his revolver in his pocket. Something said he would not need it. Holding up the match he looked before him. There was a pile of strange and dreadful things on the floor, and on the bed there was not even a mattress. All the furniture of the bed was on the floor. And the match went out.

Some think that thoughts and passions linger about a room and haunt it. They infect the walls, the enclosed air, and grip those who enter, infecting them also. Thus evil works after the deed; hence come houses which none may live in, where certain people may see things unutterable—monstrous apparitions, crawling larvæ. Some will speak of these things with white lips.

"My God!" said Bryan. His own mind was cleared of murder now, purged of it. The thought of it was incredible.

And yet he felt as if he had murdered the man and had covered him up.

"With—with the bed-clothes; the—the mattress," said Bryan. He knew old Simon was under that disordered heap. He or that pallid Scotsman had done it, not being able to endure the sight. For a moment, a long moment, he could not divide his mind from that of the man who had done this. His had been the intent, the equal mad intent. The other man's mind worked on his. Perhaps it was still there. A murderer going away leaves more than the dead behind him. Some of himself remains there, drawn out of him, watching, watching!

"Yes, he's under there," said Bryan, "dead. I didn't do it."

But he felt that he had done it. In all the horror of his troubled mind there was a kind of triumph. This wasn't his own.

"It's the other man's," he said. He wondered how the other man had felt, how he had looked, and what he had done. He had killed the man, covered him up, and gone back into the other room looking for something.

"For the papers, proofs of his debt," said Bryan, trembling. He imitated the man's face. That drew him on to follow his mind and his actions. He went back into the sitting-room and lighted the gas with a steady hand which made him wonder. The other man had perhaps been calm. And Bryan looked at the desk.

"That's where he put his will," said Bryan. He knew the pigeon-hole in which the old man would put it. It wasn't there. Bryan went to the fireplace and found a pile of ashes and some half-burnt papers. He went on his knees and picked at them. Some were utterly burnt; others half-destroyed legal documents, promissory notes, mortgages. And suddenly he saw a triangular burnt strip with "This is my last will" on it. He picked it out and burnt even that in the gas-flame.

"I may just as well," said Bryan. "Why not—why not? It's no good now. I didn't burn it. And he's dead. They'll have some money."

"They" were his wife and child. It did not occur to him that he would have money.

He found himself creeping back to the bedroom, and lighted the gas there.

"Perhaps he isn't dead," he thought. Mercy came to him suddenly in a flood. He pulled off the bed-clothes and the mattress with which the other man had covered up his work. And he saw the old man lying on his back. He knelt down by him and was sorry.

"Yes, he's dead," said Bryan. "How fine he looks!"

That was the strange thing, for the man looked wonderful—very calm, very peaceful. There was something even great in the modelling of the face; meanness and the gross accretions of life had gone out of it. He looked as he might have looked if he had

"HE SAW THE OLD MAN LYING ON HIS BACK."

followed the destroyed impulses of his youth.

"A dead musician," said Bryan.

There was a little blue mark in the centre of his forehead.

"The bullet-wound," said Bryan. "Poor old—poor old man!"

He put a pillow under his head and rose to his feet, staggering a little. Then he went into the other room. He felt very faint, but his thoughts seemed quite clear now.

He went downstairs. He heard a clock strike ten as he reached the court. A tallish man crossed the court. No, he wasn't the Scotsman, said Bryan. Poor devil of a Scotsman! Bryan staggered as he walked. The passer-by, a barrister who had chambers in Paper Buildings, thought he was drunk, and stepped a little aside as Bryan came at him with outstretched arms.

"My—my uncle's dead!" said Bryan.

"So's mine," said the barrister.

And Bryan laughed. So did the barrister as he ran into someone at the archway, who begged his pardon in a Scotch accent. But this man, though he had heard what they said, did not laugh.

He followed Bryan to the porter's lodge and heard him tell his tale. And there Bryan saw him.

"The man who was with my uncle this evening and quarrelled with him was—was—a foreigner," said Bryan.

"Picture-Building."

A NEW PASTIME.

By STEPHEN HALLETT.

EVERYBODY is not born, and may not become in the technical sense, an artist; but everyone may, if he chooses, make his or her own pictures. How? Well, that is what I propose to show you. And when I say pictures, I don't mean crude daubs, such as may be seen on any metropolitan pavement or in any juvenile drawing-book, but finished black-and-white compositions which you may frame and hang on the wall—compositions of your very own, embodying some original idea of your own. But, you will say, how will you learn to draw so as not to excite laughter? How can you acquire the technique of painting with brushes in black and white? The answer is, you need not draw at all; you need use no pigments, and the only brush you require is a paste-brush. For the drawing, the figures, the interiors, and all the accessory parts of the pictures will be drawn by somebody else. All you have to do is to "compose" the picture—and any artist will tell you that the art of composition is by far the most import-

"REHEARSING THE AMATEUR PANTOMIME.

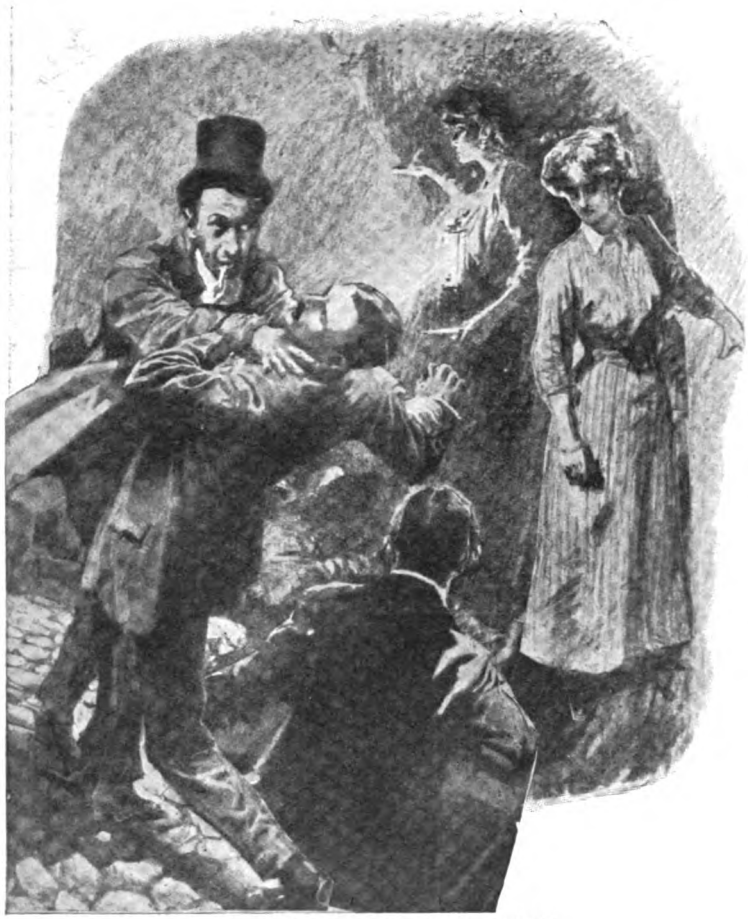
ant factor in the creation of a picture. Many thousands can reproduce more or less accurately the model of a man or woman or chair which they see before them, who find the utmost difficulty in fusing the whole into a picture. That is where you, dear reader, may come in. You may be unable to draw, but you are strong in composition, in the grouping faculty. But even if you are not thus strong you may, given a sufficient variety of material, of figures and accessories, produce some surprisingly good results.

A small boy in the cripple ward of one of the London hospitals, having ejected by the aid of a pair of scissors all the *dramatis personæ* of an entire number of THE STRAND, treated the collection as so many puppets, and made them engage in a new repertoire, forming perpetually fresh combinations and illustrating scenes and incidents of the child's own creation. It was this which suggested the idea of "picture-building." Here is a pastime for the winter evenings in which young and old can engage. All you require is a copy of THE STRAND, a pair of scissors, a pot of paste and brush, some sheets of cardboard upon which to group and paste down the figures, and two eyes in your head. Then you can proceed to make your combinations. If you cut out the figures carefully and take pains in pasting them down, it is really wonderful, owing to the thinness of the paper, how the "joins" are concealed. The great dangers are grouping figures of the wrong size together and not allowing for perspective.

"THE TOO SUCCESSFUL SPORTSMAN"—"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WHAT 'AM' I TO DO WITH THIS FISH?"

But perhaps I may best illustrate the process of picture-building by a public exhibition of the latest additions to my own gallery. (I may mention, parenthetically, that I am an indifferent artist. Although I take the greatest pains in drawing a pig, my friends obstinately persist in calling it a dog, a sheep, an elephant—anything but the normal inhabitant of a sty. There is nothing which has given more pain than the misunderstanding of my juvenile friends in this respect. But my triumph has come, and the walls are now covered with my "works.") I took the Christmas number of THE STRAND and cut out all the available illustrations from cover to cover. Then I began to arrange these in heaps according to size and character.

Look at my first, I will not say canvas—shall I say cardboard?—entitled "Rehearsing the Amateur Pantomime." There are five interested spectators and auditors of a colloquy between a comic policeman-codfish, or codfish-policeman, and the heroine (not



"THE TRAGEDY OF THE GROTTO."

in fancy dress). One, a gentleman, looks distinctly bored; perhaps he is the author of the piece, or possibly he is the leading comedian, who is growing weary of the efforts of his rival. The two ladies in the middle on the left came from page 667, and formed the nucleus of the picture. Afterwards come the lolling damsel in the foreground from page 743 and another lady from page 740. The seated male was borrowed from Mr. Stott on page 665. There they are, all in a row, obviously looking at something intently. What shall it be? Something novel and amusing—why not Mr. Shepherd's piscatory policeman on page 752? The lady he is addressing (from page 748) ceases to be, unhappily, where a mermaid ceases to be; so it is therefore necessary to call into requisition the vase of chrysanthemums on page 701. Now for a background and accessories. There are a wall and bookcase on page 609 which will do nicely, and another bit on page 665. The overturned chair is from page 644, and lo, the composition is complete! Henceforth this is *my* creation — *my* picture. Not *all* my own, I admit; but, then, what picture is all an artist's own? Is he not constantly taking from others?

In the next "composite," "The Too Successful Sportsman," the embarrassed maid-servant (from page 681) is asking, "Excuse me, sir, but what *am* I to do with this fish?" The grinning sportsman who has hooked (or harpooned?) the monstrous fish (*vide* page 751) hails from page 683. One of the two children is a portrait from page 724, and the other from the advertisement of "Redfern's Rubber Heels" on page 40.

Or let me take another pictorial creation of mine—a tragic scene in a cave or some other subterranean resort. A party of sight-seers has been inveigled into the farthest recesses by a plausible villain for the purpose of robbery or—who knows?—murder. Hours elapse—they do not return. An organized search is made, two village girls assisting. Suddenly the discovery is made; there is a struggle in the semi-darkness. Any explanation will serve—that is a second thought; the chief thing is a struggle in the cavern. For a foundation—a background—I take, therefore, Mr. Gilbert Holiday's drawing on page 688, and one of his female figures obligingly serves me as a model, and another on page 686 does the same. For the struggling couple, and the stony floor of the cavern, I rely upon Mr. Alec Ball's frontispiece, while for the head of the kind of scowling villain I want I borrow one from Mr. Simpson on

page 632. The rear view of the gentleman in the ditch is taken from page 609—and we have "The Tragedy of the Grotto."

When I came to the reproduction of Sir Edwin Landseer's dead shepherd, with the dog by the side of the deal coffin (page 692), I began to see the possibilities of a scene with a number of figures which should centre around this mysterious casket. I wanted a dark, imposing interior, and I found it in Mr. Dudley Hardy's illustration on page 703. There is a single figure there—a tragic female. She looked lonely. Her tragedy needed explanation, and what explanation so good or so convincing as that of the mysterious casket? Forthwith it, and not she, took the centre of the stage—or, rather, it and the dog. Hanging over it, with something in his hand, I placed a gentleman by Mr. C. E. Brock from page 649. It was just the figure I wanted, and just the attitude. I could not have done it better myself, and so—like Molière—I "went and took" just what I required. *On prend son bien où l'on le trouve.* Gradually, and yet rapidly, the scene was built up—a startled figure, seated, by Mr. Simpson, from page 628; a ditto, standing, by Mr. Stott, on page 668; a couple of spectators, also supplied by Mr. Simpson, on page 627, and lo! we have "The Midnight Mystery Revealed."

All the foregoing have been wash-drawings, but one might, for a change, try a small mosaic of "line." Nothing simpler. There is a tropical maiden by Mr. Millar on page 790. Why should she not be "a-carrying on" with one of Mr. Jacobs's characters by Mr. Owen on page 720, when suddenly the stalwart Irishman on page 762, to whom she has given her heart, appears with the token she has given him in his hand, much to the honest sailorman's con-

"THE MIDNIGHT MYSTERY REVEALED."

"I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE?"

fusion? The result is the picture entitled "I Hope I Don't Intrude?"

Lastly, we have a scene full of mystery and animation —. the exact purport of which the spectator must supply for himself—I will call it "A Problem Picture." I only wish to indicate that I borrowed the male and female figures on the extreme left from page 766, but the face of the lady comes from the advertisement pages, and those on the extreme right from page 627. The table (at least, part of it) comes from page 768, some of the background from page 786, and the other *dramatis personæ* will be discovered elsewhere.

Altogether "picture-building" will be found not only an innocent and pleasant diversion, but capital practice in the art of pictorial composition. It might well form part of the curriculum of art schools.

One word more. If any reader of THE STRAND becomes an adept at it, and although an indifferent draughtsman would prefer not to borrow his figures and accessories ready-made by others, he has only to resort to the camera, and, with two or three models and a series of costumes, produce as many figures and "situations" as he pleases for subsequent combination.

"A PROBLEM PICTURE."

Songs of the Great Schools.

II.

HARROW—MARLBOROUGH—UPPINGHAM.

F the many hundreds of public school songs which have been written, none have become more popular or more widely known than "Forty Years On," the most successful of the many successful songs by the late John Farmer. Although it is, above all others, *the* Harrow song, its bold and stirring melody, no less than the sentiments expressed in its words, makes it a special favourite with every public school boy and old boy in the kingdom. Readers of Mr. Vachell's "The Hill" do not need to be told that Harrow is pre-eminently a singing school, or to be reminded of the great part *the* school songs play in the lives of Harrovians past and present.

"The great Harrow song," writes the head master, "is 'Forty Years On,' words by E. E. Bowen, and the music by John Farmer." Mr. Vachell calls it "the National Anthem of Harrow." He describes a scene where a famous Empire soldier, himself an Etonian, whom we have no difficulty in identifying as Lord Roberts, heard it and was deeply moved.

"As the hundreds of voices, past and present indissolubly linked together, imposed the mandate, 'Follow up!' the head master glanced at his guest, but left unsaid the words about to be uttered. Tears were trickling down the cheeks of the man who, forty years before, had won his Sovereign's Cross—For Valour."

No one who has ever heard a group of Marlburians shouting out the refrain of "The Marlborough Volunteer" needs to be told that this, if without the dignity of the official "Carmen Marlburiense," is really the song of the school in the same sense and even to the same degree that "Forty Years On" is the song of Harrow. The words were written by the Rev. Cyril Alington, an old Marlburian and now head master of Shrewsbury, who sends the following account of how the song was written:—

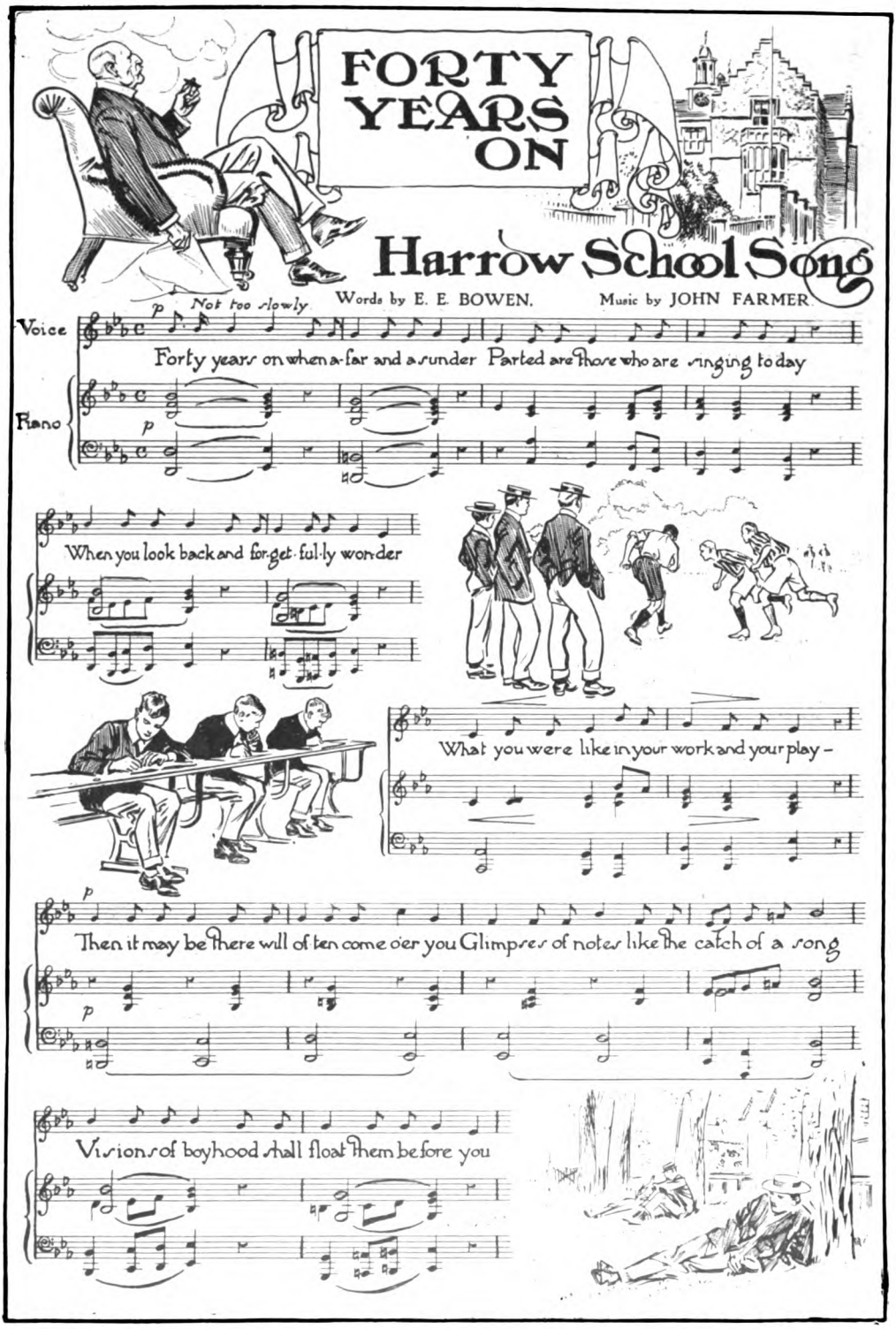
"During an attack of influenza I got Mr. Cobb's tune to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's 'Route Marching' in my head and wrote the words to suit it. By a curious coincidence the words were sent to Mr. Cobb, himself an Old Marlburian, to set to music, and I remember hearing that, so far from recognizing the metre, he found it particularly difficult to set. I imagine that this story reflects more discredit on me than on him, and you are therefore at perfect liberty to publish it."

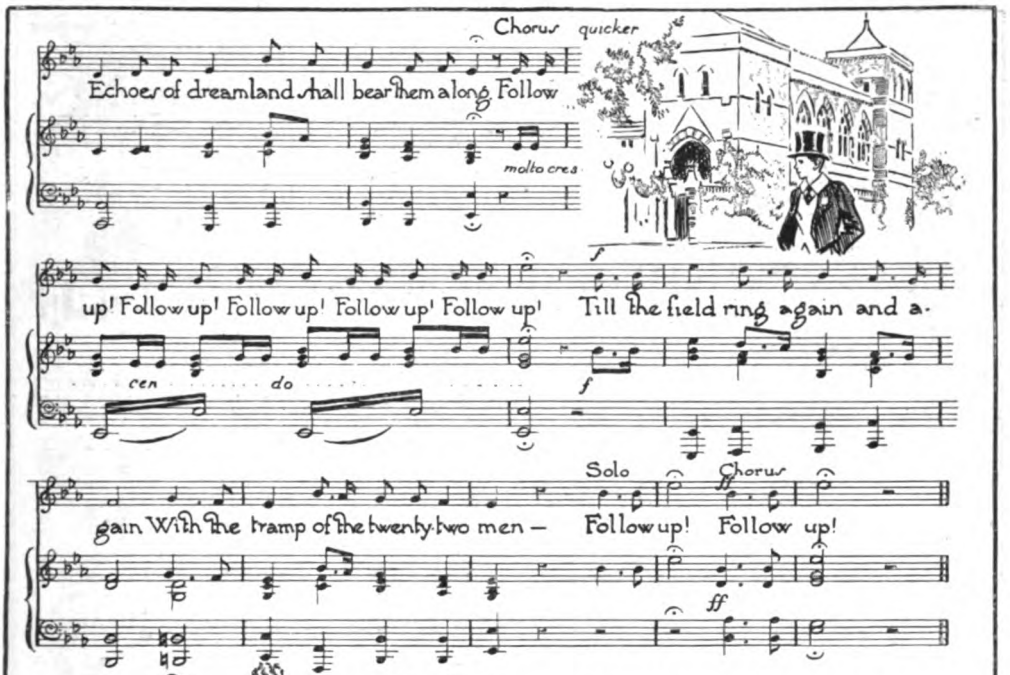
"The songs of Uppingham," writes the music master of that famous school, which some thirty-five years ago underwent dramatic vicissitudes, "are not like ordinary school songs, but are much more elaborate. They are rather by themselves—so far as I know—as compositions." Of the sixteen songs contained in the Uppingham Song-Book the words of all but two of them were written by the man who made Uppingham—the late Edward Thring, for many years head master of the school—and this, no doubt, explains why they are all so essentially Uppinghamian in character.

Associated with him was Paul David, a son of the famous musician, Ferdinand David, who was for thirty years chief music master at Uppingham. He was a great friend of his father's pupil, Dr. Joachim, the celebrated violinist, who became a frequent performer at the Uppingham School concerts (his last public appearance, two days before his death, was at one of these gatherings). With such powerful influences it is easy to understand the musical enthusiasm which resulted in a staff of no fewer than seven music masters, and the tremendous musical reputation which Uppingham now enjoys—a reputation which is being ably maintained by the grandson of another famous composer—Mr. R. Sterndale Bennett.

David composed the music for nearly all Thring's words, and, as may be imagined, their songs are regarded with an affection unexcelled, and rarely equalled, at any school in the world. The special favourites are the "Farewell," which is always sung at the school concert at the close of the summer term, the "Football Song," sung at the end of the Michaelmas term, and the "School Song," which is performed on every possible occasion.

[Next month we shall give the songs of the following Public Schools: Haileybury, Rugby, and Rossall.]


FORTY YEARS ON
Harrow School Song
Not too slowly
Words by E. E. BOWEN.
Music by JOHN FARMER
Voice
Piano
Forty years on when afar and asunder Parted are those who are singing to day
When you look back and for-get-ful-ly won-der
What you were like in your work and your play –
Then it may be there will of ten come o'er you Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song
Visions of boyhood shall float them be fore you



II

Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,
Strife without anger and art without malice—
How will it seem to you forty years on?
Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
Strained the weak heart and the wavering knee,
Never the battle raged hottest, but in it,
Neither the last nor the faintest, were we!
Follow up! &c

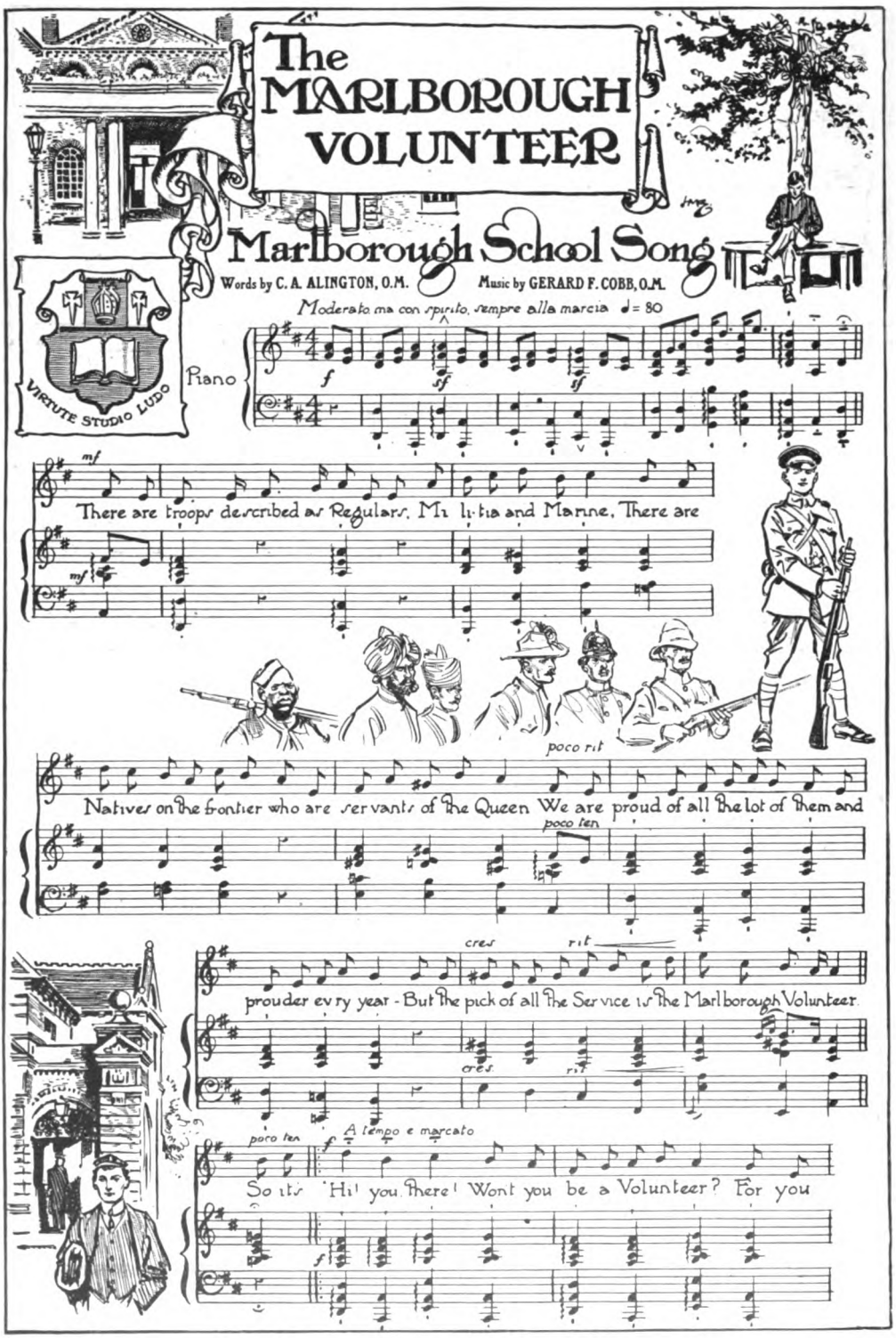
III

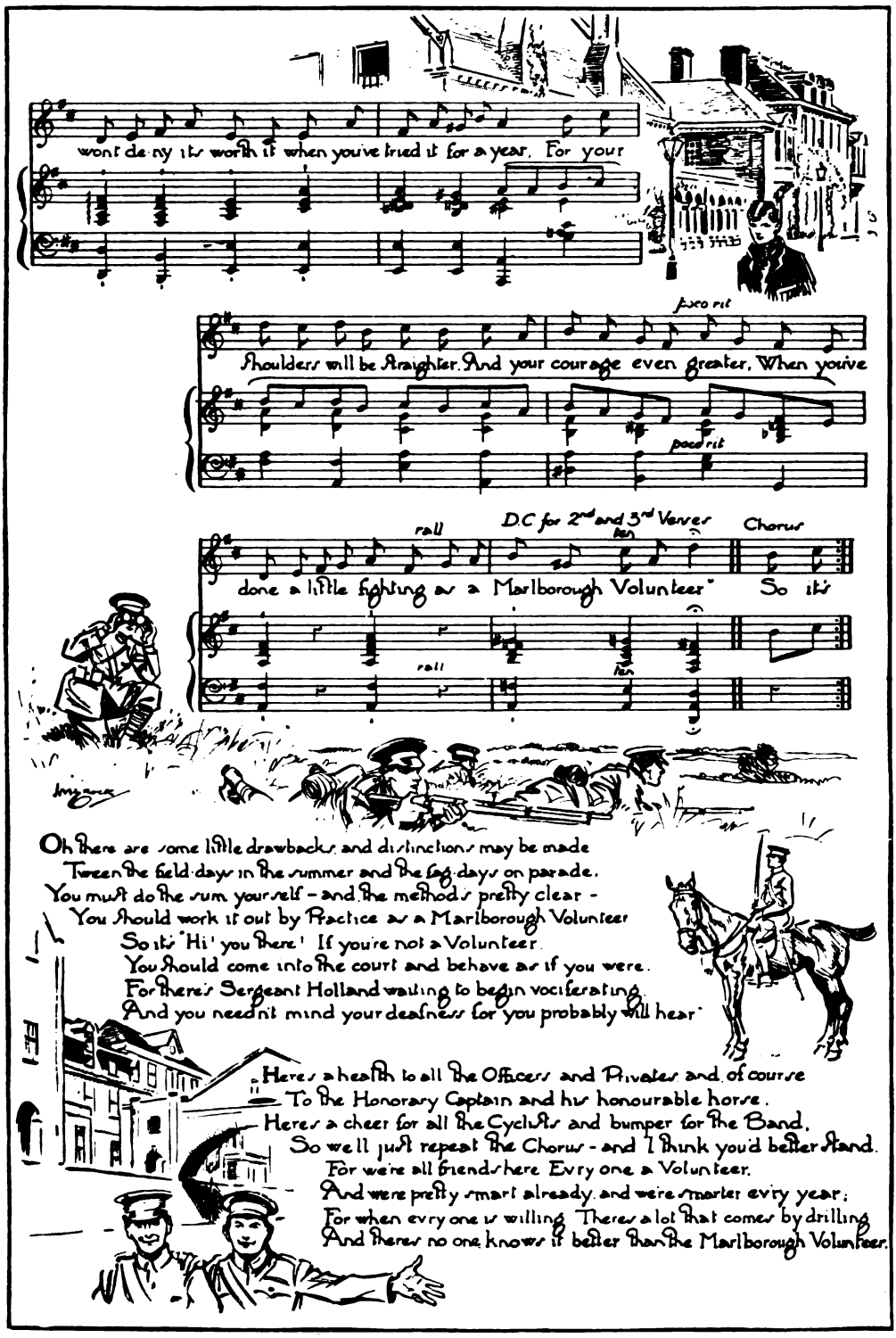
O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!
Follow up! &c

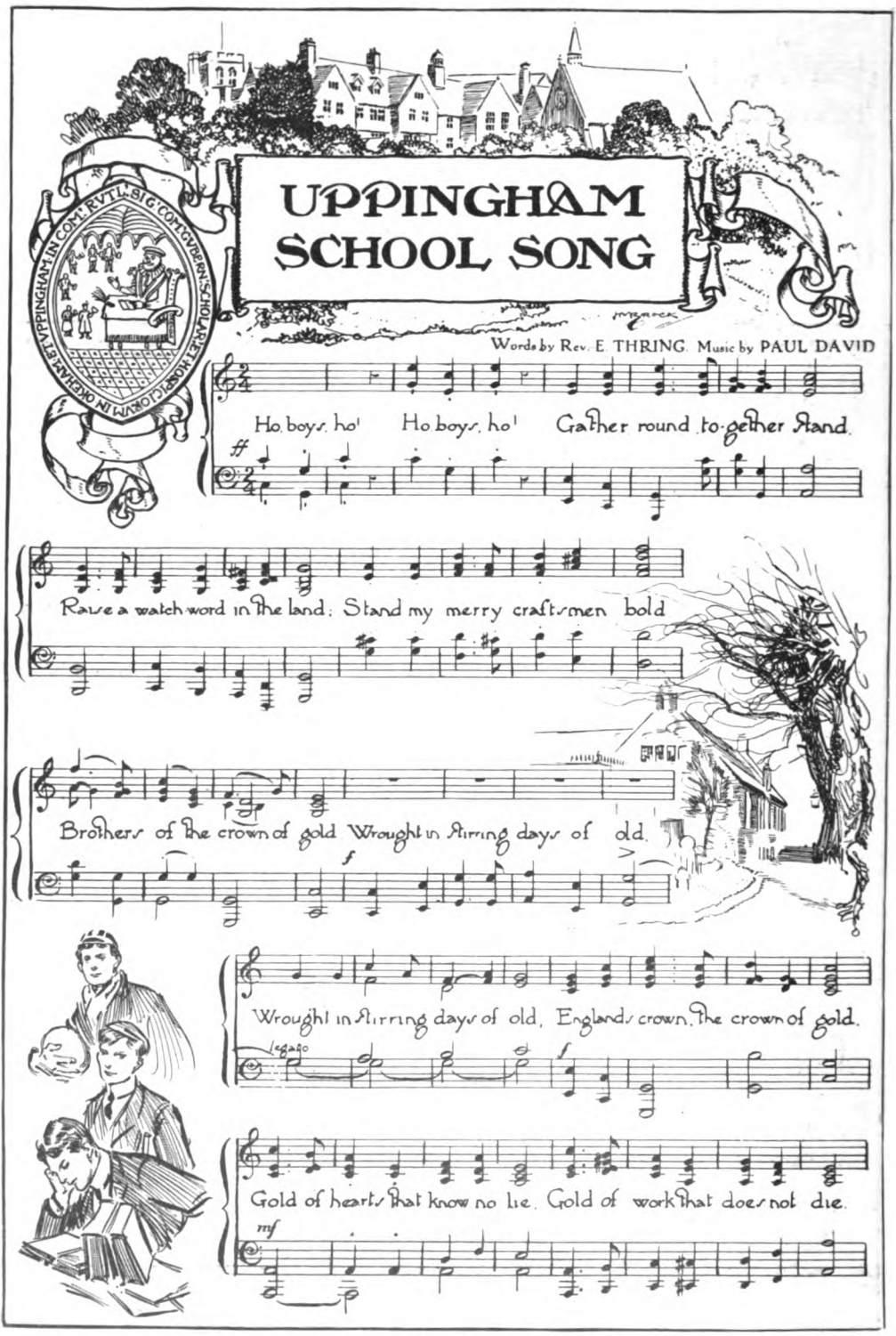
IV

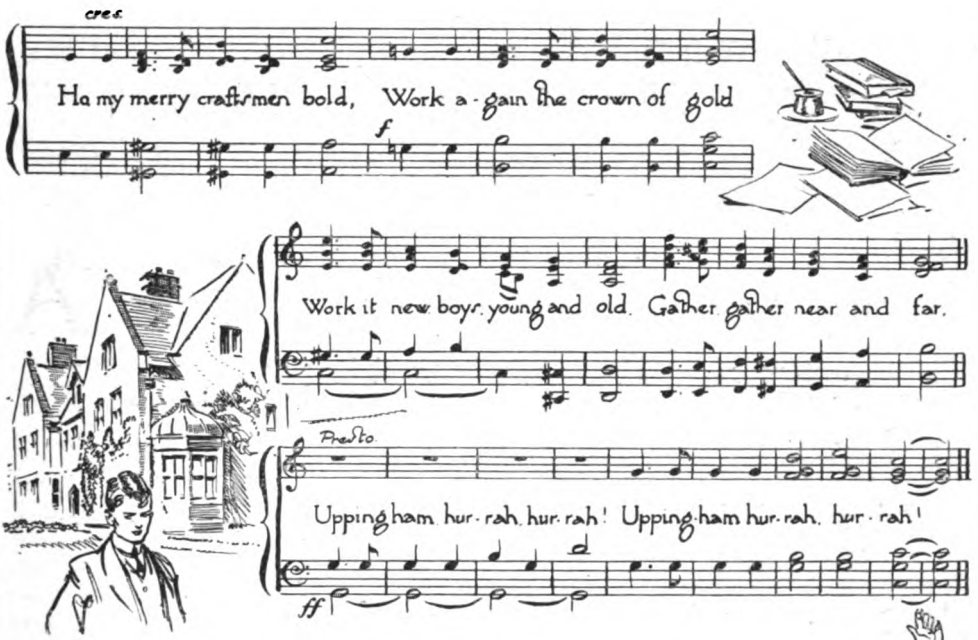
Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!
Follow up! &c.

Published by
Joseph Williams, Ltd.


The MARLBOROUGH VOLUNTEER
Marlborough School Song
Words by C. A. ALINGTON, O.M.
Music by GERARD F. COBB, O.M.
VIRTUTE STUDIO LUDO
Moderato ma con spirito, sempre alla marcia ♩= 80
Piano
There are troops described as Regulars, Mi li tia and Marine. There are
poco rit
Natives on the frontier who are servants of the Queen We are proud of all the lot of them and
poco ten
cres
rit
prouder ev ry year - But the pick of all the Ser vice is the Marlborough Volunteer
poco ten
A tempo e marcato
So it's 'Hi! you there! Wont you be a Volunteer? For you


wont de ny its worth if when you've tried it for a year. For your
poco rit
Shoulders will be straighter. And your courage even greater, When youve
poco rit
D.C for 2nd and 3rd Verses
rall
Chorus
done a little fighting as a Marlborough Volunteer" So its
rall
Oh there are some little drawbacks and distinctions may be made
'Tween the field days in the summer and the fag days on parade.
You must do the sum yourself - and the method's pretty clear -
You should work it out by Practice as a Marlborough Volunteer
So its "Hi" you there' If you're not a Volunteer.
You should come into the court and behave as if you were.
For there's Sergeant Holland waiting to begin vociferating.
And you needn't mind your deafness for you probably will hear'
Here's a health to all the Officers and Privates and of course
To the Honorary Captain and his honourable horse.
Here's a cheer for all the Cyclists and bumper for the Band.
So we'll just repeat the Chorus - and I think you'd better stand.
For we're all friends here Evry one a Volunteer.
And were pretty smart already and we're smarter evry year;
For when evry one is willing There's a lot that comes by drilling
And there's no one knows it better than the Marlborough Volunteer.


UPPINGHAM
SCHOOL SONG
Words by Rev. E. THRING. Music by PAUL DAVID
Ho, boys, ho! Ho, boys, ho! Gather round together stand.
Raise a watch-word in the land: Stand my merry craftsmen bold
Brothers of the crown of gold Wrought in stirring days of old.
Wrought in stirring days of old, England's crown, the crown of gold.
Legato
Gold of hearts that know no lie. Gold of work that does not die.
mf



2

Ho boys, ho!
Here are jewels frolic fun
Sparkles caught from childhood's sun,
Sweetest dreams, by fancy bred,
When the dreamers pillow'd head
On his tum-tum all unsaid
Rests and dreams. Rests and dreams
Bring your cricket, weld it in,
Foot balls fire and patient shin
Ho, my merry crafts-men bold
Work again the crown of gold
Work it new, boys, young and old
Clear it rings, no flaw, no jar
Uppingham, hurrah, hurrah!

3

Ho boys ho!
Bring your prizes all your power
Proudest aims and gentlest hour,
Bring the battles lost and then
Foughten o'er and o'er again
Till ye wrestled strength from pain
Bring all bring
Hopes deep down that silent lie,
Madcap schemes and purpose high,
Ho my merry craftsmen bold.
Work again the crown of gold
That your fathers worked of old
Clear it rings, each golden bar
Uppingham hurrah, hurrah!

4

Ho, boys, ho!
Fling your banner broad, each fold
Rich with heirlooms that we hold.
Honour, lent us as a loan,
Fields of thought, by others sown,
Walls, of greatness not our own,
Where old Time
In his belfry sits and rings
News of far-off holy things
Memories of old, old days
Sacred melodies of praise
Swell triumphant as we raise
Watch word true in peace or war
Uppingham, hurrah, hurrah!

5

Ho, boys, ho!
Gathered in from many a land,
Foot to foot, and hand in hand,
Ho, the frolic and the fun,
Jokes that round the circle run,
Merry greetings, games we won.
Games we lost, we lost, we won.
New boys coming shortly roll'd
Out of new boys into old.
Champions of the crown of gold.
Jolly hearts that grow not cold.
Hand in hand together hold.
Singing wherever'er we are
Uppingham, hurrah, hurrah!

The MYSTERY of the "PARABELLA"

By PHILIP CARDINAL,

Author of "The English of the Countess."

Illustrated by Hal Hurst.

EXACTLY seven minutes had the doors of the famous picture gallery been opened, and already there were fourteen students scrambling for places about the "Parabella." Politely, but firmly, the custodian intervened.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you know the rules."

He waved an arm towards a polyglot notice hanging on the wainscoting beneath, the English portion of which read :—

"LA PARABELLA."

It forbidden is for more than six students to copy this tableau at one and the same.

THE DIREKTOR.

"Eight gentlemen and ladies will therefore have the pleasure to retire," continued the custodian. The little group of copyists nearest the world-famous Titian naturally paid no attention to this request, but severally hummed, whistled, gossiped, and clattered away—all except one slender, pale youth with a long nose, thick yellow hair, and dreamy expression, who was very silent and absorbed in his work. His canvas was the exact size of the original, and to the lay eye there was nothing more to add to it. It already seemed an exact replica, save that perhaps it wanted a little more dirty varnish. But the artist, Pieter Vanderbeck, could have told you about little elusive lights, delicate *nuances*, and trifling details of surface which escape the notice of the inexpert.

"THE PARABELLA."

"A rattling copy that," murmured one Burnshaw, an Englishman, to his neighbour, a sallow little Parisienne.

"*Pouf!* It ought to be!" she returned, in a spiteful whisper. "It's the Dutchman's fifth in the last six months."

Then she leaned over and said aloud: "Pardon, Mynheer Vanderbeck, but what do you do with your Parabellas? Sell 'em to the Jew dealers?"

"I burn them," he answered, dreamily. "I have

burnt four already to the perfume of frankincense and the music of a lute."

The other copyists, overhearing this extravagance, regarded each other significantly.

"Bit off his nut, ain't he?" murmured the Englishman.

But the lady pursued her interrogations.

"And what, Mynheer Vanderbeck, will you do with this?"

"This? Oh, as this is altogether perfect, I think I shall present this to my Sovereign, Her Gracious Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands."

"Oh-h!" jeered the group, in chorus.

More or less assiduously, all day long they worked at copying the Parabella, and then, as the afternoon waned, one by one the workers dropped off, taking down their stretched canvases and folding up their chairs and easels, leaving Pieter Vanderbeck the last. He always was the last.

Left alone, it was a solemn moment for Vanderbeck. In ten minutes more the hour for closing the Pinakothek would arrive. Vanderbeck took up his copy and placed it against the wall, holding it up against the famous original, so that both would receive the same light. His eye sparkled.

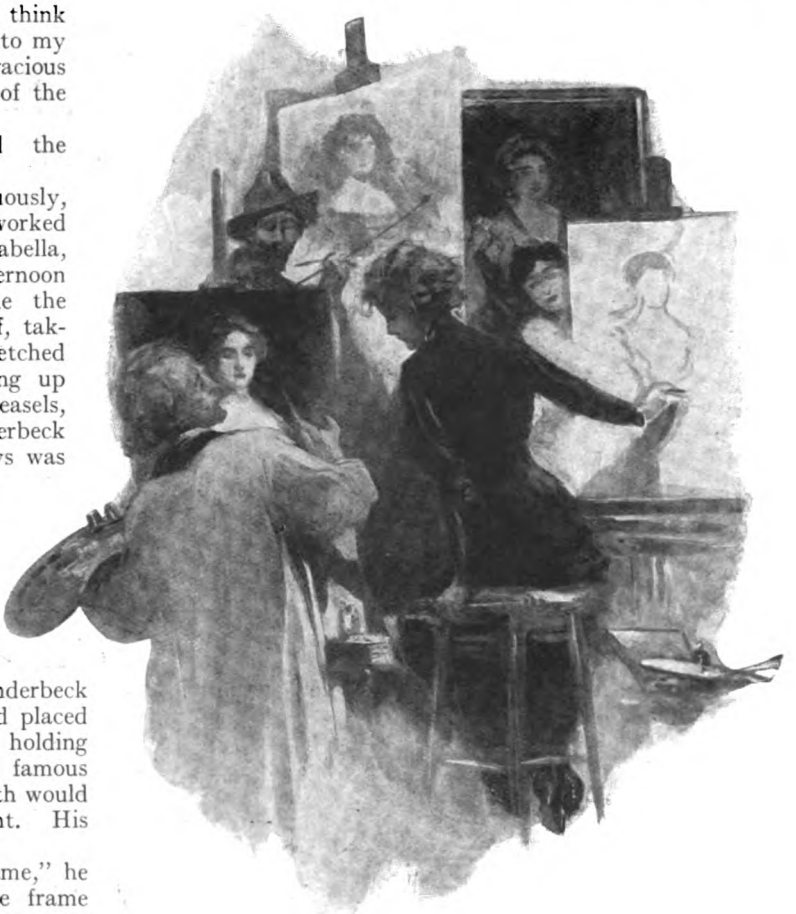
"It's only the frame," he said at last. "The frame makes such a difference. If only I could see mine in that frame! If only I——"

He glanced hurriedly at his watch, then around at the open doorways. The next moment he had reached up both arms and removed the Parabella from the wall, bending over it, while with deft, practised fingers he rapidly loosened the fastenings of Titian's masterpiece. It seemed but a couple of minutes' labour and the Parabella was out of her frame—the setting which had, perhaps, enclosed her for centuries.

Vanderbeck had often seen the back of the Parabella. With that passionate desire for absolute fidelity which possessed him, he had even imitated the grain and colour of the canvas. He had gone the length of inscribing a sprawling

"TICIANO"

on the back, in a slavish imitation of the master. Vanderbeck had scarcely adjusted his copy in the frame, and suspended it again from the brass hooks on the wall, when the custodian, making his final round, appeared in the doorway.



"SHE LEANED OVER AND SAID ALOUD: 'PARDON, MYNHEER VANDERBECK, BUT WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR PARABELLAS?'"

"Ah, Herr Vanderbeck, I thought you had gone. It is a minute past the hour."

Trembling with excitement, Vanderbeck cast a hurried glance at his Parabella on the walls of the Markenburg Pinakothek. At last, at last the dreams of his youth were

realized, and he, Pieter Vanderbeck, the Rotterdam jeweller's son, was amongst the immortals

Such vain exultation was instantly eclipsed. For was not the Parabella — the real Parabella, the idol of his sleeping and waking hours these ten years — under his arm? Was he not—wonder of wonders! rapture of raptures! — actually embracing this sweet and gracious Venetian, whose beauty was acknowledged by all the painters in the universe? True, her beauty was somewhat obscured at this present moment, for in full view of the custodian he stretched a large soiled linen cloth about her, over her green silk dress and over her jewels.

Out into the street Vanderbeck, who did not often indulge in such luxuries, hailed a cab and bade the man drive to his lodgings.

Vanderbeck raised the canvas on to the opposite seat and threw off the dark linen wrapper. Ecstasy seized his soul as he found himself gazing into the woman's eyes—alone with Parabella. He leaned forward and gently touched the canvas with his lips.

At that instant a motor-car, turning a corner at a great pace, struck the cab with terrific force, causing it to capsize and flinging Vanderbeck through the glass in front with a fractured skull. Horse and driver (and, let us add, "La Parabella") miraculously escaped.

"THE REAL PARABELLA—THE IDOL OF HIS SLEEPING AND WAKING HOURS THESE TEN YEARS — WAS UNDER HIS ARM."

Vanderbeck was taken to his humble lodgings, where he hung between life and death for weeks, his landlady meanwhile receiving no rent. At last the good creature bethought her that perhaps Mr. Schultz would advance a little money, as he commonly did to needy painters. So Schultz came—Schultz, who kept a picture and antiquities shop, and made rather a good thing in supplying carved frames and furniture to his patrons. Schultz looked over the meagre contents of the studio, carefully turning over this thing and that, and finally came across the Parabella. It struck him at once.

"That's the picture he had copied at the gallery," explained the landlady. "He had it in the cab the day of the accident."

Schultz, who had put on his

spectacles, examined it with increasing astonishment. He knew every picture of value at the Pinakothek, and he often gave orders for copies, and this was certainly as faithful a copy as he had ever come across in his life.

An idea took hold of him—an important idea—a brilliant and audacious idea. This clever work by the unfortunate young Dutchman was so good that an expert would be deceived—even the Director of the Pinakothek himself would not be exempt from deception.

"I will give you two hundred marks for this," he observed to the landlady, casually. The landlady admirably controlled her delight.

"Perhaps he will want more," she hazarded, doubtfully.

"We won't haggle. It is not a bad copy—I will pay five hundred marks." And without so much as casting a glance at the unconscious artist on the bed, Schultz counted out five hundred-mark notes to the woman and walked out of the shabby studio with the Parabella under his arm.

Schultz knew all the workings of that great museum, the Markenburg Pinakothek. He knew the exits and the entrances of the custodians, the hours of opening and closing, the days of cleaning. He knew when the Director, the sub-Director, and the chief keeper arrived and went to lunch, and when they departed, and upon what days they departed earlier than other days. He also knew the custom of rotation of the various keepers. And the result of this intimate knowledge was to convince him of the comparative ease with which he might substitute this copy of the Parabella for the Parabella on the walls. But there was a risk, and Schultz, rascal as he was, was far too wise to take that risk unless he had first made sure of a purchaser.

A fortnight before his shop had been visited by a wealthy American—Mr. Otis P. Hanks, of Chicago—to whom he had sold a small picture by one of the lesser Flemish masters. Hanks had loudly proclaimed his admiration for the glorious Titian which hung in the Pinakothek.

"I've got a Titian myself," he explained, "and I paid twenty thousand dollars for it. But it ain't a chromo to that. I guess that's Titian's high-water mark. And to think of it lying hid for two hundred years in old King Ludwig's palace! I'd ha' paid Ludwig a hundred thousand for it as quick as greased lightning."

Schultz laughed softly.

"One hundred thousand dollars!" he said. "Why, my dear sir, do you know that that Titian is worth twice or three times as much money as that? If the Parabella were for sale I shouldn't be surprised if it would fetch a hundred thousand pounds!"

"That's a powerful sight o' money," drawled the millionaire from Chicago, by no means abashed; "but I guess it's worth it."

Schultz now could go to that American and ask him if he was prepared to purchase the Parabella—the real, the genuine Parabella.

At the Kronprinz Hotel he was at once shown in to Mr. Hanks.

"Well?" said the American.

"About that Titian — the Parabella," Schultz began.

The American changed colour; for a moment he was obviously disconcerted.

"What—what about it?" he faltered.

"What would you say if I told you the Parabella had been stolen?"

"Well," replied Mr. Hanks, recovering himself, "they ought to look after their property better. When was it stolen?"

Schultz smiled.

"I'm only putting a hypothesis," he said. "Suppose it *were* stolen—just supposing. Suppose the real canvas, unimpeachable, convincing—were brought to you. What would you be prepared to give for it?"

"Look here," said Mr. Hanks, with a puzzled air; "do you know Israels?"

"Which Israels? Not the Hamburg dealer?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

Schultz nodded impatiently.

"Are you a friend of his?" asked the American, suspiciously.

Schultz raised his hands to heaven.

"There, don't get excited. Only I thought you were. Have you seen or had any dealings with him lately?"

"*Nein!*" cried Schultz, with emphasis.

Hanks laughed.

"Well, now, that's funny," he said. "That's the funniest thing I ever heard in my life." He began walking up and down, chuckling heartily.

"But the Parabella?" groaned Schultz.

"Oh, I'll buy it. Don't you lose any sleep over that. Only let me know if you get it."

"Will you pay for it—half a million marks?"

Otis P. Hanks, still chuckling, nodded, and the interview was at an end.

When Schultz was on his way home newsboys were shouting something in the street. At first he paid no attention to what they were saying, being very much preoccupied.

The cries of the newsvendors finally induced

Schultz to buy a newspaper, and the first thing his eyes fell on were the words in black type :—

"ROBBERY AT THE PINAKOTHEK.
THEFT OF A TITIAN.

"When the Pinakothek was opened this morning," ran the account, "the keeper was horrified to discover that the frame of the Parabella, that priceless masterpiece of Titian, acquired from King Ludwig's collection, was empty."

Schultz clapped his hand to his brow.

"Sold!" he ejaculated, through clenched teeth.

As for the Pinakothek authorities, into what confusion were they plunged! Two days later they offered a reward of fifty thousand marks for the return of the picture.

"Oho!" cried Schultz when he read of the offer. "Fifty thousand marks is by no means a sum to be despised. *I* will restore it!" So he promptly sat down and composed a letter to the Herr Director of the Pinakothek.

"I beg to apprise you," he wrote, "that there has come to my knowledge information which may lead to the restitution of Titian's masterpiece, the Parabella. The present holder demands one hundred and fifty thousand marks, and that no questions be asked. Accede to these terms within twenty-four hours and the Parabella is yours."

Two hours later the Director himself drove up to Schultz's shop.

"It is impossible for the Government to pay more than the reward. But there are other resources. I will see what can be done by private persons. Are you sure it is the Parabella? Quite—quite sure?"

"I have seen it," said Schultz. "It is beyond all question the Parabella."

"Then give me till Thursday. Come to my office, unless you hear from me to the contrary, on Thursday at eleven."

The Director was in a state of great perturbation, for so intense was the public feeling aroused by the loss that he feared to lose his post.

On the day and at the hour appointed Schultz presented himself, bearing a large picture under his arm. He was ushered into an ante-room, where his disgust was great to find three other persons waiting to see the Director. Each of them also carried pictures.

Schultz waited impatiently. At the expiration of twenty-five minutes the door was flung open, and a commissionaire, hot-faced and labouring with excitement, appeared.

"Gentlemen, you are all, I take it, interested in the Parabella?"

"Yes, yes," they cried in chorus.

The commissionaire smiled and wiped his brow.

"Then, gentlemen, you are too late. The Parabella has been restored."

"Restored!" The quartette gasped for breath.

"Precisely. The Director is now with the journalists in the Venetian Room."

Schultz waited to hear no more. All his schemes were suddenly shattered. He quickened his steps, hurrying out to the Venetian Room, where he found the chamber crowded, and heard the Director explaining to the assembled reporters.

A detective, it appeared, making his round that morning, had been nonplussed to find the missing Parabella, not in its place, but on the floor beneath the frame. To the canvas was pinned a letter, in which the writer confessed that five years before he had stolen the Parabella and replaced it by a forgery. The thought of what he had done had preyed on his mind; but until now he had never been able to summon up enough courage to make restitution. Now, when Markenburg and the whole of Europe was stirred to its depths by the supposed loss of a masterpiece, he was impelled to come forward and state that what had been purloined was not the masterpiece, but a copy. He now salved his conscience and restored the genuine Titian to the nation.

That was the story which the reporters gave to the world, and for a week all went well, and the admiring crowds around the Parabella became again a social topic in Markenburg. Then the Director had a fresh anxiety. He received a visit from the aged Dr. Schmuss, who had formerly held the post of Director.

"You must still search for the Parabella," began Dr. Schmuss, solemnly.

The Director leapt to his feet.

"Search for the Parabella! Nonsense! Why?"

"Because the one hanging there is itself a forgery. The true Parabella has a hole in the canvas, just over the lady's left breast."

"But how did the hole get there?"

"Listen," said Dr. Schmuss, trembling with emotion. "I did it. It was an accident, purely; but I resigned my directorship in consequence. I never could forgive myself such fatal carelessness. It happened in this way." And Dr. Schmuss went on to explain the accident in detail; how he had once removed the Parabella from the wall and was

examining it with a lighted candle, when some paraffin fell and ignited, and in a second the canvas was in flames.

"Mein Gott! I was so paralyzed that the whole picture was nearly lost. Fortunately, the area of complete destruction was restricted to three and a half inches."

"Who is acquainted with these facts?" inquired the Director, endeavouring to master his emotion.

"The restorer, old Steinbach. He has examined this canvas—the one now hanging in the Venetian Room—and can find no trace of the restoration. My conscience will not permit me to be silent."

In consequence of this information the Herr Director again summoned Schultz to him. He also renewed appointments to the other dealers who had previously offered to restore the missing Titian.

When the delirium finally left him, Vanderbeck sat up in bed swathed with bandages, and tried to realize what had happened.

For forty-eight hours more all memory of "La Parabella" seemed erased from his brain. Then, on a certain afternoon, he grew practical, and told the landlady that he must write to his uncle, as he feared he owed her a great deal of money for rent and medicines.

The honest woman laughed outright.

"Herr Vanderbeck, make your mind easy on that score," she cried, cheerily. "I have good news for you. Something had to be done, and so I sold a picture of yours to Mr. Schultz for five hundred marks. It was only a copy, you know."

"Picture!" cried Vanderbeck. "What picture?"

"Oh, it was the picture you had with you when the accident happened."

In a flash Vanderbeck's lost memory came back.

"Gross Himmel!" he cried. "The Parabella! Woman—thrice wretched woman—you have sold—the Parabella!"

"Eh? What Parabella?"

"Oh, you wouldn't understand. I am undone! I must see this Schultz at once. Go, I tell you—fetch Schultz, or I shall get up and go for him myself."

"Herr Schultz," groaned Vanderbeck, when the dealer had duly made his appearance, "there has been a terrible mistake. This good woman has sold you a picture—one I could not sell. I have written to my people for money. I will repay you the five hundred marks in two days."

"Five thousand, you mean," corrected Schultz, blandly. For at last he saw his way to a trifling profit. "I could not let it go for a penny less. You see, I have promised it to a customer. It is such a clever copy, and the whole world is talking of the Parabella."

Vanderbeck turned as pale as the sheet of his bed.

"Do they know?" he gasped.

"Know? Know what? They know the picture was stolen a fortnight ago, and that it has been replaced again in the most mysterious manner. But, there—I forgot, my dear young friend. You have not heard of these things."

"Replaced? Who replaced it? Heavens, it was you?"

"No such luck!" retorted Schultz, stolidly.

"But the Parabella—my copy—I mean, where is it?"

"Oh, I have it at my shop. I bought it fairly and straightforwardly, and I'll sell it again—at a fair profit."

"Herr Schultz," Vanderbeck said, trembling with excitement, "I cannot pay you so large a sum as five thousand marks. But you shall have one thousand. You cannot keep the picture, because it wasn't mine to sell. Herr Schultz," continued the young painter, in an agony, "I am a criminal. I stole it. That picture is the real Parabella."

"Nonsense!" said Schultz. "The real Parabella has been restored, I tell you. Besides, the theft didn't occur until a week after I came here and foolishly bought that copy of yours. I thought I was doing you a good turn."

Vanderbeck paused to gather up his thoughts, and then, in trembling, feverish accents, he recounted his story in full—how he had worshipped the Parabella ever since he had seen a coloured photograph of it in Rotterdam, how he had saved up the money, gained by portrait-painting, to come and copy it, and how, enthralled by its beauty, he had yielded to a sudden temptation and substituted his copy for the original.

Schultz listened with increasing interest.

"Will you swear to all this?" he asked.

"Swear to it? Of course I will. I stole the Parabella, and for that fearful deed Heaven instantly punished me."

Schultz pondered, pacing up and down the room.

"H'm! I don't see how I'm to gain anything by such a cock-and-bull story," he said. "Where do I come in?" And he left Vanderbeck, muttering, "Well, well, I'll see what I can do."

On the way home a fresh idea came to him.

"Moses and Aaron! I have it! If this fellow's story is true, the Parabella now at the Pinakothek is false. I can pretend to have sold it. Himmel! I'd be a fool to give it back. I'll sell it—yes. I'll sell it to—Otis P. Hanks, of Chicago."

He stepped instantly into a telegraph-office and dispatched the following wire:—

"Otis P. Hanks, Hôtel Regina, Paris.—Lady now on view impostor. Possess absolute proofs. Original here at your disposal. Wire immediately.—Schultz."

That same evening came the reply:—

"Lady certainly an impostor. But cannot do business this time as genuine original reached Chicago safely yesterday.—Hanks."

What did it—what *could* it mean? Why, that the American had himself bought a canvas which *he* believed to be the Parabella. Was that the one which was stolen from the frame a week after Vanderbeck's exploit? Had the scoundrel Israels a hand in that second robbery? Then Israels or his paid thief had been deceived. This fact did not invalidate the claims of the Parabella which Vanderbeck claimed to have stolen, and which was now in Schultz's possession.

Midnight found the Hebrew dealer with the door of his shop locked, poring over young Vanderbeck's Parabella, on the table before him, with a magnifying glass. His gaze was riveted on a deftly-repaired spot in nearly the middle of the canvas.

"Odd I never noticed *that* before," he said. "An uncommonly neat piece of work. This is no copy. This ought to identify the picture. Is there anything else?"

A slight blue mark in the lower left corner of the canvas at the back caught his eye.

Now, it has been said that Schultz dealt, amongst other things, in artists' materials, and one of these materials was canvas. Some of this canvas was very brown and simulated age, which was not wonderful, since it had frequently been used before. But there was one peculiarity which neither time nor the manufacturers ever attempted to simulate, and that was Schultz's own private shop-mark. This canvas bore that mark in tiny but unmistakable characters, in indelible blue ink. What this meant was that Mr. Schultz had had this very piece of canvas in his establishment as part of his canvas stock in trade in the year 1905!

Schultz flung himself back in a chair and wiped his forehead.

"It *is* a copy after all. This game's far too exciting for me—too exciting and too dangerous. I shall throw it up. If that half-crazy Dutchman thinks this is the real Parabella and that he stole it—well, I sha'n't interfere."

When, therefore, two days later, early in the morning, Vanderbeck's landlady came to him with a touching appeal and six hundred marks, Schultz let her have the picture, and was glad to be rid of a foolish business.

Then he went to breakfast, and on the breakfast-table picked up a letter from the Pinakothek Director, requesting him to call upon him at eleven that morning.

"*You mentioned lately an example of Titian's Parabella in your possession; will you kindly allow me to inspect it here?*"

Greatly wondering, Schultz again found himself in an ante-room with several other shady-looking individuals, two of whom he recognized as picture-dealers. After waiting a few minutes he was shown into the inner sanctum.

"Well," said the Director, "did you bring that picture I spoke of?"

"No," said Schultz.

"Why not?"

"Because I have sold it. Why should I keep a forgery? The real Parabella is found."

"True," responded the Director. "But inform me of one thing. Had your copy, by any chance, a reparation in the middle?"

"I can answer that. It had."

"Where?"

"Under the left breast. A hole mended—visible only under microscope."

Only by a visible effort could the Director control his excitement.

"Schultz," said he, "listen to me. *That* is the canvas for which the trustees will pay their original promised reward of fifty thousand marks."

Schultz stood up. His beady eyes looked beadier than ever. He knew the Director was deceived, but—fifty thousand marks!

"I will see," he said, doubtfully, "if I can recover it for you." He had only the vaguest idea of what he intended to do, but any further cogitation was cut short when he found himself in the ante-room and confronted by a wild-eyed, half-dressed maniac in the shape of the young Dutchman Vanderbeck, with a great canvas under his arm, which Schultz knew was the Parabella.

The two confronted one another.

"Come outside," began Schultz, quietly. "I want to speak to you."

"No! I will not come out. I will see the Director."

"Madman!"

Their voices had risen to such a pitch that the Director, alarmed by the hubbub, came to the door. At the sight of him Vanderbeck tottered forward.

"Behold, Herr Director," he gasped; "here is the Parabella. This is the canvas I abstracted from the walls on the second of May. I hereby restore it—without price. Take it, Herr Director," and he thrust the canvas into the Director's arms.

In the ante-room five men and one woman witnessed the drama.

"This young man has lost his wits!" cried one, a man in a long green coat. "I have here the true Parabella!"

"Excuse me, sir; the genuine Parabella happens to be mine," spoke up another—a dark-featured man, very bald.

"Pardon. I have it — here," said another.

"Listen to me," began the lady.

"Silence!" roared the Director. "You will all drive me to distraction. One at a time."

"Perhaps I may be permitted to speak, Herr Director," said Schultz. "This young man," indicating Vanderbeck, "may or may not have removed a portrait of the Parabella on the second of May, and this canvas may have a reparation in the middle; but I am willing to swear that less than seven years ago I sold the bare cloth on which his picture is painted to a customer in Munich, and that my private shop-mark is still on it—unobliterated. There!" concluded Schultz, laying a triumphant forefinger on the corner of the canvas, which the Director held up to the light.

Somebody caught poor Vanderbeck just in time, or he would have fallen. This revelation was too much for him in his weak physical state.

"Just as I thought," said the dark, bald man. "*I* have the true Parabella."

"Pardon me; the Parabella, as I said before, is here," interjected the individual in the long green coat.

"I SPEAK THE TRUTH. LOOK AND TELL ME IF I AND THE PARABELLA ARE NOT ONE."

To the lady who had tried to speak no one had hitherto paid any attention, and this was the critical moment chosen by her to dissolve into a peal of shrill laughter.

"Madam," commanded the incensed Director, "stop laughing."

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho!" she shrieked, with tears in her eyes, "I can't. It's too funny.

Ha, ha ! How—how many Parabella pictures have you all got ? Six—eight—ten ? "

" Pray, what is that to you, madam ? "

" To me — ha, ha ! — why, *I am Parabella !* "

At these astounding, absurd words an awkward silence fell upon the gaping throng in the Director's ante-room.

" She's crazy," at last cried one.

The woman sprang to her feet. The laughter fled from her face and she became serious—almost stern.

" Oh, no, I am not crazy. When I tell you I am Parabella, I speak the truth. That was what *he* called *me*. It was from *me* that Frans von Semels painted this picture forty-three years ago. Does anyone remember Frans von Semels ? Did anyone ever hear of Parabella before then ? Frans painted it for King Ludwig of Bavaria, in the Titian manner, just to show off his genius. It cost him months and months of labour, and then when he finished it the King was out of his wits, and the Court Chamberlain kept the picture and would not pay Frans a pfennig. He did a replica, and they laughed at him. He sent it as his own to the Academy and they refused to have it, and poor Frans took to drink and finally blew out his brains. Which was a pity, because," said the speaker, with a catch in her voice, " he would have married me."

For a full minute you could have heard a pin drop.

" What proof have you of this story, madam ? " asked the Director, icily.

The old woman's fingers were now fumbling at a bundle.

" Proof ? " she said. " Well, here is the very dress in which he painted me. Look and see if it is the same. Here is the locket I wore, here is the very chain. And here," she added, " here is a *carte-de-visite* of myself forty years ago. Look and tell me if the Parabella and I are not one."

It was true ; there was no mistaking the evidence. In spite of her dimmed eye, her dishevelled grey locks, and her bent form, the resemblance to the original of the Parabella was still to be traced.

" But the original—von Semels' original picture ? "

The woman's lips curled scornfully.

" I do not know. I do not care. Find it if you can. It was sold by the Court Chamberlain—curse him—to the Pinakothek soon after Frans' death. But it did not hang there two years. Every year after that it was copied and stolen. It is now all over the earth. It is in New York, Budapest, Vienna, Rome, London—and the more it is reproduced the greater will the name of Frans von Semels be. As for me, I have kept silence long enough, and now the whole world shall know the story of the Parabella. Titian, indeed ! Bah ! I am off now to the office of the *Fremdenblatt*."

And it was in the columns of that newspaper, you remember, that the foregoing strange story first appeared.

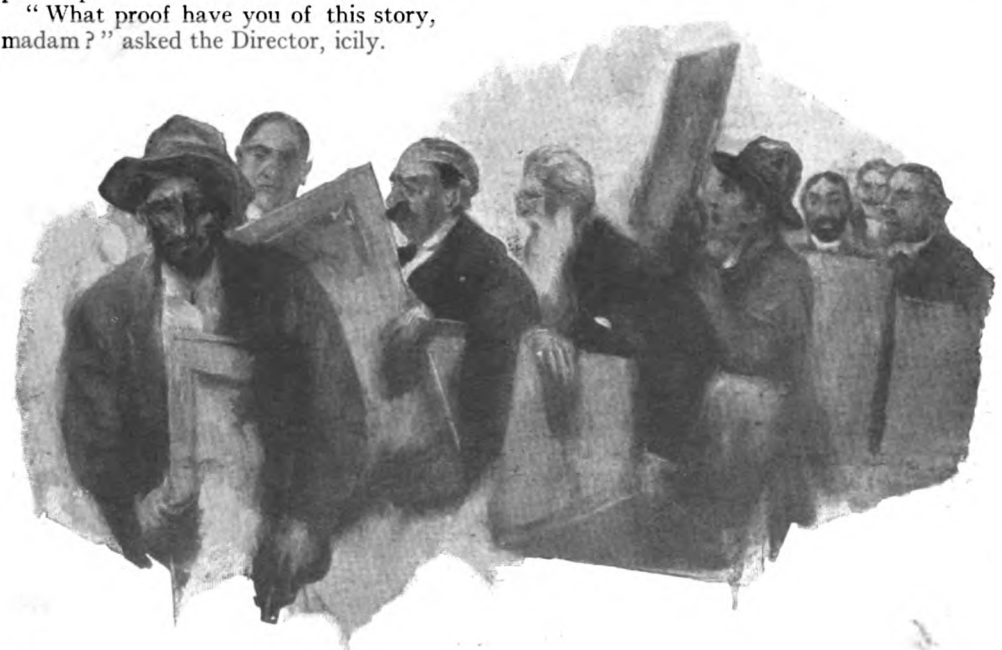


Fig. 1.—When the snail moves, it first—

Fig. 2.—protrudes its body and large foot—

Fig. 3.—from it, then projects its head, then its upper feelers—

Fig. 4.—bearing its eyes. It is then—

A Natural History Puzzle.

Fig. 5.—able to make headway, and—

Fig. 6.—look out on life.

THE SNAIL: How does it Walk, Smell, and See?

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," "Peeps Into Nature's Ways," "Some Nature Biographies," etc.

Illustrated with Original Photographs by the Author.

THERE are many features of animal life with which the naturalist is perfectly familiar, and yet which he is quite unable to explain. The leisurely-moving snail is an animal which presents many puzzles to the zoologist.

In the early morning, when the ground and vegetation are moist, he comes forth from his retreat beneath the rockwork, or from amongst the ivy, and in a very dignified manner proceeds towards the lettuce-bed; that is, unless the gardener has recently planted some choice and delicate seedlings which will provide him with a more tasty breakfast. Indeed, the snail is a great connoisseur in the matter of selecting its food; it is always the choicest cabbage or the ripest plum or pear which it *directly steers for*. How it learns when the plums in our neighbour's garden are just at their best is a difficult problem to explain. That it does know is clearly proved by its gleaming night-tracks over the wall, and not infrequently up the bark of the trees. Occasionally, too, when it ascends a tree, it stays out for the night, and for the whole of the next day is "glued" down to the bark—an action which sadly suggests over-indulgence, for in the ordinary way it always returns to its regular hiding-place under the stones or beneath the ivy.

Regarding its climbing abilities over walls and up the rough bark of trees, that is a matter which I shall refer to later; but, while considering the snail's curious power of locating its food, it will be well to dis-illusion my reader of the idea that it finds it merely by accident during the course of its wanderings, for, as I have previously stated, it *steers directly for it*, even though it may be in the next garden. Moreover, if, when the snail is making tracks for a meal, that meal is suddenly removed, it is at once able to recognize the fact, stopping and stretching out its feelers in all directions, as if seeking for it. If, on the other hand, the snail is removed to another place, it behaves in almost exactly the same manner, and usually succeeds in again locating the food from its new position; the same applies to slugs.

It may be contended that these animals are able to scent their food from a distance, in which case it is obvious that they

must be possessed of olfactory organs far superior to those of man; for the food of the snail to us often has no sensible odour. Yet the only organs in its anatomy which appear to serve the sense of smell are some minute epidermal cells on the tips of its longest pair of feelers, near to its eyes, which are also on the tips of these "horns," or feelers.

Even these epidermal cells are of doubtful function, and experiments appear to show that some other explanation is possible, revealing the danger of making analogies from the human body when considering other organisms. Since the snail performs sensory functions which are to us incomprehensible, there is the possibility that it possesses senses which are not analogous with our own; indeed, senses entirely beyond our conception.

Does the snail see its food? It is safe to say that it does not; for, when hungry and approaching food, it will find that food not only when it is moved to another place, but also if it is hidden from view. Its elevated eyes on the tips of its sensitive "horns" are pointed in all directions as it travels, and every surface with which it comes in contact seems to be closely investigated by the tips of the feelers; but, at the same time, it often directs these organs upwards into the atmosphere, and apparently it examines the air around it just as carefully as it does the ground or vegetation.

It is probably when the feelers are elevated in the air that it detects its food; but that it does not see it is evident, for a finger waved half an inch before one of its sensitive feelers does not disturb it. If, however, the finger is held closer, but without touching, the eye is instantly withdrawn into the feeler, and the feeler into the head; but if the experiment is gently performed, only one feeler is affected, the other remains extended, and apparently it has no knowledge of the approaching danger.

Now, although the feelers are so delicately sensitive to the atmosphere or the earth that they can scent, or in some way detect, food which lies at a considerable distance away, yet, as we have seen, they are not sufficiently sensitive to recognize a finger when it is waved only half an inch in front of them. One would think that such delicate organs for scenting, or for feeling the vibrations of the atmosphere, would detect that the finger was before them; yet they do not appear to do so.

We have also observed that one eye will recognize danger while the other, although quite close, fails to observe it. The obvious conclusion from this is that the vision of the snail is very different to our own, or that it is extremely short-sighted.

If, therefore, we say that the snail sees its food, the evidence is against it, especially as the simple structure of the eye and its tiny lens seem also to point to a defective vision. Likewise, if we contend that it possesses a keen sense of smell, there is very little structural evidence in proof of it; and also, as we have seen, its power in that direction must be of a very local character, detecting only special odours in a very extraordinary manner, for much of the food which it appears to smell so readily has to us little or no perceptible odour.

We may therefore say that the senses of sight and smell in the snail are very different from our own, even if we do not go so far as to assume that it possesses other senses not analogous with those of man. Of the sense of hearing there is still less anatomical proof, and sound, as we recognize it, apparently has little or no effect upon the snail.

When, however, we come to the sense of taste, the snail is much more human, and we are better able to understand it. It is obvious to everyone who has grown vegetables and fruit that the snail is an epicure of the first order. It is always towards the choicest specimen in the garden that a well-trained snail directs its course. In spite of that fact, the snail's anatomy reveals nothing which can be termed "taste-buds," or groups of cells associated with the sense of taste, such as are found in the higher animals. Nevertheless, its practical demonstrations in the garden seem to show that structural details are not always reliable evidence.

Having, then, briefly considered the snail's four senses of taste, smell, sight, and hearing, there now remains for consideration its sense of touch; and here we get some curious revelations.

When a snail commences to move, the first thing that we observe is its shell being heaved up; then from beneath it appears what we popularly term its body, although it is really a combination of body and a large, flat, muscular foot (Figs. 1 and 2). Then from the fore-part its head appears, followed almost immediately by its eye-bearing feelers, which protrude from its head (Fig. 3), the eyes being drawn upwards from the base, just as we should push out the introverted finger of a glove. When these feelers are almost extended, the lower and smaller pair appear (Fig. 4). The snail then starts its locomotive

machinery, and I use this expression advisedly, for until it has set at work some curious and complex mechanism within its anatomy it is quite incapable of moving; neither can it retreat into its shell until that motor-power has stopped. Having started its engine, as it were, away it glides (Fig. 5), turning here and there as it goes, as if intensely interested in the surrounding scenery (Fig. 6), although, as we have previously observed, it is highly probable that it neither sees nor hears anything.

Now, a snail's rate of progression is not very exciting; indeed, going at top-speed the garden snail covers about twelve feet in an hour. The curious fact is that its top-speed is always the same. Whether it is climbing a wall, the bark of a tree, or moving over ploughed earth, or on a horizontal sheet of glass, is quite immaterial; its speed remains the same.

When we take into consideration how the various surfaces on which we walk impede or help our progress, the snail's locomotion becomes a remarkable phenomenon, especially when we remember that a perpendicular surface is as good to it as a horizontal one. The manner in which it can travel at an even pace, irrespective of its supporting surface, is explained on account of its slimy secretion. The band of mucus (which is familiar when it dries as a gleaming track) is really the surface on which it glides. A sufficient quantity of the slime being secreted to cover its path, the friction then is not between the foot and the ground, but between the foot and the mucus. As the friction between the latter remains constant, the snail can always travel at the same pace.

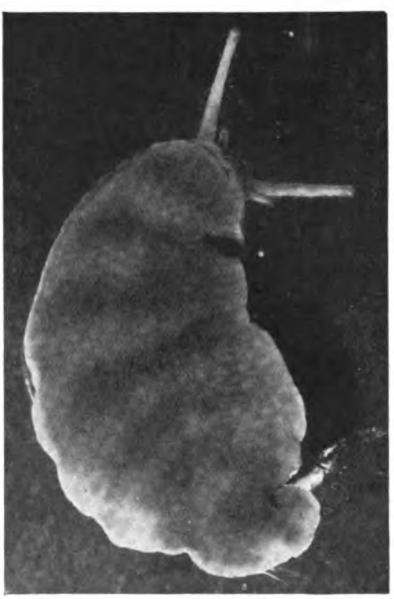


Fig. 7.—In walking it never lifts its foot. The closer it is in contact with the surface beneath it, the better the snail can travel.

This, however, does not explain how the snail is able to glide along in its own slime, for a close examination of its foot will show that, when moving, it is *never raised or wrinkled*, its foot, indeed, acts together with the slime as a sucker, and on its close contact depends its successful locomotion.

How the snail really moves is a puzzle that needs explanation; it is a mode of locomotion which is quite unique among animals, and its action can be readily observed by placing the snail on a piece of glass. In Fig. 7 an example is shown so placed, and the snail is there seen from the underside while it is travelling.

The first point to observe is that the sole of its large foot is closely applied to the glass. If, when the snail is moving, it is lifted by means of its shell, and the glass is not too heavy, the latter will also be lifted; showing that its foot acts somewhat like a sucker. The viscidity of the mucus has, of course, to be taken into consideration in this connection. Also, as it travels, we notice wave-like movements continually passing from back to front, some of which are shown in the photographs (Figs. 7 and 8).

As the snail moves the foot shortens behind with every commencing wave, and advances in front with every concluding one, and it is quite easy to imagine that the waves are wrinkles passing through the foot. Such, however, is not the case; the transverse waves pass through the substance of the foot only, leaving the sole in close contact the whole time.

That its locomotion depends on the action of these waves is obvious, because the moment it commences to move they appear, and the instant it stops they cease. Also a snail cannot move backwards, owing to its locomotor muscles driving these waves only in the forward direction. If it desires to retreat into its shell, speaking in motoring parlance, it has to "shut off its engine." Therefore, just how it manages to glide along becomes exceedingly difficult to explain.

As I have already remarked, this form of locomotion of the snail family is unique among animals, and therefore we cannot get any evidence from other animals which will assist us in discovering how the snail creeps so silently along. Another British animal which is able to glide along in a remarkable manner is the blind-worm, or slow-worm, a pretty and legless lizard which is perfectly harmless and is often mistaken for a

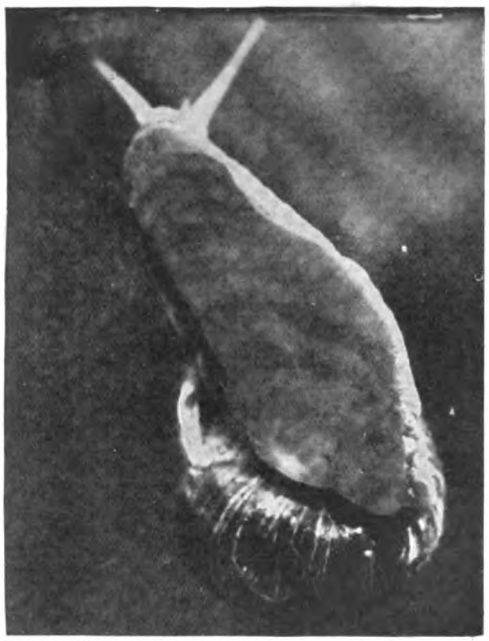


Fig. 8.—When travelling at top speed its pace is the same on a sheet of glass as when climbing the bark of a tree or a stone wall.

snake as it glides over the moist ground in search of slugs. The body of this animal is as smooth as glass, owing to the scales which cover it. Those scales on the underside are connected with its numerous ribs, which are hinged to the backbone. In this way when a rib is moved it affects the scale to which it is attached, tilting it a little this or that way, and thus providing a means of creeping. In the foot of the snail, however, we have nothing but a soft mass of tissue with muscular fibres penetrating it in all directions.

It has been suggested that the snail's movement may be produced by minute points of muscular pressure being exerted throughout the substance of the foot, causing little castors, as it were, each of which gives a tilt forward, thus creating a pressure to the fore, which pushes the snail and so enables it to glide in its secretion. While this suggestion is possible, yet it does not account for the wave movement, unless the muscular action suggested only takes place in the wave area.

The point that has particularly struck me, while preparing the photographs for this article, is how the waves travelling through the body of the snail behave exactly like the waves which travel from a stone which is thrown into a pool, or a sea wave coming towards the shore.

A wave, when once propagated, continues to travel outwards in all directions until it meets with something that breaks its force, as the banks of the pool, or the shore. A wave never travels backwards; neither do those passing through the body of the snail. If the wave movement in the snail was merely a muscular action, it is surely reasonable to suppose that the snail could control the waves passing through its structure; but when once a wave has commenced at its latter part, no matter what danger it may be in, that wave has to travel the whole length of its body (Fig. 8), and carry it still farther forward. All it can do is to stop, or shut off, the generating power, and so prevent further waves arising.

I am inclined to think that the muscular fibres contained in the sole of the foot play no direct part in the snail's locomotion, but are only used for holding it to its support, and for extending from, or withdrawing into, its shell. What I think really happens is that the snail is able to generate waves of vital energy from the latter part of its anatomy, and that these waves travel direct to its fore-parts. Each wave that is thrown off seems to carry energy from the tail-end, causing it to shorten at that part, and this energy then continues its course through the foot, expending itself in pressure at the fore-edge and causing it to lengthen there; so the snail advances.

In a previous number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE (August, 1910) I dealt more fully with the subject of waves, and I there pointed out that we could not see a wave because it was a form of energy, as are the forces of

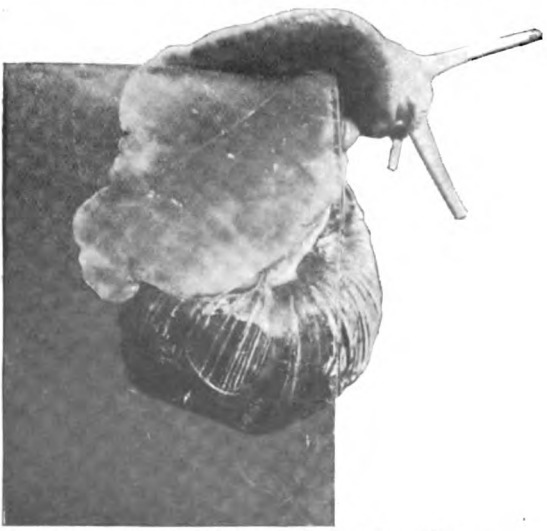


Fig. 9.—The surface on which it travels is quite immaterial; even the edges of rough-cut glass have no terrors for the snail's soft body.

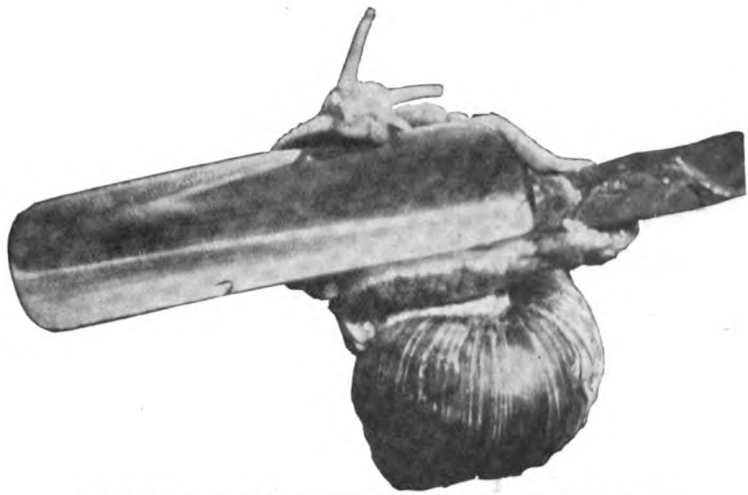


Fig. 10.—It fears not the sharpest razor, and will, if need be, gracefully climb and—

magnetism and electricity; all we could see was the result of its work, as the agitation of the water. When a wave is gentle and finishes its course against the shore, it simply terminates in frothing foam; but if its energy is great and it runs against a rock, we are made cognizant of its dissipation by the water and spray which is hurled into the air. The wave, gentle or strong, requires no muscle-fibres to convey it to the shore; it travels easily through the water from the source of its origin. Probably, too, the energy waves generated in the anatomy of the snail are able to travel through its soft substance in a similar manner; their regular rushing forward and beating against its fore-parts may constitute a force or pressure which causes it to glide in its viscid slime in that graceful manner the method of which so puzzles our ingenuity to explain.

Whether my suggestion be correct or otherwise, it has at least the merit of accounting for the appearance and behaviour of the waves visible when the snail moves, and likewise for the shortening of its hind-parts and the lengthening of its fore-parts. Finally, too, it allows of the snail travelling while its foot remains in *close contact with its supporting surface*. Also, it is nothing unusual to find Nature using a solution of a difficult problem in an entirely different direction. The hedgehog, for example, is protected by defensive spines; so are cacti and thistles. The wasp has a stinging organ and a bag of formic acid; so has a nettle. Some plants feed on insects; so do birds. If, therefore, a wave of energy serves a useful purpose in water or air, why should not the principle be adopted in a snail? The snail is a living organism, it is true, but science can no more explain

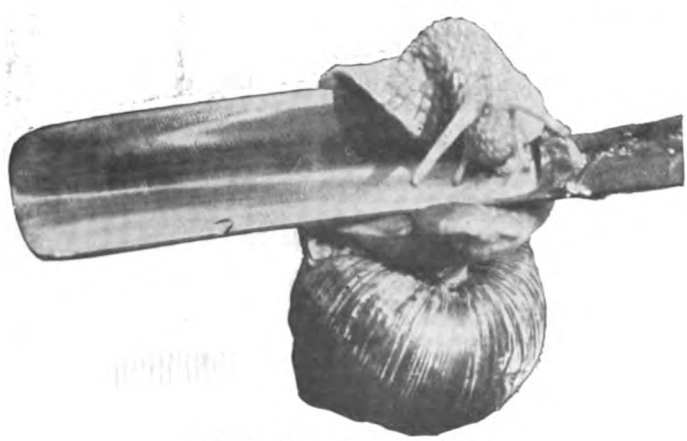


Fig. 11.—Glide over its edge unscathed.

vital energy than it can that of the waves or electricity.

When photographing the snail for this article, I was surprised at the fact that even the rough-cut edge of a sheet of glass presented no difficulties to its locomotion; its even pace was continued in spite of the fact that the sharp corner appeared to be penetrating its body (Fig. 9). There, too, we have exhibited the animal's delicate sense of touch, and this led me to make the further experiment shown in Figs. 10 and 11.

After I had placed the snail on the butt of the razor's blade, it slowly moved along the back of the blade, and then climbed completely over the sharp edge, the razor being in excellent condition. As the successive waves brought the fore-part of its foot near the edge of the blade, its head was held low down, and the lower and shorter pair of feelers nearly touched the blade, as if feeling the way.

At the moment when the sharp edge was reached, the small feelers were fully extended towards it, and just at the very instant when I expected to see them cut off they were both instantly retracted. They were little more than a hair's breadth away; and, though the lower feelers possess no eyes, yet, by their sudden movement I was quite convinced that the snail at that instant recognized danger. Still the foot travelled on, and slowly the snail dragged its whole weight of exactly one and a half ounces over the edge, later moving towards the butt and remaining perfectly unharmed. The species experimented with was the Roman or edible kind, which accounts for its comparatively large weight, it being the largest of British snails.

There is a final consideration regarding the hibernating instinct of the snail on which a word or two may be written. When the cold days approach the snail, like the swallow, migrates to a warmer part. It cannot, like its winged neighbour, fly to another land; but in some mysterious way it selects a sheltered spot in the garden or area in which it lives, and to that spot it steadily sets its course. The mysterious part of the business is that to that same spot all its relatives and neighbours just as steadily decamp, and there they remain until green food is again available (Fig. 12). How all the snails in a garden, both big and little, can find one sheltered spot (when other even more sheltered spots are plentiful) is a point that baffles explanation. Since, too, they are cold-blooded animals, why do they congregate? These are two little points which I will leave with my readers to think over, and in so doing they will probably discover that even the movements of a snail can open up many interesting avenues of thought.

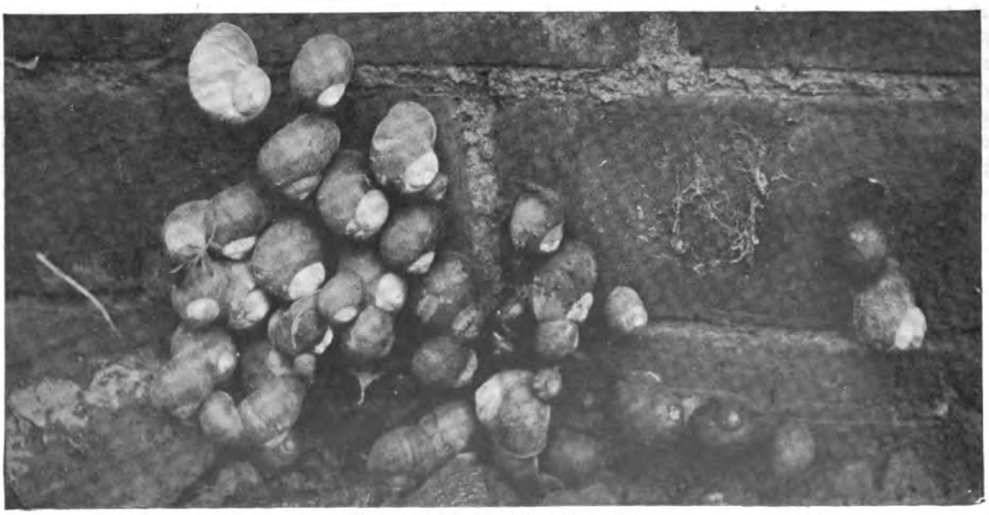


Fig. 12.—A colony of hibernating snails.

THE SECRET.

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illlustrated by C. H. Taffs.

"HOW is your father to-day, Miss Brakspear?"

"No better, Mr. Poole."

There was a pause, pronounced, perceptible, ere the girl, whose thoughts his question had quickened, added a belated "Thanks!" She spoke again, saying more than she had intended, eager to efface a rudeness which had been unmeant.

"You see, Netherwich no longer suits him. It is harming him—irreparably harming him; he needs a different air. The doctor says Buxton—as more bracing——"

"And you think of taking him there?"

"Taking him? It's impossible—my holidays—a fortnight is no use. He must live there altogether—or——"

Margaret Brakspear broke off abruptly, uncovered her typewriter, began, in silence, her work. The man watched her, saying nothing; sat there, pondering many things in his black, ambitious heart. He saw her good to look upon, loved her in his fashion; yet could not, for the briefest of brief seconds, forgive her one never-forgettable thing. To her, daily, hourly, came the chance for which he schemed.

She was not an ordinary girl; the poorest judge of character would have known it as she sat there at her desk. She had short hair—short like Barrie's imperishable Peter, not short like a man's hair or a boy's—and its thick, dark yellow made a nimbus for her head. She had a long nose, like the nose of the glorious Siddons; the shortest of short upper-lips; a chin strong and round, not shrewish; white teeth, full cheeks, grey eyes. She was tall, large boned yet shapely; was alive with vigour and health. In her—in this typist of a Belboro factory—ran the blood of Norman barons and of noble Saxon thanes. And she worked in that self-same building whose rise, whose very existence, had been due to her great-grandfather's act.

He—this great-grandfather—had served John Company, and, serving it, had now and then come home. Once—since his palate urged him—he had driven his buggy into Belboro High Street, and had paused at a chemist's shop. He had gone in, had produced an Eastern recipe, had proffered a Voltairean jest, "You have only one sauce in this country; here is another. Will you make it up?" They made it up, not once, but many times; they tasted, saw future profit; they put to him their request: "It would be selfish to keep this treasure hidden. May we sell it—sell it to the public? It is such a pleasant—so excellent a sauce!" The Anglo-Indian, vain and genial, laughed and acquiesced. And the two-paged recipe stayed in the chemist's hands. Next month its owner left for India. He came back again, after fifteen years, to find a factory where the chemist's shop had stood. And at him, asking for recipe and partnership, the erstwhile chemist laughed. The Anglo-Indian made no fight for it; he let things go by the board. He was wealthy, old, and slothful; litigation had for him no charms. But his son lost his wealth in the Australian bank crash; and his grandson, who painted pictures, caught rheumatism in the fingers, and straightway painted no more. He removed Margaret from Cheltenham, two years before her time; settled at Netherwich; bought an annuity with the slender capital that was left him; took baths, which failed to cure. Margaret had to seek employment. In Netherwich there was none. She learned typewriting and shorthand; took train to the county town. The rest was easy; the poorest judge of character would have engaged her by her chin.

And the first firm whose advertisement she answered was Glegg and Son, makers of sauce. For necessity knows no sentiment, and bread and butter comes before all.

"Brakspear—Brakspear!" had said the junior partner, who had interviewed her. "You belong"—he spoke half jestingly—"you belong to the Meadshire branch?"

"That is so," she had answered; and she had told him all he asked, had seen him smile, unblushing, at this cynical trick of Fate. But he engaged her promptly. Her creden-

tials were good, her appearance was a testimonial; and, so that she was efficient, no matter whence she sprang.

She *was* efficient; the firm soon recognized it, and, in its unfairness, not unfairly, paid. Save that she dressed like a gentlewoman—that, having few clothes, she had them good and well-cut—she spent nothing on herself; spent everything upon her father's would-be cure. Massage, electricity, vibration proved useless in their turn. She was pouring her self-sacrifice into a dark abyss of waste.

These things, and more than these—her love for her father, her devotion to him, her misery at, her helplessness to alleviate, the sick man's lot—these things had come, bit by bit, to the knowledge of the man—the colleague—who watched her working at her typewriter now. And it seemed to him that, though he had known how to wait these many years, he was waiting vainly; that if he waited longer his chance of forcing a partnership would be gone for ever; that Jacob Glegg, octogenarian, half-blind and three-parts deaf, would be replaced by a purchaser, by some new and keen young man. Alone he—Poole—could not come at that which he sought for; with Margaret's help he might. If they worked together, won the day together, he could marry her and hold victory safe.

And now the lever—her father's illness—the lever which should drive her to dishonesty, lay ready to his scheming hand.

He spoke, his eyes fixed sidelong; he shot at her the poisoned, tempting dart.

"It's a shame!" he said, and put into his voice a thrill of spurious sympathy. "It's a shame, Miss Brakspear; it's a wicked, scandalous shame!"

She looked up from her typewriter, stayed by his interruption; stared at him, failed to understand.

"A shame! What's a shame? I don't understand you, Mr. Poole. I——"

"Why, that you should work here—you whose father is such a sufferer—whose father, as everyone knows, ought to be a partner in the firm. We all know how the Gleggs started—all Belboro knows it; how they stole—yes, stole—the recipe your great-grandfather lent. It's monstrous, Miss Brakspear—monstrous. And if I were you——"

He paused, deliberately; to tempt her into speech.

"If you were me?"—she, too, paused; glimpsing but dimly at the dark thing that he schemed. "If you were me?"

He stayed silent, rose to his feet, walked towards the fireplace, stood, back to it, hand thrust in coat-flap, brows frowning, eyes and mouth compressed, looking, more than ever, like the great Corsican to whom he cultivated that ambition-firing resemblance which Nature had bestowed. Then he spoke; poured forth his evil counsel, premeditated, long thought out.

"If I were you—I would find that recipe—where Jacob Glegg keeps it—in his safe—or in his room. I know it's there—for I once saw him—holding it in his hand. And you—you're his secretary—he's careless—careless and blind."

"Find the recipe—the recipe for the sauce?"

"Yes—find it—find it—and—and—come into—into your own!"

"You mean"—her voice came to him, almost a whisper, yet tense, staccato, clear; "you mean—I should steal it—*steal* it? I don't understand."

Poole came away from the fireplace, crossed the floor to her, stood above her, unfolded, lay bare his scheme. "Stealing—it wouldn't be stealing—it would be justice—after all these years. The old Gleggs robbed your father of the recipe—*you* would win it back—it would be justice, I tell you, Miss Brakspear—justice—nothing but that. And your father"—he spoke very slowly, devilishly emphasizing his words—"your father—could go—to Buxton—to—get—well!"

"Get well—my father!" The curtain was up now, the prologue spoken; she saw how the act might aid her, but not the drama's end. "How should the recipe help him? What could I do if I found it? The Gleggs would take it from me. I'm a woman—and alone."

"A woman—yes; alone—*no*." He faced her—she had risen—across the dividing desk. "You have me—*me* to help you. I can do all you need."

"You!"

"Yes, I—Miss Brakspear, Miss Brakspear." The man's arms waved, his hands gesticulated, he poured at her the secret, long-checked torrent of his ambitious heart and soul. "With me to help you, there's no limit to your fortunes! You—I—*we*—may go far, I tell you—far! Get it—get the recipe—get it from that blind old dotard—get it—bring it to me! I'll take it to them, show it them, brave them, dare them, *make* them give me a partnership! I can dictate terms to them—their secret—the secret of the finest sauce in Europe—is worth saving at any cost. Jacob Glegg must go. John Glegg will stay—with

me for second partner—with *me* to push the business as it was never pushed before. Then you can leave—marry me——"

"Marry you!"

The torrent of his ambitions, pent-up, unspoken for a decade, rushed onwards, knowing no check nor stay. "I'm a clerk—a clerk now—but I'm a worker—I can look into the future—I can see things far ahead! Not a woman in the county but shall envy you! I'll work for you—with you; there's no limit to what a man may do if he works! And your father—*your father*—can be saved if you find that recipe—if you find it—and bring it to *me!* But if Mr. Jacob has a stroke—or an illness—*before* you find it—and a young man buys a partnership—there'll be no chance for us—and—you know it—your father will die!"

He ceased. The torrent found her speechless, as it had left him without breath; she had no words to meet it; its strength had made her dumb. From the first—for these ten years—she had accepted the situation in which she had found herself; that place of subordination whereas, of right, she should rule; she had worked—and denied herself—had never, for an instant, thought of turning that place to a selfish end. That anyone could so dream of her doing it—that this man should dare to tempt her—this traitor want to marry her, make a catspaw of her, mould her, bend and twist her to his own ambitious schemes—the thought, the knowledge revolted her, turned her shuddering, faint, and sick.

Then she found tongue, flashed out at him, showed him how much she despised.

"You must be mad—mad to say such things! I could never marry you—I would never do what you say! It's infamous; simply infamous; infamous—how can you dare?"

He answered nothing; only bent on her those searching eyes of his, stood there across the dividing table, hand in coat-flap, furrowing those Napoleonic brows. Then he used the lever—the lever which should lift her to his will.

"If you find the recipe—you find justice. If you forbear—injustice triumphs. You cannot leave your employment—your father stays at Netherwich—and, Miss Brakspear, your father dies!"

"My father!"—she winced, she staggered, caught at a friendly chair-back—mouthed the words once more. "My father—dies! It is *not* so; he isn't—as ill—as that!"

"He *is*—and you know it." The man's voice, but now impassioned, had recovered coldness, came chill. "Get the recipe—and get justice; find it—and you save him! Be weak—dare nothing—and—you know it—he dies!"

The words, deliberate, cruel, stabbed her with the dagger of truth. Again she staggered; again she found her balance, forced herself to the fullness of her height.

"Better he died than that I should do what you ask me," she made answer. "It is infamous—infamous. I refuse."

"You refuse!" He stopped in the speaking; saw that she meant what she said. A blind hate came over him—that hate which is sister to love. He could have struck her, stunned her, killed her, in his wrath at her folly. He saw the years flash past him—long years of scheming, in vain. And he saw another thing also; became, now, thrall to fear. What if this girl—this fool-woman—were to take her tale to the Gleggs? He had been mad—mad to tell her—he who had waited should have waited longer—for the chance that had eluded him so long. And now he had put himself—his future—all that he had dreamed of—in the hands of a girl who might ruin him with a word. Muzzle her—frighten her—he must do something—do it quickly. He essayed to frighten her now.

"If you dare——"

Ping-g-g!

Poole started, turned, glanced upward, saw a black square flick into the indicator; knew himself wanted in John Glegg's distant room. He turned back, began to speak again, blustered out his threat. "If you dare to mention a word of this—if you breathe a syllable to anyone, I'll say——"

Ping-g-g!

Another square flicked beside its fellow; again George Poole turned round. Margaret Brakspear—the bell had summoned her—snatched at a note-book, took a pencil from the table, pulled the door open, and was gone. Poole stepped forward to stay her; it was too late; she was running down the corridor to the senior partner's room. And the man, who had staked his all and jeopardized it, cursed her and went out. Yet, as he went, fear left him; he was now nothing afraid. For he knew—since he gave himself time to think of it—that she, Margaret Brakspear, was not of the stuff which betrays. She would only, in her folly, seek to safeguard her employers; his own rash haste had raised a barrier to his aims. And he, too, hurried down the corridor to the junior partner's room.

"Good morning, Mr. Jacob."

The old man, facing Margaret, heard nothing, but saw the moving lips; read the familiar greeting; gave her good morning in turn. She sat down at the table while he opened the letters of the day; while he held them close to his nose as he read them with spectacled, rheumy eyes; while he plucked perpetually at his white and straggling beard. As he finished each letter, so he passed it across.

"This is for Mr. John, Miss Brakspear; and this—and this—and this. Answer that one—on the usual lines. Take this to the blending foreman. This is for the vegetable depot—so is this one—here's another for the blending foreman. One—oh, here are two others for the liquids branch. Now, Miss Brakspear, for the letters. Got your note-book? Are you ready? Very well." And he began to dictate, altering eternally, revising, hesitating, beard-plucking, getting up, walking the floor unsteadily; the whole of him one large example of an obstinate old autocrat who has outstayed his capacity for work.

"THE WORDS, DELIBERATE, CRUEL, STABBED HER WITH THE DAGGER OF TRUTH."

Margaret Brakspear, long used to his doddering, took down the words as they came. She did it easily, mechanically; but while she wrote she thought; the pencil moved to the accompaniment of a whirling brain. She had opposed brave words to the traitor; but the words of the traitor stayed. She thought of them unceasingly—she realized their truth. He had, in his devilish insight, found the lever to lift her to crime. Her father—whose care was her religion—what Poole had said was true. In her hands—her hands only—her father's safety lay. The price of that safety was a deed of blackest shame.

"Be weak—dare nothing—and he dies!"

And that room—where she had worked each morning—where, day in, day out, year after year, she had seen Mr. Jacob open his letters and had taken down Mr. Jacob's replies—became, now, a donjon of dark imaginings; a home of black temptation; a place of torment, terrifying, poisonous; where training sagged and moral courage weakened, and where evil dreams were urging her to crime.

"Be weak—dare nothing—and he dies!"

It was true—true—it bore no denying—and in the room—within reach of her—lay the medicine that would cure. In the desk; in a drawer of it—in one of its pigeon-holes—in the safe in the corner, most likely, the balsam was hidden; the balsam which, used as Poole had urged her, would take her father to Buxton, stay his illness, if not expel it—would keep him out of pain—and *alive*. It would be easy—oh, so easy—with her opportunities—with the trust that was bestowed on her—to steal the keys, to filch the secret from this old, self-confident, blundering, half-blind man. And, in her, filial piety fought with honour and upbringing; honour and upbringing, weakened yet still unvanquished, clung to the stricken field.

"That is all; I shall not want you any longer—for an hour or so. I am going into the spice-room with Mr. John."

"Yes, Mr. Jacob—very good" (the spice-room—where lay, said rumour, the keystone of the secret—he would take, if rumour was not false, the recipe to his aid!). "Yes, Mr. Jacob." And Margaret Brakspear was gone, thanking her God that a barrier was opposed to temptation; that, since Jacob Glegg must take the recipe with him, no desperate, irresistible impulse would make her search in his office while he was away. She felt—why she knew not—that if she could but resist temptation now she could resist it always; that she would be strong, and safe against herself when she had once escaped into the air. And taking, as of daily custom, the letters to the branches of the factory, she traversed room and corridor at hasty, break-neck speed. And it seemed to her that she fled from something tangible, some monster, half-spectre and half-human, who pursued her as she went. But at the end of the first long corridor she went into the junior partner's room.

She knocked, she entered; she handed over her budget. John Glegg, a man of forty, gave her brief good day. He was hard and shrewd; saddled with the work of two men, since his father was a drag upon the wheel. He saw in Margaret nothing but a typist—a good one, a girl who saved trouble, helped a doddering greybeard through. But her looks were nothing to him; he never noticed them; she was an underling—and no more.

"Thank you!" The words came sharp and expressionless. Margaret Brakspear turned and went out. But first she saw Poole's face—John Glegg was dictating letters to him—saw and read that which his eyes and close-shut lips shouted silent yet clamorous to her ears.

"Be weak—dare nothing—and he dies!"

And she fled from temptation as a wild animal flees from a forest fire.

She went on her round, made tour of the clangorous building, took letters from roof to floor; through the vegetable, fruit, and blending depots, to the bottling-room, packing-room, labelling-chamber, liquids depot, to foreman after foreman in turn. In the bottling-room girls in dozens were sitting holding bottle upon bottle at little taps to which hoses were fastened, and the hoses ran into green and yellow painted tubs, and above the tubs were pumps and more hoses which ran into the cellars beneath. In the blending-room were vats, vast, churn-containing, recumbent; and unceasingly men came and poured into them vinegar and pulped ingredients, from pickles to garlic, and from garlic to spices and fruit. Each foreman knew only what referred to his own depot; no foreman knew what his fellows knew—not one of all the dozen knew what proportion went, finally, into these churn-containing vats, or what ultimate magic was used by the partners of nights. Only Poole knew all these things, plucked and pieced together by incredible ferreting and care. But they were worth nothing without the recipe which told what happened in the spice-

room, what crowned and capped the making of the sauce. No stranger was ever allowed in the factory; none save Jacob and John Glegg had ever seen the recipe, though many a rival maker had offered bribes to hand and foreman for those priceless details which Margaret's ancestor had left. It was a secret, close, inviolable, guarded by those two men.

As she passed through the building, hurried through room after room, the value of the recipe loomed in front of her; and temptation ran behind. She saw herself with it; saw what she could do; how she—excitement brought faith to her—could then beard the partners alone, demand compensation, bend them to her will. Poole—Poole was out of it; she could act, unaided, alone.

While, ever urging her, came the words which Poole had flung:—

"Be weak—dare nothing—and he dies!"

She was in the cellars now, in the vaults where the sauce stood maturing in the big and metal-bound casks, lying on smooth rails that they might be rolled backwards and forwards at intervals that a perfect blending should be found. Five years at least each cask lay there—sometimes ten, fifteen, twenty-five. For the Belboro sauce is like brandy, and long keeping is its *cachet*, since it grows ripe and mellow with age. There is no sauce in the world like it; it stands unrivalled, alone.

The last letters were given to the burly foreman, who, even then, superintended the rolling of his casks. Margaret nodded a good morning, ran up the white-washed staircase, passed through the labelling department, with its long rows of paste-pots, brushes, and paper-sticking girls, took a lift to the next storey, reached, and went into, her room. At her, as she entered, Poole glanced suddenly, as suddenly looked away; said nothing, bent over his desk. Margaret sat down; she, too, attacked her letters, forced herself into close and strenuous work. But whenever she looked up it seemed that Poole was watching: watching her with eyes that were fearful, treacherous, furtive; or searching, angry, and hard. No word passed between them; each hated the other, each had fear of speech. Only the typewriters sounded, clicking, jerking, jabbering; paper rustled, erasers rubbed the page. An hour passed, an hour of thought and conflict; quick ended, hard to endure. Through it all, though Poole was silent, Margaret heard Poole's voice:—

"Be weak—dare nothing—and he dies!"

So training and temptation held their tug-of-war. And at last the door opened and Jacob Glegg looked in. With him came scents, sweet and very pungent, the clinging scents of the spice-room with their odours faint and strong.

"Oh—er—Miss Brakspear!" Old Jacob was plucking, as ever, at his beard. "I left the—er—firm's pass-book on my table. Will you fetch it along? I'm going to look through the counterfoils in Mr. John's room. Bring it to me—there!"

"Yes—Mr. Jacob." Margaret rose to her feet. Jacob Glegg gave Poole a glance—a glance of almost ludicrous hatred (he hated the man, perhaps because his son liked him; he would not have him near his person or room)—then went out up the long corridor to his son's room. His own room was at the other end of it, so arranged for purposes of access to the various branches and for purposes, too, of control. The secretaries' room—where Poole and Margaret worked—lay in the middle of the corridor, equidistant from Jacob and John.

Margaret, going in the opposite direction, came to her destination, opened the door, crossed to the table, sought that for which she had been sent. And she saw on the table the white and parchment-covered book. She picked it up mechanically; turned to go; then stopped short, stayed by the pass-book's lightness—by its absence of bulk and weight, for she had seen it, that very morning—and it had been bulging with paid cheques. There, in the middle of the room, she turned it over, looked at the table, saw no other book like it, marvelled, had her doubts. It *was* the pass-book—it was *a* pass-book—it was—no, it hadn't the firm's name on it—it bore a large, inked, manuscript R. She slipped the flap from its socket, and the book opened in the middle—as it had been opened a thousand times. And in the handwriting of Jacob Glegg—as he had written, perhaps at his father's dictation, sixty years ago—she read—and knew:—

"*Guy Brakspear's Recipe for Making Sauce.*"

The title glared at her—in Jacob Glegg's copperplate characters—the substance leaped to her eyes. There were two pages of it, and at the foot of each page a line was written in red. Those two lines were the key to everything; the secret of the incomparable flavour, envied, vainly imitated, achieved by no other firm. Margaret Brakspear's eyes devoured them; her brain photographed them; she read them, re-read them, was staggered by their simplicity, could never, so long as she lived, forget. Then, mechani-

cally, she turned over page after page. All save those two were blank. But in the pocket—the pocket that every pass-book has—her fingers, now the slaves of instinct, found that which she had known must be there.

And before her, on the table, lay a sheet of note-paper, faded, age-smelling, torn by long-folding—covered with a flowing, Victorian handwriting: one which those family archives, now her crippled father's lonely pleasure, held in such abundance: the handwriting of Guy Brakspear, servant of John Company, whose recipe—*this* recipe—the chemist Glegg had filched. The real pass-book lay in the safe, behind her. Jacob Glegg had locked it there, thinking it was this. Now Margaret Brakspear, the wronged man's great-grand-daughter, held Glegg and Son in the hollow of her hand.

She held; and, holding them, she knew what she would do. All was made easy for her; her trouble was at an end. A thief in thought she might be, had been; a thief in deed she could never become; training, heredity were a thousand times too strong. All temptation left her, now that she had her chance. Her father—her love for him—they were everything to her; so much that she would not set his teaching to shame. Life was too dearly purchased at such a price as that. Presently she would tell him; presently he would approve—she had had her

"MARGARET NODDED A GOOD MORNING, AND RAN UP THE WHITE-WASHED STAIRCASE."

opportunity and she relinquished it—it was, in fact, among the things that one didn't do. One of the things that one *did* do was to take it to the partners—with the truth. So, very quietly, very composedly, she restored the sheet of paper to the book's pocket, shut the book itself, took the flap-piece in her fingers, fitted it to the socketed place.

But, as she fitted it, the door went swiftly wide. She stopped, half dropped the book, caught it—and looked up. And a man came in and the door was closed, and eyes frowned at her in a head hung forward, and a hand rested between the rolled lapels of a double-breasted coat.

There was silence, utter silence, as they watched each other; neither one of them, for the moment, could find words. The table was between them; a chair on either side of it, and at a chair-back his right, her left, hand had clutched. Poole's eyes were lighting, changing; the pose of the conqueror passing; he looked hungry, wolfish, wild. Within his reach—he knew it—was the recipe; he had stolen in to look for it while he believed Margaret—who had dallied, reading it—to have taken the pass-book up to John Glegg's room. And the recipe was in the hands of this woman—who must have read it—who—his eyes grew dark and evil; showed the lust of ambition that devours.

He advanced a step. Margaret Brakspear retired one; then recovered her ground. Poole spoke, leaning half-way across the table, both hands on it; and his voice came hoarse and low:—

"You've got it, Miss Brakspear. You've got it, I say!"

"Got what, Mr. Poole?" It was the instinct of the woman to dissemble and conceal. But in a righteous cause.

"Got—why, you've got the recipe." His hand flashed forward; an accusing forefinger pointed at what she held. "The old fool's done it—I knew it—I've waited for it—I saw him with it once. I watched—I watched for weeks—but he got suspicious—he won't have me in his room. I *knew* he'd mix it up with the proper pass-book some day—that he'd put the pass-book, not *that*, into the safe. Give it me, quickly; give it me, I say!"

Her voice, as she made her answer, was calm, courageous, curt.

"I am going to give it to the partners. Let me pass, please. I must take it to them *now*."

"The partners." Poole's voice rose at her, snarled like a wolf's at bay. "You're going to take *that* to the partners—to give up—what's worth thousands—tens of thousands!"

"What else—it belongs—please let me pass."

"Let you pass. By Heaven, no—I'll——"

He took a step backward, set himself, still facing her, against the door. Then his voice changed suddenly, became wheedling, persuasive, soft.

"You don't understand—you can't—women never do understand. Haven't you any ambition? It's riches—riches and power. With this recipe we can do anything, anything. I *will* marry you——"

"Marry me! You are insolent. Open the door at once." She faced him, fear devouring her, yet courage conquering fear.

One second he hesitated; he gave her one last word.

"Your father—are you going to kill him—to see him slowly die?"

For answer Margaret Brakspear's forefinger touched the button on the table's top—the button of that bell which was now ringing furiously in John Glegg's room, summoning father and son, telling them that something ill was in act. And Poole recoiled at the daring of her; made calculation with teeming brain, scared eyes, and twitching lips. "Two hundred feet of corridor—an old man and a younger man; their moment of hesitation—the obstacles in their way. Two minutes; three minutes; there was time—still time." Ambition, nursed in secret, fed with dream and book, does not die without a fight. And upon Margaret, standing there beside the table, finger still pressing on the far-clamouring bell, the man Poole came, fiercely; savage, determined, bent upon his way.

"Give me the book, I tell you! Give me the book!"

At her arm, thrown upwards, his hand clutched, dragging it downwards, gripping, wrenching the wrist. But the book was hers still, clasped tightly, doubled now—for all its stiff covering—in her right hand; with her left she warded him off (as a Rugby three-quarter hands off his tacklers), inspired by who knows what recollection of oft-seen Cheltenham games. He pulled at her right hand; he sustained her left hand's blows. Then, suddenly, he caught her left wrist; had it prisoned, pulled her to a stooping posture, brought the prize more close.

"Now, you she-devil! *Now!*"

He relinquished her left wrist, set his free hand on the right one—both hands were gripping it now—twisted the wrist as a bullying schoolboy uses; then loosed a hand again,

clenched fist, and struck blow after blow upon the muscles of the upper arm.

"Ah-h-h-h!"

The book fell from fingers that pain made powerless; with a howl of triumph Poole stooped to pick it up. But, as he stooped, he freed her; and she, in turn stooping, pushed him rolling to the floor; set foot upon, stood over the thing which she had dropped. And as Poole recovered himself — to come again — the door was dashed open, banging him back to the floor.

"What does this mean? Mr. Poole —Miss Brakspear — what does it mean?"

"It means" — Poole was on his feet again, accusing, minatory. "It means that Miss Brakspear — your recipe, sir—I was only just in time." And the man pointed at the half-hidden, foot-covered book.

"The recipe — good God, Poole!" John Glegg stooped floorwards; Margaret stepped backwards, and the precious thing was in the partner's hand. "Miss Brakspear, we sent you for the pass-book."

"Yes"—the girl was panting fiercely. "Yes — the pass-book — that was what I came to fetch —but I found *that* —I was going to bring it to you—but he"—she pointed scornfully to Poole—"*he* came in—and tried to steal it——"

"It's a lie!" The blade of falsehood flashed and fell heavily upon the stout buckler of truth. "It's a lie, sir—it's a lie!"

"It's truth, I tell you—truth, Mr. Glegg! I wouldn't give it him—he asked me to marry him—*him*"—her voice took on the last possible *timbre* of contempt—"and then—he tried to take it from me—and I rang the bell!"

"*I* rang it!"

"I rang, Mr. Glegg. Look—look at my wrist!" Her voice pealed out like a clarion, truth-holding, doubt-shattering, sincere. "And my arm, too, Mr. Glegg. Look—look at this!" In her haste she tore her blouse's cuff from its link.

"GIVE ME THE BOOK, I TELL YOU! GIVE ME THE BOOK!"

John Glegg looked first at her, then at Poole—and stepped forward to see the bruises, the last least doubt in him gone. That moment was Poole's salvation; it saved him from prison and disgrace. He wheeled, he ducked, he dived; slipped like an acrobat to the door. Outside an old man opposed him; the old man was easily passed. The Napoleon of the sauce factory—the man who meant to get on, anyhow, and at anybody's expense—was done with; he had staked his all — and lost. In the room which had been his Moscow Margaret Brakspear had dropped into a chair. John Glegg was standing, watching her. Jacob Glegg, just entered, beard-plucking, rheumy-eyed, doddered questions out.

"W-what's the matter—w-what's Poole been doing—w-w-what does it all mean?"

"It means"—John Glegg was looking at Margaret's bruises; but his voice was merciless, unavoidably cruel, since it hammered home that truth which the old man had so obstinately denied. "It means, father, that you're past work now—that you did what I've

so often warned you against—that you left the recipe about. You put the pass-book in the safe. and left the other on the table where Miss Brakspear found it just now. Poole tried to steal it—and Poole—thank Heaven!—was foiled. But it might happen—happen again, and the firm would be done for—for good. You must give it up, sir. You're past business. I tell you you must give it up."

The old man, sitting now at the table, pen-fingering, feet-shuffling, beard-plucking unceasingly, mumbled his son's words.

"The wrong book—the pass-book in the safe—the recipe—give it up—what—eh, give it up? Business—beyond it——" He broke off, sat there, turning it all over, his brain too old, too tired, any longer to fight against convincing fact. He had been obstinate very long; but, up against concrete instance of his incompetence, he had no strength to battle on. "Beyond it—well—perhaps—perhaps I am." The admission came from him grudgingly; there followed the question prompted by that jealousy which had kept him from retirement all these years. "What are you going to do, John? How will you manage? There must be two."

His son made no answer; stood there, watching Margaret's face. And at last he spoke.

"You read the recipe, Miss Brakspear?"

She looked up; she gave him all the truth.

"I did. I read it in the book—and I read the—the paper, too. The first I couldn't help reading. The second—well, I thought I had a right. But I was—I was bringing the book to you—to tell you the truth—not to make use of it—at the moment when Poole came in."

"Yes," John Glegg made answer. "Yes, Miss Brakspear, I see."

There followed a silence, fateful, pregnant, long. John Glegg sat down at the table, stayed there, watching Margaret, fighting things out in his heart. And he, to whom her looks had been nothing, who had seen her as his typist, his father's confidential clerk, now saw her as a woman beautiful, full of character, aristocrat unquestioned, the holder and defender of the secret which was the breath of his business life. He saw more than that, saw that, typist or no typist, her birth, her brains, her beauty would unlock that gate of county society which had been fastened against him all his pushful days. His commercial instinct leaped and conquered him, showed him what seemed the easiest, cheapest way.

"Will you marry me, Miss Brakspear?" he asked. And he looked at his father as he spoke; and the senile eyes gleamed and the ancient head nodded, and the waxy fingers plucked at the straggling beard. In Jacob Glegg's opinion his son did rightly. It was—it was the only way—save one.

"Marry you, Mr. Glegg? I'm honoured—obliged—enormously. But—but I can't. You can trust me to keep my knowledge to myself!"

John Glegg nodded, knew finality in her answer, saw that she would not change her mind. And again he consulted his father with a look. The eyes did not gleam this time, but the ancient head nodded and the fingers plucked harder than ever at the beard. John Glegg nerved himself to the inevitable task.

She was a woman—he a man, keen, versed in business, shrewd in judgment and deed. And he knew her value, could see her, as his wife, bringing him, by her birth, her looks, her qualities, distinction and prestige. But, for all his admiration, he had no belief in her reticence. He saw her beautiful, knew that other men must find her so; had the certainty that she would marry ere long. And she had his secret, the secret of the world-famed sauce.

"Father," he said, suddenly, "you must give up work now; you know that, as well as I. We must take a new partner—otherwise we can't make our sauce. And Miss Brakspear knows our secret, and has served the firm well. I think—if we offered her a share—a small partnership—it would not be altogether amiss. Tell me, father, what do you say?"

"I say 'Yes,'" said Jacob Glegg, quickly. "She's a good girl—I say 'Yes.'"

"And you, Miss Brakspear? What do you say to that?"

Miss Brakspear said nothing immediately; she was flushed and hot-faced, she was furious, she was fighting things, battling them out. She had been offered marriage—because she had been mistrusted. She was offered a partnership for the self-same cause. She ought—she ought to refuse it, spurn it, show them her contempt.

And yet—and yet—and yet—— There was pride, but there was her father—her father, who came before all things; her father, for whom she had sacrificed herself whole-heartedly, yet who must die in agony at Netherwich if she let this partnership go. And there was sentiment as well—the sentiment of justice—of a Brakspear, after years

of treachery, come back to a Brakspear's own. Then, before she made decision, she flashed a question at the pair.

"Do you offer it—as an act of justice—or as a bribe to hold my tongue?"

accept the partnership," answered Margaret Brakspear, promptly. Then, knowing that she had won her victory fairly, she made her victory secure. "I will 'phone to your solicitors now," she

"'AS AN ACT OF JUSTICE,' HE STAMMERED; 'AS AN ACT OF JUSTICE, OF COURSE.'"

John Glegg started, went white, and then went red.

"As an act of justice," he stammered; "as an act of justice, of course."

And he looked at his father, who nodded and plucked his beard.

"In that case I shall be pleased to

said, and she caught up the receiver from the desk.

Again John Glegg started, half-uttered, half-repressed an oath, frowned, glanced at his father, then shrugged his shoulders and smiled. After all, business was business—and initiative a thing to be praised!

"IS LOVE A DISEASE?"

By WILLIAM BROWN, M.A., D.Sc.

King's College, London.

["Is love a disease?" An eminent scientific man says "Yes, in many cases," and discusses its nature, symptoms, and remedy.]

THERE are at least two hundred and sixty-two scientific theories on the nature of love, not to mention the innumerable private opinions of individuals. Seeing that it is the most endless of subjects, we need not wonder at this. Indeed, some would have us believe that its problem is identical with that of life itself, and that, could we but solve the mystery of love, the scheme of the universe would be clearly revealed.

As everyone knows, most of the explanations hitherto attempted have been physiological in nature, being centred about the *physical* causes and effects of the attraction between the two sexes. It is not my intention in the present article to consider this aspect of the question. My task will be to show that the *mental* phenomena involved—the ideas, thoughts, and feelings of lovers—can be to some extent explained by *mental* causes, and that love is not so mysteriously distinct from other forms of consciousness as it might at first sight appear.

JOHN TANNER AND ANN WHITEFIELD IN "MAN AND SUPERMAN."
A Play based on Schopenhauer's theory of love.
From a Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.

One of the most satisfactory of the earlier theories was that of the German philosopher Schopenhauer, who explained love as "the genius of the race manifesting itself in the feelings of two people for the purpose of its own perpetuation." This purpose is only half revealed to the people themselves. Need I remind the reader of Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, "Man and Superman," in which, with variations, a dramatization of this theory is brilliantly and successfully achieved? According to Schopenhauer's view, the intensity of the attraction felt by the two individuals for one another should be a measure or index of the amount of benefit which would accrue to the race from their getting married. In other words, the offspring of a love-match are likely to be finer children than those of a marriage without affection.

Now, what account can the psychologist, the scientist who investigates the laws of mind, give of

the process of falling in love, and of the state of mind of a person who is said to be "in love"?

In the first place we must notice that love is not a simple form of consciousness. It is not an elementary emotion, like fear or anger. It is extremely complex, and to this complexity it mainly owes its strength. But it is not a complex *emotion*, since it is not an emotion at all. When a man is in love, his feelings in relation to his idol vary from day to day, and even from hour to hour, according to changing circumstances. He feels joy and tender emotion in her presence, sorrow in her absence, anxiety when adversity threatens her, anger towards those who do or attempt any harm to her, gratitude (at least in certain cases) towards those who befriend her—and many other emotions in other circumstances. In complex circumstances he may experience complex emotions. His love consists, as we say, of a complex system of emotional *dispositions* centred about the idea of the loved one. To illustrate what is meant by an emotional disposition, let us take the simple case of anger. When one steps upon a man's toe, he becomes (as a rule) angry. But he was capable of anger before this event occurred, and will remain so after it has become a thing of the past. This quality of being capable of anger under appropriate circumstances is what we mean by an emotional disposition of anger.

Returning to the case of love, we find that, in addition to the emotional dispositions just enumerated, that corresponding to the sexual instinct is an invariable ingredient, although appearing in different degrees of intensity in different individuals; and if one bears this in mind it will, perhaps, make our account more convincing.

Terms that may be technically used to express such emotional systems as the above-mentioned are *passion* or *sentiment*. Love is a passion or sentiment. There are, of course, other forms of love besides sexual love, such as ambition or love of power, avarice or love of money, etc. These, too, are passions. The essential element in any passion is the *central idea* about which the emotional dispositions come into being. Now, this central idea, in its effects, shows a very close resemblance to the "fixed ideas" which characterize so many mental diseases. It is, in fact, a kind of "fixed idea," and one of remarkable power, a power which comes from the emotional dispositions aroused in connection with the idea of the loved one. All the energy of our mental life is derived from the emotional dispositions, which show themselves in consciousness as the various forms of emotion. Milo of Crotona, when a boy, fleeing terror-stricken from a bear, leapt a wall which he did not succeed in again clearing until he reached manhood. Even thought is sustained throughout by that moderate degree of emotion known as "interest," and most creative thought is accompanied by extremely intense emotion. Balzac writing his novels in the silence of the night under the influence of strong coffee and strong emotion is an instance of this. Now, in the case of a passion—and let us limit our attention once more to the passion of sexual love—the convergence of all these emotional dispositions upon one object brings about a parallel intellectual organization of ideas around the central idea or object. Out of all the various possible ideas, only those are selected and retained in memory which support the lover's high opinion of the excellences of his beloved. Her faults and deficiencies are not merely overlooked—they literally *are not*, for him. For this reason the ancients represented Love with bandaged eyes.

A companion passion to love is that of hate. The relation between them is a very close one. In fact, the emotional dispositions which go to make up these two passions are almost identical. The difference lies mainly in the conditions under which they are excited. To illustrate my meaning: In love, injury done to the object arouses anger, kindness arouses gratitude; in hate, injury to the object arouses gratitude, kindness arouses anger. There is a fascination in hate just as there is a fascination in love; in both cases the attention is intently fixed upon the object. Hate is a source of inspiration just as love is, and has been responsible for many works of creative genius. To mention only one case, hatred of tyranny and conventionality was the mainspring of Shelley's poetic productions.

This fact, together with the well-known general tendency of emotional states to change into their opposites as a result of fatigue or over-tension, will be found to explain in outline most of those mysterious cases where love turns into hate, or *vice versa*. The latter case is the more rare, but not entirely unknown. There may be a continued oscillation from one passion to the other. A noted instance of such a union of love and hate is to be found in the love-story of Alfred de Musset and "George Sand." Both of these interesting people have described their experiences. Says De Musset: "When

these frightful scenes were over, a strange love, an exaltation carried to excess, made me treat my mistress as a divinity. A quarter of an hour after I had insulted her I was at her knees; as soon as I ceased to accuse her I asked her pardon." And "George Sand" writes of him: "It was an invariable rule, unheard of, but absolute in this strange organization, that, sleep changing all his outraged sense of ownership would seem to be a sufficient explanation.

The biological explanation of jealousy is obvious; its psychological inadequacy is also obvious. We cannot explain it or explain it away. Let us endeavour to make away with it! No vermiform appendix is half so useless.

If my readers will kindly bear with me still a little longer in the more strictly

"GEORGE SAND." ALFRED DE MUSSET.

A celebrated union of "Love and Hate."

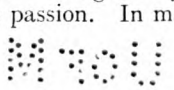
resolutions, he would go to rest with his heart full of tenderness, and awaken in the morning eager for battle and murder; but if he had left in the evening cursing, he returned next morning to bless."

Another paradoxical combination is that of love and contempt. Yet it is common—alas! all too common. And it is tolerably easy to explain in terms of the evolution theory. The love corresponds to the conservation of the race, the contempt to that of the individual who feels that he or she has, from an egoistic point of view, made a bad match. An example from fiction is Thomas Hardy's "Jude the Obscure."

Finally there is the problem of jealousy. Some psychologists explain it in terms of love, but this is not entirely convincing. The two states of mind are closely related, and, indeed, almost invariably found together. Many a woman instinctively refuses to believe that her suitor can be in earnest unless he displays jealousy on appropriate occasions. But what says the high-souled Othello?

> Away at once with love *or* jealousy.

He will not allow "the green-eyed monster" to pollute his passion. In many cases



scientific part of my description, I will now endeavour to indicate the principal stages in the process of "falling in love," as recognized by psychologists who interest themselves in the subject.

After the three preliminary stages of admiration, the attraction of pleasure (arousal of physical and psychical desires of whatever kinds), and hope, there occurs a "crystallization" of manifold new perfections discovered by the lover in his mistress, which endows her with all the characteristics of the *ideal*, as far as may be. It is the emotional nature of the lover which discovers these perfections; his desire acts as a centre of attraction which selects only the good and remains blind to all defects. The next stage is that of doubt—"for there is always a little doubt to set at rest"—when reason raises its head and threatens to intervene. If this painful state of uncertainty is safely passed, a second "crystallization" occurs, similar to the first in nature, but of much greater potency. The lover submits to his fate, and the whole tide of his life sets towards this one goal. The passion is completely established.

These stages may not be, in fact seldom are, apparent to the person concerned. He may not become aware of what is wrong with him until the passion has reached its full development. The experienced onlooker is generally not so blind.

But someone will object, What of love at first sight? In this phenomenon, likened by the French to a *coup de foudre*—a lightning stroke—the process of "crystallization" seems to be unnecessary, and the emotional interest of the individual in his new acquaintance is sufficiently intense to fix her image once for all in his mind, and direct his whole emotional nature towards her. There is, however, some uncertainty about such cases.

I cannot help thinking that what is known in psychology as the *subconscious* plays an important, if not an essential, part in this matter of love. The subconscious self is that part of one's mental life which is not apparent in direct consciousness, but exists nevertheless, forming a sort of undercurrent of life and determining one's conduct unknown to oneself. How many times does one find oneself wondering, "Why did I do that?" after some apparently irrational and unexplained action! It is the subconscious that is the determining factor. There is evidence to show that telepathic influence—the influence of mind on mind at a distance—acts more readily upon this part of us than upon our waking consciousness. When love springs up between two persons we may assume that, by virtue of some original affinity between their subconscious selves, telepathic influences pass backwards and forwards, and bring their emotional natures in closer and closer harmony, each centred around the idea of the other. The emotions are intensified by mutual induction, after the manner of an electrical condenser. It would, at any rate, seem that, in some cases, influences affecting the subconscious selves are favourable to the birth and growth of the tender passion. Experiments in "table-tilting," for example, may be more successful in this direction than the efforts of many match-making mammas!

Whatever may be the theory adopted to explain how it comes about that the ideas and emotions of two people become centred each about the idea of the other, we are still left with the striking resemblances which love presents to certain forms of mental disease. Besides the "fixed idea," there is the period of "incubation," during which the individual does not know what is the matter with him, but feels restless, depressed, and "out of sorts." There is feebleness of will-power, which may, in a few cases, even persist after the love has become manifest. Again, there is often a complete change of temperament and character, not always for the better. Romeo allows Tybalt to wound Mercutio mortally, and laments:—

> O sweet Juliet,
> Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
> And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

The reaction sets in, he slays Tybalt, and the tragedy becomes inevitable.

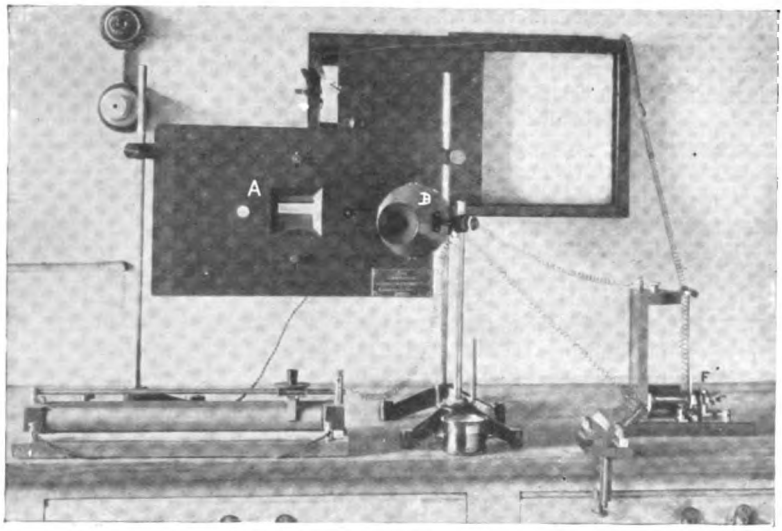
Love, when genuine, is too violent to be quite normal. It runs entirely counter to the evolution theory. It brings death more often than life.

> These violent delights have violent ends,
> And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
> Which as they kiss consume.

Once more: some natures seem to be more susceptible to the love-fever than others, and would appear to be possessed of a special mental "diatheses" or disposition, resembling the physical diathesis—the tendency to cancer, scrofula, etc.—so well known to the physician. And the greater proneness to the affliction when in ill-health, mental or physical, brings it also into line with physical disease. There are, however, exceptions. Again, a love-affair of a certain type makes the individual, in many cases, partly or entirely immune to one of a similar nature for the future. Whether it is possible to be in love with more than one person at the same time is a difficult question, but we are, perhaps, a little too ready to answer it in the negative.

No one will deny that extreme cases abound which are obviously diseased, but these shade off to the so-called normal cases by imperceptible degrees, and the dividing line is not easy to draw. How are we to regard the numerous love-tragedies of history? What are we to say of the love murders and suicides which we read about daily in our newspapers? Can we honestly convince ourselves—those of us who are not entirely inexperienced in the matter—that these cases belong to a class by themselves, and have no closer a relation to ordinary love than—say—a cancerous liver has to a normal one? Perhaps if a larger proportion of people were insusceptible to the passion—that some such people exist cannot be doubted—we should be more ready to class it among our diseases.

If disease it is, we must look for its cause in the subconscious, as explained above, and therefore the ordinary healing method of "suggestion," in which the patient's interest is turned in some other direction, is in most cases useless unless helped out by some means

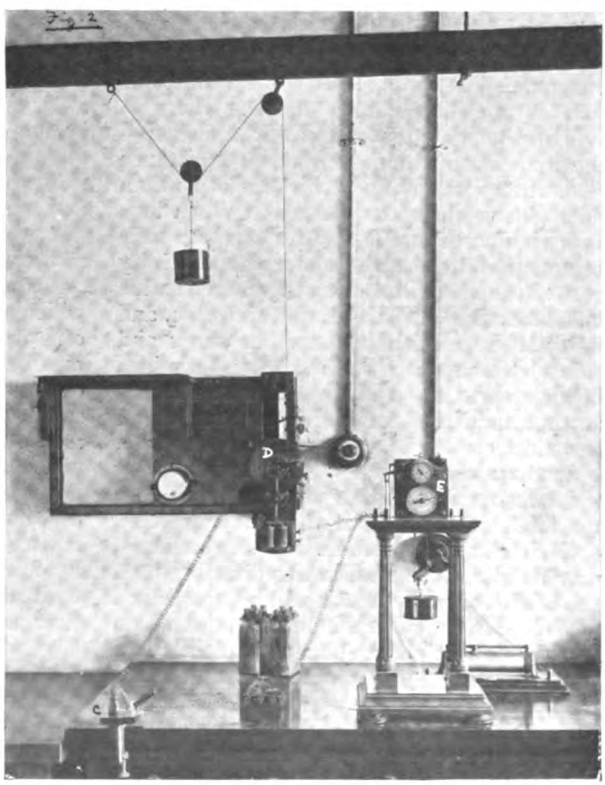


THE PSYCHO-ANALYSIS APPARATUS.

For testing the mental condition of lovers, and other emotional patients.

1.—Each word appears through the aperture of the screen A, and the subject or "patient" speaks the associated word into the "voice-key" B, which is in electrical connection, through the relay F, with the chronoscope, or clock, E, in the adjoining room (see Fig. below).

of a second. From the normal or abnormal nature of the associations, and the normal or abnormal length of the association-times, the psychologist can draw inferences as to the state of the patient's conscious and subconscious life. In hysterical cases one gets remarkably long association - times with certain words; instead of the normal one to two seconds, they may be as long as seven or eight, and of getting down to the subconscious life of the individual. Such means are afforded us by the method of "*psycho - analysis*" invented by Professor Freud of Vienna, and employed by him and his disciples, especially by Professor Yung of Zürich, with remarkable success upon certain forms of mental disease—*e.g.*, hysteria. The principle of the method is similar to that of cross-examination as employed in a court of law, except that single words instead of questions are used as the bait. A series of words from thirty to a hundred, of which every third word bears upon the suspected trouble (the others are indifferent or neutral words), are read out singly to the patient, and he is required to reply in each case as quickly as possible with the first word that comes into his mind. His "association - times," or the times taken by him to reply, are measured to one-tenth of a second by means of a stop-watch, and the replies or "associations" are also noted. In the accompanying photographs a much more elaborate apparatus is shown, by means of which the association-times can be measured very accurately, correct to one-thousandth



THE OTHER END OF THE APPARATUS IN AN ADJOINING ROOM.

2.—Closure of the electric key C exposes a word through the aperture of the screen A of Fig. 1, by means of the electrically-worked revolving spindle D. It also starts the hands of the chronoscope E moving. When the subject responds into the voice-key, the electric circuit is broken and the hands stop. The position of the hands gives the association-time in thousandths of a second.

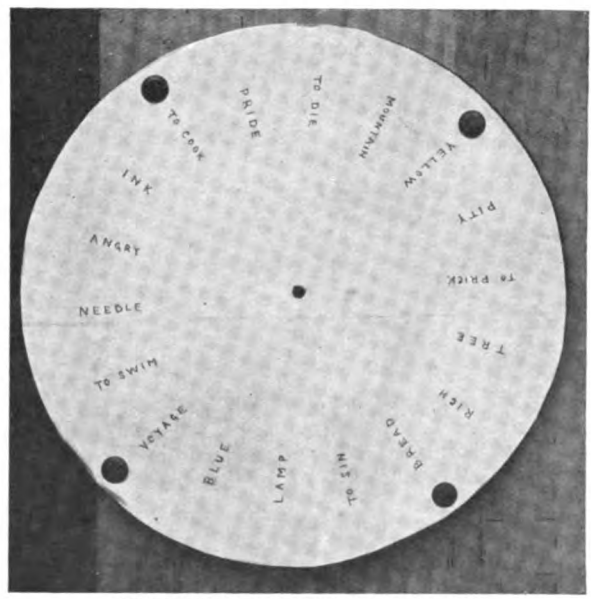
sometimes no response at all can be given by the patient. These words refer to an emotional shock or emotional tendency which is the cause of the disease, but which has passed from the conscious to the subconscious life of the patient, and, therefore, produces its disastrous effects unknown to the patient himself. The shock has acted as a foreign body or malignant growth in the subconscious, and the method of psycho-analysis brings it to the patient's memory—*i.e.*, drags it up into full consciousness, and so enables the reason and the will to be directed upon it and render it innocuous.

The physician learns of the cause of the disease simultaneously with the patient, and is then able to help the latter by thoroughly "talking the thing out" with him.

The case of love is very similar to this. Love is a disturbance in which the subconscious is largely involved, hence its seeming mysteriousness and irrationality. Not all love-affairs need to be cured, but in cases where this is desirable the method of psycho-analysis enables the reason and will of the lover to be directed upon the irrational emotional tendencies that have gained a footing in his subconsciousness, so that they are seen in their true light and combated accordingly. Let us imagine the instance of a pair of lovers where, owing to some internal reasons, jealousy, etc., love is not flowing smoothly. If these two people be tested separately and independently with the same list of words, much information can be obtained as to the nature of their subconscious selves, and also of the more hidden parts of their explicit consciousness. They will learn much for themselves in the course of the experiment, even before the psychologist passes his judgment. Cases of "hopeless love" could be treated in a similar way, so that indirectly the method might even prove to be a new and efficacious way of curing some cases of consumption, or at least directing the physician's attention to the mental factor which is not unfrequently present in these instances. The actual curative treatment, so far as it is mental, would in every case take the form of "suggestion" and a talking of the matter out with the patient; the psychologist would prescribe measures for directing the flow of the patient's ideas and emotional tendencies into other channels.

The reader may quickly convince himself of the efficacy of the method in revealing what is present in the subconscious, by acting as the subject or patient in the experiments. He will find that the words called out to him do strike upon his subconsciousness and bring to light emotional ideas previously unknown even to himself.

One last word to prevent misunderstanding. The term "love" is used in two senses. With the exception of those rare sunlit characters which we all adore but so seldom meet, men and women react to the passion of love, founded upon the sexual instinct, in



DISC CARRYING THE STIMULUS-WORDS.

3.—It rotates step-wise behind the screen A of Fig. 1, and is driven by the mechanism D of Fig. 2.

ways that show a remarkable resemblance to the symptoms of certain forms of mental disease. The passion is essentially egoistic, even when it leads, as it occasionally does, to self-sacrifice and self-destruction. The other form of love is what is generally known as *affection*. This is divine. We are often better without love in the former sense, but true affection should be cherished and not suppressed.

The series of stories now appearing are specially translated for English boys and girls from a volume of the best Russian Wonder Tales selected by command of the Czar for the use of his own children.

LITTLE BEAR'S SON.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

IN a certain kingdom beyond the ocean there once lived an old peasant with his wife. They were honest and industrious, though very poor, and, moreover, had no children, which was a great grief to them. In scanty seasons the peasant eked out his living by hunting wolves and bears, whose skins he sold to buy bread.

One day he tracked a bear to its den, and having killed it, he found there, to his astonishment, a little boy three years old, naked and sturdy, whom the bear had stolen and had been rearing like a cub. The peasant took the little boy home, called in the priest, had him baptized Ivashko Medvedko, which is to say, "Little Ivan, Bear's Son," and began to bring him up as his own.

The lad grew not by years, but by hours, as fast as if someone were dragging him upstairs, until when he was fifteen he was of a man's height and stronger than anyone in the whole countryside. He did not realize his own strength, so that before long, as he played with the other lads of the village, accidents began to happen.

This naturally produced much trouble, and finally his neighbours came to the old peasant and said: "You are our neighbour and our countryman, and we have no quarrel with you. But as for your Bear's Son, he should be turned out of the village."

The old man was sad and sorry, for he loved the lad and knew that he had a good heart and meant no mischief. Little Bear's Son noticed his downcast looks and asked: "Why are you so sad, grandfather?"

"Ah, little grandson," said the old man, sighing heavily, "you have been my only comfort. Now our neighbours have determined to expel you from the village, and what will you do, and how will you live?"

"Well, grandfather," answered he, "this is truly a great misfortune, but it cannot be helped. Go, I pray, and buy me an iron club of a thousand pounds weight. Let me remain here but three weeks longer, to exercise and develop my body, and then I shall leave you to make mine own way in the world."

The old man went and bought the heavy iron club, loaded it in a cart, and brought it home, and with it Little Bear's Son began each day to exercise.

Now near by was a green meadow on which stood three fir trees; the first was fifteen fathoms around, the second twenty, and the third twenty-five. When the first week was ended he went to the meadow, seized the first fir tree, and putting forth all his strength pulled it over. He went home and exercised with his iron club a second week, and at the end of that time he went to the meadow, seized the second fir tree, bent it down to the ground and broke it into two pieces. He went home and exercised with his iron club yet a third week, and going to the meadow he seized the third fir tree and with a single jerk tore it up by the roots. "Now," said Little Bear's Son, "I am so strong that I fear not even a witch," and bidding farewell, with tears, to the old man and the old woman, he thrust his iron club into his girdle and went straight before him.

He came at length to a river three miles wide. On its bank knelt a giant, as tall as a birch sapling, and as thick as a hayrick, with his mouth stretched wide in the water, catching fish with his moustache. When he caught one, he kindled a fire on his tongue, roasted the fish, and swallowed it.

"Health to you, giant," said Little Bear's Son. "Who are you?"

"Health to you," answered the other. "My name is Usynia—the moustache-man. Where are you going?"

"Straight before me," replied Little Bear's Son. "Will you come with me? It is merrier with companionship. You are of a goodly size and should be a man of strength."

"As for that," said the giant, "my strength is nothing. For a really strong man, they say you must go to him who is named Ivashko Medvedko."

"That is my name," said Little Bear's Son.

"Then will I go with you right willingly," said the other.

They travelled for a day, when they came to a valley in which a giant four yards high was at work. He was carrying earth, a whole hill at a time, and mending the roads with it.

"Health to you," said Little Bear's Son. "What are you called?"

"Health to you," replied the giant. "My name is Gorynia—the hill-man. Whither doth God lead you?"

"Straight before us," said Little Bear's Son. "You are a strong man, I see. But why do you toil so hard?"

"Because I am dull," answered the other. "But as for strength, I have little enough compared with a certain youth named Ivashko Medvedko."

"I am he," said Little Bear's Son.

"Then take me with you," said the giant, "and I will be your younger brother."

They travelled for two days, when they passed through a forest of oak trees, and in it they perceived a third giant as tall as a barn, at work making all the oaks of the same height.

"Health to you," said Little Bear's Son. "You are indeed a mighty man. What is your name?"

"Health to you," responded the giant. "My name is Dubynia—the oak-man. But my strength is as naught compared with that of a certain Ivashko Medvedko that I have heard tell of."

"I am that one," said Little Bear's Son. "Will you go with us and be our comrade?"

"That I will," answered the giant. "Where does your path lead?"

"Straight before us," said Little Bear's Son, and the third giant went with them.

They travelled, all four together, for three days, when they came to a wilderness full of all kinds of game, and Little Bear's Son said: "Let us build a house here and dwell in ease and comfort."

The three giants agreed. All immediately set to work clearing the stubble and preparing the timbers, and before nightfall the dwelling was completed. It was built of the hugest trees, and was big enough to shelter comfortably forty ordinary men. When it was finished they made a hunt and killed and snared beasts and fowl to fill their larder.

The next morning Little Bear's Son said: "Each day three of us must hunt so that we do not lack food, while the fourth stays at home

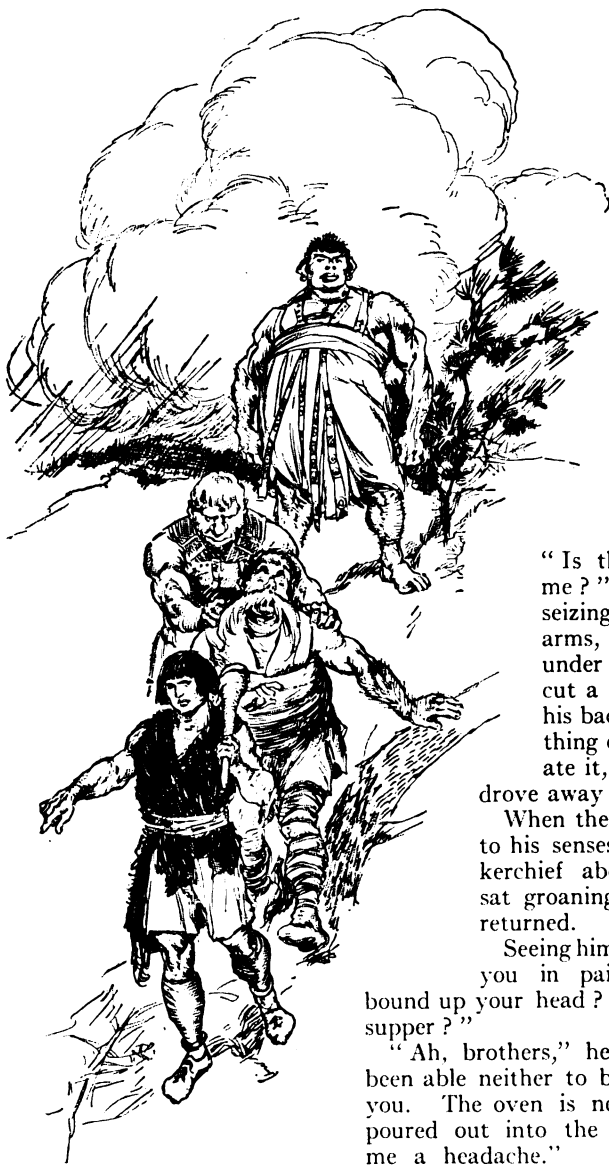
to guard our house and to cook for the rest. Let us cast lots, therefore, to see who shall stay at home to-day."

They cast lots, and it fell to Usynia to remain, and the other three went away to hunt.

When they had departed Usynia took flesh and fowl and prepared a fit meal for his comrades when they should return, and boiled and baked and roasted whatever pleased his soul. When all was ready he washed his head and, sitting down under the window, began to comb his curly locks with a comb.

Suddenly it thundered, the wind began to moan, the earth began to shake, and the wild, thick, silent forest bent down to the ground. Usynia grew faint and giddy and everything seemed to turn green. As he looked out of the window he saw the earth begin to rise, and from under it lifted a huge stone, and from beneath the stone came a Baba-Yaga, a witch, riding in a great iron mortar, driving with the pestle, and sweeping away her trail behind her with a broom.

Usynia was badly frightened, but he opened the door, and when the old witch came in wished her good health and gave her a bench to sit on.



"LITTLE BEAR'S SON SAID: 'LET US BUILD A HOUSE HERE AND DWELL IN EASE AND COMFORT.'"

"Can you not see, you dolt," snarled the Baba-Yaga, "that I am hungry? Give me something to eat!"

Usynia took a roast duck from the oven and some bread and salt, and set them before her. She ate it all greedily and demanded more. He brought another piece of meat, but it was so small that she flew into a rage. "Is this how you serve me?" she cried, and, seizing him with her bony arms, she threw him under the table. Then she cut a strip of skin from his back, snatched everything out of the oven and ate it, bones and all, and drove away in her mortar.

When the injured giant came to his senses he tied his handkerchief about his head and sat groaning till his comrades returned.

Seeing him, they asked: "Are you in pain that you have bound up your head? And where is our supper?"

"Ah, brothers," he replied, "I have been able neither to boil nor to roast for you. The oven is new and the smoke poured out into the room till it gave me a headache."

So Little Bear's Son and his two comrades prepared their meals themselves.

The next day Gorynia remained at home. He roasted and fried to his heart's content, and when all was done he washed his head and began to comb his hair, when all at once it lightened, hail began to fall, and the trees of the dense, sleepy forest bent over to the ground. He grew faint and giddy and everything seemed to turn green. Then he saw the earth stir, the stone lift, and from beneath it the Baba-Yaga came riding in her mortar.

Gorynia was too frightened to hide him-

self, and the old witch came in without knocking. "Health to you, grandmother," said the giant, and bade her sit down.

"Do you not see that I am hungry and thirsty?" she snapped. "Fetch me food!"

He set a piece of venison and a cup of mare's milk before her. She ate and drank and asked for more, and he brought her another piece of meat. This, however, being smaller than the first, did not please her fancy. "Is it thus you serve me?" she shrieked, and, gripping him by the hair with her skinny hands, she belaboured him with her pestle till his senses left him. Then she cut a strip of flesh from his back, threw him under the bench, ate all that he had cooked, and drove away.

When the others returned from their hunting they found Gorynia sitting with his head bandaged and groaning, louder than had Usynia the day before. "Alas, brothers!" he said, when they questioned him. "The wood was damp and would not burn, and from trying to bake and roast for you, my head aches as if it would burst!"

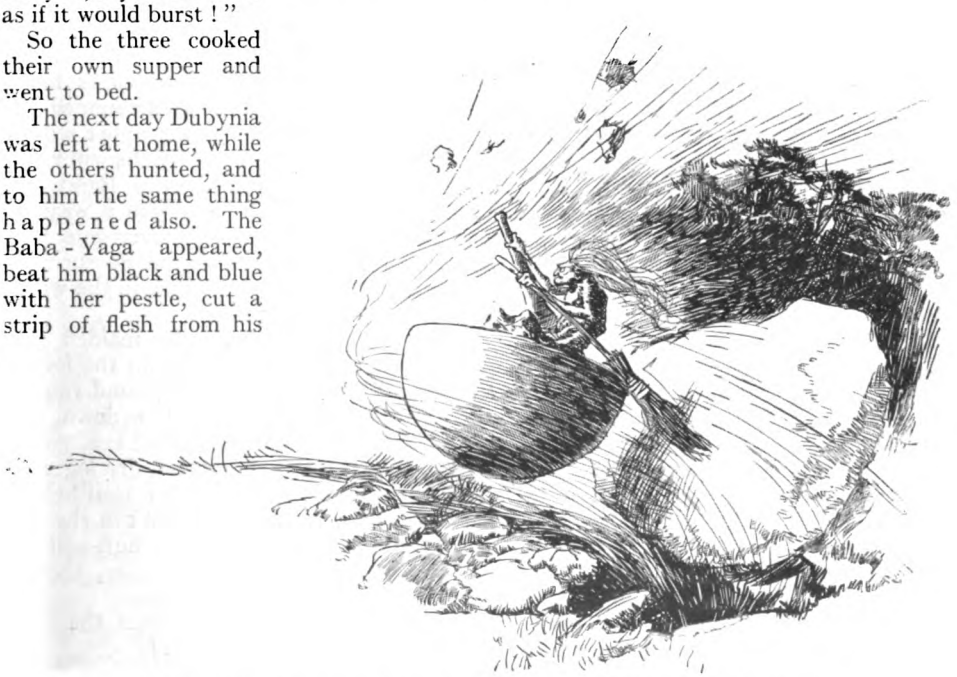
So the three cooked their own supper and went to bed.

The next day Dubynia was left at home, while the others hunted, and to him the same thing happened also. The Baba-Yaga appeared, beat him black and blue with her pestle, cut a strip of flesh from his back, threw him into a corner, ate the supper, and drove away. He also sat groaning till the others returned, when he said: "Brothers, I have been able neither to boil nor to bake for you, for the dampers of the stove would not close, and the gas from the burning wood made me giddy and caused my poor head to ache as if it must split in two!"

On the fourth day it came the turn of Little Bear's Son to stay. He put the house to rights, boiled, baked, and roasted, and, when all was prepared, washed his head, sat down under the window, and began to comb his hair. Suddenly rain began to fall, the wind howled in the forest, and everything turned green before his eyes; then the earth parted, the great stone tilted, and out from the hole came the Baba-Yaga, riding in her mortar.

Little Bear's Son was not frightened, however, nor was he made giddy. He fetched his iron club of a thousand pounds weight, stood it ready in a corner, and opened the door. "Health to you, grandmother," he said.

She hobbled in and sat down, grinding all her teeth and smiling. "Fool!" she said. "Why do you not offer me something to eat and drink?"



"OUT FROM THE HOLE CAME THE BABA-YAGA, RIDING IN HER MORTAR."

"The food that I have cooked," he replied, "is for my comrades, not for you!"

The old witch snatched up her pestle and sprang upon him, thinking to treat him as she had the others; but he seized her by her

grey locks, grasped his iron club, and began to beat her till even her witch's body suffered tortures and she howled for mercy. Then he threw her into a cupboard and locked the door.

Presently the three giants returned, expecting, each one of them, to find Little Bear's Son well beaten and their supper gone. But he welcomed them, bade them sit down, and brought from the oven foods of all sorts, deliciously cooked and in plenty.

When the supper was ended, Little Bear's Son heated the bath for his comrades, and all went to bathe. Now, because the witch had cut the strips of flesh from their backs, each of the three giants tried to stand always with his face toward Little Bear's Son, lest he should see the scar. But at length he asked: "Brothers, why do you stand thus facing me, like men who fear to show their shoulders?" Then they turned themselves about, and he asked: "Why are these scars upon your backs?"

Then Usynia said: "The day I stayed at home the smoke of the fire blinded my eyes, so that I touched the stove and the hot iron scarred me." Gorynia said: "When I remained, the wood was damp, and, in filling the stove with dry, a faggot dropped from my shoulder and tore my flesh." And Dubynia said: "When I was left behind, the gas from the oven made me giddy, so that I slipped and fell upon your iron club."

Then Little Bear's Son laughed, and, opening the cupboard door, dragged from thence the Baba-Yaga. "Here, brothers," he said, "are the smoke, the dampness, and the gas."

Now, the old witch was cunning, and she pretended to be still senseless from her beating. She opened one eye a little, however, and, seeing her chance, suddenly leaped into her mortar, whirled through the doorway, and in another moment had disappeared.

The three giants, angered to find their secret discovered, were still more furious to see the Baba-Yaga outwit them. They ran to the stone and put forth all their strength to turn it, but were unable. Then Little Bear's Son went to the stone, lifted it, and hurled it a mile away. Beneath it was a great dark hole, like the burrow of an enormous fox.

"Brothers," said Little Bear's Son, "the witch is in this abyss. She is now our mortal enemy, and if we do not kill her she will drive us, one by one, out of the world. Which of us shall follow her?"

The three giants, however, had tasted the Baba-Yaga's power, and had no relish for attacking her. "Well," said Little Bear's Son, "it seems that I must be the one to go." He bade them, then, cut into strips the hides of the beasts they had trapped and killed, and to twist the strips into a long rope. He planted a great post in the ground, tied one end of the rope to this and threw the other end into the dark hole. "Now, brothers," he said, "remain here and watch, one of you at a time. If you see the rope quiver and shake, lay hold of it and hoist me out."

The rope held and was sufficiently long, and at length he reached the bottom. There he found a trodden path which led him through a long underground passage, till finally he emerged into another world.

He wandered a day, and two, and three, and on the fourth day he came, in a forest, to a wretched little hut standing on chicken legs and turning round and round without ceasing. About it was a garden, and in the garden was a beautiful damsel plucking flowers.

He greeted her, and she said: "Health to you, good youth, but what do you here? This is the house of a Baba-Yaga, who, if you remain, will surely devour you!"

"It is she I seek," he answered.

"You are a brave man," the damsel said. "But the witch is a hundred times more powerful here, where she is surrounded by her enchantments, than in the upper world. She is now asleep, but presently she will wake and ride away. Hide in the forest till she is gone, and I will show you a way by which, perchance, you may overcome her. Only promise truly that if you do succeed, you will take me back with you to the world whence she carried me away."

Little Bear's Son gave the maiden this promise, and concealed himself in the forest, and after a while he felt the ground rumble and saw the trees shiver and bow down, and out of the hut came the Baba-Yaga, riding away in her great iron mortar, driving with the pestle and sweeping out her trail behind her with her kitchen broom. When she was out of sight he hastened to the hut, and the damsel, taking him into the cellar, showed him two great casks full of water.

"Drink," she bade him, "from the right cask, as much as you can hold."

He stooped down and took a long drink, when she asked: "How strong are you now?"

"I am so strong," he replied, "that if I chose, with one hand I could lift and turn about this whole hut!"

"Listen well," she said, "to what I tell you. The cask from which you have drunk

"'IT IS SHE I SEEK,' HE ANSWERED."

contains Strong Water. It is this which gives the Baba-Yaga her strength. The cask on the left holds Weak Water, and whoever drinks from it is quickly made powerless. As soon as the witch appears, seize tightly her pestle before she lays it down, and loose not your grip as you love your life. She will try to shake you off, but you are now so strong that she will not be able to do so. Failing in this, she will hasten here to drink of the Strong Water. Change, therefore, now, the two casks, and put each in the place of the other, so that she will be deceived and will drink of the Weak Water, and then you may kill her. When you draw your sword, however, strike but a single stroke. Her mortar, her pestle, and her broom, all her faithful servants, will cry out to you to strike again, but if you strike a second stroke, she will instantly come to life again."

Little Bear's Son immediately changed the places of the two casks. And soon, as he conversed with the lovely maiden in the garden, the trees began to shiver and the timbers of the hut to creak, and the Baba-Yaga came riding home. Little Bear's Son hid himself behind a hedge, and the old witch leaped down from her mortar.

"Pooh! pooh!" she cried, smelling around her. "I smell a Russian smell! Who has visited here?"

"No one, grandmother," said the damsel. "How could one from the upper world find his way here?"

"Well," said the Baba-Yaga, "I fear no one here save a Russian named Ivashko Medvedko, and he is far away."

"You lie, old witch!" cried Little Bear's Son, and with the words sprang out and seized hold of her iron pestle. The Baba-Yaga whistled and spat and howled with rage, but, try as she might, she could not shake him off. She tore away in a whirlwind over the tree-tops of the forest, striving to dash him to pieces. But Little Bear's Son held on with all the strength he had gained from drinking the Strong Water, and she could not break his hold. She dragged him backwards and forwards over the whole

under-world in vain, till at length even she grew tired. Then back she flew to the hut and began to drink from the cask on the right hand.

Hardly, however, had the Baba-Yaga rushed from the cellar to attack Little Bear's Son again than she became all at once as weak as a blade of grass, and, drawing his sword, he cut off her wicked old head.

Instantly the iron mortar and pestle and the kitchen broom cried out to him: "Strike again! Strike again!" But, remembering what the damsel had said, he answered: "A brave man's sword strikes not twice," and sheathed it.

Little Bear's Son made a great fire in the forest and burned the witch's body to ashes. Then, taking the lovely maiden with him, he set out on his return to the upper world.

For two days they journeyed, and on the second day rain began to fall, so that they took refuge under a tree. Near by Little Bear's Son saw a great bird's nest with fledglings in it, and, pitying the young ones, which were being drenched, he hung his cloak above the nest to protect them. Presently the rain ceased, and they went on till they reached the underground passage and followed it to the place where the hide-rope hung. Little Bear's Son tied the damsel to its end and shook it, and the three giants began to pull up the rope.

When they saw the beauty of the maiden, however, the three giants were envious of their comrade, and each wished her for his wife. So they agreed together, and when they had hoisted Little Bear's Son, in his turn, almost to the top, they cut the rope and let him fall, and straightway began to quarrel over which of them should marry her.

"TRY AS SHE MIGHT, SHE COULD NOT SHAKE HIM OFF.

Little Bear's Son was terribly hurt by his fall, but so strong had he become that he was not killed. He lay on his back one day, he lay on his side two days and three, and then he managed to walk, through the long passage, into the under-world again. While he wandered there, wondering what he should do, there came flying one of the huge birds whose young he had seen, and, alighting near him, it spoke to him with a human voice.

"You had pity on my fledglings, Ivashko

Medvedko," it said, "and in return for this I will do you a service. Ask of me what you will."

"If you are able," replied Little Bear's Son, "take me out into the world."

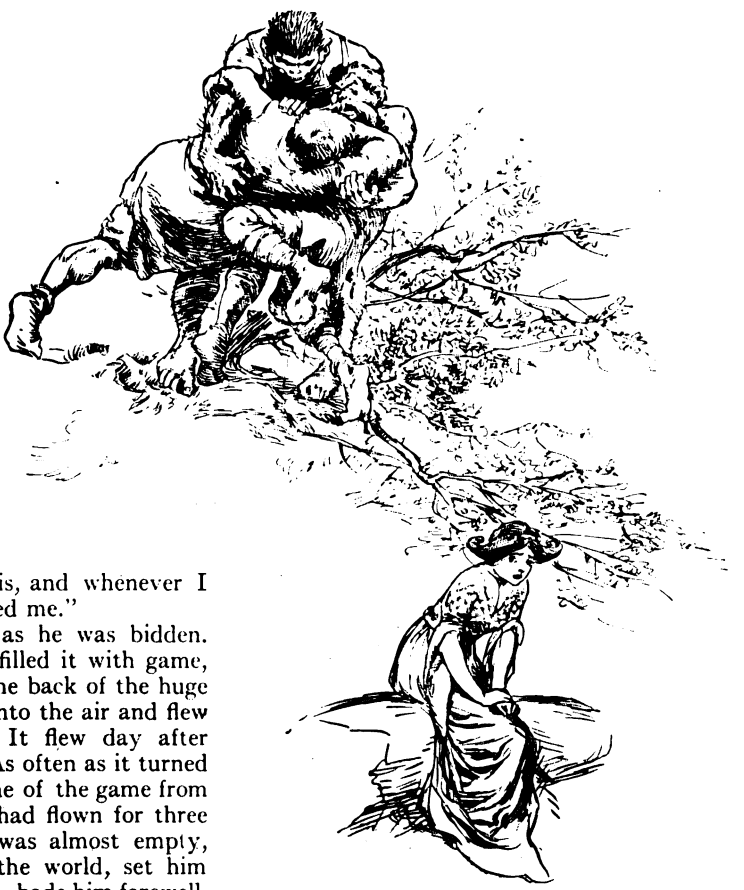
"It is a hard service," said the bird, "but there is a way I know, and I will carry you. The journey, however, will take three months. Go now into the forest and snare much game and twist a wicker basket and fill it. Mount my back with this, and whenever I turn my head as I fly, feed me."

Little Bear's Son did as he was bidden. He made a great basket, filled it with game, and mounted with it to the back of the huge bird, which at once rose into the air and flew away like a hurricane. It flew day after day, without stopping. As often as it turned its head he fed it with some of the game from the basket, and when it had flown for three months, and the basket was almost empty, it carried him out into the world, set him down in a grassy meadow, bade him farewell, and flew away.

Little Bear's Son came at last to his own kingdom, and to the forest wherein stood the house that he and the three giants had built. A little way within the forest he saw a green lawn, and on it a lovely girl was tending cows. He drew near and found to his surprise that she was none other than the damsel he had rescued from the hut of the Baba-Yaga.

She greeted him with joy, and told him all that had befallen her: how the giants had quarrelled over her, and how they had fought each day for an hour — but, as no one of them was stronger than the others they had not been able to decide, and had made her tend their cattle till one should prevail. Then he kissed her on the mouth, and said he: "You shall wed no one of those faithless brothers of mine, but I shall wed you myself."

Little Bear's Son sent her on before him, and coming to the hut, where the three giants sat at the window drinking, pulled his cap over his face and in a humble tone asked for a drink of milk.



"THEY HAD FOUGHT EACH DAY FOR AN HOUR."

"Be off with you!" grunted Usynia, without turning his head.

"We want no beggars here!" snarled Gorynia.

"Milk, forsooth!" shouted Dubynia. "You shall have a taste of my club instead!"

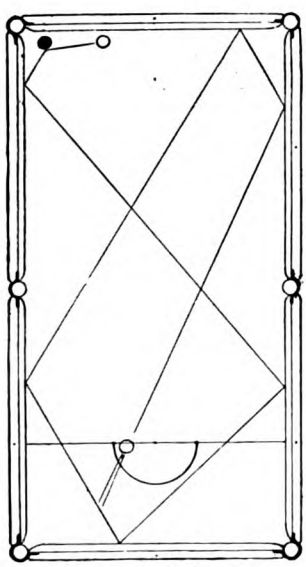
Then Little Bear's Son took off his cap and they recognized him. They turned pale with fright and, making for the door, ran away as if the Tartars were after them, and were never seen in that kingdom again. And Little Bear's Son married the lovely damsel, and they dwelt in that house all their lives in such peace and comfort that they wanted nothing they did not have, and had nothing they did not want.

George Gray's Trick Strokes.

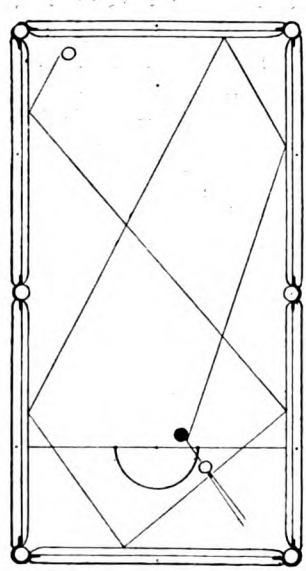
George Gray, whose marvellous breaks have created so much sensation in the world of billiards, has been in the habit, after his match play, of giving an exhibition of extraordinary trick strokes, which spectators have found to be as interesting and as wonderful as is his game itself. Those who have not seen these trick strokes and those who, having seen them, wish to study them will find the tricks fully described and illustrated in the following article.

GEORGE GRAY.
From a Photograph by "Sport & General."

ON an ordinary billiard-table it requires considerable cue-power to make a ball strike all six cushions. Gray not only does this, but scores the cannon shown in our diagram. It will be noted that the stroke is completed after the cue-ball has struck the sixth cushion. This means that the ball must be hit with wonderful power and accuracy, and many who have quite a reputation as billiard sloggers will find this stroke beyond their very hardest smite.



1.—A cannon off six cushions.

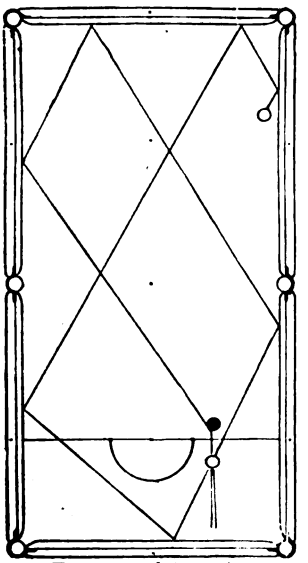


2.—A six-cushion cannon.

Our second diagram shows another brilliant spectacular effort by Gray. Here, again, all six cushions are utilized, but the cannon is slightly more orthodox because of the direct contact with the first object-ball. This is another stroke which will test the prowess of the muscular exponent of the game.

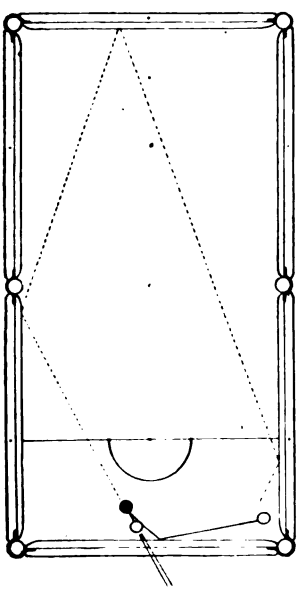
More difficult

still is the cannon shown below (3). Gray sends the cue-ball speeding twice round the table to make the score, and it will be noted that no fewer than seven cushions are called into play before the stroke is completed. This stroke is far beyond even the accidental efforts of the average player.



3.—Twice round the table for a cannon.

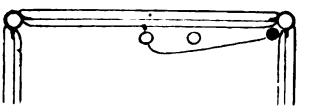
A pretty and effective trick stroke is the next (4) to demand attention. A cannon, gathering the balls together, is accomplished, and the run of the object-ball is shown by a dotted line, while a continuous line indicates the course taken by the cue-ball. An amateur who can put plenty of screw and side on a ball can amuse himself by having a shot at this stroke. He will doubtless make the cannon fairly often with a little practice. His trouble will commence when he tries to leave the balls together as Gray does every time.



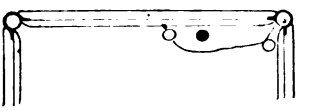
4.—A positional screw cannon.

Although the secret of George Gray's marvellous manipulation of the red ball in his big breaks is undoubtedly plain-ball striking such as we have never seen before, yet it must not be hastily inferred that the young Australian cannot make what are called the "tall" strokes. As a matter of fact, his collection of *massé* and allied strokes is one of the finest ever brought before the public by a cueist born in the British Empire, and compares favourably with the display of American and Continental exponents of this branch of billiards.

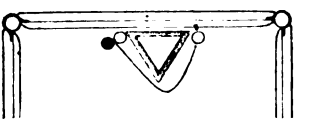
The accompanying diagrams depict a number of these strokes, all demanding complete control of the cue when the butt is uplifted. The two (5 and 6) bear a strong family likeness to each other. In each case the object is to make the cue-ball curl round an intervening object, but in the first example the winning hazard is scored, while a loser off the white is the objective in the second. What can be done when this class of stroke is pushed to an extreme is shown in our seventh diagram, depicting Gray's famous cannon round the triangle used for setting up the pyramid balls.



5.—A massé winning hazard.



6.—A massé losing hazard.

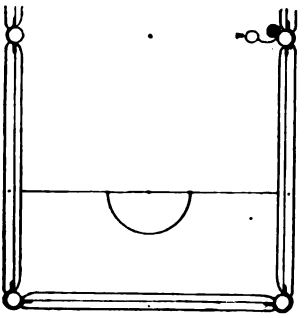


7.—A cannon round the triangle.

No. 8 is a *piqué* cannon direct back off the red when the balls are too close together for an ordinary screw-back. It is not by any means easy, and only very skilled amateurs can hope to exploit it with any degree of success. The ninth stroke is something far harder; the cue-ball is made to swerve round the red, strike the white first, and complete the cannon—a grand exhibition stroke which Gray plays to perfection. Diagram 10 shows a stroke which is really a teaser, whatever it may look like at first sight. The

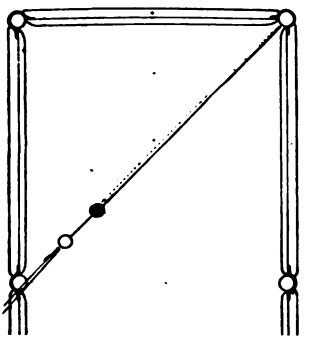
8.—A piqué cannon off the red.

9.—A difficult massé cannon off the white.



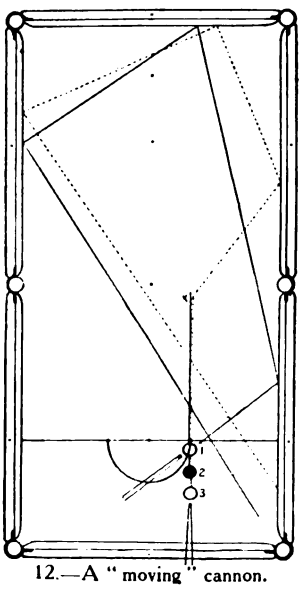
10.—An exquisite massé losing hazard.

object-ball is right on the middle pocket jaw, the cue-ball close behind, and the only possible chance of the losing hazard is the exquisite *massé* shown in the illustration. It is so exasperating to judge exactly what to do with this stroke, even by those who have a fair control of the *massé*, as the requisite contact with the far side of the object must be judged with the utmost nicety or failure is certain. To show the curl of the cue-ball and its contact quite clearly the object-ball has been drawn a shade farther from the centre of the pocket than in the actual stroke.

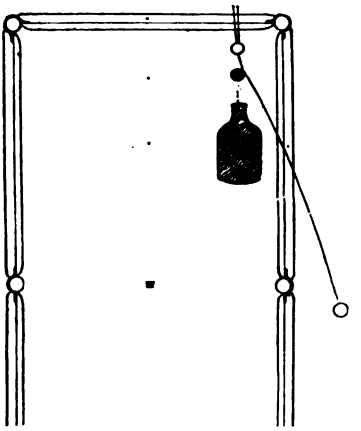


11.—A sensational six-stroke.

Coming to what may be called the broader class of exhibition stroke, the type which never fails to raise a smile, it must be admitted that George Gray holds his own here. The novel six-stroke shown in our eleventh diagram is marvellously clever, even if not quite in accordance with the rules. Apparently Gray intends to make a six-shot by potting the red in the top pocket and screwing back into the middle pocket. He sends the red down with a whiz and a bang, but before the white has time to reach its destination he catches it with the point of his cue and sends it into the same pocket as the red — a truly marvellous display of speed and accuracy in cue delivery.



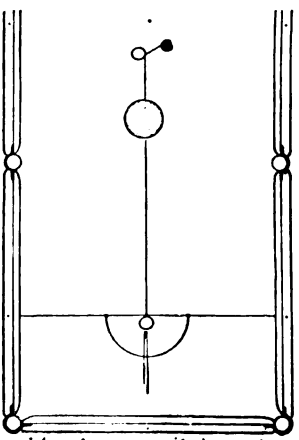
12.—A "moving" cannon.



13.—A cannon off the table.

To make a cannon when all three balls are on the move is a distinct novelty, manipulated by Gray in the following manner. The ball marked "1" is first played round the table in the direction of the continuous line, then "2" is given a gentle push down the table with the hand. When it has reached about the point marked with a cross in the diagram (12), "3" is dispatched after it with the cue, and, catching it while still on the move, goes round the table as shown by the dotted line, and makes the cannon with "1" somewhere in the vicinity of the right baulk pocket.

Although Gray's repertoire of trick and fancy strokes is by no means exhausted, a couple of exhibition shots of the ever-popular "basket" type will suffice to conclude this article. In the first, No. 13, Gray knocks the red ball into the pool-basket and makes a cannon with the assistance of a second object-ball somewhere on the floor. In the last example (14) the pool-basket is directly in the way of a cannon; but Gray plays a stroke which not only makes the ball clear the basket out of its path, thus enabling the cannon to be made, but also knocks the basket upright into its proper position on the bed of the table.



14.—A cannon viâ the pool-basket.

Another Chess Curiosity.

By T. B. ROWLAND.

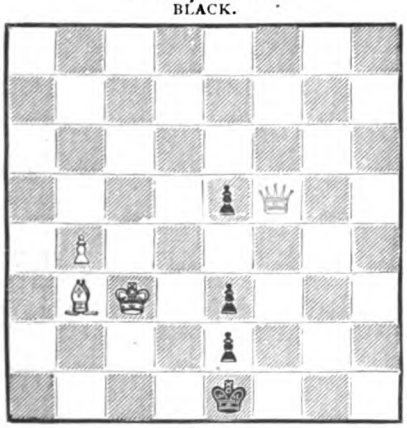
HERE is a position which, when changed from one place to another on the chess-board, will produce results that will appear to be incredible. The transfers will cause the formation of nearly a score of different problems, and those so formed will be found to be of a good order and particularly free from cooks, dual and triple mates and continuations, or other blemishes. Further, each problem will be found to be an interesting study in itself.

As all the problems in this series are three-movers, it will be unnecessary to state the conditions under each. The mottoes are clues to the key-moves, and so will assist the solver.

First, place the position as follows :—

No. 1.—PINION.

BLACK.



WHITE.

This position is a hitherto unpublished problem, as all the others which emanate from it are, so will be new to our solvers. For our next, move it one square to the right :—

No. 2.—ASCENSION.

Another different problem which will be found difficult. It will not be made less so by moving it again one square to the right, giving :—

No. 3.—DESCENSION.

The White pawn takes no part in the solutions. The mystery of its presence, which is a curiosity in itself, will, however, be explained later on. Now move the position up one square, and we get :—

No. 4.—CONDESCENSION.

Quite a different problem altogether, as will be seen. The wonder is that such a method of constructing was not sooner adopted. It dispels the impression that there is nothing new in chess problems nowadays, saves the composer the trouble of forming themes or ideas to work on, and in a great measure discards the use of diagrams, which oftentimes uselessly occupy valuable space.

The utility of the White pawn is now doubtful, and so it may be put aside ; at the same time, its presence does not interfere with the solutions. In any case, it is better to remove it, as it may only confuse the solver. Move this (No. 4) up one square, and we have :—

No. 5.—SIMILARITY.

One more move up brings a pawn on to a square it never before occupied when in use. However, it may be removed from the board or allowed to remain, at the option of the solver. In either case, it will in no way interfere with the continuance of our series of problems. Here then occurs what is more curious than all. By removing it we get :—

No. 6.—REPETITION.

By allowing the pawn to remain, and then moving the position one square to the left, bringing the White king to Q 6, and the other men to their relative places, we obtain a new problem in :—

No. 7.—"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

This in turn may be moved one square to the left for a solution. Having so moved it, we can utilize the dummy pawn by removing it from K1 to Q B 7. Now move the position down one square—the Black pawn again becoming a dummy—and we get :—

No. 8.—MAJESTICAL.

Remove the dummy pawn from the board, and move the position down one square diagonally to the left, and we have :—

No. 9.—MONARCHICAL.

Move this one square to the right, and then place the discarded Black pawn on K B 2, and we again have a different problem in :—

No. 10.—MYSTICAL.

We will now restore the pawns to their proper places, move the position down one square, and arrive at our first position, No. 1, a diagram of which we have given.

A very slight alteration of either the White pawn or a Black pawn will allow of many other problems. For instance, having No. 1 before us, remove the White pawn from Q Kt 4 to Q B 4. This gives :—

No. 11.—ECCLESIASTICAL.

Position No. 1 moved one square to the left, and having the White pawn at K B 6 instead of Q Kt 4, produces :—

No. 12.—EXCELSIOR.

This, with the White pawn at K 7 instead of K B 6, is changed to :—

No. 13.—STRATEGY.

Other problems can be formed by turning the board. No. 3, for instance, when placed upside down. But we will not proceed farther at present, as otherwise we would weary the solver.

Solutions will appear in due course.

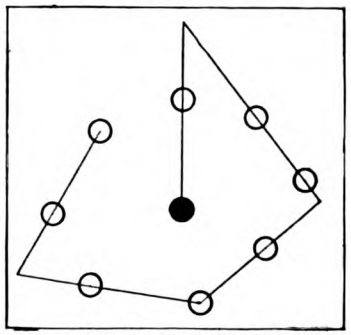
SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S CHESS CURIOSITY.

No. 1.—1.	Q—B 1, P—B 5;	2. Q—K Kt 1, ch, etc.
	if P—K 6;	2. Q—K 2, etc.
No. 2.—1.	Q—K Kt 1, P—Q 5;	2. Q—K R 1, ch, etc.
No. 3.—1.	Q—R 8, P—K 5;	2. Q—R 3, etc.
	if P—Kt 6;	2. Q—Kt 2, etc.
No. 4.—1.	Q—R 7, P—K 6;	2. Q—R 2, etc.
No. 5.—1.	Q—B 2, ch, K—B 8;	2. Q—Q 1, ch, etc.
	if P—K 7;	2. Q—B 1, etc.
No. 6.—1.	Q—K Kt 3, ch, K—R 3;	2. Q—R 4, ch, etc.
No. 7.—1.	Q—B 7, ch, K—B 1;	2. Q—K 8, ch, etc.
No. 8.—1.	Q—Q Kt 6, ch, K—R 6;	2. Q—R 5, ch, etc.
No. 9.—1.	Q—R 3, P—R 5;	2. K—Kt 7, etc.
1.	K—Kt 7, P—B 4;	2. Q—Q 4, etc.
No. 10.—1.	Q—Kt 3, P—Kt 5;	2. K—B 7, etc.
No. 11.—1.	Q—Kt 3, ch, P—Q 6;	2. Q—Kt 2, etc.
	if K—K 7;	2. Q—B 2, ch, etc.

Nos. 12, 13, and 14.—The same mode of procedure as No. 11.

PERPLEXITIES.

Puzzles and Solutions. By Henry E. Dudeney.



74.—THE NINE CIRCLES.

Can you place the point of your pencil on the black circle and in four consecutive straight strokes (without taking your pencil from the paper) enter every one of the white circles once? We give as an example a solution in five strokes, but it can be done in four.

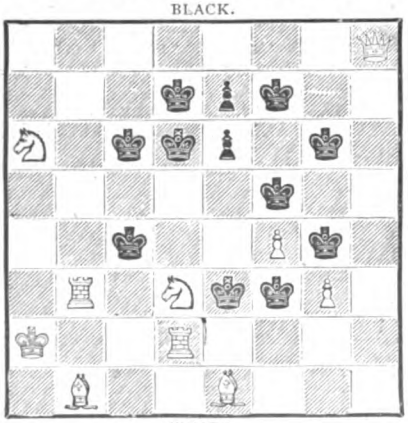
75.—A NEW MONEY PUZZLE.

The largest sum of money that can be written in pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings, using each of the nine digits once and only once, is £98,765 4s. 3½d. Now, try to discover the smallest sum of money that can be written down under precisely the same conditions. There must be some value given for each denomination—pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings—and the nought may not be used. It requires just a little judgment and thought.

76.—MATING TEN KINGS AT ONCE.

In the issue of this magazine for December, 1909, we gave a problem in which six black kings are checkmated simultaneously on the second move. A reference was also made to the fact that Mr. Waterbury had composed a problem in which nine kings are simultaneously mated on the ninth move. We now give a curious arrangement by Mr. G. Reichhelm, in which as many as ten black kings can be mated in one move. There is, of course, no difficulty whatever in finding the solution. The interest lies in the fact (unless some reader can disprove it) that more than ten kings cannot be simultaneously checkmated. This is the record, and many readers will doubtless like to be made acquainted with the curiosity.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Mate the ten black kings in one move.

77.—BUYING CHOCOLATE.

Some youngsters recently bought twenty cakes of chocolate for twenty pence. Plain chocolate was four cakes a penny, milk chocolate was two cakes a penny, and there was a special choice confection at fourpence a cake. How did they invest their money?

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

66.—THE STATION-MASTER'S LITTLE POSER.

When the guard said, "Too-too-too-too-too-too,' he simply meant, "Two to 2 to 2.2," or that they had to wait from two minutes to two o'clock until two minutes past two o'clock—four minutes. By the answer, "Faw-faw-faw-faw-faw-faw," the other official meant that they were waiting "for 4.4 for Forfar."

67.—LONDON AND YORK.

It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that wherever the two trains "met" (that is, when the fronts of the engines were side by side on parallel lines) the London train must have been nearest to London.

68.—A PAVEMENT PUZZLE.

One floor was 38 feet square (1,444 stones) and the other 26 feet square (676 stones). There were thus 2,120 stones in all, and the side of one square floor was 12 feet longer than that of the other.

69.—THE TEA-SERVICE PUZZLE.

Place numbered counters as in the diagram and the puzzle is to exchange 2 with 5 in the fewest possible moves.

1		2
3	4	5

Play as follows: 2, 5, 4, 2, 1, 3, 2, 4, 5, 1, 4, 2, 3, 4, 1, 5, 2, and it is solved in 17 moves.

70.—THE POST-OFFICE CLERK'S DILEMMA.

Five stamps at twopence, thirty stamps at one penny, and eight stamps at twopence-halfpenny will comply with the conditions.

71.—THE FIFTY PUZZLE.

The three numbers 25, 6, and 19 add up 50.

72.—THE LABOURER'S QUESTION.

The man worked 109½ days and idled 255½ days.

73.—A NEW MOTOR-CAR PUZZLE.

When my friend telegraphed, "NO WAY, I'M SURE," he did not intend to imply that no solution is possible, but to give the correct and only answer! If you first visit the town N, then O, then W, and so on in the order of the letters in his sentence, you will get to town E after visiting every other town once and once only.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A CHINESE DENTIST'S AMUSING SIGN.

"A SIGN to show
You where to go
To get relief when in great pain.
Mr. P. U. Tung,
Dental Surgeon,
Will make you laugh and smile again."

So he will, because the sign was presented to him by a patient showing the "before" and the "after" of his wonderful treatment. Under each portrait are the words, "Fine Hand."—Mr. Bertel Skow, Pharmacist, Philippine General Hospital, Manila, Philippine Islands.

THE LION AS AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

THERE are few more difficult subjects to paint or sketch than the living creatures seen in our great Zoological Gardens. To facilitate the work of the artists, the authorities at the New York Zoological Park have converted the end of their lion-house into a studio, where those so inclined can sit and sketch the various animals from life without fear of interruption. The model stand is a wire-fronted cage, nineteen feet long, nine feet deep, and seven feet high, with its floor raised two and a half feet above that of the room in front. The back, top, and sides of the cage are composed of solid plate-glass. The roof glass is opaque, the remainder clear. To control the light, dark olive-green shades on rollers, easily operated from the front, are provided. The animal selected is transferred in a novel manner. It is enticed into a shifting cage, which is brought up through the floor of the studio. The subject is then liberated, when the cage sinks until the top comes flush with the floor. One lion, known as Sultan, seen in our photograph, a magnificent creature of its kind, has been painted and modelled by artists and sculptors over a hundred times.—Mr. H. J. Shepstone, 35, Amner Road, Clapham Common, S.W.

FINGER-NAILS UNCUT FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

HERE is a photograph of a celebrated Chinese priest, resident in Shanghai, showing the length to which the natives of this country will go in order to gain notoriety and draw in the money. In the case of this individual, his holiness and "Good Joss" are apparently gauged by the length of his finger-nails, the longest of which is twenty-two and three-quarter inches in length being, as far as can be learned, a record for this country of long nails. When not on show he is so mindful of his treasures that he wears them in guards made of hollow bamboo, as seen in the larger photograph, and great precautions are taken that they do not get broken. They appear to be a money-making concern, as, in a conversation with the writer, he stated that up till the present year he has had plenty of business, and worshippers at his temple have been very numerous. It is only to be hoped that the ministers of the Gospel at home do not attempt to copy his idea to draw the back-sliders, as he states that it took him twenty-seven years of careful cultivation before they reached their present length.—Mr. James H. Tait, Hongkew Police Station, Shanghai.

MOUNTAIN LION CUBS "MOTHERED" BY A DOG.

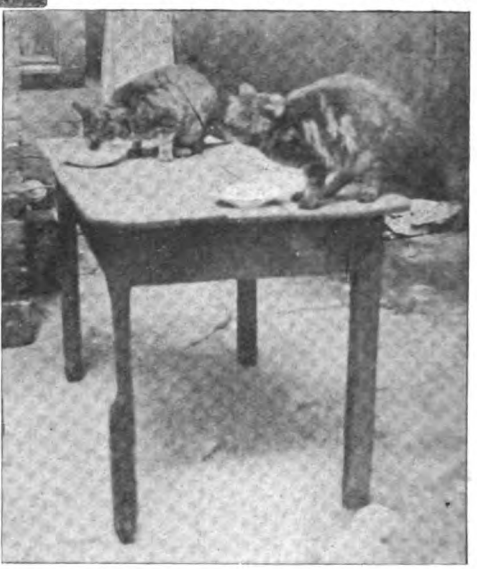
BECAUSE their mother had a propensity for killing her cubs, the keeper of the Eastlake Zoo, Los Angeles, California, took the pair from her and put them in charge of an Irish setter. The dog evinced no hostility toward these rather huge infants of the cat family, but took to the youngsters at once and gave them all the care a mother can bestow. The whelps were less than three months old at the time the accompanying photograph was taken.—Mr. W. T. Walsh, 5,340, Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

SWEETENED WATER TO CATCH BEARS.

THIS trio of bears escaped from a circus travelling in California, and the farmers in the vicinity all armed themselves with shot-guns and prepared to defend their stock. Fearful of losing his menagerie for good, the proprietor of the circus offered a reward to anyone who would return the three truants in safety, and a young man who had seen them performing decided to win the reward. He had noticed that they were very fond of sweetened water, and it was one of their tricks to drink it out of bottles; so he took a number of flasks of the same mixture in his car, and set out to find them. He was just in time to prevent a body of farmers from shooting them, and when he explained his plan, the enraged rustics allowed him to try it. Therefore a careful advance was made upon the bears, while the bottles were extended invitingly; and the animals took the bait so eagerly that there was no difficulty in luring them to the car. Once there, they were securely chained, but they had no desire to leave as long as the sweet water lasted. —Mr. C. L. Edholm, 4,624, Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

WORN AWAY BY YEARS OF SCRATCHING.

YOU published in your "Curiosities" pages many years ago an interesting "Follow-my-Leader" picture, in which the miscreants were human beings. I now send you a photograph of a table which has been in the possession of a Dulwich family for over eighty years. During this time the various cats they have possessed have scratched one leg—and one leg only—till at last they so wore it away that it became useless and had to be replaced with a new leg; and the accompanying photograph shows the table just before this was done. The old leg is still in existence, if anybody would like to see it. On the table are two of the present-day offenders.—Mr. W. Croucher, 103, Friern Road, Dulwich, S.E.



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE: WHAT WAS THE DISTANCE?

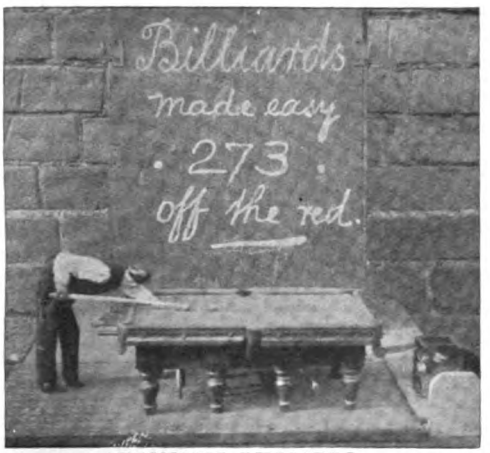
THE puzzle was as follows:—

In reply to a question as to how far he had travelled, a gentleman once said: "One-tenth over one thousand miles." What was the distance?

The most obvious interpretation of this somewhat eccentric statement is that he went 1,000 miles and one-tenth of 1,000 miles, making altogether 1,100 miles. If, however, we take what he said literally, we find that he was merely playing a practical joke, as follows:— $\frac{1}{10 \text{ of } 1000} = \frac{1}{10} \times \frac{1}{1000} = \frac{1}{10000}$ of a mile = six inches approximately!

A CHALLENGE TO ARTISTS.

I WAS very much amused with Mr. Ritchie's clever Animal Doubles which appeared in a recent number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, and now send you the name of a remarkable hybrid which I think it would puzzle the cleverest artist to depict. The name is, Camelephantelopelicant-eaterminewt—a composite, as will be seen, of the following names: Camel, elephant, antelope, pelican, ant-eater, ermine, newt.—Mr. Mandeville B. Phillips, 1, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.



AUTOMATIC BILLIARDS.

BY turning the handle at the side or starting the clockwork motor (shown at the end), this billiard-player automatically makes breaks of two or three hundred on his model table, going in off the red ball, *à la* G. Gray. I am caretaker at the Stafford Institute, and have made the model in my spare time. It has taken me about three months to complete it, the materials consisting of odd pieces of wood, one tin-lid, one cycle-spoke, one knitting-needle, and numerous bits of wire and tin. The table is covered with real billiard cloth.—Mr. Sidney J. Brown, The Institute, Stafford.

A SULTAN'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

WE all like our little joke, and Eastern potentates have from time immemorial enjoyed the reputation of being the merriest of monarchs. The Moorish palace of Sultan Abu Yakub Yussuf at Seville—known to-day as the "Alcazar"—contains one of the most elaborate practical jokes extant. In the background of the photograph may be seen a pavilion, where presumably the Sovereign whiled away the summer heat. When in a gay mood, some important merchant or notable of Seville would receive a pressing invitation summoning him to the presence. In a fever of delighted expectancy the flattered guest would don his whitest raiment and hie him to the palace. There he would be ceremoniously conducted to the gardens and directed up the long avenue seen in the photograph But alas! Half-way up it he would inevitably tread upon a moving flagstone resting upon a spring, and immediately countless fine jets of water would gush out of the ground and from the surrounding shrubbery and drench him. Amid the jeers of the courtiers, the luckless and bedraggled wight would beat an undignified retreat. Before he was allowed to leave the palace, however, he was sworn to secrecy on pain of death. At all costs nothing must make the joke fall flat when repeated. The treacherous flagstone has been removed, and to-day the visitor may pass with impunity; but a peseta to the head gardener will usually cause the fountains to play. Not many people know of their existence, however. The water is sprayed through hundreds of tiny pipes, so small as to be almost invisible, which are placed in the cracks between the flagstones. Those in the shrubs on either side were not in working order at the time of my own visit.—Mr. C. E. S. Palmer, British Vice-Consul, Dardanelles.

AN ANGLING CURIOSITY.

WALTONIAN readers of THE STRAND should be interested in the accompanying photograph of a pike, weighing over three quarters of a pound and measuring seventeen inches, which I took from the gullet of a cormorant. I shot the bird on the Shannon, near Castleconnell, a few moments after he had swallowed his breakfast. I have often taken eels, fry, and even fluke from their capacious gullets, but I have never heard of their attacking pike.—Mr. Ian G. Matterson, Castle Troy House, Limerick.

MADE OF SEA-SHELLS.

HERE are two Chinese ornaments made of shells, of which nearly four hundred were used for each figure. The faces are composed of the small shells which are so plentiful round the English coast—small double ones being selected to form the mouths—while a piece of seaweed was utilized for a beard. The sou'-wester is a cockle-shell, and the hands and feet are cut from the serrated part of the same kind of shell. —Mr. F. C. Davis, 46, Hill Road, Weston-s/r-Mar?

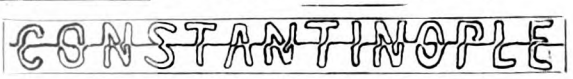
A VILLAGE "POOH-BAH"

THIS remarkable signboard was discovered in a Cornish village by the late Mr. Horniman, who was so struck with the unique orthography, as well as the comprehensive nature of the claims and capacities of Roger Giles, Surgin, that he entered the shop in which the board was proudly displayed and, after some difficulty, succeeded in purchasing it. For many years this signboard has been one of the most amusing features of the Horniman Museum.—Mr. Geo. H. Sweet, 3, Oliver Grove, South Norwood, S E.

A PRIMITIVE FIRE-ALARM.

THE contrivance here shown is the fire-alarm of the prettily-situated town of Fernic in the Rocky Mountains. It consists of a railway's rail bent in the shape of a triangle and suspended by a strong cord from a wooden tripod. In case of an outbreak of fire the first duty of a citizen is to

run to the alarm and bang away at it either with an iron rod or a hammer. The greater part of the town of Fernic was burnt to the ground some years ago, and the houses seen in the photograph and this new fire-alarm have been erected since then. — Dr. A. Simon, Arundel, Park Road, Sidcup.



CAN YOU DO THIS?

I WONDER if any of your readers can write "Constantinople," in capital letters, with a line through it, without taking the pen off the paper, without crossing a line or going over the same line twice? As will be seen from the example given, this is by no means a difficult task, once the method is known. —Mr. J. Quinlan, Stonyhurst College, Blackburn.

Another Bridge Problem.

By Wladimir de Rozing.

Hearts—Ace, king, 10.
Diamonds—Ace, 10, 7.
Clubs—10, 4.
Spades—King, 7, 3.

Hearts—Queen, 9.
Diamonds—Queen.
Clubs—8, 7.
Spades—Ace, queen, 10, 8, 6, 2.

A
Z Y
B

Hearts—8, 5.
Diamonds—King, knave, 9, 8, 6, 4.
Clubs—Ace, knave, 6.
Spades—None.

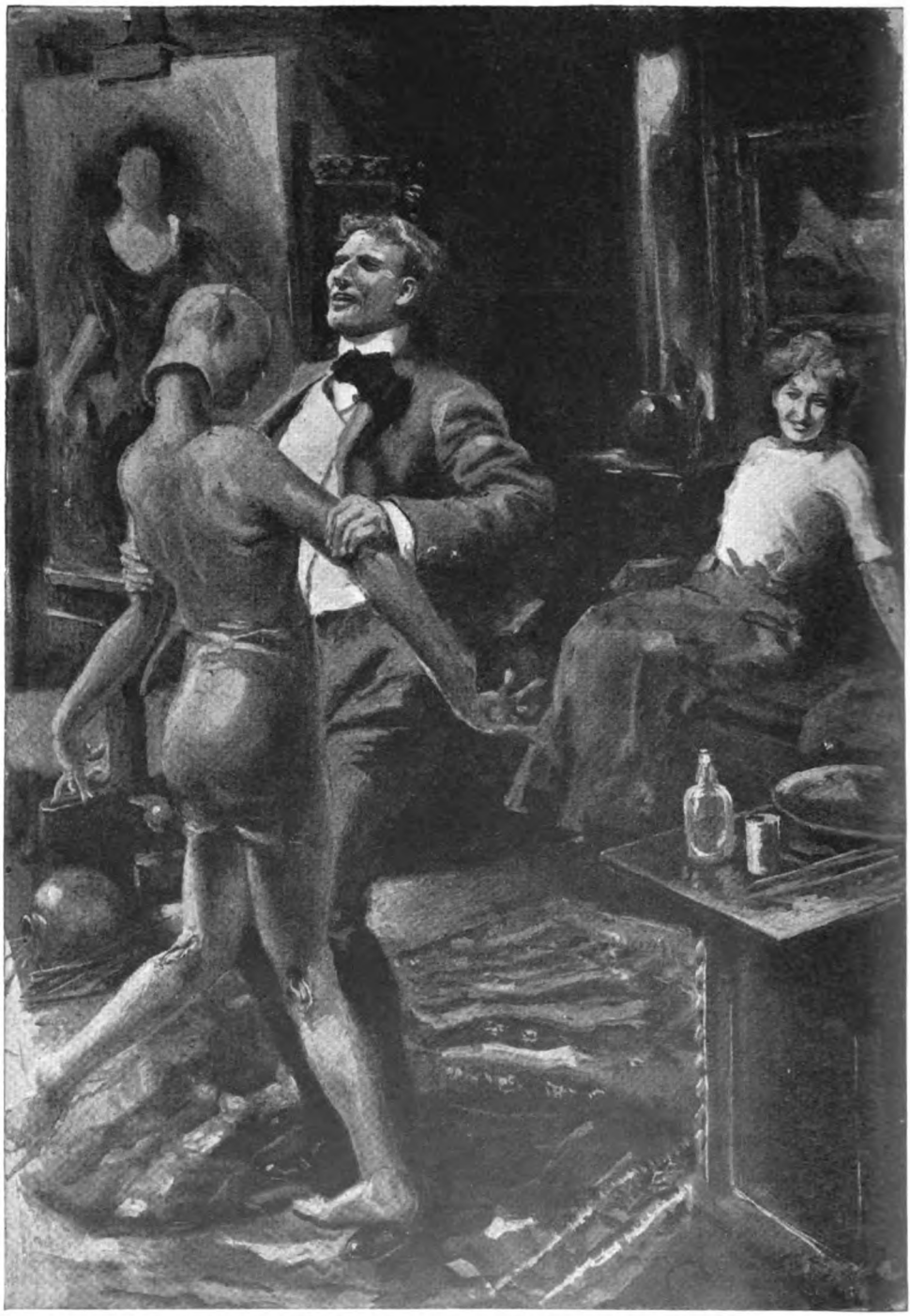
Hearts—Knave, 3.
Diamonds—3.
Clubs—King, queen, 9, 5, 2.
Spades—Knave, 9, 4.

No Trumps. A has the lead. A and B are to make seven tricks.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S BRIDGE PROBLEM.

A	Y	B	Z
Spades queen	Spades 7	Spades	Spades 2
Hearts 3	Hearts king	Hearts 2	Hearts 6
Hearts 4	Hearts 5	Hearts 10	Hearts 7
Diamonds ace	Diamonds king	Diamonds 4	Diamonds 2
Hearts knave	Hearts queen	Hearts ace	Hearts 9
Diamonds 5	Clubs 4	Hearts 8	Diamonds 3
Diamonds qun	Diamonds 9	Diamonds 6	Diamonds 7
Diamonds kve	Spades 8!	Clubs 6	Diamonds 8
Spades ace	Spades 10	Spades 4	Spades 6
Spades 5	Spades king	Spades 9	Clubs 2
Clubs queen	Clubs 7	Clubs 9	Clubs knave
Clubs 5	Clubs 8	Clubs ace	Clubs 3
Clubs 10	Clubs king	Spades knave	Diamonds 10

The winning card in each trick is underlined. The variations, depending on the opponent's play, will be easily found.



"THE YOUNG MAN TOOK A TURN WITH THE LAY FIGURE."

(*See page* 125.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xliii. FEBRUARY, 1912. No. 254.

The Black Pearls of Balgarno.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

Illustrated by Alec Ball.

I.

SEBASTIAN IDRIS had bought a Jacobean chair, in a moment of sinful extravagance, after selling a picture for a sum larger than might have been expected. The chair stood conspicuous upon the dais; and—as Idris remarked to Miss Fay Benson—what a comfort to reflect that a connoisseur had offered an impecunious painter forty guineas for an article which cost a tenner! The front splat and top rail were embellished with crowns and Stuart roses, and the central crown was supported by *amorini* indicating the love and loyalty of the Royalists for their Merry Monarch. Lions' paws, with hair above them, symbolized also the strength of the Constitution after the Restoration. The back was of the original Jacobean cane, but the seat was covered with faded needlework of a later period. The few women who sat to Idris were posed in this wonderful chair.

One day Fay Benson remarked:—

"Really, Mr. Idris, you ought to have that exquisite needlework cleaned."

Later, when Fay became engaged to Idris, she insisted upon removing the needlework and cleaning it herself. We refrain from describing the condition of the horsehair stuffing beneath the cover. Idris tore it out with tongs and burnt it. Under the horsehair, in the middle of the seat, he found a small leather bag tied with silk and sealed, but the seal was indecipherable.

"Treasure trove!" exclaimed Fay.

The young lady opened the bag with fingers quivering with excitement. To the chagrin of the lovers it contained nothing more interesting than a number of black beads about the size of shoe-buttons. Upon the bag was some writing. By the aid of a magnifying-glass, Idris made out "125" in numerals, a word that might be "black," a half-erased capital "B," a small "e," an "a," and farther on an "s."

"What a beastly sell!" said Idris.

"But why," added Fay, thoughtfully, "should anyone bother to hide beads in an arm-chair?" She counted them. Yes; there were one hundred and twenty-five, of slightly varying size.

"Oh, Sebastian!" she cried; "fancy if they had been diamonds!"

Idris nodded gloomily. He was "going behind" and he knew it. Without undue conceit he could affirm that his best work was worthy of recognition. Unhappily, he had never been able to afford the right "plant" or "pitch." His studio was nearly as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and situated in the remoter part of West Kensington. His friends, also, were strivers like himself, not thrivers. He could paint admirable portraits, but poverty prevented him from meeting likely clients. Till now, beauty and rank, whether together or apart, had remained coldly aloof. Fay was enthusiastically of the opinion that if her clever Sebastian could paint a beautiful duchess Fame and Fortune would be assured. He had achieved some success with a kit-cat of Sir Jonathan Horncastle, a City knight who lived in Peckham. He had since painted Lady Horncastle, two of her children, and three cousins. That had exhausted what miners call—the lead!

"The beads are very pretty," said Fay.

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She picked up the magnifying-glass and examined them more carefully. Then she moistened with water the faded writing. Suddenly she gasped.

"Sebastian," she exclaimed, trembling with excitement; "it's a capital 'P,' not a 'B'; they are black pearls. I am quite sure of it."

Idris found that his own hand was shaking as he took the bag from her. Yes, the writing was plain enough—

"125 *Black Pearls!*"

"Oh, Sebastian, what do you think they are worth?"

"I've no idea, but I shall find out at once."

"How?"

"In these cases it is wise to consult an expert. I shall take the biggest to Bancock's, in Bond Street. You wait till I come back. You might begin to clean the needlework."

She clutched him, looking up into his face.

"This may mean——"

"Everything," replied Idris, as he kissed her.

"'OH, SEBASTIAN!' SHE CRIED; 'FANCY IF THEY HAD BEEN DIAMONDS!'"

II.

At Bancock's Idris asked to see the great man, who emerged presently from a back room and stared curiously at his visitor. He beheld a tall, slim young man, rather pale, carrying a fine head upon broad shoulders. The head might have belonged to a poet, a painter, or a musician. Bancock felt reasonably certain that it belonged to an honest man.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"I have a black pearl in my pocket," said Idris. Despite his shabby clothes, he felt able to play his part. "I want you to look at it," he continued, lightly, "for I know absolutely nothing about black pearls, and this one may be a poor specimen. I always try to get the best information on any subject, so I came to you."

Mr. Bancock bowed.

Idris fished the pearl out of his waistcoat pocket and dropped it into the expert's pink palm. Mr. Bancock, with a glass stuck into his eye, examined it carefully.

"May I weigh it?"

"Certainly."

This was done. Then Authority spoke.

"It's a very fine pearl. As to its value—well, anything between one hundred and one hundred and fifty pounds. It is pierced, and may have been one of a pair of earrings."

"It is, or was, part of a necklace of one hundred and twenty-five pearls."

"Are you sure of that?"

Idris laughed, because the great man's expression was so portentously solemn.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I happen to know the famous black pearl necklaces. There are not many of them. And if there is a necklace of one hundred and twenty-five such pearls as this, I should like to see it. If it is for sale, by any chance——"

He paused discreetly, smiling at Idris, divining that some great lady had entrusted a handsome young gentleman with a delicate mission.

"Yes?"

"We might bid for it. Black pearls, rare as they are, have a limited market. I might be able to place this."

Idris pulled out his card-case.

"That's my name," he said. "I am a painter—a portrait painter. You say you could place it?"

"I think so. Will you come into my room, Mr. Idris? We have a client, a well-known American millionaire, who has commissioned us to find him a double necklace of black pearls. Is that of interest to you?"

"Of the greatest interest," said Idris.

"I thought it might be."

"I am much obliged to you," said Idris. "If these pearls are sold, Mr. Bancock, you shall have the first refusal of them."

He returned to the studio afire with excitement. The treasure trove was his! The pearls had been hidden in the chair at least a hundred years, possibly much more. There was not a scrap of paper to show to whom they had belonged.

He found Fay cleaning the needlework, which she had stretched upon a board.

"Fay," he said, solemnly, "we are rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

He caught hold of her, and they waltzed round the studio. When Fay begged him to stop, the young man took a turn with the lay figure. The girl returned to her task, and at once perceived that the cleaning mixture had brought out the soft tints of the silks. She picked up the board and carried it to the middle of the room, where the light from the big studio fell full upon it. Sebastian hurled the lay figure on to a sofa.

"Let's go out and buy things," he suggested.

"What sort of things?"

"Theatre tickets for to-night — two stalls!"

"Stalls! How lovely! Do you know that I believe this is a sampler?"

"What?"

Idris knew that samplers were generally signed, and his face clouded. It cleared again as he examined the needlework. Letters glowed faintly out of a creamy background, but it was impossible to make words of them.

"It does look like a sampler," he admitted.

"Perhaps," said Fay, nervously, "it is a cipher."

They stared at each other, knowing instantly—as they confessed afterwards—that it was a cipher. And the pearls—so the great Bancock had affirmed—might be worth anything between ten and fifteen thousand pounds!

"You are right, Fay!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "It is a cipher."

He shivered, although the room was warm, for the blood seemed to be flowing out of his body. He told himself miserably that the hider of the pearls had worked upon the needlework some message which would reveal the secret of this amazing concealment, and establish, perhaps, the real ownership of the necklace. He gazed at the fire, which burnt brightly; then he looked at Fay. Her face

was white as milk, and her eyes seemed to be reading his heart.

"What are you going to do?" she faltered.

He replied fiercely: "I shall decipher that message. It may be nothing at all."

"And—and—if it should be something?"

Idris made no answer. He picked up a pencil and sheet of paper. Then he copied out the letters, arranging them in columns, in order to discover the more likely vowels. Fay filled his pipe and brought it to him. She stood near to him, watching his face, grim and tense with concentration; watching his fine hands as he wrote out different combinations of words. For an hour neither spoke. Then Idris said in a loud, unnatural voice, "I have it. Wait one moment!"

She came nearer to him, and rested her hand upon his shoulder, as he read aloud:—

"I, Betty Balgarno, have hid my pearls in this chair, knowing right well that in these troublous times they may be taken from my dear lord."

"Balgarno," said Idris, "is an odd name, but quite familiar to me."

"Isn't there a Lord Balgarno?" asked Fay.

Amongst his books, Idris found an old Peerage. He turned to *Balgarno*. Yes; the present holder of the barony lived at Balgarno House, near Edinburgh. He appeared to be lineally descended from a certain David, seventh baron, who was attainted as a Jacobite during Queen Anne's reign. David died abroad. His title and estates, forfeit to the Crown, had been restored to his son James during the reign of George I. The present peer was a widower of sixty-five.

Fay murmured, miserably, "Of course, the pearls are his."

Then a voice seemed to whisper into Sebastian's ear:—

"Burn that cover, you fool! In with it—now!"

He picked it up, almost mechanically, and crossed to the fire, as another and a clearer voice made itself heard:—

"Drop it into the flames, and brand yourself as a thief for ever!"

The sweat started on his skin as he turned to meet the eyes of the woman who loved and respected him. He stammered out:—

"Fay, I—I can't do it. I can't do it."

She flew to him, flinging her arms about his neck, kissing his lips with a passion that amazed him.

"I knew you couldn't. Oh, Sebastian, if you had done it, I—God help me!—I feel that you would have burnt my love also."

III.

NEXT day Idris paid a second visit to Mr. Bancock, who greeted the young fellow with a cheering smile.

"I have just received a telegram from my client," he said, blandly. "He has instructed me to buy your pearls if we can come to terms."

"The pearls are not for sale, Mr. Bancock."

The man of many diamonds and much experience shrugged his shoulders.

"The lady, I take it, has changed her mind?"

Idris, in reply, told his story. He concluded simply:—

"The pearls belong to Lord Balgarno, and I shall return them to him."

Mr. Bancock prided himself upon a temperament that nothing could disturb.

"I am happy," he said, "to have the honour of knowing you, Mr. Idris."

Idris blushed.

"May I suggest," continued Mr. Bancock, "that you entrust me with what is likely to prove a delicate negotiation?"

"I don't quite understand, Mr. Bancock."

"Lord Balgarno is a notorious pincher. You are entitled to a very handsome reward, sir—let us say ten per cent. at least of the value of the pearls."

"Um!" said Idris. Then, abruptly and still blushing, he blurted out, "I—I have been tempted to pocket those pearls, Mr. Bancock; and now—well, I am sure you will understand me when I say that I want to hand 'em over to the rightful owner without conditions."

"As you please," said Mr. Bancock. "Let us hope that his lordship for once will do the real right thing."

When this talk was reported to Fay, she remarked that her dear Sebastian had simply fortified her conviction that he was a perfect darling.

IV.

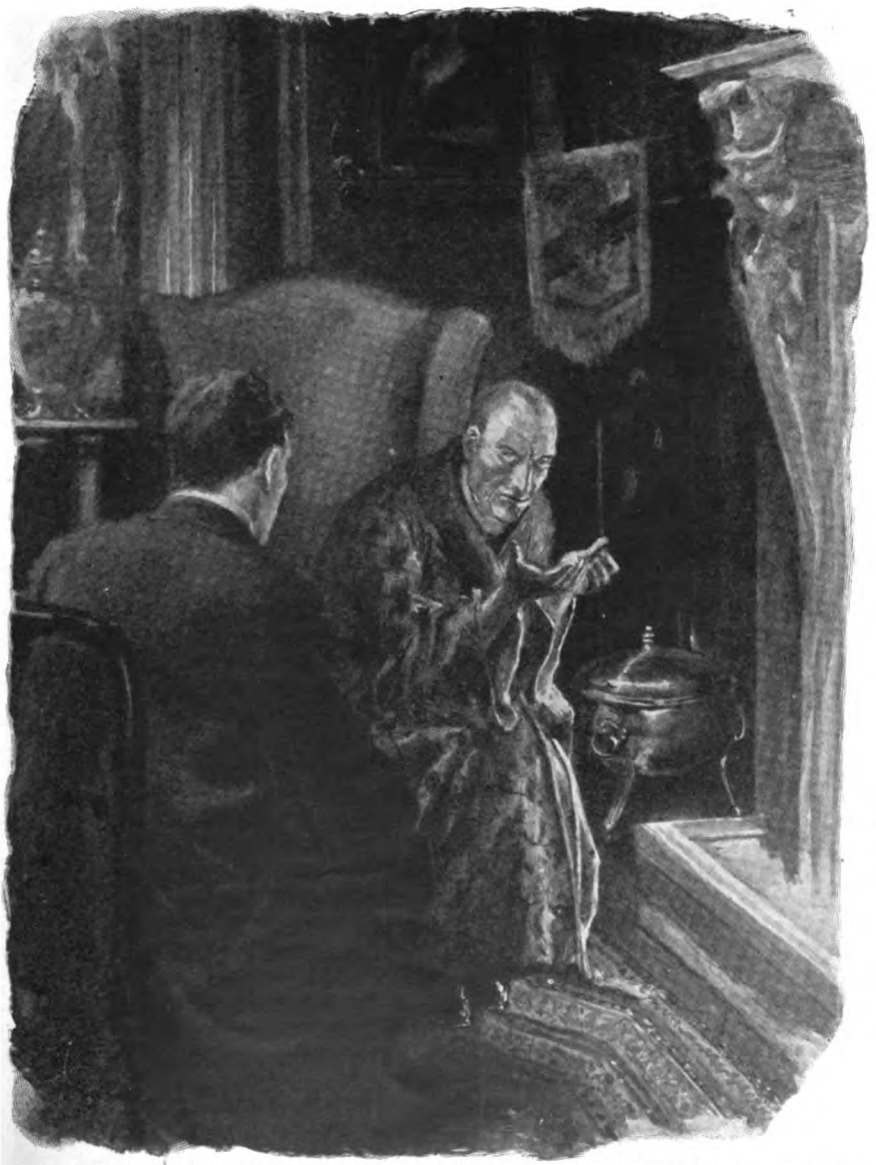
Two days later Idris travelled to Edinburgh, and in due time presented himself at Balgarno House. He was ushered into a fine library, where he found Lord Balgarno warming a yellow, shrivelled pair of hands over a wood fire. The portrait painter was at once repelled by a face which bore a striking resemblance to that of Louis XI. Idris had seen H. B. Irving in his father's famous *rôle*, and the way in which the old man crouched in his big chair, rubbing his hands and cackling, his furtive glances and his shabby dressing-gown, confirmed Mr. Bancock's affirmation that his lordship was a skinflint of the first water.

When Idris had finished his story, Lord Balgarno received the pearls, which he counted carefully. In a thin, piping voice he said, querulously :—

"Have you brought the chair ?"

"You must be well off to keep a chair worth fifty pounds."

"I'm an obscure portrait painter ; the chair happens to be my most valuable property."



"HE FOUND LORD BALGARNO WARMING A YELLOW, SHRIVELLED PAIR OF HANDS OVER A WOOD FIRE."

"The chair is mine," said Idris. "I gave ten pounds for it."

"I'll give you fifteen, young man."

"It's worth fifty," said Idris, "and it's not for sale, my lord."

The old gentleman frowned.

"A portrait painter, are you ?"

Idris nodded.

"What's your lowest price for a half-length portrait ?"

"That depends. Sir Jonathan Horncastle paid me fifty guineas."

"Was he satisfied with your work?"

"I painted his wife and two children afterwards."

Lord Balgarno chuckled.

"Will you paint me, Mr. Idris—with my pearls?"

"Yes," said Idris, without hesitation.

"For fifty—pounds?"

As the young man remained silent, Lord Balgarno added: "I want to do something handsome for you in return for what you've done for me."

He cackled derisively, not looking at the astonished Idris, but gloating over the pearls, which lay in a small heap upon the table at his side. Idris realized that his hope of a substantial reward had shrivelled like the face opposite. This old fellow was obviously the king of pinchers. The desire to paint him as such flashed into the artist's mind.

Five minutes later the affair was settled, and Idris found himself walking back to Edinburgh. He relieved his feelings by writing to Fay:—

"I should have loved to punch his ugly old head, but I'll paint it instead. I'll reveal him to himself as he is. He offered to throw in board and lodging, but his porridge would choke me."

Within twenty-four hours he had begun work, and continued feverishly until the portrait was finished. Never had he laboured with such appetite, never had he been conscious of such ability to set forth what his eyes beheld. Inspired by hate, he loathed his model, who talked unceasingly, revealing a mind as warped and shrivelled as his face. And he made Idris talk, asked questions which had to be answered, answers received with a derisive cackle or a scathing bit of irony.

"Engaged to a girl as poor as yourself." he had snarled out. "Smitten by a pretty face—hay?"

"By more than that, my lord."

"Two good-looking young fools."

"If it is folly to be poor and good-looking, how wise you must be!" said Idris.

He had discovered, much to his satisfaction, that he could say what he liked to his model. The old man merely snarled, and then Idris would smile as he added one more revealing touch to the canvas.

To his utter confounding, Lord Balgarno appeared to be mightily pleased with the portrait.

"It's worth the money and more, too."

"I hope you will allow me to exhibit it?"

"Does it add to the value of a portrait to exhibit it?"

"If it is well hung—yes."

"Where would you exhibit it?"

"At the Academy—if they'll have it."

"Of course they'll have it."

"There's no 'of course' about it."

The pride of an ancient family flared.

"What! You think they would refuse to hang—me?"

"High as Haman, if they knew you," was on the tip of Sebastian's tongue. He said instead: "It's not a question of hanging *you*, but of hanging *me*."

That night he wrote to Fay:—

"It's incredible. He wants the world to stare at his awful face. I believe he's proud of it. And he's chattering with senile delight because he knows that the thing is dirt-cheap at the price. It is out and out my best bit of work."

Within ten days the portrait was finished. Lord Balgarno hopped about in front of it, rubbing his hands and grinning malevolently.

"Done me justice—hay?"

"I hope so," said Idris.

"They'll take it?"

"Perhaps."

"I shall make that my affair. I know some of 'em. I can pull strings when I want to."

"I am quite sure of that, my lord."

"It's as good as the Raeburn in the dining-room. My grandfather got that dirt-cheap."

"I wonder what your Jacobite ancestor paid for the black pearls?"

"They were loot, so I have been told."

"Ah!"

Idris returned to West Kensington, and his Fay met him at eight in the morning, when the night express rolled into Euston. Up to the last moment, futile though he knew expectation to be, he had hoped that a cheque would be drawn for more than fifty pounds. And indeed the cheque was made out for guineas, but Lord Balgarno remarked, as he handed it to Idris:—

"Buy a frame for fifty shillings."

"Didn't he offer to pay your expenses?" asked Fay.

"Not he!"

"Well, of all——"

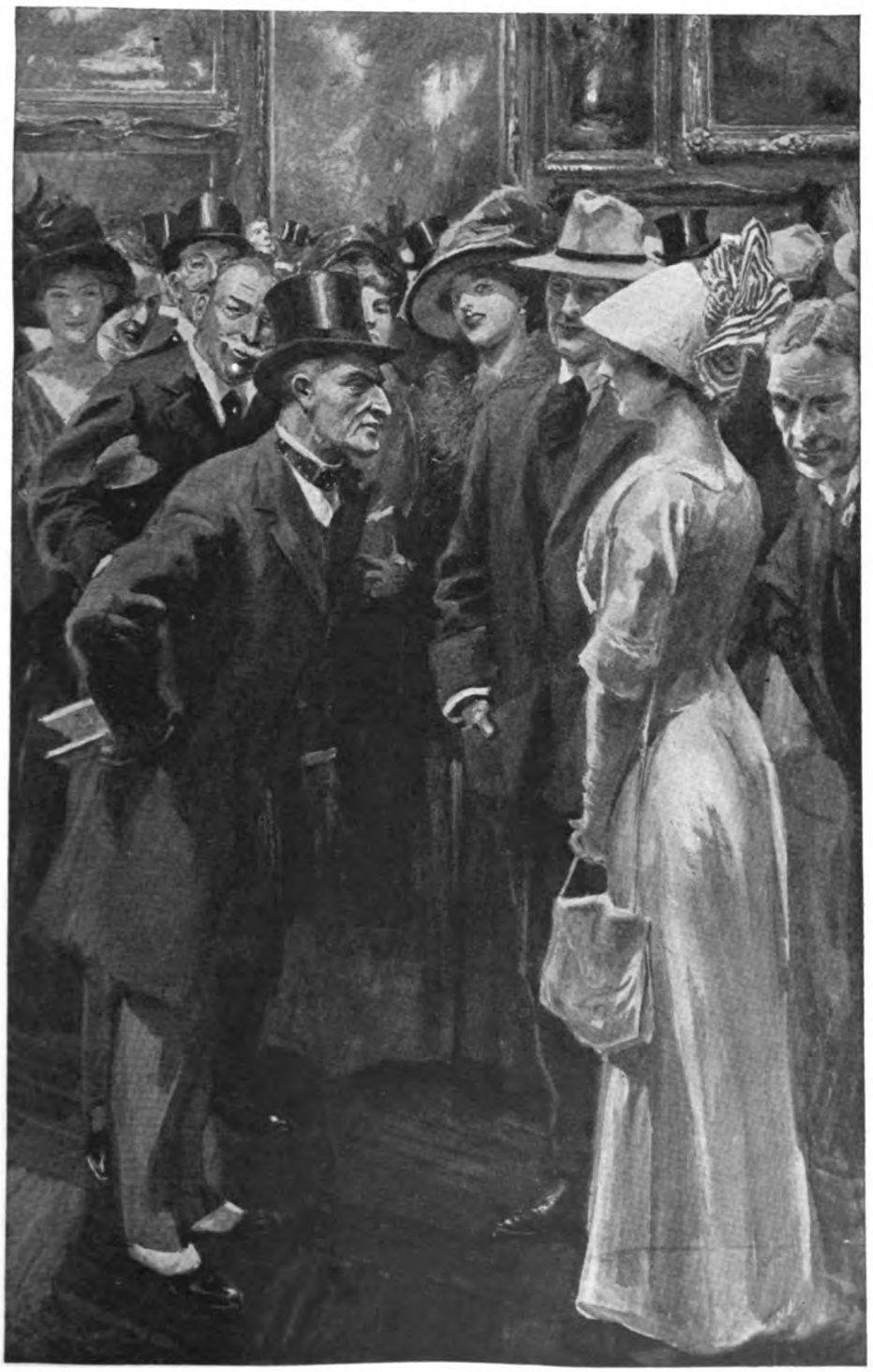
"'Shush-h-h! I have had my revenge. Wait till you see the picture."

Fay replied, poutingly:—

"Waiting seems to be our lot in life, Sebastian."

Idris laughed, but he felt very blue as he muttered: "I suppose Bancock was right. He might have squeezed a thousand out of the old beast."

Fay rose to the occasion.



"'I'VE MADE THIS YOUNG MAN'S REPUTATION,' SAID LORD BALGARNO TO FAY."

"You did the right thing, darling. I'm ever so proud of you; and you must 'get there' in time."

"I don't care where I get, provided I get you," replied her fond lover.

V.

THE portrait was framed and sent to Burlington House. Most of Sebastian's fellow-craftsmen received notice that their pictures were rejected. Sebastian heard nothing—a good sign. At the last moment his dealer told him that his portrait was hung on the line.

"His lordship can pull strings," said Idris to Fay, as they were celebrating the event at a modest restaurant in Soho.

"Pooh!" said Fay. "The moment I saw the picture I knew that it was a masterpiece."

"That sounds splendid," said Idris; "but I made him so infernally ugly. People will funk employing me."

Upon the day of the private view, as the lovers entered the long gallery, Fay saw a crowd of fashionable folk in front of one of the pictures. An odd pang assailed her.

"Oh, Sebastian!" she whispered. "If that were only your picture!"

"It's Pynsent's," said Idris, but his voice was trembling, for he knew that his picture hung next to a Pynsent. They sauntered up, trying to hide their feelings. Fay whispered excitedly:—

"The crowd is in front of your picture."

"And, by Jove, *he's* amongst them!" exclaimed Idris.

"Who is?"

"Lord Balgarno."

The old man was close to his portrait, apparently gloating over it, and quite regardless of the crowd. Suddenly he saw Idris and shambled up to him, staring maliciously at Fay.

"Is this your *fiancée?*" he asked.

"Yes," said Idris.

"Pray present me to her."

Idris did so.

"I've made this young man's reputation," said Lord Balgarno to Fay.

She replied, firmly:—

"Oh, no!"

"Wha-a-at? Everybody is talking of *my* picture."

"Sebastian has made his own reputation."

"Tut, tut! Did they hang Sir What's-his-name? Or his wife? Or his two brats? My dear young lady, I repeat—I've made him. He can ask two hundred for his next portrait."

"I hope he'll ask more than that," said Fay, calmly. Lord Balgarno stared at her with increasing interest, cackling and rubbing his hands.

"Very good, very good indeed! You see to it that he asks for every farthing that he can get, neither more nor less. Did you persuade him to return the pearls?"

"No."

"Wanted him to keep 'em—hay?"

"No."

"We stole 'em, originally."

He looked so like a monkey grabbing nuts that Fay laughed.

"I am not surprised to hear that," she murmured, sweetly.

Lord Balgarno chuckled, as he fished out of a pocket a crumpled newspaper. Idris was unable to determine whether the old man was shaking with rage or amusement as he asked: "Which of you two sent the story of the pearls to the papers?"

He glanced sharply at Idris, who replied, stiffly: "I didn't."

"I did," said Fay.

"You?" exclaimed Idris.

"I got five pounds for it."

Lord Balgarno sniffed.

"It's worth five hundred as an advertisement," he remarked, critically. "Well, my dear, I'm glad to have met you, and I'm glad that this young man met you first. He told me that he wasn't attracted by your good looks alone; and I didn't believe him then. When you get married, let me know. I'll send you a nice present."

He shambled off, still chuckling, and pleased as a child because everybody was staring at him.

VI.

THEY were married in July, and it is not very probable that the wolf Poverty will ever knock at the door of the new studio in which Idris is painting "speaking likenesses" of the brave and the fair. The portrait of the pincher did make his reputation; and Lord Balgarno maintains that an adequate reward was paid for the return of the pearls. His wedding-present to Fay, a piece of china from the china-closet at Balgarno House, might have been worth fifteen shillings.

When Idris helped Fay to unpack it, he exclaimed: "Inferior paste—and cracked."

Fay laughed.

"So is Lord Balgarno," she remarked.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

VIEWED BY SIR HENRY LUCY.

(NEW SERIES.)

Illustrated by E. T. Reed.

A PAGE OF SECRET HISTORY.

THE still young House of Commons, meeting in this month of February for its Second Session, will have brought back to it with fresh shock the stupendous change that has taken place within its ranks since it last met to debate the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. Midway in the Autumn Session, when, as a bolt from the blue, came announcement of Mr. Balfour's resignation of the Leadership, the effect was literally so stunning, and consequent procedure so hurried, that members hardly had time to realize the new situation. This month, starting upon what promises to be one of the most momentous Sessions of modern times, it finds Mr. Balfour's long-familiar place occupied by another.

Those in personal communication with the actors in what actually was a tragedy know that the change effected last November was more sudden and unexpected than is commonly supposed. It was on Wednesday, November 8th, that Mr. Balfour, meeting a hastily-summoned gathering of the Executive Committee of his political party in the City, announced his immediate resignation. Only on the previous day some of his leading colleagues in the Opposition were made acquainted with his final irrevocable decision. It is true he had from time to time, since Parliament resumed its sittings, betrayed irritation against the critics and grumblers who, in his speech to the Committee, he likened to microbes infesting, sometimes with fatal effect, the human organism. That seemed natural enough and did not awaken feeling of alarm. It was generally conceded that as Leader of the Unionist Party he was absolutely indispensable, and that, proudly conscious of the fact, he would continue to maintain an attitude of lofty indifference to revolt as deliberately indicated by foundation of the Halsbury Club.

AUSTENA: "WHAT, WON'T GO ON! THEN GIVE IT TO MY FRIEND, MISS BONAR LAW. I'D RATHER SHE HAD IT THAN ANYBODY ELSE. GIVE ME A HALO OF SELF-SACRIFICE INSTEAD."

Possibly that state of things directly led to the fateful conclusion. When a Minister has at his command an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons he is sure, especially if he be a Liberal, to be subjected to pin-pricks in the form of Tea Room cabals and the like. On important divisions sections of his following abstain from the Division Lobby or, assured of the absolute safety of the proceedings, even vote with the Opposition. It pleases them, demonstrating their independence, and it does no harm to the Government. Thus the Halsbury Club and individual

MISS LONG: "WON'T GO ON, INDEED! ANYHOW, AUSTEN HASN'T GOT IT. HALO FOR ME, TOO, PLEASE!"

Die-Hards felt they were quite safe in "pinking Arthur." Disillusion came with chilling influence when they read the report of his speech in the City.

HOW BONAR LAW CAME TO THE LEADERSHIP.

On Tuesday, November 7th, Mr. Balfour's principal colleagues, having been made acquainted with news of his intention to resign only one day before it was public property, hastily foregathered to consider the question of a successor. Two names naturally suggested themselves: Mr. Walter Long, representative of the steadily-diminishing element of the English county gentleman who, in Peel's time, was the backbone of the Conservative Party; and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, deputy of his father as the Leader of the Tariff Reform Party. It was resolved to submit these rival claims to the arbitrament of the ballot. Within twenty-four hours it became clear that in the peculiar circumstances of the case this accustomed expedient would be fraught with grave disadvantage to a Party already staggering under the blow of withdrawal from the Leadership of its strongest man. Calculations made by the Whips showed that whilst Mr. Long was pretty sure to be elected his majority would not be of the substantial character necessary to establish his authority on a sound basis. Moreover, the acerbity of a contested election would further embitter differences whose existence since the Tariff Reform flag was run up to the masthead had grievously weakened the Party. Then sprang forth the happy thought, eagerly welcomed, of scratching the favourites and making possible a walk-over for an outsider. Fortunately there was, in the person of Mr. Bonar Law, one at hand worthy of the high position. He was, accordingly, unanimously, even enthusiastically, elected, and peace with prospect of prosperity reigned in the tents of Israel.

In a far-off way the episode recalls the familiar story of Cinderella and the glass slipper. Mr. Bonar Law certainly did a good deal of obscure kitchen-work before he was unexpectedly preferred to the place of honour.

EARLIER EXITS:

Whilst in the quality of absolute unexpectedness Mr. Balfour's retirement from Leadership stands apart, it resembles the precedent, established by Disraeli and observed by Gladstone, that the House of Commons heard what proved to be his last official speech all unknowing that never again would he address them in the capacity of Leader. It is exceedingly probable that when on October 25th Mr. Balfour, amid a rousing cheer from the great body of his followers desirous of disassociating themselves from "the microbes," interposed in debate he did not know that it was his last utterance in the capacity of Leader. Herein he differed alike from Disraeli and Gladstone. When, on a night in August, 1876, Disraeli wound up debate on Turkish iniquities in Bulgaria, he knew very well, and the secret was shared by his Cabinet colleagues, that on the morrow he would be proclaimed Earl of Beaconsfield, and might never more stroll up or down the floor of the House he had filled with his fame for full forty years. Similarly, Gladstone, denouncing the Lords' amendments to the Parish Councils Bill, on March 1st, 1894, hugged to his saddened breast the knowledge that this was his swan-song.

DISRAELI'S.

By chance I was present in the House of Commons on the three historical occasions here referred to, and have clear recollections of the scenes and the chief actors. It was late at night when Disraeli rose, welcomed by a bored House by reason of the fact that his interposition preluded the close of a weary debate. He showed signs of feeling the prevalent influence, the speech lacking his accustomed flashes of irony and invective. Appropriately—whether designedly or not who shall say?—the last word spoken in the House of Commons was "Empire." When he resumed his seat members began to disperse. In accordance with the common practice of Ministers Disraeli was accustomed to quit the House by the passage behind the Speaker's Chair. On this memorable night he, with ceremonious bow to the Speaker as he passed the end of the Table, sauntered down the floor, and, turning about as he crossed the bar, stood for a moment surveying the stage of some tumultuous, many triumphant, episodes. Then he passed out through the glass door, carrying his secret with him. The next time he visited the House he was seated in the Peers' Gallery with a gold-rimmed glass screwed into his eye, looking down with interest upon Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, who, at the moment, was defying the authority of the Chair from his place below the Gangway.

"UNANIMOUSLY, EVEN ENTHUSIASTICALLY, ELECTED."

GLADSTONE'S.

Whilst Gladstone's last speech in the House of Commons gave no sign of the coming event, shadows stretched before had indicated that retirement would not be long deferred. On the eve of the opening of the Session of 1894 news came from Biarritz, where the Premier had been making holiday, that failure of eyesight was imminent. Nevertheless, when he rose to speak, and throughout his speech, there was no sign of weakness either physical or mental. It was a period of grave political excitement. Lords and Commons had come into collision on a Parish Councils Bill, the former having amended the measure to a degree that made it unrecognizable by its parents. The Radical section of the Ministerialists were dying for a fight to the finish with the Lords, an event, as it turned out, postponed for seventeen years. There was profound anxiety to learn how the Premier would face this latest breach of the peace. Would he accept the slight in a Christian spirit, or would he give the welcome signal for war?

Hope rose below the Gangway when, having enumerated a list of alleged iniquities on the part of the Peers, culminating in the emasculation of a humble Parish Councils Bill, he said in those deep chest notes that betokened extreme emotion: "In our judgment this state of things cannot continue." Noble Lords looking down from their Gallery over the clock forthwith witnessed a stirring scene. Members below the Gangway sprang to their feet, waving their hats, a cheer roaring along the serried ranks of the Ministerialists giving the Premier pause. There followed anti-climax when he concluded his speech by moving acquiescence in the Lords' amendments, a surrender resented by the Radicals, who, headed by Mr. Labouchere, marched out, thirty-seven strong, to vote against their Leader on the last occasion he attempted to lead.

After the division Gladstone remained on the Treasury Bench, chatting earnestly with colleagues seated on his right and left. At the end of five minutes, abruptly rising, he, without sign of farewell, passed out behind the Speaker's Chair, never to return. The closing words of his last speech are worth quoting, not only for their personal interest, but for their historical bearing upon a long-standing feud which reached a final climax last year. "For me," he said, "my duty

terminates with calling the attention of the House to the fact, which it is really impossible to set aside, that in considering these amendments, limited as their scope may seem to some to be, we are considering a part, an essential and inseparable part, of a question enormously large, a question that has become profoundly acute, a question that will demand a settlement, and must at an early date receive that settlement from the highest authority."

MR. BALFOUR'S LAST ADDRESS.

Mr. Balfour's last speech in the capacity of Leader of the House of Commons was delivered on the second day of the Autumn Session. He followed the Prime Minister, who had moved a Resolution appropriating the whole time of the House for public business. It was of the character of general and particular criticism of the policy and acts of the Government. It bore no trace of weariness, still less intention to retire from the first fighting line. On the contrary, it was exceptionally contentious, more than ordinarily stinging in its personal attack on the Premier. In a concluding sentence that brought his followers to a high pitch of excitement, he said: "This is one of the worst days for a free Assembly. It is one of those anniversaries upon which people will look back and will say, 'On this day a Radical Government finally decided, having destroyed the House of Lords in the first part of the Session, to destroy the liberties of the House of Commons in the second.'"

"INTELLECTUALLY IMPATIENT OF MEDIOCRITY."

This speech did not mark Mr. Balfour's last appearance in the seat of the Leader. In the brief interval before his retirement was announced he looked in once or twice at the question hour, but did not remain for Committee on the Insurance Bill, a measure whose multitudinous details and intricacies of account repelled him. Thus there was not in his case, as in that of Disraeli and Gladstone, a particular occasion when he left the House conscious that he would never return to resume his Leadership.

AS A LEADER.

A Parliamentarian who always commanded the attention, frequently compelled the conviction, of the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour was in his own way not less supreme than Disraeli or Gladstone. His comparative failure as a Party Leader was shared with the latter, oddly enough on the same lines. Intellectually impatient of mediocrity, he was not able to bring himself to pay it court. The most courteous man in social life, Gladstone, on the rare occasions when he crossed the Lobby or walked along the corridors of the House of Commons, looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, ignoring the existence of loyal followers who would have been bound to him afresh had he given them

a friendly word or even recognized them by a smiling nod. Mr. Balfour unconsciously followed on these lines of conduct, dangerous, if not fatal, to a Party Leader. For some years back there have been murmurs from the Opposition benches complaining of their Leader's aloofness. Mr. Bonar Law, in his first public speech after assuming the Leadership, undesignedly bore striking testimony to this state of things. He remarked that before he was offered an Under-Secretaryship, the first, for many years the sole, recognition of his capacity, he had spoken only twice with Mr. Balfour.

It is probable that during his long term of Leadership, whether in office or in Opposition, there were hundreds of Gladstone's faithful followers who had never had the opportunity of speaking to him in private. A well-known result of this undesigned, unconscious standoffishness was the defection of Joseph Cowen, at one time a pillar of Liberal strength in the North. During the electoral campaign preceding the introduction of the Irish Land Bill and the Bill disestablishing the Church in Ireland, Gladstone, carrying the fiery cross through Northumberland, was the honoured guest of Cowen's father. The ardent youth had reverentially sat at the feet of the great man eloquent, who sometimes turned aside to talk to him. When, six years later, Cowen was triumphantly returned to Parliament, he naturally thought his father's guest would at least welcome him with shake of hands. One day Gladstone passed him in the Division Lobby without sign of recognition—a circumstance which, rankling in a sensitive breast, paved the way for a defection that did much to undermine Liberalism in the North of England, where Cowen's personality was magnetic, his newspaper almost omnipotent.

DISRAELI'S DOWNINESS.

Disraeli's action in analogous circumstances is illustrated by a story with which, I fancy, I have earlier made the public familiar. On the eve of the division on the Imperial Titles Bill, which Disraeli was anxious to carry with the largest possible majority, he laid himself out with patient assiduity to catch stray votes. There was at the time an Irish member named Dr. O'Leary, who rather fancied himself as a statesman. For the point of the story it is necessary to mention that in respect of inches he was about as tall as Zaccheus, or as the author of "Lalla Rookh," known to social contemporaries as "Tom Little." Overtaking him in the Lobby, Disraeli placed his hand with friendly pressure on the little gentleman's shoulder and said, "My dear Dr. O'Leary, you know you gave me quite a shock. When, looking up just now, I saw you walking ahead, I for a moment thought to myself, it is my old friend Tom Moore come back again."

If the Division List on the Imperial Titles Bill be consulted, Dr. O'Leary's name will be found in the majority that triumphantly added it to the Statute Book.

Lord Rowton once told me that at this epoch, indeed till the termination of his Premiership, his Chief formed the habit of entering the Division Lobby with the first flight of members. He took up a position midway its length, narrowly watching the throng as it pressed forward. If his eye lighted on one who had recently shown signs of wavering in loyalty he beckoned to him to approach, had a little friendly talk, and, if the case made it worth while, put his hand within his arm and walked with him to the wicket that gave exit from the Lobby. He did the same, perhaps with less *empressement*, in cases where one of the rank and file of his party had made anything in the way of a hit in debate.

MR. BALFOUR'S ALOOFNESS.

These little arts and artifices never seemed to occur to Mr. Balfour. Certainly he never practised them. Abstention was due to the same superb indifference to the opinion of his fellowmen which makes it partially true that he "never reads the papers." This temperament has its compensation, since he does not give himself the trouble to have personal animosities. I know of only two men of whom he privily spoke with petulant dislike. In their time they both served under Gladstone, and nightly through the Session Mr. Balfour suffered the annoyance of their sitting immediately opposite, parted only by the breadth of the Table. Chatting one dull night with a colleague, the latter said, "Did you ever notice how strangely the contour of B.'s face resembles the shape of a horse's head?"

"He may look like a horse," said Mr. Balfour, snappishly, "but he is only an ass."

PRIVATE ROOMS IN THE COMMONS.

One material advantage Mr. Bonar Law will find attendant upon his promotion to the Leadership is sole possession of a convenient, commodious, comfortably-furnished private room. Time was, within the memory of a few yet with us in Parliament, when private rooms were the

exclusive property of the Leader of the House and the Leader of the Opposition. The late Mr. Childers told me that when he first became a Minister he found that no private room within the precincts of the House was set aside for his occupation. Bound to be in attendance throughout the sitting of the House, as was the Ministerial custom in that far-off time, he used to take possession of one of the small writing-tables in the corridor into which the side galleries of the House open, and do his work there. A consequence was that when the division bell rang he had to leave his correspondence, or whatever clerical work he may chance to have been engaged upon, open on the table, so that he who ran might read.

It was during the term of office at the Board of Works of Mr. Plunket, now Lord Rathmore, that the privilege of private rooms was extended to Under-Secretaries. Compared with the luxurious apartments of the Leader of the House, the Leader of the Opposition, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, other private rooms flanking the corridor behind the Speaker's Chair, or delved out of subterranean passages, are scanty in proportion. Though not so deep as a well, nor much wider than a church door, like Mercutio's wound "they will serve," affording pleasing opportunity of retreat from the House under charitable supposition that the occupant is engaged in continuance of business commenced during daytime in the office of his Department. One not absolutely desirable result of this change in condition is seen in the habitually empty state of the Treasury Bench throughout a sitting. The only occupants are the Minister whose Department is directly concerned in the business of the House, with the assistance of one, at most two, colleagues. The rest of His Majesty's Ministers are hard at work in the cosy seclusion of their private rooms.

MR. PLUNKET, NOW LORD RATHMORE,
During whose term of office the privilege of private rooms was extended to Under-Secretaries.

If the ghost of Disraeli ever revisits the glimpses of the gas-lit roof under which he made history and his own fame, it would be perturbed at this spectacle. Whilst Leader of the House Disraeli was, with brief interval for dinner, to be found on the Treasury Bench from the time the Speaker took the Chair till the cry "Who goes home?" resounded through the Lobby. Also he expected his colleagues to follow his example, a precedent Gladstone strictly observed, at least up to the close of his third Administration.

But, as I have said, in those days there were no private rooms for Ministers.

The Prince and Betty.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy, R.I.

CHAPTER I.

THE TELEGRAM FROM MERVO.

BETTY SILVER came out of the house and began to walk slowly across the terrace to where Elsa Keith sat with Martin Rossiter in the shade of the big sycamore. Elsa and Martin had become engaged some few days before.

"What's troubling Betty, I wonder?" said Elsa. "She looks worried."

Martin turned his head.

"Is that your friend, Miss Silver? When did she arrive?"

"Last night. She's here for a month. What's the matter, Betty? This is Martin. What were you scowling at so ferociously, Betty?"

"Oh, Elsa, I'm miserable! I shall have to leave this heavenly place. See what has come!"

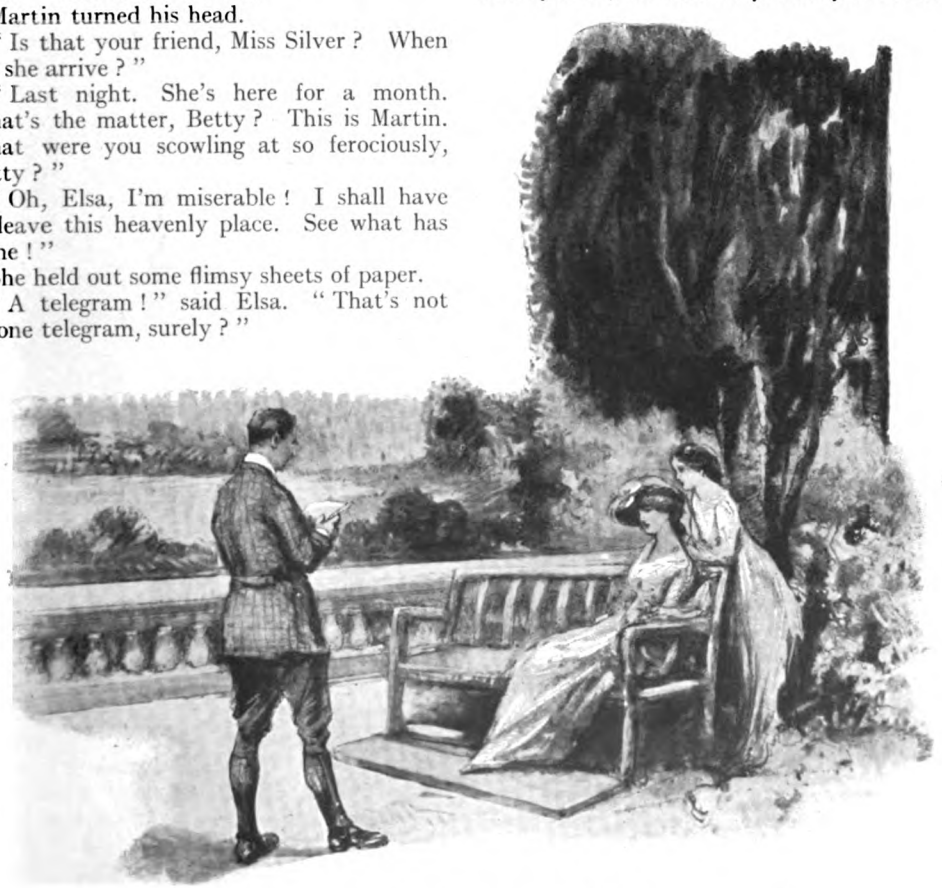
She held out some flimsy sheets of paper.

"A telegram!" said Elsa. "That's not all one telegram, surely?"

"It's from my stepfather. Read it out, Elsa. I want Mr. Rossiter to hear it. He may be able to tell me where Mervo is."

Elsa, who had been skimming the document with raised eyebrows, now read it out in its spacious entirety:—

On receipt of this come instantly Mervo without moment delay. Vital importance. Presence urgently required. Come wherever you are. Cancel engagements. Urgent necessity. Have advised bank allow you draw any money you need expenses. Don't fail catch first train London if you're in the country. I don't know where you are, but wherever you are you can catch



"MARTIN WAS RE-READING THE MESSAGE."

boat-train to Dover to-morrow night. No taking root in London and spending a week shopping. Night boat Dover-Calais. Arrive Paris Wednesday morning. Dine Paris. Catch train-de-luxe nine-fifteen Wednesday night for Marseilles. Have engaged sleeping coupé. Now, mind—Wednesday night. No hanging round Paris shops—you can do all that later on. Just now I want you to get here quick. Arrive Marseilles Thursday morning. Boat Mervo Thursday night. Will meet you Mervo. Now, do you follow all that? Because, if not, wire at once and say which part of journey you don't understand. Now mind special points to be remembered—Firstly, come instantly; secondly, no hanging round London-Paris shops. See?—SCOBELL.

"*Well!*" said Elsa, breathless.

Martin was re-reading the message.

"This isn't a mere invitation," he said. "There's no come-along-you'll-like-this-place-it's-fine about it. He seems to look on your company more as a necessity than a luxury."

"That's what makes it so strange. We have hardly met for years. And I don't know where he is!"

"Well," said Martin, "if you get to the place by taking a boat from Marseilles, it can't be far from the French coast. I should say that Mervo was an island in the Mediterranean. Isn't there an Encyclopædia in the library, Elsa? I'll go and fetch it."

As he crossed the terrace, Elsa turned quickly to Betty.

"Well?" she said.

Betty smiled at her.

"He's a dear. Are you very happy, Elsa?"

Elsa closed her eyes.

"It's like eating strawberries and cream in a new dress by moonlight on a summer night, while somebody plays the violin far away in the distance, so that you can just hear it," she said.

Betty was clenching her hands and breathing quickly.

"And it's like——"

"Elsa, don't! I can't bear it!"

"Betty! What's the matter?"

Betty smiled again, but painfully.

"It's stupid of me. I'm just jealous, that's all. I haven't got a Martin, you see. You have."

"Well, there are plenty who would like to be your Martin."

Betty's face grew cold.

"There are plenty who would like to be Benjamin Scobell's son-in-law," she said.

"Betty!" Elsa's voice was serious. "Betty! Who are they?"

"The only one you know is Lord Arthur Hayling. You remember him? He was the last. There were four others before him. And not one of them cared the slightest bit about me."

"But, Betty, dear, that's just what I mean. Why should you say that? How can you know?"

"How do I know? Well, I do know. Instinct, I suppose. I can't think of a single man in the world—except your Martin, of course—who wouldn't do anything for money." She stopped. "Well, yes, one."

Elsa leaned forward eagerly.

"Who, Betty? What's his name?"

Betty hesitated.

"Well, if I am in the witness-box—Maude, John Maude. I only met him two or three times, and I haven't seen him for years, and I don't suppose I shall ever see him again."

"But how do you know, then? What makes you think that he——?"

"Instinct, again, I suppose. I do know."

"And you've never met him since?"

Betty shook her head.

At the farther end of the terrace Martin Rossiter appeared, carrying a large volume.

He sat down and opened the book.

"Well, it's an island in the Mediterranean, as I said. It's the smallest independent State in the world; smaller than Monaco, even. Here are some facts. Its population when this Encyclopædia was printed—there may be more now—was eleven thousand and sixteen. It was ruled over up to 1886 by a Prince. But in that year the populace appear to have sacked their Prince, and the place is now a Republic."

"But what can my stepfather be doing there? I last heard of him in America. Well, I suppose I shall have to go."

"I suppose you will," said Elsa, mournfully. "But, oh, Betty, what a shame!"

CHAPTER II.

MERVO AND ITS OWNER.

"By George!" cried Mr. Benjamin Scobell. "Hi, Marion!"

He wheeled round from the window and transferred his gaze from the view to his sister Marion.

Mervo was looking its best under the hot morning sun. Mr. Scobell's villa stood near the summit of the only hill the island possessed, and from the window of the morning-room, where he had just finished breakfast, he had an uninterrupted view of valley, town, and harbour—a two-mile riot of green, gold, and white, and beyond the white the blue satin of the Mediterranean.

Benjamin Scobell was not a nice man to

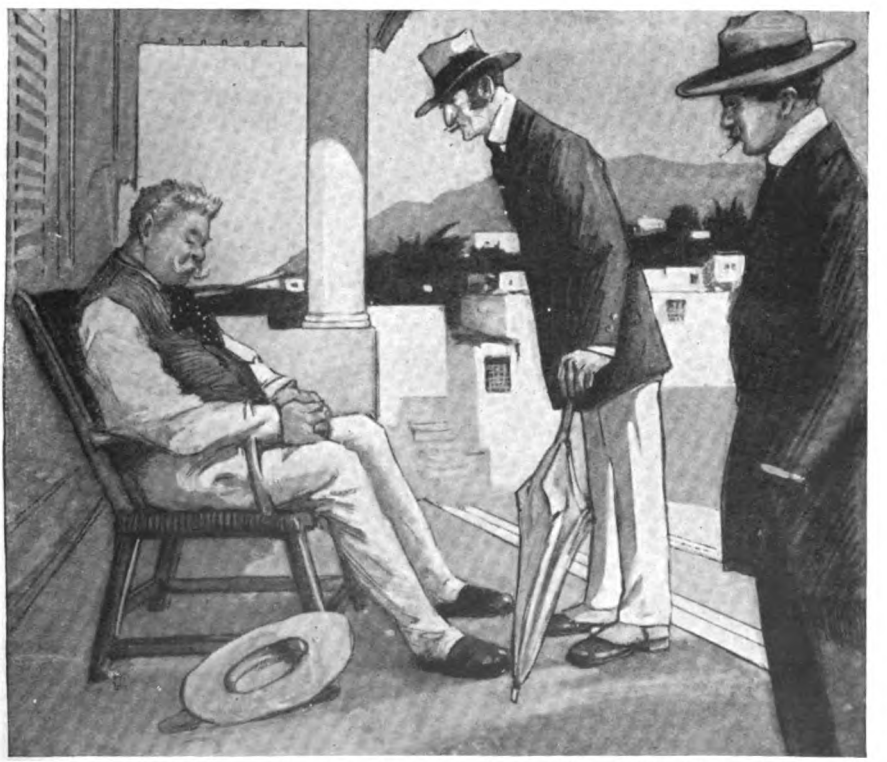
hold despotic sway over such a Paradise. Somewhat below the middle height, he was lean of body and vulturine of face. He had a greedy mouth, a hooked nose, liquid green eyes, and a sallow complexion. He was rarely seen without a half-smoked cigar between his lips. This at intervals he would relight, only to allow it to go out again.

How he had discovered the existence of Mervo is not known. It lay well outside the sphere of the ordinary financier. But Mr. Scobell took a pride in the versatility of his finance. It distinguished him from the uninspired, who were content to concentrate themselves on steel, wheat, and such-like things. Ever since, as a young man in Manchester, he had founded his fortunes with a patent powder for the suppression of cockroaches, it had been his way to consider nothing as lying outside his sphere.

This man of many projects had descended upon Mervo like a stone on the surface of some quiet pool. Before his arrival Mervo had been an island of dreams and slow movement and putting things off till to-morrow. The only really energetic thing it had ever done in its whole history had been to expel his late Highness, Prince Charles, and change itself into a Republic. The Royalist party, headed by General Poineau, had been distracted but impotent. The army, one hundred and fifteen strong, had gone solid for the new *régime*. Mervo had then gone to sleep again. It was asleep when Mr. Scobell found it.

The financier's scheme was first revealed to M. d'Orby, the President of the Republic. He was asleep in a chair on the porch of his villa when Mr. Scobell paid his call, and it was not until the financier's secretary, Mr. Crump, who attended the *séance* in the capacity of interpreter, had rocked him vigorously from side to side for quite a minute that he displayed any signs of animation. When at length he opened his eyes, Mr. Scobell said, "I've a proposal to make to you, sir, and I'd like you to give your complete attention. I suppose you've heard of Moosieer Blonk—the feller who started the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo?"

Filtered through Mr. Crump, the question



"HE WAS ASLEEP IN A CHAIR ON THE PORCH OF HIS VILLA WHEN MR. SCOBELL PAID HIS CALL."

became intelligible to the President. He said he had heard of M. Blanc.

Mr. Scobell lit a cigar.

"Well, I'm in that line. I'm going to make this island hum just like old Blonk made Monte Carlo. I've been reading up all about Blonk, and I know just what he did and how he did it. Monte Carlo was just such another dead-and-alive little place as this is before he came. The Government was down to its last threepenny-bit and wondering where the dickens its next Sunday dinner was coming from, when along comes Blonk, tucks up his shirt-sleeves, and starts the tables. And after that the place never looked back. You and your fellows have got to call a meeting and pass a vote to give me a gambling concession here, like what they gave him. Scobell's my name. Tell him, Crump."

Mr. Crump obliged once more. A gleam of intelligence came into the President's dull eye.

"The idea seems to strike him, sir," said Mr. Crump.

"It ought to, if he's got the imagination of a limpet," replied Mr. Scobell. "Look here," he said; "I've thought this thing out. There's lots of room for another Monte Carlo. Monte's a good little place, but it's not perfect by a long way. Blonk's offer to the Prince of Monaco was five hundred thousand francs a year—that's about twenty thousand pounds in real money—and half the profits made by the Casino. That's my offer, too. See how he likes that, Crump."

Mr. Crump investigated.

"He says he accepts gladly, on behalf of the Republic, sir," he announced.

M. d'Orby confirmed the statement by rising, dodging the cigar, and kissing Mr. Scobell on both cheeks.

"Stop it!" said the financier, austerely, breaking out of the clinch. "We'll take the Apache dance as read. Good-bye, o' man. Glad it's settled. Now I can get to work."

He did. Workmen poured into Mervo, and in a very short time, dominating the town and reducing to insignificance the palace of the late Prince, once a passably imposing mansion, there rose beside the harbour a mammoth Casino of shining stone.

It was a colossal venture, but it suffered from the defect from which most big things suffer: it moved slowly. At present it was being conducted at a loss. Ideas for promoting the prosperity of his nurseling came to Mr. Scobell at all hours—at meals, in the night watches, when he was shaving, walking, washing, reading, brushing his hair.

And now one had come to him as he stood looking at the view from the window of his morning-room.

"By George!" he said. "Marion, I've got an idea!"

Miss Scobell, deep in her paper, paid no attention. She had a detached mind.

"Marion!" cried Mr. Scobell. "I've got it. I've found out what's the matter with this place. I see why the Casino hasn't got moving properly. It's this Republic. What's the use of a Republic in a place like this? Who ever heard of this Republic doing anything except eat and sleep? They used to have a Prince here in 'eighty-something. Well, I'm going to have him back again."

Miss Scobell looked up from her paper, which she had been reading with absorbed interest throughout this harangue.

"You can't, dear. He's dead," said she.

"I know he's dead. You can't stump me on the history of this place. I've been reading it up. He died in '91. But before he died he married an English girl, named Westley, and there's a son, who's in England now, living with his uncle. It's the son I'm going to send for. I got it all from General Poineau."

Miss Scobell turned to her paper again.

"Very well, dear," she said. "Just as you please. I'm sure you know best."

"I'll go and find old Poineau at once," said the financier. "He knows just where his nibs is."

CHAPTER III.

JOHN.

About the time of Mr. Scobell's visit to General Poineau, John, Prince of Mervo, ignorant of the greatness so soon to be thrust upon him, was strolling thoughtfully along Bishopsgate Street.

He was a big young man, tall and large of limb. His face wore an expression of invincible good-humour.

As he passed along the street he looked a little anxious.

At the entrance to a large office-building he paused, and seemed to hesitate. Then, mounting to the second floor, he went down the passage, and pushed open a door on which was inscribed the legend, "Westley, Martin, and Co."

A girl, walking across the office with her hands full of papers, stopped in astonishment.

"Why, John Maude!" she cried.

"Halloa, Della!" he said.

Della Morrison was an American girl, from

New York. She was Mr. Westley's secretary, and she and John had always been good friends. John, indeed, was generally popular with his fellow-employés.

"Say, where have you been?" said Della. "The old man's been as mad as a hornet since he found you'd quit without leave."

"Della," said John, "owing to your unfortunate upbringing you aren't a cricket enthusiast; but suppose you were, and suppose you got up one day and found it was a perfectly ripping morning, and remembered that it was the first day of a Test Match, and looked at your letters, and saw that someone had offered you a seat in the pavilion, what would you have done? I could no more have refused—oh, well, I suppose I'd better tackle my uncle now. It's got to be done."

John's relations with his uncle were not cordial.

On Mr. Westley's side there was something to be said in extenuation of his attitude. John reminded him of his father, and he had hated the late Prince of Mervo with a cold hatred that had for a time been the ruling passion of his life. He had loved his sister, and her married life had been one long torture to him, a torture rendered keener by the fact that he was powerless to protect either her happiness or her money. At last an automobile accident put an end to his Highness's hectic career, and the Princess had returned to her brother's home, where, a year later, she died, leaving him in charge of her infant son.

Mr. Westley's desire from the first had been to eliminate, as far as possible, all memory of the late Prince. He gave John his sister's name, Maude, and brought him up as an Englishman, in total ignorance of his father's identity.

He disliked John intensely. He fed him, clothed him, sent him to Cambridge, and gave him a home and a place in his office; but he never for a moment relaxed his bleakness of front towards him.

As John approached the inner office the door flew open, disclosing Mr. Westley himself, a tall, thin man.

"Ah," said Mr. Westley, "come in here. I want to speak to you.

When the door closed Mr. Westley leaned back in his chair. "You were at the Test Match yesterday?" he said.

The unexpectedness of the question startled John into a sharp laugh.

"Yes," he said, recovering himself.

"Without leave."

"It didn't seem worth while asking for leave."

"You mean that you relied so implicitly on our relationship to save you from the consequences?"

"No; I meant——"

"Well, we need not try to discover what you may have meant. What claim do you put forward for special consideration? Why should I treat you differently from any other member of the staff?"

John had a feeling that the interview was being taken at too rapid a pace. He felt confused.

"I don't want you to treat me differently," he said.

"I think we understand each other," said Mr. Westley. "I need not detain you. You may return to the Test Match without further delay. As you go out, ask the cashier to give you your salary to the end of the month. Good-bye."

It was characteristic of John—a trait inherited from a long line of ancestors whose views on finance had always been delightfully airy and casual—that it was only at very occasional intervals that the thought would come to him that one cannot spend one's days at the Oval and one's nights in an expensive hotel indefinitely on a capital of forty pounds. But he was not a Prince of Mervo for nothing; and he shirked the unpleasant problem of how he was to go on living after his money was gone as thoroughly and effectively as even his father, the amiable Prince Charles, could have done. Life was too pleasant for such morbid meditations.

A certain tendency to loneliness was the only real drawback to his holiday. It was not until the fifth day that he met a friend, his old acquaintance, Della Morrison.

They met in the Savoy Hotel. She was so changed outwardly that, when he first caught sight of her, he did not recognize her.

She caught his eye, stared, then smiled a huge smile of delighted surprise.

"This is splendid," said John. "I was just wondering if I should ever meet anybody I knew again. What are you doing here, Della? You look as if you had come into a fortune."

"I *have* come into a fortune. At least, pa did. My head's still buzzing. Pa and ma arrived from New York in the *Lusitania* the day after you were fired. They never cabled or anything. The first I knew of it was when they walked into the office and told me to get ready to quit, because I was an heiress. You never met ma, but, believe me, before this happened you'd have said that she hadn't a

drop of ambition in her. She was just a good fellow, contented to stay at home and look after things. Whereas pa and I were always saying if we were rich we'd do this and that. That was before I came over here. Well, along comes a lawyer's letter one day for pa, saying that my Uncle Jim, somehow or other, had made more than a million out West, and he'd left it all to pa. And now ma, who used to be so quiet, has suddenly begun to show a flash of speed that would make you wonder why something don't catch fire. She says we're going into society, all in among all the dukes and earls and lord-high-main-squeezes. We're going for a trip to Paris first. Afterwards I'm to be presented at Court. Have you seen an English fellow hanging around here, looking as if he'd bought the hotel and didn't think much of it? He's a lord. Hayling's his name. Lord Arthur Hayling. Well, ma's got acquainted and roped him in to be our barker. His job's to stand in front of us with a megaphone and holler to Duke Percy and Lady Mabel to come in and see us. We're going to take a fine big house somewhere, and Kid Hayling's promised to see that folks are sociable. Halloa, there's ma and his lordship, looking for me! Good-bye! Pleasant dreams."

And the heiress rustled off.

That night Mr. Crump of Mervo arrived. He found John smoking in the hotel lobby, and wasted no time on preliminaries. "Mr. Maude?" he said. "I am Mr. Benjamin Scobell's private secretary."

"Yes?" said John. "Pretty snug job?"

The other seemed to miss something in his voice.

"You have heard of Mr. Scobell?" he asked.

"Not to my knowledge," said John.

Mr. Crump was a young man of extraordinary gravity of countenance. He eyed John intently through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

"I have been instructed," he said, solemnly, "to inform your Highness that the Republic of Mervo has been dissolved, and that your subjects offer you the throne of your ancestors."

John leaned back in his chair and looked at him in dumb amazement.

His attitude appeared to astound Mr. Crump.

"Don't you *know?*" he said. "Your father——"

John became suddenly interested.

"If you've got anything to tell me about my father, go ahead. You'll be the only man I've ever met who has said a word about him. Who the deuce was he?"

Mr. Crump's face cleared.

"I understand. I had not expected this. You have been kept in ignorance. Your father, Mr. Maude, was the late Prince Charles of Mervo."

John dropped his cigar in a shower of grey ash on to his trousers.

"If your Highness would glance at these documents—— This is a copy of the register of the church in which your mother and father were married."

"But where the deuce is Mervo? I never heard of the place."

"It is an island principality in the Mediterranean, your High ——"

"For goodness' sake, old man, don't keep calling me 'your Highness.' It may be fun to you, but it makes me feel a perfect ass. Let me get into the thing gradually."

Mr. Crump felt in his pocket.

"Mr. Scobell," he said, producing a roll of bank-notes, "entrusted me with money to defray any expenses."

"That's awfully good of him," said John. "It strikes me, old man, that I am not absolutely up-to-date as regards the internal affairs of this important little kingdom of mine. How would it be if you were to tell me one or two facts? Start at the beginning and go right on."

When Mr. Crump had finished a condensed history of Mervo and Mervian politics, John smoked in silence for some minutes.

"Well, well," he said, "these are stirring times. When do we start for the old homestead?"

"Mr. Scobell was exceedingly anxious that we should start immediately."

CHAPTER IV.

MR. SCOBELL HAS ANOTHER IDEA.

Owing to collaboration between Fate and Mr. Scobell, John's State entry into Mervo was an interesting blend between a pageant and a music-hall sketch. The pageant idea was Mr. Scobell's. The Palace Guard, forty strong, lined the quay. Besides these, there were four officers, a band, and sixteen mounted carbineers. The rest of the army was dotted along the streets. In addition to the military, there was a gathering of a hundred and fifty civilians, mainly drawn from fishing circles. They cheered vigorously as a young man, carrying a portmanteau, was seen to step on to the gangway and make for the shore. General Poineau, a white-haired warrior with

"JOHN'S STATE ENTRY INTO MERVO WAS AN INTERESTING BLEND BETWEEN A PAGEANT AND A MUSIC-HALL SKETCH."

a fierce moustache, strode forward and saluted. The Palace Guards presented arms. The band struck up the Mervian National Anthem. General Poineau, lowering his hand, put on a pair of *pince-nez* and began to unroll an address of welcome.

At this point Mr. Scobell made his presence felt.

"Glad to meet you, Prince," he said, coming forward. "Scobell's my name. Shake hands with General Poineau. No, that's wrong. I suppose he kisses your hand, doesn't he?"

"I'll upper-cut him if he does," said John, cheerfully.

Mr. Scobell eyed him doubtfully. His Highness did not appear to him to be treating the inaugural ceremony with that reserved dignity which we like to see in princes on these occasions. Mr. Scobell was a business man. He wanted his money's worth. His idea of a Prince of Mervo was something statuesquely aloof, something—he could not express it exactly—on the lines of the illustrations in the Zenda stories, about eight feet high and shinily magnificent, something that would give the place a tone. That was what he had had in his mind when he sent for John. He did not want a cheerful young man in a Panama and a flannel suit, who appeared to regard the whole proceedings as a sort of pantomime rally.

"There'll be breakfast at my villa, your Highness," said Mr. Scobell. "My car is waiting along there."

Then Mr. Scobell cheered up. Perhaps a Prince who took a serious view of his position would try to raise the people's minds, and start reforms and generally be a nuisance. John could, at any rate, be relied upon not to do that. His face cleared.

"Have a good cigar, Prince?" he said, cordially, inserting two fingers in his vest-pocket.

"Good idea," said his Highness, affably. "Thanks."

Breakfast over, Mr. Scobell replaced the remains of his cigar between his lips and turned to business.

"I want you, Prince," said Mr. Scobell, "to help boom this place. That's where you come in."

"Yes?" said John.

"As to ruling and all that," continued Mr. Scobell, "there isn't any to do. The place runs itself. Someone gave it a shove a thousand years ago, and it's been rolling along ever since. What I want you to do is the picturesque business. Entertain swells when they come here. Have a Court—see what I mean?—like in England. Go round in aeroplanes, and that style of thing. Don't you worry about money. That'll be all right. You draw your steady twenty thousand a year, and a good bit more besides, when we begin to get moving."

"Do I, by George?" said John. "It seems to me that I've fallen into a pretty soft thing here. There'll be a catch somewhere, I suppose. There always is in these good things. But I don't see it yet. You can count on *me* all right."

"Good boy," said Mr. Scobell. "And now you'll be wanting to get to the palace. I'll tell them to bring the car round."

The Council of State broke up.

Having seen John off in the car, the financier proceeded to his sister's sitting-room.

"Well," said Mr. Scobell, "he's come."

"Yes, dear?"

"And he's just the sort I want. Saw the idea of the thing right away, and is ready to do anything. No nonsense about him."

"Is he married?" asked Miss Scobell.

Her brother started.

"Married? I never thought of that. But no, of course he's not. He'd have mentioned it. He's not the sort to hush up a thing like that. I——"

He stopped short. His green eyes gleamed excitedly.

"Marion!" he cried. "Hi, *Marion!*"

"Well, dear?"

"Listen. This thing is going to be big. I've got a new idea. It just came to me. Your saying that put it into my head. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to wire to Betty to come over here, and I'm going to arrange a marriage between her and this Prince."

Miss Scobell sighed.

"Very well, dear. I suppose you know best. But perhaps the Prince won't like Betty!"

Mr. Scobell gave a snort of disgust.

"Marion," he said, "you've got a mind like a slab of wet dough. Can't you understand that the Prince is just as much in my employment as the man who scrubs the Casino steps? I'm hiring him to be Prince of Mervo, and his first job as Prince of Mervo will be to marry Betty. It'll be a grand advertisement. 'Restoration of Royalty at Mervo.' That'll make them take notice by itself. Then, biff! right on top of that, 'Royal Romance—Prince Weds English Girl—Love at First Sight—Picturesque Wedding.' We'll wipe Monte Carlo clean off the map. We—— It's the greatest scheme on earth. Here, where's a telegraph form?"

CHAPTER V.

YOUNG ADAM CUPID.

On a red sandstone rock at the edge of the water, where the island curved sharply out

into the sea, Prince John of Mervo sat and brooded on First Causes. For nearly an hour and a half he had been engaged in an earnest attempt to trace to its source the acute fit of depression which had come—apparently from nowhere—to poison his existence that morning.

Then the thing stood revealed, beyond all question of doubt. What had unsettled him was that unexpected meeting with Betty Silver last night at the Casino.

He generally visited the Casino after dinner. As a rule he merely strolled through the rooms, watching the play; but last night he had slipped into a vacant seat. He had only just settled himself when he was aware of a girl standing beside him. He got up.

"Would you care——?" he had begun, and then he saw her face.

It had all happened in an instant. Some chord in him, numbed till then, had begun to throb. It was as if he had waked from a dream, or returned to consciousness after being stunned. There was something in the sight of her, standing there so cool and neat and composed in the heat and stir of the Casino, that struck him like a blow.

How long was it since he had seen her last? Not more than a couple of years. It seemed centuries.

He looked at her. And, as he looked, he heard England calling to him. Mervo, by the appeal of its novelty, had caused him to forget. But now, quite suddenly, he knew that he was home-sick.

"'YOU—YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME,' HE STAMMERED."

"You—you don't remember me," he stammered. She was flushing a little under his stare, but her eyes were shining.

"I remember you very well, Mr. Maude," she said, with a smile.

"Won't you take this seat?" said John.

"No, thank you. I'm not playing. I only just stopped to look on. My aunt is in one of the rooms, and I want to make her come home. I'm tired."

"Have you been in Mervo long?" he said.

"I only arrived this morning. I was in England and my stepfather—I wonder if you know him—Mr. Scobell?"

"Mr. Scobell? Is he your stepfather?"

"Yes. He wired to me to come here. And I'm glad he did. It seems lovely. I must explore to-morrow." She was beginning to move off.

"Er——" John coughed, to remove what seemed to him a deposit of sawdust and unshelled nuts in his throat. "Er—may I—will you let me show you some of the place to-morrow?"

"I should like it very much," she said.

John made his big effort. He attacked the nuts and sawdust, which had come back and settled down again in company with a large lump of some unidentified material, and they broke before him. His voice rang out as if through a megaphone, to the unconcealed disgust of the neighbouring gamesters.

"If you go along the path at the foot of the hill," he burst forth, rapidly, "and follow it down to the sea, you get to a little bay full of red sandstone rocks—you can't miss it—and there's a fine view of the island from there. I'd like awfully to show that to you. It's lovely."

"Then shall we meet there?" she said. "When?"

John was in no mood to postpone the event.

"As early as ever you like," he said.

"At about ten, then. Good night, Mr. Maude."

John had reached the bay at half-past eight, and had been on guard there ever since. It was now past ten, but still there were no signs of Betty. His depression increased. He told himself that she had forgotten. Then, that she had remembered, but had changed her mind. Then, that she had never meant to come at all.

His mood became morbidly introspective. He was weighed down by a sense of his own unworthiness. He submitted himself to a thorough examination, and the conclusion to which he came was that, as an aspirant to the regard of a girl like Betty, he did not score a single point.

He looked at his watch again, and the world grew black. It was half-past ten. He looked up the path for the hundredth time. Above him lay the hill-side, dozing in the morning sun; below, the Mediterranean, sleek and blue, without a ripple. But of Betty there was no sign.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. SCOBELL IS FRANK.

MUCH may happen in these rapid times in the course of an hour and a half. While John was keeping his vigil on the sandstone rock, Betty was having an interview with Mr. Scobell which was to produce far-reaching results.

The interview began, shortly after breakfast, in a gentle and tactful manner, with Aunt Marion at the helm. But Mr. Scobell was not the man to stand by silently while people were being tactful. At the end of the second minute he had plunged through his sister's mild monologue like a rhinoceros through a cobweb.

"You say you want to know why you were wired for. I'll tell you. I suppose you've heard that there's a Prince here instead of a Republic now? Well, that's where you come in."

"Do you mean——" She hesitated.

"Yes, I do," said Mr. Scobell. He went on rapidly. "This is a matter of State. You've got to drop fool notions and act for good of State. You've got to look at it in the proper spirit. Great honour—see what I mean? Princess, and all that. Chance of a lifetime. Dynasty. You've got to look at it in that way."

Betty had not taken her eyes off him from his first word. The shock of his words had to some extent numbed her. Then her mind began to work actively once more.

"Do you mean that you want me to marry this Prince?" she said. "I won't do anything of the sort."

"Pshaw! Don't be foolish."

Betty's eyes shone mutinously. Her cheeks were flushed, and her slim, boyish figure quivered. Her chin, always determined, became a silent Declaration of Independence.

"It's ridiculous," she said. "You talk as if you had just to wave your hand. Why should your Prince want to marry a girl he has never seen?"

"He will," said Mr. Scobell, confidently.

"How do you know?"

"Because I know he's a sensible young fellow. That's how. You're thinking that Mervo is an ordinary State, and that the Prince is one of those independent, all-wool, off-with-his-head rulers like you read about in the novels. Well, he isn't. If you want

to know who's the big man here, it's me—me! This Prince is simply my employé. See? Who sent for him? I did. Who put him on the throne? I did. Who pays him his salary? I do, from the profits of the Casino. Now do you understand? *He* knows his job. *He* knows which side his bread's buttered. When I tell him about this marriage, do you know what he'll say? He'll say, 'Thank you, sir!' That's how things are in this island."

Betty shuddered. Her face was white with humiliation.

"There's another thing," said Mr. Scobell. "Perhaps you think he's some kind of a foreigner? Perhaps that's what's worrying you. Let me tell you that he's an Englishman—pretty nearly as English as you are yourself."

Betty stared at him.

"An Englishman!"

"Don't believe it, eh? Well, let me tell you that his mother was born in Birmingham, and that he has lived all his life in England. He's no foreigner. He's a Cambridge man, six feet high, and weighs thirteen stone. That's the sort of man he is."

Betty uttered a cry.

"Who is he?" she cried. "What was his name before he—when he——"

"His name?" said Mr. Scobell. "John Maude. Maude was his mother's name. She was a Miss Westley. Here, where are you going?"

Betty was walking slowly towards the door. Something in her face checked Mr. Scobell.

"I want to think," she said, quietly. "I'm going out."

At half-past twelve that morning business took Mr. Benjamin Scobell to the Royal palace. He was not a man who believed in letting the grass grow under his feet. He prided himself on his briskness of attack.

In this matter of the Royal alliance it was his intention to have at it and clear it up at once. Having put his views clearly before Betty, he now proposed to lay them with equal clarity before the Prince.

Arriving at the palace, he was informed that his Highness had gone out shortly after breakfast and had not returned. He received the news equably, and directed his chauffeur to return to the villa. He could not have done better, for on his arrival he was met with the information that his Highness was waiting in the morning-room.

"Why, Prince," said Mr. Scobell, "this is lucky. I've been looking for you."

"Where is Miss Silver?" said John.

Mr. Scobell looked astonished.

"Do you know Betty?"

"I used to know her in England. We met last night at the Casino. I was to have met her again this morning, but"—he gulped—"but she didn't come. I thought I should find her here."

Mr. Scobell's green eyes sparkled. There was no mistaking the tone of John's voice. Fate was certainly smoothing his way.

"She'll be here all right," he said, consolingly. "I expect she forgot to keep the appointment. Now I think of it——"

There was a knock at the door. A footman entered, bearing a letter on a silver tray.

Mr. Scobell slit the envelope and began to read. As he did so his eyes grew round, and his mouth slowly opened till his cigar-stump, after hanging for a moment from his lower lip, dropped off like an exhausted bivalve and rolled along the carpet.

"Prince," he gasped, "she's gone! Betty!"

"Gone! What do you mean?"

"She's half-way to Marseilles by now. Listen to what she says.

"'By the time you read this I shall be gone. I am giving this to a boy to take to you after the boat has started. Please do not try and follow me to bring me back, for it will be no use. I shall never come back. I am going right away.'"

John was still staring.

"But why? Why should she go away like that? What could have made her do it?"

Mr. Scobell's mouth had opened to explain, when a prudent instinct closed it. Something told him that this was no moment to reveal to John the scheme in which he was to have figured.

"Some fool notion, I suppose," he said. "Girls are like that."

John had begun to pace the room. Suddenly he stopped.

"I'm going after her," he said.

Mr. Scobell beamed approval.

"Good for you, Prince," he said. "Go to it!"

(To be concluded in two more instalments.)

WHICH IS THE FINEST RACE?

THE VENUS DE MILO.
The Greek type of beauty.

A Symposium of Artists, Scientists, Athletes, and Travellers.

LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW.
The Greek type in English beauty.
Photo. Lallie Charles.

IN these days, when the science of human breeding is attracting widespread attention, is it not important that we should have some standard of physical perfection set before us?

We are so accustomed to regard the ancient Greeks as having generally attained the maximum of human beauty that it is something of a shock to be told by more than one scholar that the Greeks, even of the age of Pericles, were, on the whole, a plain, undersized lot, and that it is chiefly to the art of the sculptor that they owe their national reputation. The ideal Greek standard as displayed in their scufp.ure is, however, generally regarded as the highest of which the human race is capable, and, at any rate, a convenient text upon which to base our symposium.

The late Lord Leighton, P.R.A., said:—

"Unquestionably the nearest approach to the Greek female type is the modern Englishwoman of the upper and upper-middle class. The original of the Venus de Milo, were she to appear amongst us to-day, would probably be regarded as a typical Englishwoman. There are the long limbs, the eloquent lines and freedom from *embonpoint*, and the placid dignity of bearing which distinguishes the Englishwoman from her sisters on the Continent. With the men it is different. Other races—the Italians, the Turks, the South Sea Islanders—are more symmetrical, and even more virile. But the Englishwoman is peerless."

But do other authorities concede this superiority even to Englishwomen? There is Professor Otto Bergmann, of Munich, whose dictum is as follows:—

"The English frequently arrogate to themselves a physical perfection as a race which they are far from having attained. While it is true that amongst their upper classes height and symmetry are often met with, yet any sculptor will tell you that the Italians are far their superior in symmetry and the Turks in stature. I should put the Swiss or the Scandinavian races above the English. The natives of Samoa are probably the most beautiful race in the world. Even the French have far better hair, eyes, and teeth than the English. Most Englishwomen are far too angular and stooping to conform to any classical standard of beauty, while our Germans have far too much *embonpoint*."

Now let us see what our authorities, painters, sculptors, anatomists, eugenists, physical culturists, have to say to this. Every picture-lover knows the predilection for physical beauty expressed by Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., in his canvases. His human figures are there all comely, all symmetrical, all attractive. This famous painter would sin against his artistic canons were he to delineate physical imperfection.

"The Anglo-Saxon," he writes, "amongst the nations whose characteristics I have had an opportunity of carefully observing, is more often lacking in any suggestion of the 'Hellenic standard' of form than any other race—except the German, who are of our family.

"Our inarticulate and incomplete type of form is more marked in women than in men.

" If we cross the Channel and move southward, we at once find a marked improvement. The French have hands—a very unfinished appendage with us.

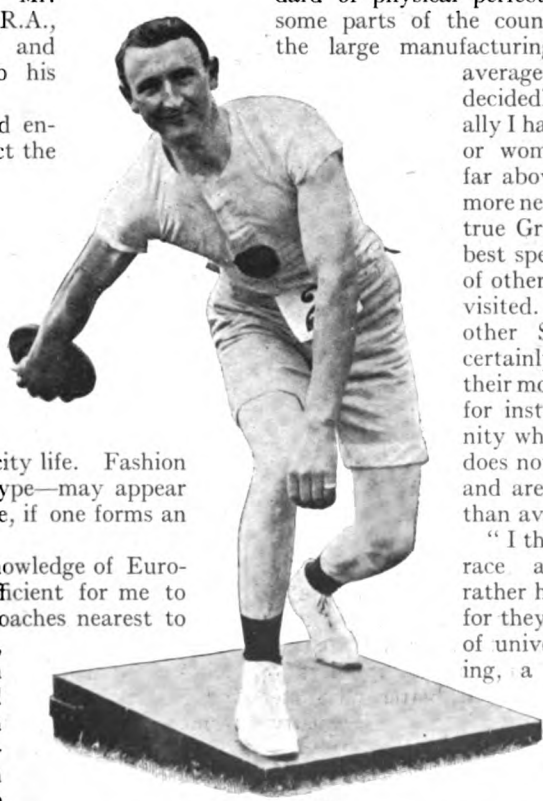
" I once saw about a hundred French soldiers marched on to the sea-shore to bathe. Their average form was, without question, very superior to the nude seen in our country.

" The movement is more varied, expressive, and 'true' with the French, Italian, and Eastern nations. The ungainly, constrained action of the British race is opposed to even development. The English artisan affects a stooping, lop-sided slouch. The French and Italian workmen have a natural movement and deportment; the self-conscious English an uncouth and inexpressive demeanour. The Italian is a typical human creature. The self-conscious cultivation of uncouthness and inexpressiveness permeates all classes and both sexes in England. Our want of grace is largely the effect, but in a small degree the cause, of our lack of distinction in form."

Flatly opposed to this opinion is that of the celebrated sculptor, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., whose "Teucer" and "Artemis" testify to his Greek spirit:—

" Circumstances and environment so soon affect the physical aspect that to discover the type of a people it is essential to look at the young and unspoilt of those in comfortable and well-to-do conditions. The 'Hellenic standard' soon disappears in the wear and tear of city life. Fashion may try to hide the type—may appear to destroy it for a time, if one forms an opinion from adults.

" I fear that my knowledge of European nations is insufficient for me to judge where one approaches nearest to the Greek standard, but of all cities with which I am acquainted there is none in which one sees so many beautiful women as in Western London. The greater part of our Metropolis is now so foreign as to be no longer English. During the disastrous period of the South African War it was customary for the illustrated papers to give photographic portraits of the scores of officers, mostly young, who were killed. This was no list selected for their good looks, but probably selected by Death because they were the bravest. In that long gallery of portraits I think I saw the English type, and I believe it might safely challenge any country in the world to show a type nearer to the 'Hellenic standard.'"



H. A. LEEKE.
A fine specimen of the modern athlete on classical lines.
From a Photograph by Sport & General.

Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., holds the opinion that no true decision can be arrived at by comparing particular classes; but that only by examining the average types of each nation can any fair comparison be made. " The subject, therefore," he says, " not only requires much thought, but a vast amount of travel in order that one may become acquainted with all the different types of each people. Taking an average in this way, I certainly do not regard the English race as beautiful. There is no doubt that the standard of physical perfection is very low in some parts of the country, particularly in the large manufacturing towns, and our average is thus rendered decidedly poor. Occasionally I have met a young man or woman of the country far above the average, and more nearly approaching the true Grecian type than the best specimens I have seen of other nations that I have visited. The Italians and other Southern races are certainly more graceful in their movements (the Arabs, for instance, possess a dignity which the Englishman does not begin to attempt), and are finer in appearance than average Englishmen.

" I think that the German race averages physically rather higher than our own, for they have the advantage of universal military training, a measure which, if introduced in this country, would produce an immense improvement in the health, strength, and beauty of the nation."

"English beauty is good enough for me," writes Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., and this painter's knowledge of both Greek and Roman beauty is considered profound.

"I am sure," says Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., "that the average standard of beauty among Englishwomen has improved during my lifetime, and also her growth and physical development, but I am afraid I cannot say the same of Englishmen. To get at the true type one must study those who for generations have been well nourished and well cared for—that is to say, the upper classes; and amongst our society women will be found a general standard of beauty unequalled by any other race of the world that I have seen. it shoots out stiffly and deliberately. The Italian will perform the same action with a graceful sweep which cannot easily be described in words, but of which the grace is very apparent to the beholder."

Sir William Goscombe John, R.A., believes that the Southern Italians are probably the finest race in the world.

"External symmetry of contour is less frequently met with amongst the northern races. It is true they have not stature, but stature often implies disproportion of the limbs, and also gauntness or angularity, which is associated with the fair-haired peoples."

From the exponents of art, let us turn to

THE TEAM OF THE CITY OF LONDON POLICE WHO WON THE TUG-OF-WAR AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES—THE MEN OF THE FINEST PHYSIQUE IN THE WORLD.
From a Photograph by [*Sport & General.*

What Lord Leighton said—that the Englishwoman certainly approaches most nearly to the classic Greek type—I believe to be true.

"The average size of our men has, I think, increased. I believe that most of the suits of armour at the Tower of London would be too small for the use of an average man at the present day. But I do not think they are more handsome or of better physique than the public-school boys and University men of forty years ago.

"I entirely agree with Mr. Marcus Stone in all he says about the more expressive movements of the Italian and Eastern races. Tell an Englishman to hold out his arm, and

the anthropologists, the writers on eugenics, the physical culturists, and, last but not least, to the travellers. Thus, the author of "The Living Races of Mankind," Mr. H. N. Hutchinson, writes:—

"As to the *whole* English race, they may or may not be inferior—so much depends on a man's or woman's occupation and surroundings. But I really do think that the men and women of England who belong to the upper-middle class and have had a good education are a better type physically than those of any other European country of the same class. Our games, public schools, and Universities have done much to develop our bodies.

Our sports (hunting, golf, cricket, football) have all had a hand in this great work, and I am not ashamed of the men and women I meet of our class. I consider them, physically and morally, superior to any other in Europe."

"The question of the finest people," writes Dr. C. W. Saleeby, the well-known exponent of eugenics or race-culture and the author of "Parenthood," "does certainly concern those who are what I call eugenists. Physical beauty and efficiency—so closelyallied—areamong the objects at which we arebound to aim. But what the present facts are I do not know. Such chances of observation as I have had lead me toagreewith the opinion quoted, on the whole.

"But really, you know, there is another question. If we study Sir George Newman's last report, we find that the nation's school-children are abominably neglected; inspected, yes; treated, no. If malnutrition is the rule among our urban stocks, and prevails through the whole period of development, as we permit it, in our ignorance and carelessness, to do, how can we expect to approach the Hellenic standard—that of a race which consciously aimed at physical fitness, and began with its young people?

"The Lowland Scotch used to be unsurpassed for stature. But now the children have jam and white bread instead of oatmeal porridge, and the old pre-eminence is gone. Let us stop boasting; let us learn from the sculptors and artists that, even when we do try, we aim wrongly, as in the case of our girls, whom we try to make, not women, but men of; and then, in another generation, let us take stock again. Meanwhile, all blessings on you, or anyone else, who will persistently attract public attention to the question of questions, the culture of the racial life, which is the vital industry of any people."

MLLE. WANDA LOTTERO.
"The Italian type of beauty which many critics think unrivalled." *Photo.* [*Lallie Charles.*

Dr. Harrison Petrie writes:—

"After a familiarity with most of the races of the globe extending over a period of thirty years, I have come to the conclusion that, judged merely as fine animals, the palm must be awarded, as to men, to the Spanish peasant, and to women, to the lower-class Venetians. Of course, when you speak of a fine man or woman, or a fine horse or dog, much depends upon what class of animal you are speaking of. But if you mean symmetry, suppleness, erect carriage, good hair, eyes, teeth, well-shaped hands and feet, then I say you will find the selection I have made hard to beat.

"You can, of course, find greater height, greater strength, more roundness. The Zulu is a fine animal, but his hands and feet, to say

nothing of his features, are against him, in addition to the question of hair. Lank, colourless hair is also a drawback amongst most of the northern races, and indifferent teeth would lose them a point or two. The French have a term—*race*—which expresses a certain full-bloodedness, a richness of blood and bearing which is very uncommon in northern countries, but which I have found very common in Spain."

The views of so great an exponent of physical culture as Mr. Sandow deserve to be heard with the utmost respect, and what he has to say is highly attractive.

"You have," he writes, "raised a question of undoubted interest, and one which has a practical bearing upon many matters, both of individual and of national interest. I cannot see that the superior 'symmetry' of the Italians or the superior stature of the Turks necessarily implies physical superiority. 'Symmetry' is a somewhat elastic word, and authorities are by no means agreed upon the symmetrical proportions of the ideal man. Too often 'symmetry' is determined by the eye, which is a very unreliable criterion in such a matter. Due regard must be paid to what I call *power of accomplishment*; for, after all, a man's physical fitness can only be determined by his physical capacity.

"Judged from this saner standpoint, the Englishman is, in my experience, the superior of other races. English habits of life, and particularly the national fondness for all forms of outdoor sport and exercise, give an advantage in point of hardiness, of nervous tone, of physical alertness, and of muscular capability which the phlegmatic Turk and the super-nervous Italian do not possess. And who can deny the importance of the qualities to which I have just referred? They are the *essential* qualities of physical fitness.

A TYPICAL FRENCH BEAUTY.
From a Photograph by Reutlinger.

"If the question were simply one of *muscular* development, I should be inclined to award the palm to the Scandinavian; but in his case muscular strength is discounted by comparatively slow action.

"We must remember that physical efficiency largely depends upon the rapidity with which the muscles respond to the call of the brain. A semi-inert body of tremendous muscular strength is decidedly inferior to a more highly-trained and more quickly responsive system of less actual power. Here is where the alert energy of the Englishman tells—and this alertness is a national characteristic.

"I have studied attentively the physique and capability of most races in the world, and this outstanding merit of the English race has always impressed me as a great secret of their racial supremacy. The only nation which in any way approaches the English in this respect is that amazingly agile, hard-trained, and energetic nation, the Japanese.

"Finally, if we regard the question as one of ideal symmetry, and accept the classic standard as a safe criterion, I have no hesitation in saying that, judging from my personal observations in thousands of cases, given equal training, there is no question that the Englishman, with his better stamina and greater alertness, responds most favourably to systematic body-culture in the form of appropriate physical exercise, and attains a degree of symmetrical perfection only excelled by the idealized heroes of antiquity — classic models which probably owe their wonderful perfection to the imagination of the sculptor.

"The moderate climate, the healthy activities, and the clearly hygienic habits of the Englishman are all in his favour, and have resulted in a race which, if trained, can produce the finest examples of properly-developed manhood."

"The average English man and woman," writes Mr. Eustace Miles, "are not to be

found, as people generally assume that they are, in the English country-house. We have to take into consideration the masses in our great cities. A fair idea of these people may be gathered as one walks through the slums, or visits Southend during the summer holidays. The physique of the young men and women is very far below the standard shown by the Greek statues.

"But too much nonsense is talked about the Greeks. There were very few Greek citizens compared with the population of Greece. There was an enormous slave population, which most writers about the Greeks are pleased to ignore. I am surprised that scholars do not oftener refute the fallacy that the average inhabitant of ancient Greece was a highly-educated man. When Athens was in its prime, for example, for every one Athenian there were several slaves. It is easy enough to be highly educated if you can get slaves to do much of your work for you.

"With regard to the shape of a man and his external symmetry, I do not think we should lay too much stress upon it. The important things are physical health, endurance, quickness, adaptability. These are not always to be found with a well-moulded figure; certainly they are not to be found with the typical weight-lifters.

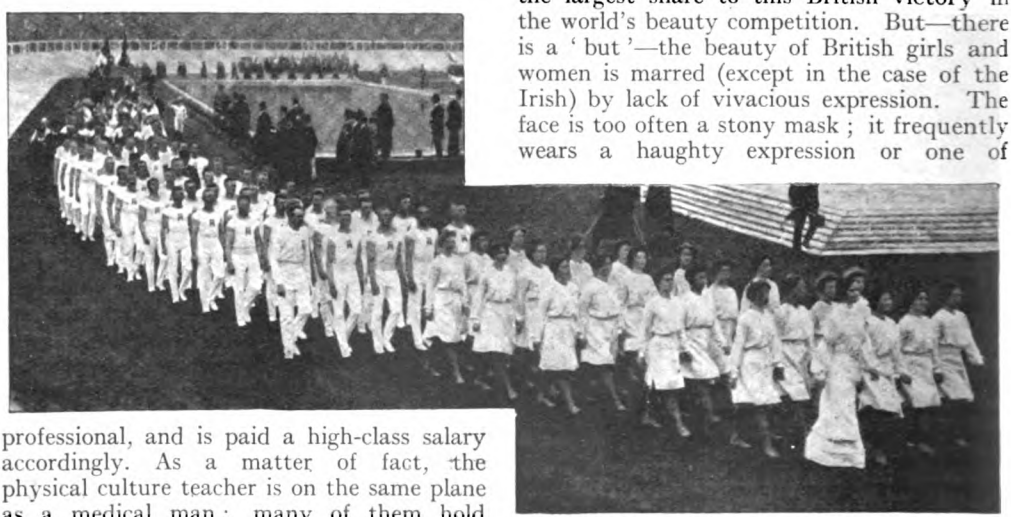
"And, besides, to-day we should lay stress on the brain and the *morale*; rather than on the physical appearance. So much we can get done by machinery that the power of directing and controlling ourselves, which is a mental power, has become of more importance than mere physical strength or symmetry of form."

"One of the finest object-lessons," writes Professor Meredith Clease, "given to the British public on race perfection was on the occasion of the last Olympic Games. Some dozen different countries sent picked representatives from the flower of their youth. On the opening day there was a grand parade of the nations before our late King Edward. I had the honour of assisting in the marshalling of this historic gathering. The entire body, in countries, marched around the arena, and the unanimous opinion was that the British contingent was by far the poorest specimen present, both in physique and deportment; as a matter of fact, the British section looked very much undersized. True, the British selection committee could have placed a much finer and more representative body on the field if they had chosen. Apart from this demonstration at the Olympic gathering three years ago, there are no means to-day of judging which nation is the finest in physique. During my twenty-six years' experience I have examined and measured some hundreds of thousands of both sexes and of all classes. I am bound to admit that the average physical standard of the British race is decreasing in both height and general physique, while, to my knowledge, with one other nation — the American—it is increasing. The reason for this difference is not far to seek. In America those responsible for the welfare of that nation have fully recognized that the overcrowding of cities, the increased hustle and bustle for existence, must eventually mean the physical degeneration of the race if something is not done to give the only true antidote — systematic physical exercise. Towards this end municipal authorities of all the larger cities have installed a plentiful supply of gymnasia. For instance, in my last visit to the States, six years ago, I found that Boston (about

THE STATELY BEAUTY OF SPAIN.
From a Photograph by Bourne & Shepherd.

the size of our Liverpool) had no fewer than six fully-equipped physical training schools, each far larger than England's largest (Army, Aldershot), and, above all, the cost of tuition is practically *nil*—they are State-aided, and they are always full. The feeders of these schools are the public elementary schools, where physical exercise is compulsory—and often. The result of about ten years of this State effort to stem the tide of degeneration is now being felt and seen. In another twenty-five years I unhesitatingly say that America will be the finest race.

"There is one most important factor in the State-aided scheme—the physical educator, or teacher, is looked upon as a high-class professional, and is paid a high-class salary accordingly. As a matter of fact, the physical culture teacher is on the same plane as a medical man; many of them hold medical degrees, consequently the physical welfare of the nation is in the hands of competent experts.



THE DANISH GYMNASTS, MEN AND WOMEN, MARCHING PAST AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES.
From a Photograph by Topical.

"The same conditions exist in Sweden—hence the Swede's perfect physique, which was so marked at our Olympic gathering.

"In England, apart from a very indifferent physical training in our elementary schools (public schools almost *nil*), the physical welfare of the nation is left almost in the hands of private enterprise."

In conclusion we come to three famous travellers, who have seen and moved amongst the various races of the earth with open eyes. Mr. Arthur Diosy writes that in his opinion:—

"The average individual belonging to that mixture of many racial elements known as the English people cannot rightly claim to 'approximate most closely to the Hellenic standard.' The average Italian of Central Italy comes much nearer to that standard. The Scandinavian is a fine specimen of humanity, but too rough-hewn to accord with the ancient Greek ideal. In England, the highest and upper-middle classes have an appearance of distinction in face and figure but rarely found in other countries, but the bulk of the nation has no claim to any particular beauty of form or feature, and has no idea of graceful and dignified movement, such as is possessed by Italians, Spaniards, Magyars, Japanese, Moors, Polynesians, American Indians, and—in the highest degree—by many of the races of India.

"As far as concerns female beauty of features and of colouring, the United Kingdom stands first, and Ireland contributes the largest share to this British victory in the world's beauty competition. But—there is a 'but'—the beauty of British girls and women is marred (except in the case of the Irish) by lack of vivacious expression. The face is too often a stony mask; it frequently wears a haughty expression or one of suspicion, so that the chiselled features or the smooth curves, the large, clear eyes with their long lashes, the lovely complexion, lose the greater part of their artistic value.

"The figure of the British woman has improved of late years, but her gait is still deplorable. That of the men varies between the free swing of the athlete and the uncouth slouch common to the Etonian and the 'clod-hopper.'

"Less self-consciousness and more scientifically-thought-out physical training would work wonders in improving the gait and bearing of the English people. Universal military training, apparently inevitable before many years have passed, will probably ensure this improvement.

"For the present, I would award the prize for manly beauty to those warlike races of

India—Sikhs and Rajputs; for female beauty of face to the women of Ireland, of form to the girls of Samoa, and, in Europe, to those of Central Italy."

Sir Ernest Shackleton writes :—

"I have never heard it stated before that the English arrogate to themselves a physical perfection which they are far from having attained. I have never heard that the English desired to have the same proportions as the classical Greek. I quite allow that the Polynesians and Italians have a symmetry in appearance on finer lines than the Anglo-Saxon race; but I speak with a certain amount of knowledge, as I have visited every country in the world, from China to the South Seas, and the conclusion that I have come to is that symmetry and graceful appearance count but little, and that virility and muscular strength, though perhaps not beautiful in outward form, are the determining factors in success, coupled with brains—and who will deny the brain-power of the Anglo-Saxon race? If one takes the portraits of nearly every great man of any nation, the first thing one observes is that they do not conform to any standard of classical features, and I would join issue with Professor Bergmann when he says that most Englishwomen are far too angular and stooping to conform to any standard of beauty. The chances are—taking even Italy—that when one sees a beautiful woman walking along, she is either English or American. However, after all, beauty and form are terms proportionate to the minds that conceive them."

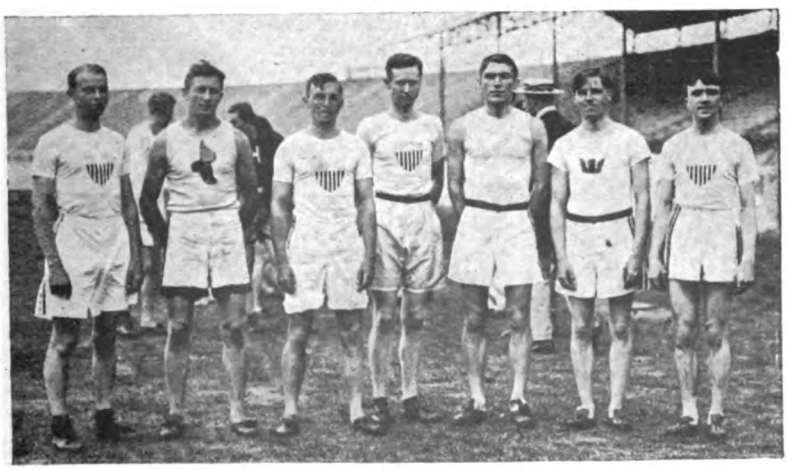
Sir Sven Hedin says :—

"In physical accomplishment there is no race in Europe that could be compared with the Swedes and Norwegians. I mean specially in height, as has been statistically proved as clearly as possible. As an average, no other nation in Europe has so high-grown men and women as Sweden, and I dare say they are as well grown as those of any other nation.

"Everybody who comes to the Olympic Games in Stockholm next summer will be able to judge of these facts for himself.

"I think Professor Bergmann is, however, very unjust to the English. Specially it cannot be said to be chivalrous to call the English-women 'too angular.' Most English ladies I know are very charming and far from angular."

And, now, what is the result of these most interesting expressions of opinion as to which is the finest race in the world? Broadly speaking, the majority of votes for physical beauty go to the Italians, especially as regards the men. So far, however, as women only are concerned the beauties of the British Isles carry off the palm, although not by any means without opposition. The Scandinavian nations stand high up in the list as regards both sexes, and the Turks and French are selected more than once. On the other hand, the Germans are never mentioned, except in disparagement; while, save for the Spanish, the other nations of Europe are practically ignored. Americans will be pleased to see that they are picked out by one of the highest authorities as the most fast-improving race on the face of the globe.



AMERICAN LONG-DISTANCE RUNNERS.
Americans are thought by some to be the most fast-improving race in the world.
From a Photograph by Topical.

The Grandchildren of Charles Dickens who will Benefit by the Centenary Fund.

Soon after this issue of The Strand is published the one hundredth birthday of Charles Dickens will be celebrated, not merely in the English-speaking world, but by the great novelist's admirers in many lands. The Dickens Centenary Fund, inaugurated in the pages of this magazine, will by this time—thanks to many loyal workers—have attained such proportions as to place those five grand-daughters of the author of "David Copperfield," for whom we made our appeal, for ever out of the reach of want. We felt convinced that that appeal would not fall upon deaf ears, and that that which Dickens did for his race, in Lord Rosebery's words, established for him "a firm grasp on the gratitude of mankind." What we have given them is theirs by a moral right. Subscribers to the fund, even though only to the extent of a single Dickens stamp, were but discharging some small portion of a debt. For, as we said at the outset, if there is any argument in favour of vested rights in land, houses, or chattels, that argument is also true of those who have toiled in the production of books. The Greek philosopher spoke of a man's children and grandchildren as an "extension of his personality." On their grandfather's hundredth birthday The Strand Magazine wishes these five grand-daughters of Dickens, these "extensions of his personality," whose patience and pluck in adversity are now known to us all, a long, happy, and a useful life, and that they may repeat amongst themselves, in Tiny Tim's phrase, the thought of many thousands of Dickens-lovers:—

"God bless us every one."

MISS MARY ANGELA DICKENS.
From a Photograph by C. Vandyk.

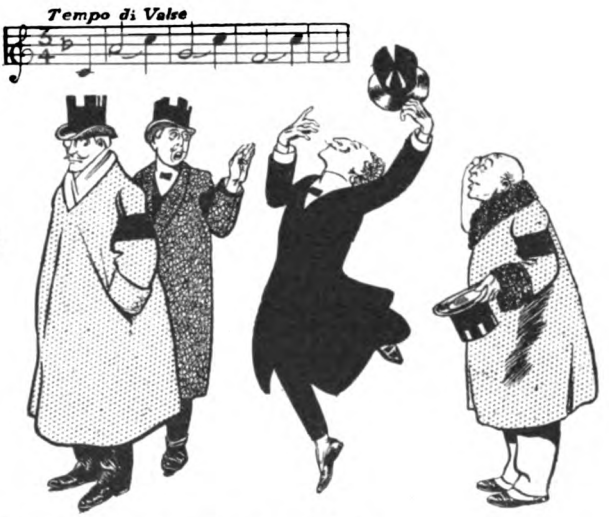
MISS EVELYN DICKENS.
From a Photograph.

MISS DOROTHY DICKENS.
From a Photograph by Mora, Brighton.

MISS ETHEL DICKENS.
From a Photograph.

MISS CECIL MARY DICKENS.
From a Photograph by C. Vandyk.

Professor Tanzteufel's "Eureka" Waltz.



By PHILIP CARDINAL.

Illustrated by René Bull.

THE renowned Professor Tanzteufel came back from the theatre grinding his teeth in jealousy, for was he not the composer of two hundred and nine dances, including waltzes, polkas, mazurkas, fandangos, jigs, barn-dances, and two-steps, not one of which had as yet attained a tithe of the popularity of the "Bul-bul" waltz, with which every capital of Europe had been taken by storm? A certain rhythm, a particular saltatory figure, and the trick was done. Then the Professor would awake to find himself famous, and the royalties would begin to pour in and he would retire to a *schloss* on the Danube. When he asked the night-porter of the Adelphi Palace for the key of his bedroom that official was whistling a bar of "The Waltz Dream."

"'The Waltz Dream!'" snorted the Professor to himself. "'The Waltz Nightmare!' How is it that these miserable mediocrities have all the luck? But my time will come. And when it comes—ah! then I'll have no mercy. Every man, woman, and child—every gramophone, every hurdy-gurdy, every Jew's-harp shall sweat my melody, every pair of pumps shall tread my measure. I'll call the tune, and, by St. Vitus, they shall dance!"

Ordinarily Professor Tanzteufel was the mildest-mannered music-master who ever cut a caper, but to-night he was distinctly out of temper. Usually when he disrobed ideas came to him, and he donned his pyjamas *andante*, "lifting a leg," as the Irish say, with spirit and intention; but to-night he might as well have stood on his head for all the inspiration he got, and, to crown his disgust, a belated organ-grinder in the street struck up the staircase movement from "The Count of Luxembourg." This was too much, and the Professor closed his window with a bang and stuffed cotton-wool into his ears. When he had turned off the light and got between the sheets the monotonous rumble-tumble of the traffic lulled him, and he finally sank into a troubled sleep. He dreamt that he was a beautiful young woman—a *première danseuse* with golden hair like an advertisement for "Capillino" and a hat several sizes larger than King Theebaw's umbrella. He was in a drawing-room, a stage drawing-room, with a crowd of princesses, duchesses, ambassadors, low comedians, and domestics holding hands and viewing him with admiration as he stood exchanging soft nothings with his inamorata in the limelight. And then all of a sudden came the melody again.

Out went the Professor's right leg, kicking off the counterpane—out went his left leg, violently displacing the sheets and blankets. Then a gentle swaying motion this way and

a pedal *staccato* that, accompanied by a convolution of the whole anatomy, and the Professor sprang up—awake. *Eureka!* No, it was gone! But that was the theme—the movement he had striven so long to attain. He was at last on the threshold of the elusive masterpiece—that masterpiece which was to bring him fortune.

The Professor sprang out of bed and turned on the light. He turned on all the lights. Though the room was slightly chilly and he was clad only in his pyjamas, he would never have observed this if he could only have recaptured the refrain at once. But after a few vigorous movements he came to a standstill. Upon reflection he tried again; alas! without success. All he could think of was the first bar. Beyond that was a dreary blank.

"Perhaps if I go back to bed I shall dream of it again," murmured the Professor, and he crawled once more between the sheets, his teeth chattering together like castanets, only castanets accompany a fandango, not a waltz. Again he sank into slumber, and this time, instead of dreaming he was a beautiful "star" in musical comedy or light opera, he dreamt he was a plantation negro in a canoe going over Niagara Falls. Just as he approached the brink of the terrible cataract he started up in the canoe and began to foot a dreamy, delirious measure.

"THE PROFESSOR WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE APPARITION OF SEVERAL FIGURES IN DESHABILLE."

It was so dreamy and delirious that the canoe paused on the brink; the spectators on the banks held their breath and, what was more wonderful still, the Falls themselves began to beat time to the music. Midway in the enthralling, intoxicating refrain the Professor awoke, and found that he was in the middle of the floor dancing with might and main, with several objects scattered about him. Ah, but the "Eureka" waltz! If he could only remember the movement, then fame and fortune were within his grasp.

The Professor got into his dressing-gown and tried to think. Suddenly an inspiration came to him, and he began capering about vigorously in a frantic endeavour to overtake the coy Terpsichore. If in the process he overturned a chair and collided with a table, he was oblivious to such trifles, and went madly on. He was also oblivious to the fact that it was three o'clock in the morning, and that the hotel was filled with inmates, some of whom were naturally exasperated at having their slumbers disturbed by a veritable pandemonium. One of them—a commercial traveller—went down and complained to the night-porter that there was a drunken roysterer in number sixteen, who richly deserved to be locked up, and a maiden lady in number fifteen became so alarmed that she began to dress herself, after first double-bolting the door and moving the washstand before it as an additional precaution. On the floor below pieces of plaster came down on to the bed of the manager of the hotel and caused him to become unwontedly profane. The Professor was interrupted in the very delirium of his gyrations by the apparition of several figures in *deshabille* at the door he had forgotten to lock.

"A thousand pardons!" he exclaimed, bowing humbly. "You behold in me the victim of a difficult art."

"Art!" snorted the commercial traveller; "more like bad whisky."

"Sir!" retorted Tanzteufel, "you do me an injustice. I am a professor of the dance. I awoke just now and endeavoured to realize a rare inspiration. I apologize." The Professor looked so abject and crestfallen that the manager had not the heart to attack him, but, having switched off the light, closed the door, and hoped for his sake there would be "no more of it—that's all."

"HE WALTZED OUT OF THE BATH."

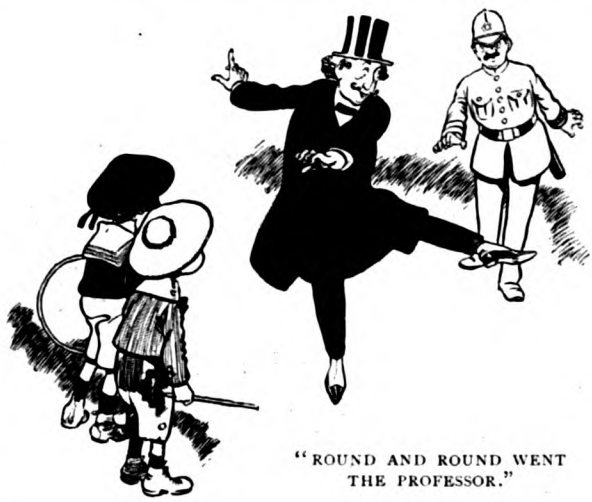
Nevertheless, although the Professor was quiet until morning, the ghost of the "Eureka" was not so easily laid, and at a most awkward moment, when he was having a bath, he seemed to hear the swishing of its skirts as he toyed with his loofah.

"Aha!" cried the Professor, standing erect and churning the water with his nether limbs. But this was too precarious, and he waltzed out of the bath *in puris naturalibus*, only to find it hardly less precarious on the bath-room floor.

At the breakfast-table he thought he had it fast. "Do-mi-mi-do!" he hummed, and started up with outstretched limb, leaving the breakfast things and the *Daily Lyre* to take care of themselves. Slowly, as one in a trance, the Professor revolved before the astonished spectators, who gazed with knives and forks upraised at this respectable, middle-aged gentleman who had suddenly been seized with a fit of epilepsy. The head-waiter was not so complaisant; he laid hands on the Professor just too late to avert a catastrophe with a tray, and also just in time to destroy the peerless rhythm utterly. *Donner und Blitzen!*

No more breakfast for the Professor. It was his second day in London—he had come over to attend the funeral of an old friend and colleague, Herr Pumperdunck, the famous conductor, and there were, besides, many people for him to call upon and things for him to see.

Half-way up Regent Street the voluptuous refrain smote him hip and thigh. Round



"ROUND AND ROUND WENT THE PROFESSOR."

and round went the Professor, heedless of the scandal he created amongst the pedestrians. "One—two—three—one—two—three." A moment more the "Eureka" waltz would have taken shape, but Governments and the minions of Governments have no soul for art, and the Professor collided into the arms of a couple of stalwart policemen. Even then Tanzteufel, with an imperious movement, tried to convert it into a *pas à trois*, but the soulless, inexorable policemen insisted on its being a march. In despair the Professor endeavoured to compromise for at least a fandango, and that is what it appeared to some of the

"AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE HE THOUGHT HE HAD IT FAST."

"THE SOULLESS, INEXORABLE POLICEMEN INSISTED ON ITS BEING A MARCH."

edified spectators, and the crowd of loafers and small boys who followed the maestro to the Vine Street Police-Station. There the Professor complained with dignity. He produced his card and showed how he had merely been seized by an inspiration.

"Smell anything, 'Awkes?" asked the inspector of the constable.

The latter shook his head.

"Then the charge is dancing in public without a licence," said the inspector, stolidly.

"But," cried the Professor, "I wasn't dancing. I was only trying one dance—one bee-utiful dance. An artiste—he cannot tell when the afflatus comes to him."

"Well," said the inspector, "you'll tell when it comes to you next time. Luckily this 'ap—happened at 10 a.m. If it had been p.m.—anyway, you're discharged on the grounds of its being an attack of acute apoplexy."

Professor Tanzteufel bowed his gratitude. He bowed as one seldom bows to an inspector in a London police-station, and even the inspector's wink to the constable did not afford much relief to the embarrassment of both.

There was an omnibus going up Regent Street, and the Professor boarded it with agility and took a seat outside. He had not long been seated when, wonder of wonders, he remembered the missing movement.

But the Professor could not think in inaction. The moment was critical. What if the miraculous phantasy should again escape? Without an instant's hesitation he seized the shoulder of the stout, elderly gentleman beside him, and placed a hand on the back of the studious individual on the adjoining seat. So!—right foot forward — one — two — three—one—two—three. Now turn. *Eureka! What?*

The inspired Viennese disciple of Terpsichore found himself suddenly punched in the ribs on one side, while an umbrella was jabbed violently into his leg on the other. In such circumstances the composition of a new and original waltz is difficult, if not impossible; but when, amidst cries of derision and perturbation, the conductor, hastily summoned, seized him round the middle and dragged him backward to the steps, the creative process came to a standstill.

"You've spoilt my waltz!" cried the Professor, still struggling.

"I'll spoil yer fice," rejoined the conductor, "if you don't come off of it!"

Someone rang the bell, and the omnibus was at a standstill.

"I will alight," said the Professor, resignedly. "No violence, please. I did not intend the *allegretto* movement to commence until after the sixth bar."

"Better chuck any more bars this morning, guv'nor," bawled the conductor, giving the Professor a push off the bottom step and the bell a vigorous pull. "Take my tip."

It was Oxford Circus. For a moment the Professor stood there disconsolate and irresolute. Then his natural cheerfulness and a policeman came to his rescue, the latter

"ON THE OMNIBUS HE REMEMBERED THE MISSING MOVEMENT."

"'NOW OR NEVER,' THOUGHT THE PROFESSOR."

directing him to the Paddington Tube. It was a fatal step. It needed but that. There is something irresistible about the electric trains of the underground railways—irresistible to a musician. There is the rhythm, there are the lights, the swaying straps, and the swaying strap-hangers. As chance would have it, the carriage was crowded. Close to the Professor stood a pretty young lady with long-fringed eyelids and golden hair—hair that if let down would probably resemble an advertisement of "Capillino." The reflection sent the Professor off into an internal quest of his *Walzgeist*. He was soon lost in a beautiful dream. And then came the strain again.

"Now or never!" thought the Professor, taking the young lady's arm and clasping her gently but firmly about the waist. "One—two—three—one—two—three. Now turn."

The next instant a fist shot out and struck the Professor in the eye. Ah, there is no love, no sympathy, no comprehension of art in England!

The Professor would willingly have explained, but the brutal bystanders, aided by an unfeeling guard, gave him no time for explanation. They hustled him off at the next station.

"No matter," murmured the Professor, bathing his eye with a pocket-handkerchief. "I would not mind martyrdom if I could capture that waltz; only I am dreadfully absent-minded."

Still, if she had only heard the next stave of that beautiful creation she would not have minded. Ah, the beautiful unknown—she could have assisted him so much! No matter—he was inspired this day—some time or other he would be rewarded.

Tanzteufel greeted two or three of his friends at the door of the church as one in a dream. He had now reached that stage when the ordinary happenings of life sink into insignificance. When one is threatened with the afflatus of the gods, what do the petty formalities of the world matter? Any moment the lightning might come from Olympus. It was the last degree unfortunate that this was a funeral service, with the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in a front pew, for half-way up the aisle what was subsequently described as a "regrettable occurrence" happened. The Professor was proceeding in stately fashion after the verger, when, without warning, the inspiration came. In vain he battled with it. He must not—he could not. Then a mist swam before his eyes, his right leg advanced briskly, and——

Fortunately, at the fifth bar, as he was turning, the Professor collided with a pew, and an acquaintance helped him into a seat before more than a dozen persons in the congregation had witnessed the performance. The Professor sat quite still, trying to collect his scattered thoughts. He realized now the narrowness of his escape; but the shock had been sufficient—it would not happen again. He was safe, alas! for the rest of the day. Solemnly the mourners, with stately step and slow, followed the mortal remains of poor Humperdunck to their last resting-place. What a moment for the Professor to think of the "Eureka" waltz—to be seized by the throes of composition! He could not have helped it if he had been walking to his own death on the scaffold. "One—two—three—one—two—three."

"HALF-WAY UP THE AISLE A REGRETTABLE OCCURRENCE HAPPENED."

"HE WOULD TAKE A BOAT ON THE SERPENTINE."

However, they thought it was a "seizure," and hustled him into a taxicab, with instructions to the driver to bear the Professor quickly away to the nearest infirmary. When they were out of sight the Professor put his head out of the window and said, "Hyde Park." He would take a boat on the Serpentine and forget his art and his troubles. Vain hope! The Professor was finally rescued by the officials of the Royal Humane Society.

That evening the Professor made a valiant attempt to recover the lost dream. He made it on the staircase of the Embassy, with his host and hostess (it was a great official reception) standing petrified with astonishment at the top. But, although the Professor bent, rose, turned, slid and cabrioled, and nearly broke his neck into the bargain, he was unable to recover any more than his balance, which nearly broke his heart. He did not dare to trust himself further. Sadly he executed a *volte-face*, and glided away crest-fallen from the precincts of the Embassy.

Alas! even in the street and at midnight he was not safe from his obsession, for the glide suggested a bend, the bend involved a rise, the rise led to a leap, followed by a slide and then a turn, and——

A beautiful lady—beautiful as an houri or a *prima donna* in musical comedy—had allowed him to clasp her gloved hand, and together, to the Professor's gentle warbling, they danced gracefully up the luminous thoroughfare. *Eureka!* It all came back to him as a delicious and soul-stirring dream.

Already he saw himself the hero of every theatre, of every drawing-room of Europe—rich and famous, the author of the new dance——

"You'd better come quietly," said the policeman. "Kicking won't do you any good. Steady, there—hold his legs!"

"*Eureka!*" cried the Professor.

"ON THE STAIRCASE OF THE EMBASSY."

"You're another," rejoined the officer, stung by the uncalled-for alien insult.

That night the Professor, utterly exhausted, slept in a police-station cell — slept sweetly, too — and in his slumbers the elusive measure came back to him, and he smiled and said:—

"I'll remember that when I awake."

HIS MOTHER.

By Dr. RUSSELL KELSO CARTER ("Orr Kenyon").

Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday.

I.

THE weary, thirsty, dusty regiment struggled painfully up the steep foothills of the Algerian mountains, in pursuit of the most daring predatory band that had ever foiled the best men France could send against a foe. Robert, the Colonel, sat his stumbling horse as erect as ever, but even his iron strength felt the fatigue of the forced march. A poor, battered private soldier slipped on the rocks just ahead, and came sliding back right to the feet of the horse. The officer reined sharply, uttering a stern "Hey!"

Rising to his feet the soldier saluted, saying:—

"Pardon, Colonel. This is not la belle France."

The line struggled on, but the Colonel's thoughts were far away. A little village in fair Provence; the vines clustering round the cottage doors; the young men and maidens gathering about the well; the children playing gaily in the road. Away up on the hillside a handsome château. Out of a framing of flowering vines a clear-cut, aristocratic face surmounted by a white pompadour looked down upon him.

"Ah!"

The private soldier had fallen again in the way. He was hardly able to stand. The Colonel glanced along the line. Men were dropping to the ground from sheer exhaustion. It was no use. Human flesh could stand only so much. Camp was pitched for the night.

When all was in order, the sentries properly posted, and a few vedettes thrown out in the direction of the enemy, the Colonel entered his tent with a word to the guard to wake him in four hours. Then he fell across his pallet and slept the sleep of the dead. Just before the time elapsed shots were heard on the mountain. The sentry entered the tent and shook the sleeping officer.

Rising stiffly, the tired Colonel was soon in the saddle making a tour of the camp. Far up the gorge, where the vedettes had been posted, he came upon a soldier huddled against a rock, his gun lying by his side. An attending sergeant bent over and examined the prostrate man.

"Dead?" queried the Colonel, hoarsely.

"Asleep, Colonel," replied the sergeant, roughly shaking the unfortunate sentinel.

With a great effort the miserable man regained his feet. A lantern held near revealed the lines of weariness in his face and the pallor of exhaustion. One faltering hand rose in salute. The iron Colonel spoke sharply:—

"Jacques Rideau?"

"Jacques Rideau, Colonel."

"Did you hear the shots?"

"Shots? No, Colonel, I heard none."

"Did you see the enemy pass yonder gorge?"

"No, Colonel."

"What were you doing?"

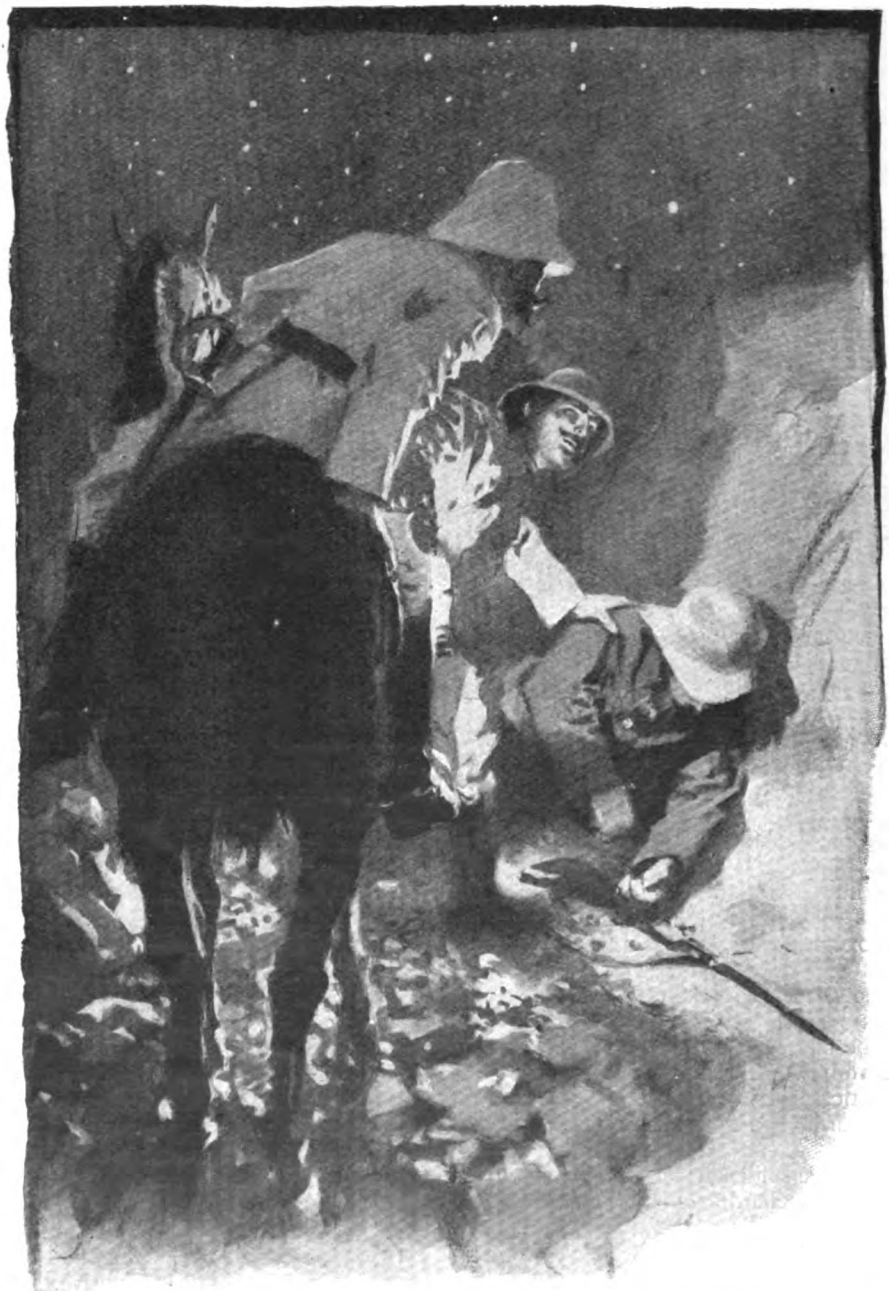
"I? *Mon Dieu!* Colonel, I was in Provence. I saw nothing, heard nothing but—but my mother's voice, as she looked out from the vine-clad cottage. I——"

"Under guard!" commanded the Colonel, cutting off any further words.

II.

THE court-martial was brief. The evidence was straightforward and conclusive. Jacques Rideau, a vedette on duty, was found asleep on his post. Taking advantage of his fault, the enemy had almost gained possession of a point from which a successful attack was comparatively easy.

In defence there was only the prisoner's story. This was drawn out by persistent questioning, for the poor fellow appeared to have no hope, and no desire to battle for his



"'ASLEEP, COLONEL,' REPLIED THE SERGEANT, ROUGHLY SHAKING THE UNFORTUNATE SENTINEL."

life. He was tired; yes, he was so weary he had fallen twice right before the Colonel. But he had slept two hours before being called to go on post. He remembered watching the dim outlines of the hills and the fleecy clouds in the sky. Did he try to keep awake? Certainly. He paced about. He held his gun at arm's length till it dropped. He pinched himself many times. He swung his arms about. He remembered falling down beside the rock. He called on his pride to save him from disgrace. Yes, he did all that. But it was no use. He lost all memory, thought, consciousness. There was

no valid excuse; he knew that well. He was very sorry to bring disgrace upon his uniform. He hoped the Court would believe him. That was all he could say.

The finding of the Court was "Guilty of sleeping on post in face of the enemy." The sentence was "to be shot at noon."

III.

THE iron Colonel directed the sergeant of the guard to do any favour possible for the prisoner. Then he went to his tent and slept two hours, and partook of a meagre breakfast. While so engaged a bearer of despatches arrived and was at once conducted to the Colonel, to whom he delivered the precious packet. Among several official documents the Colonel found some private letters which, with stern devotion to duty, were left to the last. A smile forced itself across his rugged features as he opened a letter directed to himself in a delicate hand —a letter from the aristocratic lady with the white pompadour away off in far Provence. As he read the lines softened in the strong face, and he found it necessary to clear his vision more than once.

"Your mother is so proud of you, my dear, dear son. Many times I hear your name, always with honour and respect, frequently with admiration. A real soldier, like his father, they say. How it warms my old heart!"

The Colonel rose to his feet, stretched out his arms violently, and swallowed hard. Then he walked to the door of the tent, turned, and sat down again, the letter in his hand.

"It is good, my dear son, that you have no worry concerning me. My competence is ample. Even if—if—I am only forcing myself to write it—you should not come back to me—the good God forbid! There is nothing to think of. I have money and friends, and a close relative or two, like dear little Anna. Ah! I am sure even the Colonel, with his grand air, will smile at that name."

"Ah!"

The Colonel sighed sharply, then crushed the precious letter in his hand as the sergeant stood at the door.

"What is it?" he demanded, rather harshly.

"This letter, from the prisoner, Colonel."

He took it mechanically, the sergeant standing rigidly at attention while he read it. It ran thus:—

"Colonel, pardon, I mean not to intrude. I have no excuses to make. No, not that. The law is hard, and bends for no man. But, Colonel, there is one thing. The sergeant said I could have anything reasonable. Maybe this is not reasonable. One can only tell by asking.

"When one is facing death there is no time for many things; but, Colonel, it seems only a step to beautiful Provence, and the little village where, pardon me, Colonel, we two were boys together; you and I. The street by the well is not long, but it seems, Colonel, as if it holds more beauty than any street on earth, even in great Paris itself. There is the little school, where the big boys bullied me once, till a bigger boy, Mr. Robert, came and helped me beat them. There is the widow Brevard's store, where we used to go for tea and sugar; and, oh! so many places that the heart remembers.

"The tiny cottage, Colonel, at the turn of the street; the cottage with the yellow jasmine growing on the porch, and the flowers in the window in winter; the cottage with the scrap of a garden behind it on the hill. And there, in the porch, her knitting in her hand, I see my mother. Pardon me, Colonel, but when I see her in my mind's eye, then, then it does seem hard that I must die at noon.

"But I ask no different sentence. I know the discipline must be as it is. But I think of my mother, Colonel, and it comes into my head, what is she thinking of her son just now?"

The iron Colonel turned himself so as to present his back to the sergeant, standing there stiffly at attention. Then he read on.

"There is just one thing, Colonel, that I dare to ask. Maybe it is impossible, but I will ask it. Mother has a little cottage, and the tiny garden, and a very small stipend that goes with it. She can live on it; just live. Yet it is enough, and often we thanked God together that she would not want if I fell in the wars. And when I remembered how old and feeble mother is becoming, there was always a warm place in my heart, for had she not enough? The tiny garden gives her food, and the cottage shelters her grey head from the storms, and the stipend pays the taxes, and a little over for the few things she needs. Thank God!

"But now, Colonel, the law is hard and bends for no man. All that came to me from my father's brother, whose name I bear. It all stands in my name. True, I made a will when I enlisted, and it is all for her, every sou for mother. That is well. But, Colonel, if I die for a crime, though it be a

military one, if I die thus, under the law my property reverts to the Government. A felon, a criminal, cannot make a will; he is nothing; he is dead already when sentence is pronounced; he can leave nothing, for he has nothing. And my mother! *Mon Dieu!* Colonel, my mother!

"THE COLONEL LAID THE REVOLVER ON THE TABLE."

"The law is hard, hardest to the poor. From him that has a little it takes away the more. And it has no heart; no mercy. Mother will be beggared; an outcast from her little home; thrown into the street as the cold weather is coming on. Colonel, what is it to a man to stand up and be shot? That is nothing. But to think of one's mother, the mother that nursed him and cared for him, starving on the street, dying in some deserted place beside the cold, winter river. A man cannot stand up to that. It is too much.

"If only it could be that my mother should write to me and say, 'Do not worry, my son; for I have a competence; I have a warm home; I have friends; there is Hortense to be with me.' Colonel, do you not remember the rosy young Hortense at the well with her pail? How sweet she was! But she is dead these three years. That is why I enlisted, Colonel. I never told it before. Yes, that is why."

The erect figure of the Colonel swayed slightly where he stood. His left hand crumpled the other letter, the letter from the aristocratic lady with the white hair; the lady who had home, and money, and friends, even if he never went back to her alive and well. He swallowed hard again, and read on to the end.

"There is just one way, Colonel, just one way. If the enemy had shot me from behind the rocks, it would be well. Mother would have the house, and the garden, and the stipend; all her very own, to the end of her life. If I am executed at noon she has nothing, nothing in the world. *Mon Dieu!* Colonel, if you love your mother, send me a revolver and a bottle of wine. Maybe it is no use to ask it, but with all my heart I ask. I could not help sleeping any more than I could help falling if shot in the heart; but I make no excuses. The discipline is strong.

It must be, I know. And the law is hard, so hard it cannot bend for a poor man. Colonel, send me the revolver and the wine. If I die before noon I am no felon. The will holds. The house and garden are hers. Mother is provided for. It will be good, even in another world, for a man to remember he did all he could for his mother, who helped him so much when he was feeble. *Mon Dieu!* Colonel, help, this once; not for me, but for my mother!"

The iron Colonel's hand trembled strangely as it picked up a revolver lying on the table. For an instant his keen grey eyes gazed piercingly at the weapon, as if measuring its powers and possibilities. Twice he turned it over, seeming to weigh it in his hand, pressing his lips firmly together and knitting his brows in deepest thought. Suddenly he took a decided step towards the subaltern, and partly extended his hand with the weapon. As he did so the other hand struck against a chair-back, and the letters fell to the floor. As he stooped and picked them up his eyes fell upon the words in the first letter.

"Your mother is so proud of you, my dear, dear son."

The Colonel laid the revolver on the table in its former position, twisted his moustache fiercely, and said, in a low, even tone, very different from his harsh voice of command, as he indicated the wine and glasses on a tray:—

"Let him have two bottles."

Then, as the soldier stood gazing, as though he did not understand the order, the Colonel added a few short, sharp words, and pointed towards the tent which served as a guard-house. The silent sergeant saluted and went out with a grim smile upon his lips.

A few minutes later the culprit started to his feet as the sergeant entered. His glance went instantly to the tray in the officer's hand and his cheek paled.

"The wine! Ah! But no revolver. *Mon Dieu!* help my poor little mother!"

"Attention!" commanded the sergeant. The soldier straightened and put his hand to his cap. His senses were reeling. Did he hear aright? The sergeant was speaking.

"Colonel Robert orders that you report for duty in half an hour. Also, that you first write a letter to your mother!"

"JUDITH LEE."

Readers of the interesting article published last month under the title of "LIP-READING" will remember that we left two examples without solutions, in order that they might test their ability in the art of Judith Lee. These examples are herewith reproduced, together with the words in question.

The word being spoken is "Bridge."

The word here is "Fuchsia."

We take this opportunity of announcing that the first six Judith Lee stories have excited such widespread interest that we have arranged for a further series of six, which will commence next month. Mr. Richard Marsh writes to us as follows: "In these new stories, Judith Lee, developing with age and experience, deals with men and matters in a wider field and on bolder lines." Certainly the next story, entitled "ISOLDA," is the most exciting adventure of Judith Lee that has yet appeared.

Songs of the Great Schools.

III.

HAILEYBURY—RUGBY—ROSSALL.

RUGBY naturally suggests to many Dr. Arnold and the halcyon days — now nearly three-quarters of a century back — of "Tom Brown." But the songs that young hero sang — if he sang any at all—were not those chanted by the present generation of Rugbeians. In "Dr. Birch and His Young Friends" (1849) Thackeray describes a school bully summoning a little boy from his bed on a cold winter's night with :—

"Now, sir, are not you the boy what can sing?"

"Yes, Hewlett."

"Chaunt, then, till I go to sleep; and if I wake when you stop you'll have this at your head."

On this occasion the shivering little victim selected "Home, Sweet Home," but any song at all would do when both songs and singing were a luxury. After a time it was felt—chiefly at reunions of Rugbeians—that Rugby ought to have a song of its own. Several songs were tried, but without success—although one in praise of football enjoyed a good deal of popularity. Then came along Moberly and "Floreat Rugbeia." For a long time it was anonymous, and Temple, the head master (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), for some reason or other, wished it to remain anonymous.

"In the early days," writes an Old Boy, "after the 'Floreat' was sung (as it was *at every concert*), there was always a cry for 'Moberly.' At first he used to get up and bow in recognition of the honour of being called for. Then the school cheered, and now and then they would call for a repetition of the song, followed by a second call and a second repetition, with further cheers for 'Moberly.' This procedure, at first natural and complimentary, became a row, and a joke, and finally a nuisance. Then Temple (who *always* knew *what* to do and *when* to interfere) got up and said, in his harshest and most effective tone: 'This must NOT (pronounced NAT) go on; you're getting rude!' And that, of course, was the end of it.

"I have a hazy memory that once or twice the Old Rugbeians tried to revive the cry for Moberly, but the school knew better than to take it up. And even the rowdiest and obtusest Old Rugbeians (and both of these kinds at first used to attend concerts) soon discovered that it was an up-hill job to get the better of 'F. T.,' and order was restored for good."

The composer's son, Mr. W. O. Moberly, writes us with reference to the song :—

"I remember it coming into shape on the piano, but I cannot say how it came to be written. To write an acceptable school song appears to require a special combination of scholarship, music, and sympathy with boys. All these my father had, and his song seems to have become a valued possession of the school."

The deeply-lamented author of the Haileybury School song, the Rev. A. J. Butler, was a famous Rugby boy, and once head of the Rugby eleven. Perhaps nothing better shows the fellowship which exists between all the great public schools than that the leading lights of each school should, as a rule, owe first allegiance to a rival seminary. Haileybury's historic association with old "John Company" is well known, and it is to this that the second stanza probably refers.

"Carmen Rossalliense," written by W. W. Walker, and composed by Dr. C. H. Lloyd, when they were both boys at Rossall, is, perhaps, the official song of Rossall, and is a capital specimen of a Latin school chant.

The following translation of the first stanza is by the Rev. W. A. Osborne :—

Children of the billowy ocean,
Let us sing with deep emotion,
Rossall, life and fame to thee!
From thy founts of sacred learning,
Let us drink with thirst returning,
All our hearts with wishes burning.
Rossall, love and fame to thee!

Yet the later English "Song of Rossall," by Dr. James (ex-head master) and Dr. Sweeting, is just as characteristic and popular.

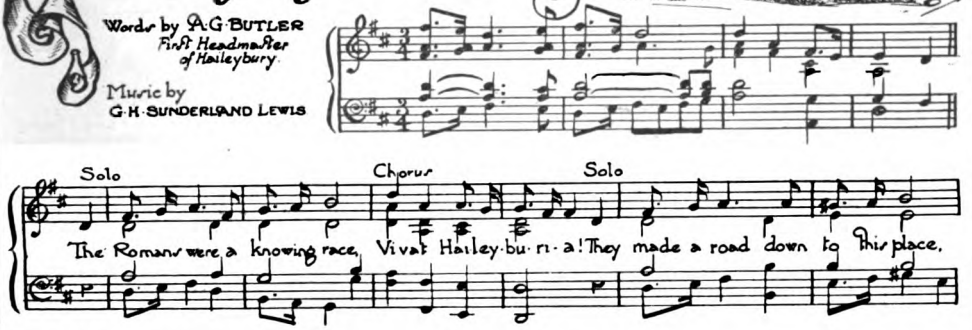
To hear Rossall boys sing these verses is to review once more the spectacle of several hundred upstanding, manly English lads in whom the traditions of an English school—loyalty, honour, fair-play—are being implanted and will in time bear fruit in honourable English lives.

VIVAT HAILEYBURIA

Haileybury School Song

Words by A. G. BUTLER
First Headmaster of Haileybury.

Music by
G. H. SUNDERLAND LEWIS

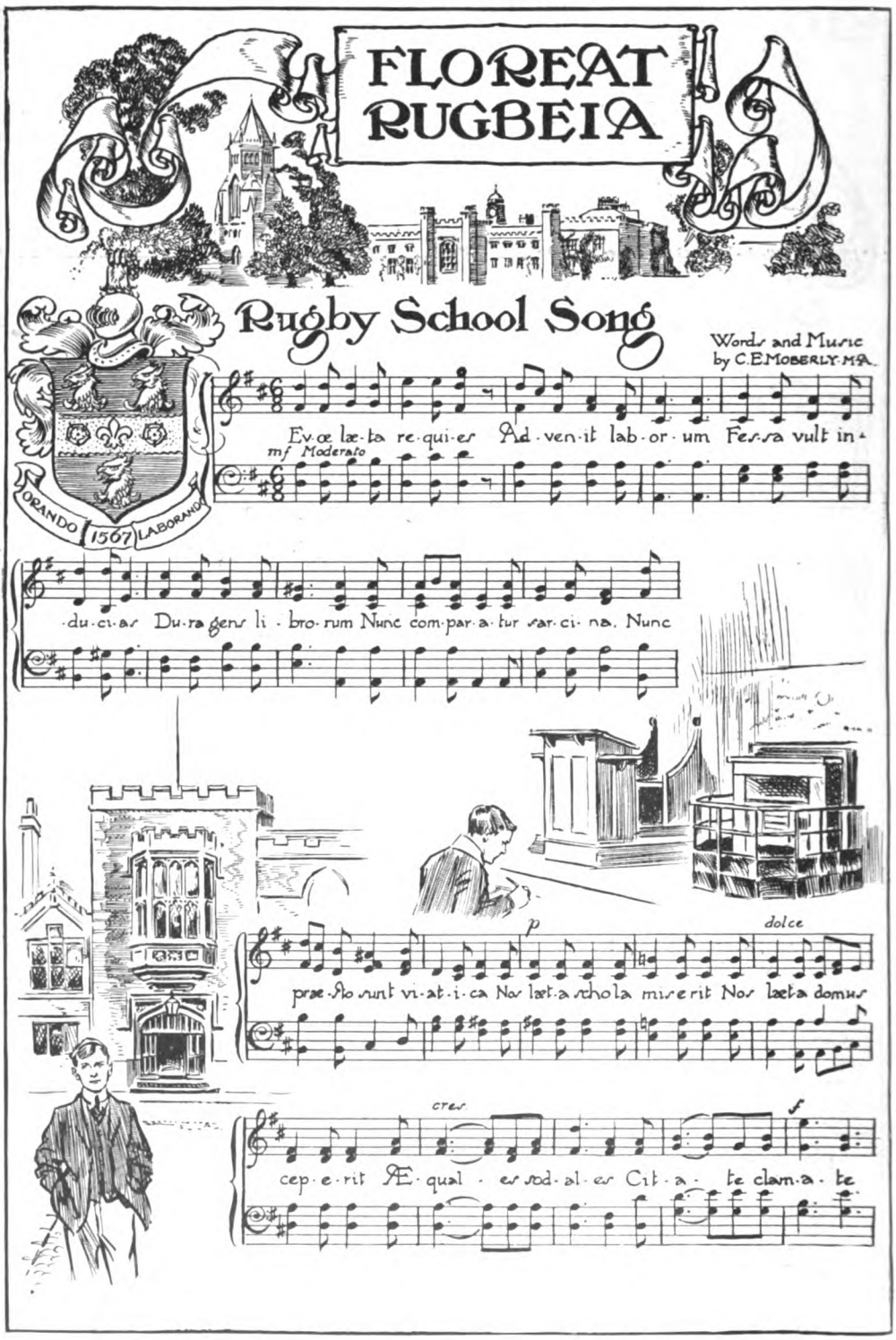


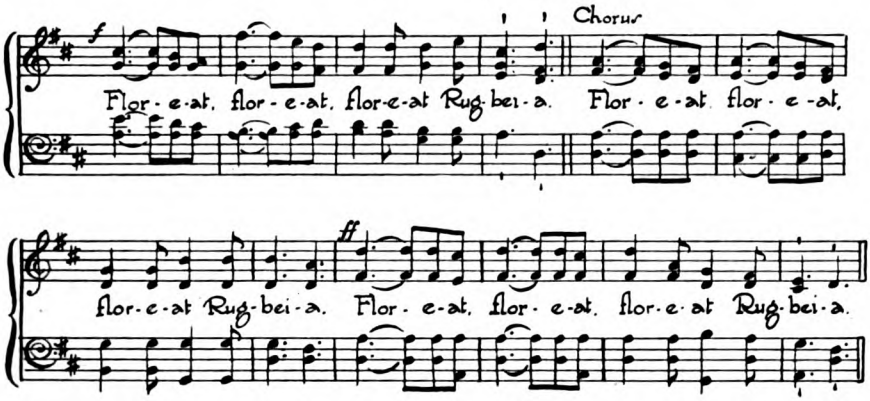
Then shout five hundred voices all,
Vivat Haileyburia!
Our days of old we first recall
Vivat Haileyburia!
But whatsoe'er their fame of yore,
We've yet a mind to make it more
Our age of gold still lies before.
Vivat Haileyburia!

Then Vivat, Vivat, round the board,
Vivat Haileyburia!
And yet once more with louder chord,
Vivat Haileyburia!
For we've been boys and men together,
Have wielded bat and hunted leather,
When life was bliss in summer weather.
Vivat Haileyburia!

And sweet was then the victor's crown,
Vivat Haileyburia!
But friendship's joy struck deeper down,
Vivat Haileyburia!
And though our distant feet may roam
Our hearts will ne'er forget the home,
The dear old school beneath the dome.
Vivat Haileyburia!

Then close your ranks and lift your song,
Vivat Haileyburia!
That life is short but love is long;
Vivat Haileyburia!
And all through life, where'er we be,
School of our hearts, we'll think of thee,
And drink the toast with three times three.
Vivat Haileyburia!


FLOREAT RUGBEIA
Rugby School Song
Words and Music by C.E.MOBERLY.M.A.
ORANDO 1567 LABORANDO
mf Moderato
Ev-œ læ-ta re-qui-es Ad-ven-it lab-or-um Fes-sa vult in-
·du-ci-as Du-ra gens li-bro-rum Nunc com-par-a-tur var-ci-na. Nunc
p
dolce
præ-lo sunt vi-at-i-ca Nov læt-a scho-la mis-e-rit Nos læ-ta domus
cres.
f
cep-e-rit Æ-qual-es sod-al-es Cit-a-te clam-a-te



Campi nostri gramina
Trita jam quiescent
Dein bimestri spatio
Læta revirescent
Sic se tandem refectura
Nostræ mentis ert tritura
Et rigor omnis diffluet
Et vigor ortus affluet,
Ut choro sonoro,
Citemus clamemus
Floreat, floreat, floreat Rugbeia.

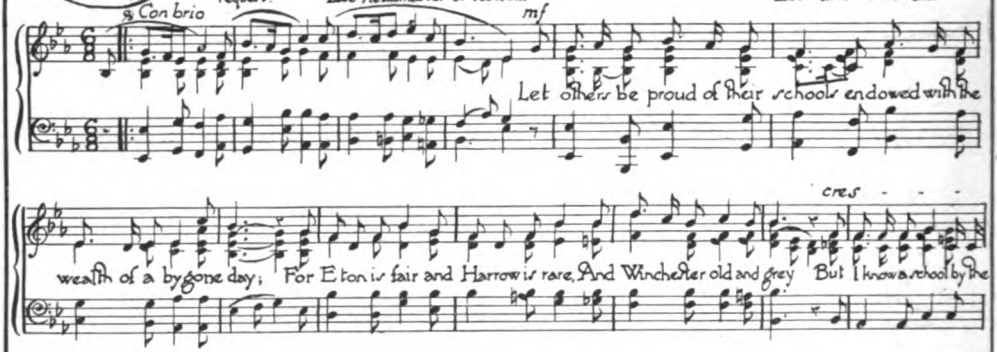
Illa vivat operum
Strenua navatrix,
Et virtute omnium,
Unica creatrix.
Illa regno civer bonos
Et bonorum det patronos.
Det claros senatores
Laureatos bellatores,
Et donis coronis
Laudata beata
Floreat, floreat, floreat Rugbeia.

At si fatum omnes nos
Tanta vult conari
Hæc ce saltem tempora,
Fas sit otiari
Nondum cancellarii,
Sumus aut episcopi.
Sic fratres gaudeamus.
In loco desipiamus.
Et choro sonoro,
Citemus clamemus
Floreat, floreat, floreat Rugbeia.

A Song of ROSSALL

Words by the Revd H.A. James D.D. President of St. John's Coll. Oxford Late Headmaster of Rossall. Written by request.

Music by E.T. Sweeting Late Master of Rossall.



2

You may prate as you please of your southern seas,
Where the sun lit islands lie,
Or of Biscay Bay, where I've heard 'em say,
The waves rise mountain high.
But I know a shore, and the wide world o'er
There's none might dearer be:
So give me the Rossall seas, my lads,
O it's Rossall seas for me.

3

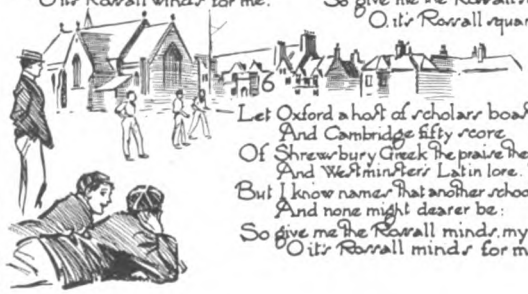
The breeze comes bold over Yorkshire wold
And Cambria's hill-tops lone;
And wild blasts sweep o'er the stormy deep
Where Atlantic surges moan.
But I know an air with a power so rare
That none might dearer be:
So give me the Rossall winds, my lads,
O it's Rossall winds for me.

4

I've watched as I trod old Christ Church quad
How its silvery fountain plays;
And to Trinity court I'd still resort
When on classic walls I'd gaze.
But I know a place with a seaborn grace,
And none might dearer be;
So give me the Rossall square, my lads,
O it's Rossall square for me

5

Siberia's plain is a wide domain,
And prairies are vast I weep,
And Marlborough downs have their greys and browns
And Rugby clays is green.
But I know a field to which all must yield
And none might dearer be:
So give me the Rossall playground, lads,
O it's Rossall ground for me



6

Let Oxford a host of scholars boast,
And Cambridge fifty score,
Of Shrewsbury Greek the praise they may speak,
And Westminsters Latin lore.
But I know names that another school claims,
And none might dearer be:
So give me the Rossall minds, my lads,
O it's Rossall minds for me.

7

Now comrades true there is lands through
May everywhere be found;
By Scotia's strand, in Erin's land,
On Welsh and English ground.
But I know friends, old until life ends
Are none might dearer be:
So give me the Rossall hearts, my lads,
O it's Rossall hearts for me.

Algy and His Father.

By C. H. BOVILL.

Illustrated by Lawson Wood.

"I CAN'T find words in which to express my opinion of your scandalous behaviour!"

Mr. Bolover glared ferociously at his son. Algy—his friends had not nicknamed him "The Cucumber" for nothing—glanced at the clock.

"Oh, come, father; I think you underrate your powers of expression," he remarked, encouragingly. "Seeing that this interview has now lasted for nearly an hour, and you have been soliloquizing about my iniquities practically all the time——"

"Silence!" commanded Mr. Bolover, thunderously. "I forbid you to treat this painful subject in a spirit of insolent levity. You don't seem to realize what you have done. Here have I been spending something like a thousand pounds a year so that you might enjoy the advantages of a University education—and how do you show your appreciation? Why, you get expelled!"—Mr. Bolover's voice rose to a reverberant bellow—"expelled, you ungrateful young cub, before you have been in the place eighteen months!"

Algy blinked, and thought a moment.

"Then, so far as I can make out, father," he said, in a sudden burst of inspiration, "I've saved you a matter of about fifteen hundred quid. Probably more, indeed. I doubt greatly whether I should have taken any sort of degree under about four years."

It may have been gratitude for this piece of thoughtfulness on the part of his son which overcame Mr. Bolover, or it may not. It was some time before he could trust himself once more to speak.

"I suppose you're proud," he asked, with biting scorn, "of having been the central figure in what the *Times* describes as a piece of wanton and undignified buffoonery?" Mr. Bolover's voice shook with indignation as he quoted the burning words. The escapade which led the University authorities to the conclusion that they could dispense with Algy's presence in their midst had been on a scale which called for notice, even in the least frivolous of newspapers.

"Rats to the old *Times!*" was Algy's blithe commentary. "Never you mind if the papers have gone for me a bit. I don't care. You kiss yourself to sleep, father, with the pleasant thought that this rag of mine has given Bolover's Shilling Sherry a lift-up such as it hasn't had since the day it was invented. Everyone knows I'm the son of the Shilling Sherry man; and everyone's talking about me. I've done the business no end of good. And remember—the family Sherry is a wine that emphatically does need a bush. What more do you want?"

To judge by his appearance, what Mr. Bolover wanted more than anything else at the moment was the immediate attention of a physician who specialized in fits.

Algy, in his anxiety to make a point in his own favour, had struck an unlucky chord. Mr. Bolover had reached a point in his career at which he was anxious to sink, as far as possible, the identity of the purveyor of Shilling Sherry in that of Thomas Bolover, Esq., country gentleman. To that end he had uprooted the family tent from the North London suburb in which his early successful campaigns against the health of the British public had been conducted, and had pitched it in the heart of one of the most exclusive counties in England. At first the local nobility and gentry had shown themselves a little shy; but they were coming round nicely. The best people were beginning to take Mr. Bolover up. Indeed, he had been selected as one of the candidates at the next election; and there seemed every prospect of his being able, at no distant date, to write M.P. after his name.

At such a juncture it was no part of Mr. Bolover's policy to lay undue stress upon his connection with the famous Shilling Sherry.

"There—that will do," he said, brusquely, to his son. "Evidently it is impossible to make you appreciate the enormity of your conduct. What I should like you to tell me is—what do you propose to do?"

"Do?" Algy looked at his father with a

puzzled expression. "I don't follow you, father. I don't quite see what I can do."

"Indeed!" There was a steely note in Mr. Bolover's voice. "Then may I ask how you propose to live?"

"Oh, I see!" A smile of perfect comprehension came over Algy's face. "Well—that will depend very much on what allowance you propose to make me, won't it?"

"Allowance!" For some moments Mr. Bolover regarded his son in quivering silence. Then he uttered a short, mirthless laugh.

"So you expect me to keep you in idleness, do you? You really imagine I have no better use for the money I have sweated and——"

kicking about the world. I'm not going to be responsible for an addition to their numbers. You've got to work for your living, my young friend."

"I should like to, enormously," replied Algy, imperturbably; "but I'm afraid I shall scarcely have the time. You see, I want to get married."

Mr. Bolover, with a mighty effort, suppressed his emotion.

"Really?" he sneered. "So you want to get married, do you? And may I inquire the name of the lady who has been so fortunate as to secure your affection?"

"The lady who has done me the honour

"'I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS!' HE SHOUTED, ANGRILY. 'I'M NOT GOING TO BANDY WORDS WITH YOU ANY LONGER.'"

"Oh, I say! Draw it mild, father!" Algy had to protest. "You really can't make out that the process of snipping off dividend-coupons induces any very profuse perspiration, you know."

Mr. Bolover leapt up from his chair.

"I've had enough of this!" he shouted, angrily. "I'm not going to bandy words with you any longer. Understand me clearly. There are quite enough useless young loafers

to overlook my many defects and general uselessness," answered Algy, quietly, "is Violet Graham, the Vancouvers' governess."

"A governess!"

Ineffable was the contempt with which Mr. Bolover managed to infuse his pronunciation of the word.

For the first time since the commencement of their interview the placid Algy began to show some slight symptoms of irritation.

"If there is one thing that gives me the unutterable, irremovable pip," he remarked, acidly, "it is the attitude taken by the bourgeoisie of this country towards the persons whom they entrust with the upbringing of their children."

"How dare you lecture me, sir!" howled Mr. Bolover, white with fury.

"I dared to lecture you," replied Algy, looking his father steadily in the eye, "because you saw fit to allude contemptuously to a lady whom you know perfectly well to be our superior in birth, breeding, attainments, and every other possible quality. Violet's poor, I know; but that's one of the drawbacks of being brought up honest——"

Mr. Bolover pointed furiously to the door.

"Leave my house this instant!" he commanded; "and never show your face here again!"

"I absolutely decline to do anything so melodramatic," was Algy's answer, as he settled down comfortably in his chair and proceeded to fill a pipe. "Besides, it's not snowing, anyway. Prodigals never leave home on fine summer evenings."

"Am I to have you thrown out?"

Algy smiled. As he knew that he would certainly have got his half-blue for the heavy-weights but for his unfortunate disagreement with the University authorities, his father's suggestion struck him as amusing.

"Don't forget that the Employers' Liability Act extends its operations to male domestic servants," he pointed out, in a gentle tone. "Now, father, sit down, and let's talk this over quietly."

Mr. Bolover glared in impotent fury.

"I will not talk anything over quietly with you!" he burst out, after a moment or two of strangled silence. Controlling his emotion with a fine effort, he came over and stood before his son's chair.

"Now listen to me," he said, wagging an uplifted forefinger to give emphasis to his remarks. "You don't deserve it; but I'll give you the same chance in life that my father gave me. That is to say, I will hand you over the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds. That's what my father started me with. I never had another penny from him. You shall have the same. If you're so anxious to marry this precious Miss Graham of yours, you can buckle-to, and make a fortune out of it—as I did."

"Yes, but that would take time," objected Algy; "and I want to marry Violet at once."

A snort was the only reply vouchsafed.

"Come, father," pleaded Algy, dropping his tone of impudent banter for one of earnest entreaty. "Be decent about this. Think what it must be to be governess in a family like the Vancouvers—snubbed by odious old Mother Van, cheeked by the servants, patronized by the father—oh, dash it! You wouldn't have the heart to condemn a darling like Violet to another four or five years of that dog's life, would you? If you'll only put me into a position to marry her at once, I promise I'll work like a nigger at anything you choose to put me to. I'm not asking for the earth, you know. I'm sure we could rub along on a modest five or six hundred a year. You won't miss that."

"You are quite right—I shall not miss it," was Mr. Bolover's sarcastic rejoinder. "I have not the slightest intention of turning myself into an institution for the relief of distressed governesses. If you want a modest five or six hundred a year to support Miss Graham on, you can go and earn it."

"And yet you chucked out hints about allowing me two thou a year, when you thought it was Amy Vancouver I was after," recalled Algy, with a tinge of bitterness.

"Miss Vancouver is a girl in our own position."

"You mean the position into which you are trying to shove us."

Mr. Bolover thought it time to bring this unprofitable interview to an end.

"To-morrow morning," he said, frigidly, as he made his way to the door, "I will write you out a cheque for two hundred and fifty pounds. You can take it or leave it; but whichever you do, you leave my house."

The next morning Algy, with the cheque in his pocket, left The Towers.

It was Mrs. Magsby, the Bolovers' stern-faced housekeeper, who, a week later, brought back the dreadful news. Mr. and Mrs. Bolover were lingering over the dessert, Mr. Bolover cracking nuts in gloomy silence while his wife sat opposite to him, snuffling. Twice during dinner she had expressed a disturbed doubt as to what had become of darling Algy; and her husband's responses to her speculations had not been encouraging.

"What is it, Magsby?" demanded Mr. Bolover, sharply, to the housekeeper.

"If you please, sir," replied Mrs. Magsby, with the air of suppressed delight peculiar to her class on the occasions when they are privileged to communicate bad news; "I felt it my duty to come at once and inform you that I think Mr. Algernon is very ill."

A cry of maternal distress broke from Mrs. Bolover.

"Oh, where is he, Magsby?" she wailed. "What is the matter? Is there any hope?"

"That I can't say, mem," replied Magsby, vexed that she was not in a position to prophesy the worst; "and I don't mean by ill that Mr. Algernon is ill in his body, mem. It's his mind, I think. He's standing outside Peckwold's shop, in a butcher's apron, shouting out, 'Buy! buy! buy!' until you could hear him up at the hall almost." The idea that Algernon's vociferous ribaldry might perchance disturb the hall's occupants evidently caused Mrs. Magsby no small perturbation. "All the common village folk is standing outside in a crowd, mem," she went on, gloomily; "and there's Mr. Algernon a-calling to them to come and have a nice cut off the forequarter and such-like. Oh, it's awful! I thought it my bounden duty to let you know at once."

"That will do, Magsby," commanded Mr. Bolover, in awful tones. "You can go."

When Mrs. Magsby had bridled her way out of the room, Mrs. Bolover turned a look of terrified inquiry upon her husband. "What does it mean?" she snivelled. "The poor boy must have lost his reason! Your harsh treatment has driven him to this, Thomas!"

"It means," snorted Mr. Bolover, "that we are having another example of your son's perverted ideas of humour."

Mr. Bolover found that his housekeeper had not exaggerated the facts. Round the front of Peckwold's frowsy little shop the entire population of the village seemed to be gathered. As Mr. Bolover drew near he could hear, high above the hoarse guffaws of the yokels, his son's voice exhorting them to "Buy! buy!" in the nauseous nasal twang of the suburban butcher on a busy Saturday night.

"'OH, WHERE IS HE, MAGSBY?' SHE WAILED. 'WHAT IS THE MATTER? IS THERE ANY HOPE?'"

It was Mr. Bolover's habit, when his children annoyed him, to cast the whole responsibility of their being upon their hapless mother. On the rare occasions, however, when they pleased him, he would allude to them as "my boy" or "that little girl of mine," as if they had been his exclusive product.

"I am going down to the village," he announced, darkly, as he rose from the table. "This vulgar buffoonery must end at once."

So intent were the villagers upon an entertainment which they evidently found enormously to their liking that for some time Mr. Bolover's presence in their midst passed unobserved.

The scene almost made Mr. Bolover's blood run cold as he watched it, fascinated by its revolting details. There, in the glare of a flaring naphtha-lamp, stood his son, red in the face with shouting and the exertion of lifting joints of beef and mutton into the foreground, where their beauties might be the better beheld by likely purchasers. Algy was in his shirt-sleeves, girt about by a vast, greasy butcher's apron. In one hand he held a long knife, in the other a steel. From time to time he would rattle these implements one against the other, as an accompaniment to his monotonous chant of "Buy! buy!" and his nasal eulogies of this beautiful piece of pickled pork or yonder amazing neck of mutton—only fippence per pound. "Oh, mother, look!" Algy would cry, pointing with the steel to some portion of meat which had failed to find popular favour. "Are you mad, that you allow such a bargain as that to go by?"

The crowd roared. Never before had Saturday night's marketing been made so amusing as this.

At last, when Algy wrapped up two hideous kidneys in a piece of paper and handed them to a giggling matron with the cheery remark, "Those'll go well with your old man's tea, ma," flesh and blood could endure no more. Mr. Bolover pushed his way to the front of the crowd.

"And what can I do for you, sir?" inquired Algy, pleasantly, without allowing the faintest sign of recognition to escape him. "Pork is very good to-night. I can recommend pork. How's that for a fine fore-quarter?" He gave a portion of defunct pig a resounding slap. "A pretty piece of hog that, sir."

At this the crowd set up an unrestrained shout. Mr. Bolover turned upon them with a glare of ferocity that made even the stoutest quail. But they stood their ground, nevertheless. Things were going to happen—they could see that. They did not mean to miss any of the fun if they could help it.

"Algernon," said Mr. Bolover, turning again to his son and speaking in a low, broken voice, "if you have the slightest regard for your father's feelings, you will cease to hold him up to the ridicule of these people."

"Oh, well, if you put it like that, I suppose you leave me no choice," answered Algy, grudgingly. "But you're spoiling a splendid evening's business."

He retired into the interior of the shop, and presently emerged, tottering under the weight of shutters, which he proceeded to put into position.

"Stop!" cried his father, impatiently. "Peckwold can see to that."

"Peckwold?" Algy paused, panting. "Peckwold's got nothing to do with this place now. I'm the proprietor. I bought the business from him yesterday."

Mr. Bolover's eyes bulged.

"You've bought the business?" he gasped. "How much did you give for it?"

"Two hundred."

Algy fixed the last shutter into its place, and then, holding the shop-door open, invited his father to enter.

Mr. Bolover was not sorry to get away from that circle of inquisitive eyes outside.

"And now, sir," he began, sternly, when they had attained the security of the back parlour, "be good enough to explain to me the meaning of your behaviour."

"Meaning of my behaviour?" replied Algy, pausing in the operation of filling his pipe. "Surely it's quite obvious? You told me I'd got to earn my living, and I'm trying to do it; that's all."

"Could you find no vocation more gentlemanly than that of a butcher?"

"It does not seem to me," observed Algy, dryly, "that there is anything less gentlemanly in selling good meat than in selling—ahem!—wine."

"I won't have it, I tell you! Once and for all, I refuse to permit it!" blustered Mr. Bolover. "Understand me clearly, you leave this place to-morrow."

Algy shook his head, gently but firmly.

"I hate to thwart your slightest whim, father," he said; "but you are asking too much. I'm on a good thing here. Judging by the business I've done to-day, this shop ought to be a little gold-mine. You've no idea what appetites the people about here have got. And when I get the big people's custom—they all deal at the Stores now, but I'm going out on a personal canvass next week—why, I shall simply coin money. The Vancouvers, for instance, ought to be worth a clear two hundred a year to me alone."

Mr. Bolover gazed in horror at his son.

"You young scoundrel!" he burst out. "You're trying to ruin me. You know perfectly well that none of these village louts will ever respect me again. You know what snobs they are. Who's going to vote for the father of the local butcher?"

"Who, indeed?" agreed Algy, with maddening indifference.

"Haven't you a spark of gratitude for all I have done for you in the past?" snivelled Mr. Bolover, almost weeping as he contem-

plated the prospective wreck of his social ambitions. "When you know how I have worked to establish your mother and all of you in a really decent position, I do think——"

"That's just it, father," interrupted Algy, quickly. "I know what a lot you must have spent on us. That's why I don't want to be a burden upon you any more. Indeed, I want to try and make some return to you."

"You can. Give up this butchering nonsense."

"I can't do that, father," said Algy, firmly. "But I'll tell you what. If you'll give me your custom I'll let you have your meat at cost price."

Mr. Bolover heaved.

"Algernon, I appeal to you as a son—and as a gentleman—to spare me the humiliation to which your persistence in this conduct will subject me!" he entreated.

"Father!" Algy caught admirably the other's melodramatic note. "I appeal to you as a parent—and as a man who has a great deal more money than he has any real use for—to allow me enough to marry Violet Graham!"

"A miserable governess!" snorted Mr. Bolover.

"All governesses are more or less miserable, I'm afraid," sighed Algy. "I want to try and make one of them happy if I can."

Mr. Bolover decided to go off on another tack.

"'AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SIR?' INQUIRED ALGY, PLEASANTLY, WITHOUT ALLOWING THE FAINTEST SIGN OF RECOGNITION TO ESCAPE HIM."

"But do you mean to tell me, Algernon," he said, with an artful affectation of pained surprise, "that you would be content to have yourself and your wife dependent upon me for every penny? Would you be satisfied not to have a farthing except what I chose to allow you?"

Algy looked quickly at his father.

"By Jove! he exclaimed. "You're quite right. Of course, it would be unmanly and degrading in the extreme. A fellow must be independent. I must stick to my butchering, I see; and—er—carve out a fortune for myself."

"No, no, my dear boy; you misunderstand me," said Mr. Bolover, hastily, realizing that he had made a false step. "All I meant was, that a *married* man ought not to be dependent upon his father. Your bachelor allowance—if you will only be reasonable and do as I wish—I shall be only too happy to continue."

"It's very kind of you," answered Algy, in a voice which shook with what his father fondly imagined to be manly emotion, "but I couldn't take advantage of your generosity. And, to be frank, now that I have tasted the sweets of independence, I find them better flavoured than the bread of idleness. I'm sure it's not a good thing to be dependent on another for every penny that you spend."

"But a father?" urged Mr. Bolover, now thoroughly alarmed. "Surely there is no degradation in being dependent on a father? And perhaps I haven't been so generous with you in the past as I might have been. Look here: I'll make up your allowance to three hundred and fifty pounds a year if you'll only listen to reason, Algy boy."

Algy boy shook his head.

"I'm sorry, father, but I cannot accept an allowance from you. I'll tell you what I'll do, though," he said, struck suddenly by a brilliant idea. "As you seem so anxious for me to give up this business——"

"Yes, yes! What?" asked Mr. Bolover, eagerly, as his son paused.

"I'll sell you the business. Then I sha'n't feel under any obligation to you."

"I'll buy it! I'll buy it!' cried Mr. Bolover. "Anything you like, so long as you will stop making me a laughing-stock to the people about here."

"I shall want a fair price, mind you," Algy warned him.

"We sha'n't quarrel about the price, my boy," said Mr. Bolover, cheerily, as he patted his son's shoulder. "You can't think how glad I am that you're going to behave like a good, sensible lad. We sha'n't quarrel over the price. No fear of that."

"That's all right then," said Algy. "You may as well hear my terms, though. You can have this butcher's shop, stock, and goodwill, in exchange for five thousand preference shares in Bolover's, Limited."

Mr. Bolover's jaw dropped. He gazed at his son wildly, as though incredulous that he could have heard aright.

"Did you say five *thousand?*" he gasped. "You mean five hundred, I take it?"

"Oh, no, I don't," replied Algy, very positively. "I mean five thousand. They pay ten per cent., I believe. That ought to bring me in about five hundred a year."

"But, my dear boy!" expostulated Mr. Bolover. "You surely don't expect me to give you five thousand preference shares for a wretched little butcher's business that you told me yourself you only paid two hundred pounds for?"

"Those are my terms," replied Algy, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Piratical—that's the only word for them!" spluttered Mr. Bolover.

Algy smiled.

"I'll give you till the morning to think it over," he said. "I shall be here all the morning to-morrow, if you want me."

He held out his hand to his father; but Mr. Bolover, muttering quotations from "King Lear," tottered out of the shop without any sign of farewell.

Before he was half-way home, however, he turned and made his way back again.

Algy, when he opened the door in response to his father's tap, had on his overcoat and cap.

"I thought as much," he said, with a slight smile. "Want me to come home now—or shall I wait till the morning?"

Mr. Bolover could not trust himself to speak. He pointed silently up the road towards The Towers.

As they came into the light of the lamp which hung over the lodge-gate Mr. Bolover noticed that Algy was carrying a nasty-looking parcel, wrapped up in newspaper, under his arm.

"What's that you've got there?" asked Mr. Bolover, querulously.

"Only a joint of veal," said Algy, simply.

The Greatest Court in the World.

Illustrated by W. E. Wigfull.

WHERE is the Citadel of Empire? Where is the *sanctum sanctorum* of Britannia herself? Not one citizen in a hundred, perhaps, would guess it. After you have left the pomp and glitter of the palace, the state and consequence of Parliament, the headquarters of the Navy and the Army, the significant dwelling-place of the British Prime Minister, if you would seek the inner shrine of Empire you must climb a pair of stairs in a narrow street off Whitehall, cross a threshold, push aside a pair of red-baize curtains, and find yourself in—not a scene of imposing splendour; far from it—but, nevertheless, in the greatest Court in the world.

There is no human tribunal to approach this one in greatness. All other human Courts are petty in comparison. The Supreme Court of America proudly claims that it is the final Court of Appeal for nearly one hundred millions of people. This Court that you have entered possesses jurisdiction over four hundred and fifty millions. Yet never did greatness so ape humility. The bare, panelled room; the arresting, almost disconcerting silence; the unrobed figures at the two tables behind the barrier—who would dream that it was here that Britannia was seated on her throne, balancing the scales of justice amongst White and Black, Hindu, Mohammedan, and Buddhist—from the Channel Islands to Hong-Kong, and from Johannesburg to Hudson's Bay? It was Fitzjames Stephen who spoke of Mr. "Mother Country" going about riding on the knife-board of a Westminster omnibus. The dread figure of Britannia is here represented by two elderly Scotsmen, an Irishman, an Englishman, and a Cape Boer—the Master Jurists of the Empire. Before them a Canadian barrister, assisted by an Australian junior and instructed by a London solicitor, may be arguing a Shanghai appeal case. In the Court, as spectators, are two Hindus, three or four Chinamen, a Sierra Leone negro, and a sprinkling of Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Welshmen—all lieges of His Majesty the King-Emperor, of whose Privy Council this "dowdy Court in Downing Street," as it was once unjustly called, forms a principal part.

If this Court—the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, for so runs its prosaic title—is not outwardly romantic, its history and its very entity are of the essence of romance.

On one occasion, in a remote part of India, Hindus and Mohammedans had gone to law, after a great deal of turbulent ill-feeling on both sides. After being tried in the local Courts, the case was carried to the Supreme Court at Calcutta, which declared for the Hindus. Messengers flew through the villages with tidings of the decision, and there was great rejoicing—on the part of the Hindu population. The matter was supposed to be settled, until, at a meeting of Mohammedans, a holy dervish said: "Friends, there is still a great Power to whom we can appeal for justice."

"Do you mean Allah?" asked the headman of the village.

"No," said the priest. "Not Allah, but a great instrument of Allah on earth."

"If you mean the Kaisar-i-Hind, he will not hear us. He is too much surrounded by courtiers and favourites."

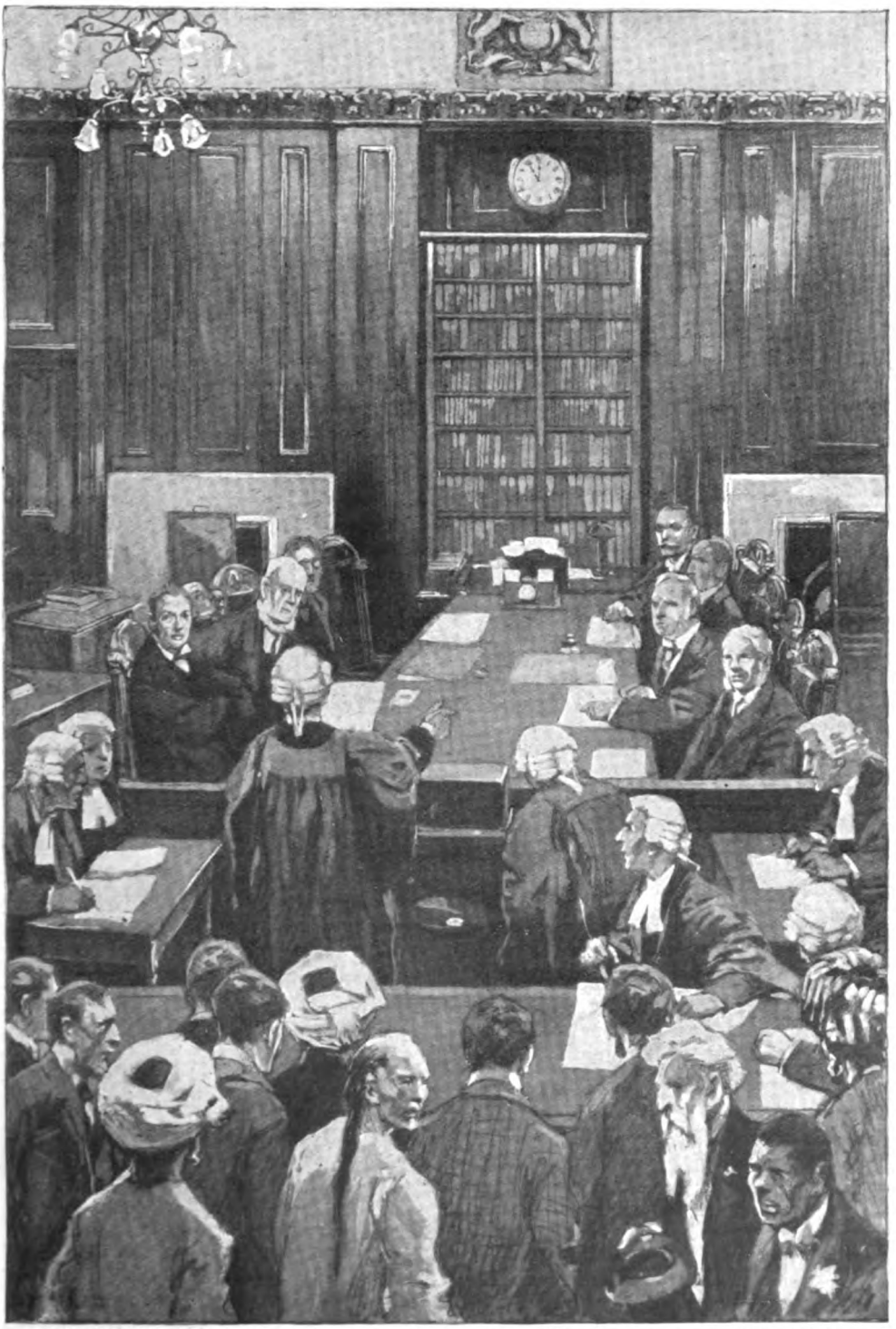
"O my people, the Kaisar-i-Hind is great, but I tell you he is a child in the hands of this mighty Power. His name is Judish-al-Komiti. The lawyer at Calcutta has advised us to appeal to him, and if we do we will obtain true justice and defeat our enemies."

"Hail Judish-al-Komiti!" cried the populace. "We will send our lawyers to him and prostrate ourselves at his feet. Where is this god to be found?"

"In London," answered the dervish. "He is very holy and austere, and lives in a small house near the palace of the Imperial Mogul, but his wisdom is that of Solomon himself, and what he says is listened to by the Kaisar-i-Hind in trembling, and what he wills is done."

Amidst great enthusiasm it was agreed to carry the Mohammedan case to this redoubtable Judish-al-Komiti. On hearing of all this, the Hindu population was much amused, and scoffed at the simplicity of their opponents.

"Foolish ones!" they cried. "Don't you know that there is no greater Court than the



THE GREATEST COURT IN THE WORLD—THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

Supreme Court at Calcutta, which is the Court established by the Emperor? If you had audience of the Emperor he would only say, 'These are my judges, whom I pay to administer justice. What they do, they do in my name.' As for your new god—your Judish-al-Komiti—who ever heard of such a being? You deceive yourselves and waste your substance amongst the lawyers."

Three months later the case came before the Privy Council, which reversed the decision of the Supreme Court and found for the Mohammedans. The cable sent to Calcutta was wired to the chief town of the province, and from thence to the district and the villages of the district. That night the Assistant Commissioner of Baghadri, startled to see several bonfires being lit on the surrounding hill-tops, hastened to make inquiries.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded, breathlessly, of an adjacent *khitmatgar*.

"O sahib, the people are lighting fires in honour of the new god, whom they say rules the Emperor—Judish-al-Komiti."

The right of appeal from all British possessions to the King in Council is like the appeal from the Roman provinces to Cæsar. As the Empire expanded a permanent Court to advise the King became necessary, and so the Judicial Committee was formed in 1833.

There are about seventeen members from which the Committee is drawn, but the quorum is as low as three, at least one of the Lords of Appeal being usually present. In the case of appeals from the Ecclesiastical Courts, ecclesiastical assessors are called in, and so also the aid of naval assessors may be obtained for Admiralty appeals.

Before 1898 the manner of procedure before the Committee was not so fixed as it now is. The set of rules then drawn up resembles in some respects those governing appeals to the House of Lords.

After the case has been heard in private the Court is cleared and the Committee discuss their decision, which is read by one of the members in the form of a report and advice to the King, who then gives effect to the judgment by making an Order in Council, dismissing or allowing the appeal. All these proceedings are strictly private, and no indication is given as to whether the decision is unanimous or only the verdict of a majority.

The jurisdiction of this tribunal covers the enormous area of some eleven million square miles. When it is remembered that Gibbon estimates the total area of the Roman Empire at the height of its power as only one million six hundred thousand square miles, some idea is obtained of the importance of the Committee and the variety of the cases which come before it. The subjects with which it has to deal are as varied as the races of our Empire, and may range from a dispute over the dedication of property to an idol, to some question as to the custom of Normandy, which may form the subject of an appeal from the Channel Islands. Frequently obscure points in old Roman-Dutch law, which is in force in South Africa and other parts of the Colonies, have to be dealt with, as also do questions of French law under the Code Napoleon, which still prevails in Mauritius and some other parts of the Empire. Nor is this all. From India come many cases dealing with Hindu and Mohammedan law (of the latter of which the number is considerable), and Cyprus sends appeals on difficult points involving an intimate acquaintance with the laws of the Ottoman Empire. Added to all this are cases from the Admiralty Courts, the Ecclesiastical Courts, and even from Consular Courts outside the Empire, and from districts where the Foreign Jurisdiction Act applies.

It is, however, from India that the Judicial Committee receives the largest proportion of appeals, the number for 1906 comprising rather more than half the total, which, although fluctuating considerably from year to year, shows, since 1880, a tendency to increase. For recent years the yearly average shows a total of ninety-one appeals, of which fifty come from various parts of India, sixteen from Australia, fourteen from Canada, ten from other parts of the Colonies, and one from the Channel Islands.

A Colonist—a young married man—had been killed on the railway in distressing circumstances. His widow demanded damages, which the company refused, and she appealed to the Courts of the province, which granted her one thousand two hundred pounds. But the great railway corporation, having no bowels of compassion in matters of this kind, was very angry at this decision, and resolved to defeat it. It engaged the best counsel (while the widow had only the services of a young local lawyer who was convinced of the justice of her cause) and appealed to the Supreme Court. This body was very powerfully impressed by the brilliant arguments of the company's counsel, and, hardly listening to the earnest young lawyer, found for the company. Now, if there were no King and no Empire, and no further privilege of appeal, this would have been an end of the matter. The poor widow would have

been crushed and ruined, and a great injustice would have been done. But, more than ever convinced that his cause was just, the young lawyer brought his client to Cæsar. He appealed to the Privy Council, and there, in that quiet little Court, free from all local prejudices and prepossessions, and unmoved by forensic eloquence, the appeal was granted, the widow got her one thousand two hundred pounds and all her costs, and her lawyer got such a handsome compliment into the bargain that he returned to his native province a made man.

"O SAHIB, THE PEOPLE ARE LIGHTING FIRES IN HONOUR OF THE NEW GOD, WHOM THEY SAY RULES THE EMPEROR—JUDISH-AL-KOMITI."

It is extraordinary, the complexity of the cases which come before the Court—cases which seem to demand an intimate knowledge of Oriental law and customs. But in reality, as was once said by one of the Law Lords to the present writer, "It is all done by common-sense." There was recently a weighty judgment relating to the right of entry into a temple of the goddess Shiva. The original plaintiff in the suit was the Rajah who was the hereditary trustee of this temple, which was the temple of one of the villages in his zemindari. After the case had been decided in his favour by the subordinate judge, this person thought fit to profess that he now saw that he and the judge were wrong; and he asked that the judgment should be altered, so as to defeat his own

action. A very sordid motive for this surrender was specifically asserted and was not disproved, and led to a very difficult case. Finally their Lordships, in the set phrase, "agreed humbly to advise His Majesty that the appeal ought to be dismissed, and ordered the appellants to pay the costs of the appeal."

Then there was a dispute as to the management of a mosque in Mauritius, and an exceedingly complicated appeal relating to the construction of an important Maltese will, in which the ancient Code of Justinian, the Code of Rohan, and such jurists as Torre, Peregrinus, and Mantica were freely quoted. Another great recent case turned on the right of the Japanese to vote in British Columbia.

The right of appeal to the Judicial Committee from the Ecclesiastical Courts is now but seldom taken advantage of. Occasionally an appeal is heard against the decision of a Bishop who, as a punishment for some offence, has unfrocked one of his clergy; but public opinion has so changed that little use is now made of any of the Ecclesiastical Courts. Nevertheless, the right of appeal to the King, which has existed ever since the time of Henry VIII., when the Sovereign assumed the position of temporal head of the English Church, remains, and must remain unless the Church should be disestablished, when all authority of the King and of his Privy Council would, of course, be done away with.

Perhaps the most celebrated of all the ecclesiastical appeals was the Gorham case, which excited the whole country, when the Bishop of Exeter was ordered to induct into his benefice a certain reverend gentleman who did not believe in infant damnation. Of another famous case it was said that "hell was dismissed, with costs." Think of judging an appeal like this, involving days of argument concerning the writings of the early Fathers and mediæval heresies, and then turning to settle a question as to whether the Buddhists of the Tibet border had reserved in their treaty the right to have roast pig for dinner, or a question whether the Hudson Bay Company could stop a bridge from being built over "Old Squaw's Gulch"!

For nearly half a century the late Henry Reeve, C.B., occupied the post of Registrar, which is now ably filled by Mr. Charles Neish. Reeve was a hard worker, and the labour of keeping the machinery going was largely left to him. As one Lord Chancellor wrote him: "You must still be Atlas staggering under the weight of your huge *Orbis Causarum*. Around your feet must be millions of Hindus crying aloud for justice."

It often used to be extremely difficult for Reeve to get together a quorum of the Judicial Committee, and many stories are told of the zealous Registrar's appeals to certain Law Lords to come and do their duty in Downing Street. In vain they pleaded other engagements—absence, overwork. "Remember, my lord, that you (in combination with X—— and Z——) are the palladium of British liberty. Barbados is calling for you in tears; so is Van Diemen's Land, and without you Singapore will not be comforted." Once Lord Chelmsford intended to dine with a party at the Ship at Greenwich. Reeve sent him an express message imploring him to reconsider. "If you yield to any such temptation of pleasure, a mighty wail from Bombay will go up which will poison your digestion." "I'm sorry I ever meddled in Britannia's affairs," wrote one of the Councillors. "I dream of the word 'quorum' and the dread situation it implies." "It is all very well for you," declared the veteran Lord Westbury, "to talk of the 'patriotic duty' of attending the Privy Council. You desire me to quit my family and all my amusements and enjoyments that I may come to town to endure complete wretchedness and have a bad dinner and an indigestion every day. Have you not the Lord Justice, who has little else to do? And the Admiralty Judge, and that great *adminiculum*, the learned and pious man whom, *honoris causa*, I call Holy Joe?"

But the Registrar was merciless, and the thought of arrears made him ill. "Reeve," it was said, "goes to bed to the cry of Colonial litigants, and wakes up to the gnashing of teeth of the Court of Arches."

The most interesting scene that ever took place in Downing Street was when two Indian gods—known as the red god and the yellow god—pleaded before the Privy Council. As it was impossible for them to be present, save in spirit, the gods graciously permitted their shebayats to argue for them. Rumour spread through the East-end of London that the gods had condescended to lay their grievances at the foot of the British throne, and there was much excitement amongst the knot of pagans who pressed for admission to the Court. For once it seemed as if the silence and decorum of the tribunal would have to give way, when a priest entered and, after a profound salaam to the whole Court, begged permission of an attendant to bring a symbol of the yellow god within the precincts. To this the adherents of the red god expressed violent objection, and a devotee was dispatched in haste for a rival idol. There was

a scene in the corridor when from time to time reports of what this or that divinity had told his shebayat to say reached the throng, and doubtless chance pedestrians and busmen wondered what all the row was about when a knot of dusky turbaned figures emerged into Whitehall and the news flew from lip to lip that the red god had won the day.

On another occasion two black chiefs on the Gold Coast quarrelled over a boundary. It would not, perhaps, have been of very great consequence had it not happened that the boundary line, which had just been delimited by official surveyors, passed directly through the site of a village containing a sacred chair or throne of office, which each chief claimed belonged to him. The dispute became exciting and then grave, but the chiefs were induced to adopt the more peaceful method of going to law. They sought out the magistrate, and, dissatisfied with his decision, they appealed to the Supreme Court of the Colony. It so happened that one of the first chief's own sons had been sent to England to be educated ; and having been called to the Bar had recently arrived in Lagos, intending to practise. His father promptly ordered him to undertake the case, but unfortunately chief number two had placed his case in the hands of the local commissioner, who shrewdly retained the young black counsel. The latter's first case was successful. Nevertheless, he said to his father :—

" Father, if you still believe you're right, pay no attention to the order of this Court. Would you believe the Great White Queen if she told you you were wrong ? "

" The Great White Queen would not listen," growled the chief.

" She would have to listen. Just you tell your lawyer to appeal to the Privy Council. Perhaps they will teach us our place yet."

The chief appealed, but he did not win his case. When the judgment was conveyed to him, he took fifty of his head men and went over to the quarters of the rival chief and said :—

" Go and take the throne. It is yours. The Great White Queen has spoken. I had meant to make war on you and to kill all your people. But the Great White Queen has spoken, and she has said I am wrong and you are right. So I tell you, the throne is yours."

One wonders what this sable dignitary would have said and thought if he knew that the Great White Queen of his imagination, sitting on a golden pinnacle and surrounded by a million soldiers, was really only four tired, elderly gentlemen in a dusty room?

"THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN HAS SPOKEN. THE THRONE IS YOURS."

Not in the Newspapers.

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrated by Albert Gilbert.

"IT is almost beyond comprehension," said the Chancellor.

"It beats—hang it all, there's no word for it," cried the Home Secretary.

"It is the most disgraceful accusation to which I have ever listened," said the Chairman of the Labour Party, with the quiet passion of a cold-natured man.

The Prime Minister nodded; sat down at the head of that long, green-clothed table; took up, fidgeted with, a quill. His voice soothed; his words revealed a sympathy to which his own features were for a lasting mask.

"It is certainly the most *terrible* accusation, Iliffe. That is why I have asked you to be here. The accused person must have the fairest of all possible fair play. And"—the Prime Minister's voice came quiet, slow, and strong—"and I know you to be open to evidence—though you are the accused person's colleague and—er—friend."

The Chairman of the Labour Party bowed stiffly.

"I am open to be convinced by *sound* evidence, Mr. Olphert. But I warn you that I shall not treat the witness less harshly than the witness deserves."

"That is for yourself to decide," said the Prime Minister, suavely; and he looked up at the Chancellor, who stood with his back to the fire. "We are quite ready, Molyneux. Iliffe, will you sit next to me?" The Prime Minister pointed to a chair at his right hand. "Molyneux, will you—oh, stand, by all means, if you prefer it. Roxburgh, you are nearest. Ask Sir Charles to come in."

The Home Secretary left the fireplace, passed by the two impeding pillars, came to the double doors. He turned their handles and looked into the further room.

"Sir Charles!" he called. "Sir Charles!"

The Home Secretary stepped aside. A tall man, frock-coated, florid, fair-moustached, came in.

"You are ready, sir?" he asked.

"Quite ready. Bring the lady in. She can sit there." The Prime Minister pointed to the third chair on the table's left-hand side. "We shall all be able to see her, and she will be well in the light."

"Very good, sir."

Sir Charles Norroway passed through the doors again. Mr. Iliffe looked after him sternly. The Home Secretary came back to the Chancellor's side. The Prime Minister, calm, inscrutable, toyed gently with his pen. Then again the doors swung.

"This way, Miss Gale, if you please."

The girl entered; hesitated. Sir Charles Norroway closed the doors, slipped past her, drew back the allotted chair. The girl took it, drew it forward, put on the table a handbag and a paper-covered book. Then—the sun shone full, and was dazzling her—she drew the chair back again, sat well away from the table, but in full view of the men. The Home Secretary adjusted his monocle. The Chancellor ran his fingers through his hair. The Prime Minister's mouth twitched. Mr. Iliffe pursed his lips. The honour, the political life and death of a prominent member of his following stood attacked. And the accuser was this little provincial, impudent, ill-dressed. Though no one—not even the most prejudiced—could fail to see that brains stuck out of her, whether for good or ill.

She wore the most unbecoming hat imaginable, and beneath it was the funniest, queerest little nose in the universe—a snub without snubness, an adorable morsel of irregularity which gave immense character to a tiny face. Above the nose were two astonishing blue eyes, which ought, by every canon of complexion, to have been brown. The lips were full, with mocking, upward corners, and showed vital, brilliant, against white and even teeth. The miniature chin was round, not shrewish; the cheeks were very pale, and the hair was as black as any night-bird's wing. She had an air of eager alertness, the quick earnest of an intelligence swift and rare. She was of middle height, and she had come into the room so softly that it seemed as if her feet kissed, not trod upon, the thickly-carpeted floor.

"THIS WAY, MISS GALE, IF YOU PLEASE."

And four men were considering her, making up their minds. The fifth man—Sir Charles Norroway—had long since made up his.

"Independent—unusual; full of character; looks as if she had imagination. Wonder how much of her tale's made up?" And the Chancellor, deeply reflective, ran his fingers through his hair.

The Home Secretary relaxed his right eyelid; let click his monocle that he might obtain a better view. "Brains," his insight shouted to him. "Brains; oh, lots of 'em. And character—wonder what sort it is? And, Jove, she'd be awfully attractive if she wasn't so beastly self-possessed."

The Chairman of the Labour Party, naturally prejudiced, had her promptly placed. "She's an impostor—an adventuress; an impudent little wretch. Why, the nose gives her away, at sight."

"Sincere, but self-assertive," the Prime Minister was thinking. "Yes, she is, indubitably, sincere." And then he cleared his throat. Upon him the little provincial—who, the looked-at, had been calmly, as it seemed, in her turn docketing her audience—promptly fixed her eyes. The Prime Minister—his enemies denied him sense of humour—despite the gravity, the great gravity, of the situation—felt an insane desire to laugh. He suppressed it; cleared his throat again; began.

"Miss Gale, I shall be obliged if you will repeat to these gentlemen the story which you have told to Sir Charles Norroway and myself. Begin at the beginning, please. And go straight on. We shall probably interrupt you with questions—from time to time. But," he was going to say "don't be nervous"; then realized that the exhortation seemed ridiculous, and so carried on the just-begun sentence in an entirely different way. "But don't talk too fast. Go as slowly as you can."

"Very good."

The little provincial spoke with the air of a Serene Highness—but she did not immediately begin. There had been a general movement. Mr. Iliffe had leaned forward; the Chancellor, then the Home Secretary, had advanced; each stood resting his forearms over the back of a chair. Sir Charles Norroway had retreated to the fireplace and, from the full erectness of his great height, looked over the two Ministers' backs at this little woman about whom he had long since made up his mind. Miss Gale, with an actress's true instinct for an attentive audience, waited till quiet came. Her diction married with her facial expression, quarrelled with her clothes.

"I am a sorting clerk and telegraphist. I work at Netherwich. I——"

"Where's Netherwich—Cheshire?"

The voice of Mr. Iliffe rapped the question across. Miss Gale, who had begun by addressing the Prime Minister, turned to her interrupter, knew him hostile, spoke at him, henceforth.

"Netherwich is in Worcestershire; not Cheshire. They make salt there. It is also a spa. It was at Netherwich that I saw Mr. Blair Richards first. But you—you wrote to him there—several times."

"I!"

Mr. Iliffe gasped, made a gesture, half of protest, half of admission, turned to Mr. Olphert; then glanced at the two Ministers on his right. "Yes, I certainly wrote to him—but"—anger usurped surprise and his voice grew very bitter—"but you couldn't possibly know that by fair means!"

"Perhaps not. Still, I sort the letters, you see. And when people who send letters write their names in full on the corners of envelopes—well, they can't blame *us*, at the Post Office, for being interested."

The Prime Minister's mouth twitched again. The Chancellor's forearms jerked. The Home Secretary kicked the right hind leg of the chair upon which he leaned. Sir Charles Norroway, neither judge nor jury—but the true audience in the gallery—smiled—with his eyes. And Miss Gale's voice changed now, lost much of its pertness, seemed calmer, less assured. At the altered sound of it Sir Charles Norroway, who knew what pertness covered, knew that much of her nervousness was gone.

"You see," she went on, "people in the Post Office notice things—which they have sworn not to repeat outside. And when some person gets a lot of letters, sometimes the postmen mention it—or the clerks talk to each other—and in the case of telegrams, in these little places, we see all that come and go. And that is how I know that *you* (I've seen your photograph in the *Mirror*) wrote to Mr. Blair Richards—and how I noticed his letters—from abroad—and took stock of the telegrams on the files. You see, we have always an undercopy of each received telegram to which we can refer. And I noticed that Mr. Blair Richards had lots of letters from Holland—and lots of cipher telegrams as well."

Miss Gale paused, glanced at her foot, observed that, sitting, as she was, well back from the table, she displayed overmuch ankle; picked up her skirt at the knees, lifted it down methodically—and proceeded with her tale. She had, now, her audience absolutely in her grip.

"I have always been"—she spoke with demureness, delicious, infinite—"I have always been of an adventurous disposition—I think it must be because—we were well off once—because my father, who wanted me to be a good French scholar, used to give me sixpence a page for translating 'The Three Musketeers'—and d'Artagnan was my favourite hero—and I think he still is. When we lost our money I began life as a governess, but it was so dull, and I went into the Post Office because I liked seeing lots of people and wondering what they did—and were. I've often followed them——"

"Followed them!" Mr. Iliffe and the Home Secretary spoke in the self-same breath.

"Yes." Miss Gale looked no less astonished than her interrupters. "Shadowed them, you know—for the sake of seeing where they went to. And when I knew that Mr. Blair Richards was at the Feathers I thought it very strange that an English member of Parliament should have so many letters from abroad. So"—Miss Gale sighed—"life is very dull at Netherwich, and I thought I should like to see what it all meant. And then, one day, a man came to the counter and handed in a message to—to you, Mr. Iliffe. You remember, perhaps? It was about ten days ago."

"I do—but I fail to see what connection your—*spying* on my telegrams has to do with the matter in hand."

"Well—you see"—Miss Gale gave him the full benefit of those unfathomable blue eyes—"you see, the telegram was signed. And I went up to the top of the counter and spoke to Miss—to the other clerk. 'Do you know who that gentleman is?' I asked. 'That's Blair Richards, the young Labour

M.P.,' she said. So I went back to the counter again and gave him the stamps and watched him put them on the form. And I said to myself, 'Very well, the first time I see you when I'm off duty I'll take you for a walk.'"

"Take him for a walk!" The Home Secretary, who had been leaning very far forward, stood suddenly bolt upright. "Take him for a walk! My good girl, what on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, that's only a manner of speaking—what they say in the very best detective stories. Shadow him, I mean, of course. And all that week," Miss Gale went on with her story—"all that week he kept on sending telegrams and getting letters from abroad. And last week—I was off in the afternoons, and I soon found that he (Mr. Blair Richards) used to go into the Brine Baths Park to listen to the band. I used to go too. I took a book with me"—Miss Gale gave a little smile—"it was one of Gushing's; I don't *like* Gushing, but I thought it would make me look simple if I took it in my hand. The book—I have it here—is called 'Love Me, Love My Dog.' And then, one day—I must really" (Miss Gale smiled openly) "I must really have looked as stupid as I wanted to—I was sitting next to Mr. Blair Richards, and he spoke to me. He said, 'I see you like love stories,' and I said, 'I dote on them—don't you?' He laughed, and—it's really very dull at Netherwich—he looked as if he was dull too—and as if he was hesitating whether he would try to flirt with me—so I simpered and looked as stupid as I could—and I could see I bored him—and he got up—and went off. And then I knew he was a—that the letters and telegrams were up to no good."

"But this is monstrous—monstrous." The Chairman of the Labour Party appealed to Mr. Olphert in his wrath. "We are making ourselves ridiculous, sir. Are we to pay attention to a child——?"

The Prime Minister touched Mr. Iliffe's arm with a pacific and placating hand.

"I think we must hear all that Miss Gale has to say," he said.

"Oh, well"—Mr. Iliffe shrugged his shoulders—"if you insist, sir. But it's nonsense—it's waste—sheer waste of time."

Miss Gale, calmer than ever, opened her red-lipped mouth to pursue. The Home Secretary put a question first.

"One is interested to know," he said—"one is interested to know why, as you put it, you knew Mr. Blair Richards was a—was up to no good."

"I didn't like his face," replied Miss Gale, and looked at him with the utmost gravity. "I didn't like his face."

There came a frank laugh from the Home Secretary, a chuckle from the Chancellor; as for Sir Charles Norroway, he was in ecstasies by the fire. The Prime Minister stayed impassive. Mr. Iliffe's cheeks were aflame.

"Good heavens, sir," he cried, "is this to be allowed to go on?"

"I think we must hear all that Miss Gale has to say," came the quiet insistence. "She has nearly finished now." The Prime Minister tapped his pen-top on the table. Mr. Iliffe flung himself back in his chair. Miss Gale—that actress's instinct again—sat waiting till quiet was restored.

"Go on, please," said the Home Secretary, feeling that he was at a play.

And Miss Gale pursued.

"The next day—I was watching the telegrams very carefully—there was a message for Mr. Richards from Rotterdam. It was not in cipher; it was very short. It said"—Miss Gale advanced to the table, stood there while she opened her handbag, then, notebook in hand, turned over the pages, and read aloud—"it said, 'Coming to lunch to-morrow—Jackson.' Immediately after that came another telegram, addressed to the Feathers Hotel. It said"—again Miss Gale refreshed her memory—"it said, 'Reserve room to-morrow night—Jackson.' That came from Rotterdam too; and next day I met the train."

"The train? What train?" It was the Chancellor who spoke.

"Oh, the one-ten. You see, I went to the station and asked for a Great Eastern time-table. I saw that the boat-train got to London at eight in the morning, and that the—that Mr. Jackson would probably leave Paddington at nine-forty-five. So I walked along the station road. I met the hotel bus. It had luggage on it—and no one was inside. I went on a little farther, and met Mr. Richards with a—Mr. Jackson, no doubt."

"What was Mr. Jackson like?" And the question came from the Chancellor again.

"He was a short, tubby, dapper little man who lifted his feet very high, and his face was all criss-crossed with scars, as if he had been fighting."

"What!"

The Chancellor started, looked at the Home Secretary, who nodded; then both Ministers looked at Sir Charles Norroway, who nodded

emphatically back. Miss Gale, at the exclamation, had stopped dead.

"Go on, please," said Mr. Olphert's voice, coldly.

Miss Gale resumed. The Home Secretary and the Chancellor were leaning forward to the utmost limit that their chair-backs allowed.

"As I passed them they were talking very fast, and they didn't notice me. So in the afternoon I went into the park—about three o'clock—it was very empty—the band doesn't play there always—and I got into a sort of shrubbery place at the back of a row of chairs—a place you don't know of, unless you know the park very well. Presently I saw Mr. Richards and his friend come in. They took two chairs—right away from anyone else's; there was no one for twenty yards on either side of them, and I saw them begin to talk. I slipped off my shoes and crept in among the bushes and got quite close, so that I could hear."

Miss Gale—that actress's instinct again—made a pause, cleared her throat, smoothed down that briefest of brief skirts. Mr. Iliffe's heart quickened; was she speaking the truth after all?

"Go on, please," said the Home Secretary, anxiously. "Go on, please, Miss Gale." Miss Gale went on. Mr. Iliffe's face grew white.

"They were talking—about strikes—about the last strike. Mr Richards was saying that if he had had a hundred thousand pounds to back him he could have kept it going two months and have cost the plutocracy and the middle classes two hundred millions. Then the foreign gentleman had the talking to himself. He said lots; but it all amounted to this. 'My master' (he said) 'my master doesn't want war; he wants it less than any man; but he knows that war often comes *without* being wanted, and he wants to be on the winning side. Now, if you could guarantee—if war should come—at any future time—if you could guarantee a general strike immediately war—a week before we are ready, you understand—my master will guarantee to leave you as President when peace is made and to support you then—if need be, by force. And in consideration of such a guarantee my master is prepared to pay you ten thousand pounds now—on receipt of proof that you are in a position—to bring about the strike, which he would also be prepared to finance——'"

Miss Gale paused again; once more cleared her throat.

"Yes?" said the Chancellor, eagerly. Mr. Iliffe's face was very white indeed.

"Why," Miss Gale went on again. "Why, Mr. Blair Richards laughed. 'In a position!' he said. 'Why, you shall take him the secret correspondence relating to the last strike—I've got it—at the hotel. But understand—no strike without ten thousand pounds down—now—and at least two hundred thousand on the day that the strike starts.' 'Very good,' said the scarred gentleman. 'Give me proof, and I'll take it to my master, and you shall have the ten thousand pounds this day week. Where shall I communicate with you? Where shall I send the draft?' 'To the House of Commons,' said Mr. Blair Richards; 'it's the safest place in the world. No one would touch a member's letter; nobody would dare.' And he laughed—and the foreign gentleman laughed—and they went on talking about Socialism and other things, and what Mr. Blair Richards would do if he were President. The last thing he said as he got up to go was this: 'If ever I've half a chance I'll wipe out the aristocracy and the middle classes. I *will* bleed them. It's been the dream of my life.' And as"—Miss Gale sat bolt upright and looked at Mr. Iliffe hard—"as it's been the dream of *my* life to do something for my country, I ran back to the office—and asked for a day's holiday—and called at Scotland Yard."

"And did jolly well!" cried the Home Secretary, the most human of them all. "By Jove! you've pulled off what many men would have given their right hands to do."

The Chancellor nodded. Mr. Iliffe—as true a patriot as any of them—tried to, could not, find words. Truth had forced itself upon him; he knew that the girl did not lie. But he would still fight on behalf of the accused.

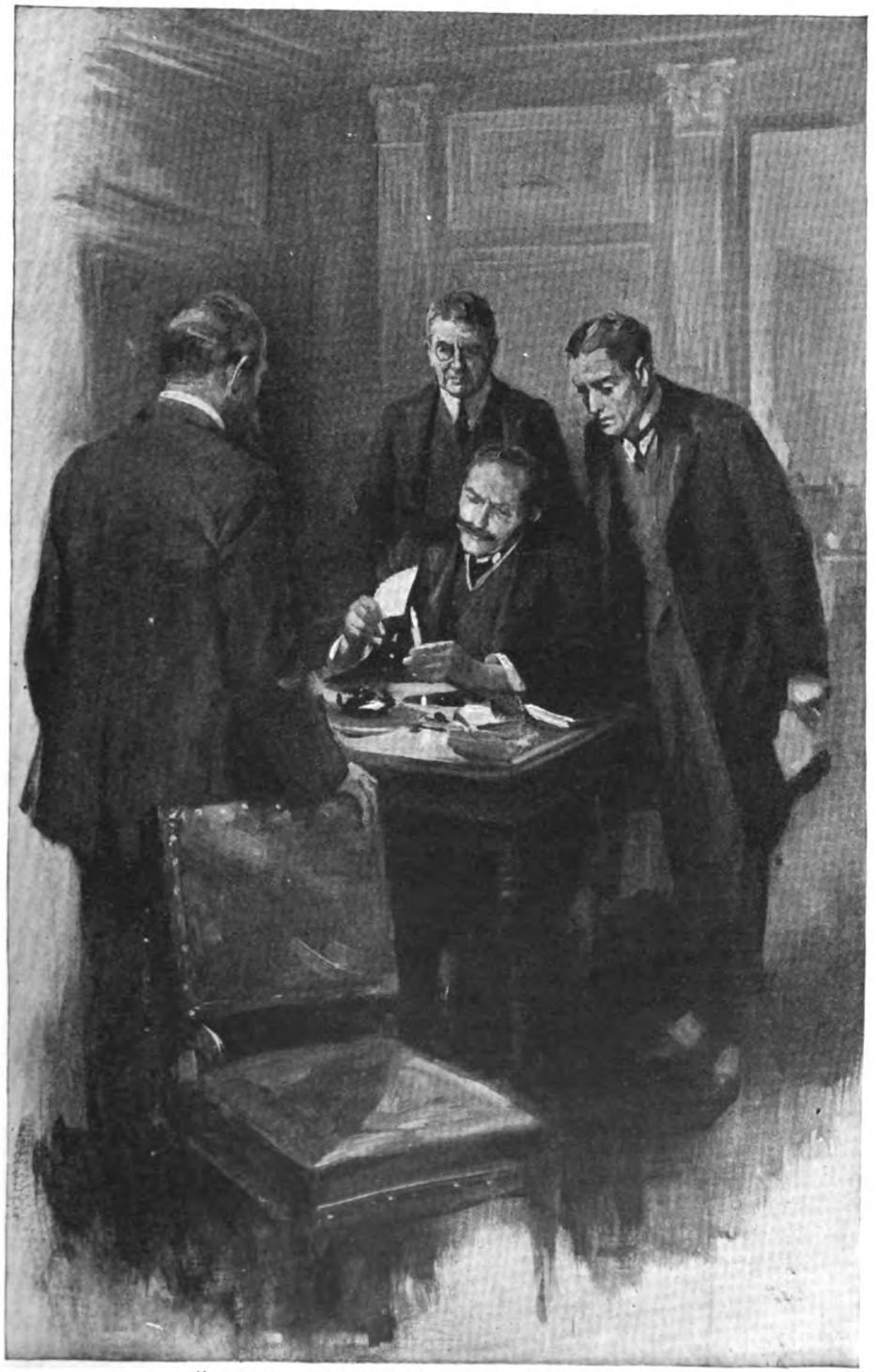
The Prime Minister spoke.

"Sir Charles Norroway, will you kindly take Miss Gale out for a moment? Miss Gale, I am obliged to you. We shall want you—later on."

The little provincial rose to her feet, bowed comprehensively, turned and went down the room. At the bottom of the table Sir Charles Norroway met her, passed before her, held open the doors. Miss Gale passed through them. Sir Charles Norroway shut them; then swung round and came back.

"You will want me, sir, I think?"

Mr. Olphert nodded. The Home Secretary sat down. The Chancellor followed his example. Sir Charles Norroway came round to the Prime Minister's left. The Prime Minister spoke again.



"HE LIT THE CANDLE AND HELD THE WAX TO IT."

"Gentlemen, you may or may not believe this young woman's tale. But of what follows you may rest assured. As Sir Charles Norroway will tell you, the foreign gentleman whom Miss Gale describes is the agent—to the Secret Service well-known agent—of a Continental Power. He was observed to land at Harwich. He was followed to Netherwich the same day. He was seen to be met by Mr. Blair Richards—who was seen with him in the park—though, in his ignorance, the watcher could not get as near as—as Miss Gale alleges that she did. The agent returned to Rotterdam the following day. And there is only one possible way of satisfying ourselves about the rest."

"What is that?" Mr. Iliffe's voice was different; altogether less assured.

"By opening a registered letter addressed to Blair Richards—a registered letter which was delivered to Sir Charles Norroway this morning by the Postmaster of the House of Commons."

"By what right?" Mr. Iliffe was still fighting for the man in whose innocence all his faith had gone.

"By mine!"

"Yours!" Mr. Iliffe turned on the Home Secretary like a flash.

"Yes; on a warrant—issued under the standing Act of Parliament—and signed by me."

"But"—it was Mr. Iliffe's last effort—"but, Mr. Olphert, sir. I protest!"

The Prime Minister waved a deprecating hand.

"It is all perfectly legal," came his quiet decision. "It is, in fact, in the best interests of your—er—friend. Here"—Mr. Olphert opened a despatch-box, took out a sheaf of papers, gave them into Mr. Iliffe's hands—"here are various letters—incriminating letters—sent to Mr. Blair Richards these last five days. The originals"—the Prime Minister smiled grimly—"the originals went back—into their envelopes—and are now in Mr. Blair Richards's hands. You will observe"—Mr. Iliffe was devouring the manuscripts—"you will observe that the last letter speaks of a remittance by next mail. Sir Charles"—the Prime Minister spoke now to the head of the Secret Service—"we must call on you—now."

"Yes, sir; the letter is here."

Sir Charles Norroway opened his pocket-book, took an envelope out. He held it between thumb and finger, showing the audience its back. It was addressed thus:—

Blair Richards, Esqre.,
House of Commons,
London, S.W.

The postmark was Rotterdam. The envelope was tightly fastened and sealed.

Sir Charles Norroway took a little oblong letter-case from his hip-pocket, drew from the letter-case a small sheet of extremely thin lead. He went over to a press by the window, put the letter in it, face downwards, so that the lead lay over the seal; he turned the lever, twisted it till the slabs, save for lead and letter, met. Then he reversed the lever, screwed the slabs apart. The letter lay between them, still covered by the lead. Sir Charles lifted the lead carefully. The wax was unbroken. The lead was marked with a most perfect impression of the seal. The wax could now be melted—the letter be opened—and, if necessary, be resealed.

Sir Charles came to a side table, which seemed to have been prepared for him; put his little case on it, sat down. The Home Secretary stood behind him. The Chancellor leaned across. The Prime Minister sat motionless. Mr. Iliffe was on his feet. On the contents of this letter hung Blair Richards's political life and death.

Sir Charles Norroway took a piece of thin candle from the letter-case, also something like a nail-cleaner; also a pipe-cleaning toy in three pieces, one of which was a tiny metal spoon. He lit the candle, held the wax to it, scooped the wax deftly into a red bullet, dropped the wax on an ink-stand's widespread rim. Then he took a piece of wet blotting-paper, set it across the back of the envelope—and paused.

"This kind of thing is un-English, Sir Charles. I protest—I——"

"My dear Iliffe"—the Prime Minister's voice, as ever, came calm and strong—"it is not less un-English than treachery is. Blair Richards is suspected, not condemned. This letter may prove him innocent—in any case, he will have an opportunity of proving his innocence." The Prime Minister took his watch from his pocket. "He will be here—in ten minutes' time."

"Here? He is coming here?"

The Home Secretary, who had killed big game—men amongst it—looked at Mr. Iliffe, and smiled. The Chancellor ran his fingers through his hair. The Chairman of the Labour Party went grey. A man who was a power—a man who was already a rival—the youngest, strongest, most promising democrat of the hour, a man who was useful—and an obstacle—a help, yet dangerous too—the fate of this man was being decided before his eyes. The room had seen much; it had seldom seen the drama that it saw to-day.

And Sir Charles was hard at his task.

Wet blotting-paper had done its purpose; the flap of the cover was soft; the expert fingers had inserted that ivory nail-cleaner thing at the topmost right-hand corner; it was raising, carefully, delicately, the flap from the wet, weak gum. The right-hand side was finished; the left side had its turn. Then the nail-cleaner thing was worked gently under the peak of the flap.

"Perhaps, sir"—Sir Charles Norroway held the now open envelope across—"perhaps it would be more satisfactory if you——"

"Perhaps it would," came the quiet answer. And the audience hung upon the Prime Minister's act.

There was a tug; a noise of paper crackling; a letter, thin and shiny, was pulled out, lay exposed, unfolded by steady, untrembling hands. From within it another paper fell. That, too, the Prime Minister had open in its turn.

"Gentlemen," he said, "here is a bank-draft for ten thousand pounds. It is payable to Mr. Blair Richards—at the London branch of the Amsterdamsche Bank."

There was a silence, fateful, long, while the bank-draft, tell-tale, incriminating, went from hand to hand. Sir Charles Norroway looked at the Prime Minister; the Prime Minister looked back. The Home Secretary and the Chancellor exchanged glances. Then all eyes focused upon Mr. Iliffe's face.

"Guilty," said the Home Secretary, suddenly—"guilty, by Heaven!"

"Lunatic!" said the Chancellor. "If he was out for treachery, why didn't he take proper care?"

"Thought his position—as a member—would save him," said the Home Secretary. "You remember, Betthany thought the same."

"But this is—this is no evidence." Mr. Iliffe, more horror-struck than any of them, still did his loyal best. "This may be a mere business transaction—a nothing. What does the letter say?"

"I will read it to you," said the Prime Minister. "It says this—in French:—

"'Here enclosed is a draft upon the London branch of the Amsterdamsche Bank for the sum of ten thousand pounds (sterling), payable at sight. My employer is most pleased with your credentials, which, however, he thinks fit to retain. Of your powers—and of your ability to compass that which you said you could compass—my employer is well satisfied now. He wishes me to confer with you again at an early date; and I shall have pleasure in hearing from you as to when and where will be convenient and most safe. My employer wishes me to assure you that the sum enclosed is but an earnest of what he will have sent to you should he decide, ultimately, to found the business which we discussed.'"

There was another silence. The Chancellor and the Home Secretary were looking at each other; the Chairman of the Labour Party was gnawing hard at his moustache. The Prime Minister took Mr. Iliffe by the arm. "Now," he whispered, kindly—"now to rid you of a fellow who would have wrecked your party—infallibly—as he would have wrecked his country—for gold."

Mr. Iliffe's lips quivered. He had not liked Blair Richards—he had even feared him—but he knew him able, self-educated—as no other man who called him chief. And—after all—this was—for all that counted to a man of ambition—death.

"Yes—I—I fear so. But you will give Blair—you will give him a chance to explain?"

Mr. Olphert nodded; took out his watch again; then turned to Sir Charles.

"Mr. Blair Richards is due in this house now. He should be waiting in an upstairs room. Bring in Miss Gale, please. Then fetch Blair Richards down."

"Very good, sir."

Sir Charles Norroway walked to the folding doors; opened them, beckoned, stood back. Miss Gale crossed the threshold—hesitated, flushed up—for to her four men had, not imperceptibly, bowed. The Home Secretary himself hurried to set her a chair. She took it, sat there, something breathless, red-cheeked, and eyes alight. Sir Charles went out again; after him the doors were closed.

"I must trouble you to stand up, please. Kindly face the doors."

Miss Gale obeyed. The Prime Minister pursued. He, too, had a taste for drama in his cold and quiet way.

"Take out that book of yours."

Again Miss Gale obeyed.

"Hold it—like"—he came and showed her—"like—so that the title is visible to anyone coming in at those doors."

Miss Gale again obeyed him; stood at the left of the table, the book held at its top, between finger and thumb, title and picture now in fullest view. "Love Me, Love My Dog (Hundred and fiftieth edition); a love story by George Gushing."

"Thank you." Mr. Olphert looked round. "Gentlemen, we shall not be kept many——"

The doors, flung open, sliced his speech in

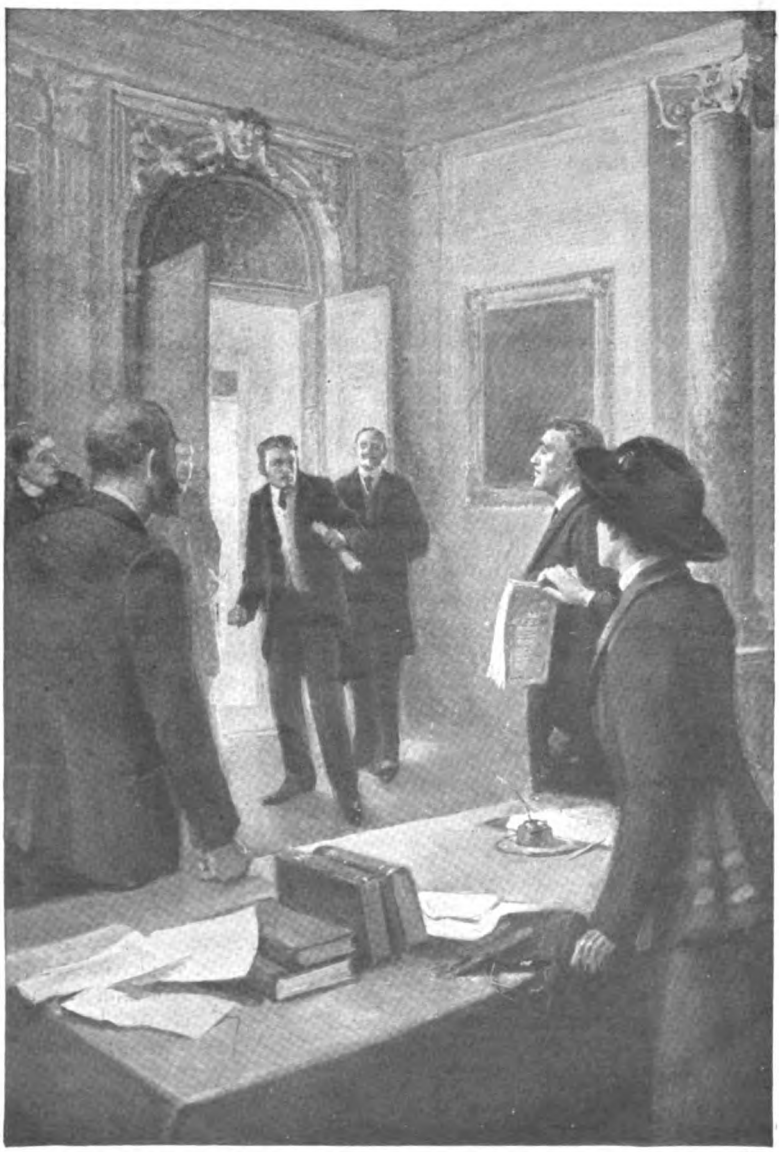
half. Sir Charles Norroway's voice came clear from the room beyond.

"Mr. Blair Richards to see the Prime Minister."

A man—tall, thin, clean-shaven, full-lipped and sallow and brown-eyed—came forward, walking theatrically; shoulders squared, head uplifted; a mass of studied self-importance; a poseur, even to himself.

"Ah; Mr. Olphert. Good morning!"

Blair Richards's voice, rich—for his spareness strangely oleaginous—called the greeting as he stepped across the threshold. And the incomer strode forward into the room. He had spoken rather to where he thought the Prime Minister was than to where the Prime Minister actually sat. It was sunnier in the council-chamber than in the darker, just-left ante-room, and he failed for an instant to see clear. But only for an instant. And into his sallow face came a sudden look of fear. It was momentary. Again he advanced—the stab of conscience had been but a pin-prick—by now he could see them all. And, though he marvelled, he was proud. Three Cabinet Ministers—and his own leader—to meet—him; him who had once been a boy in a shop. It showed him his power—what he had risen to—and how high—the black heart of him rioted—how high he was going to rise.



"BLAIR RICHARDS WAS STARING—STARING WITH TERROR-STRICKEN EYES."

He had reached the Home Secretary—who stood nearest to the door. Blair Richards put out his hand. The Home Secretary bowed faintly; the Chancellor did the same. Iliffe—his own leader—faced him, motionless and cold. The Prime Minister, who had been sitting, rose slowly to his feet.

"Mr. Blair Richards, I asked you to come and see me that I might discuss certain questions in connection with strikes. I——"

But the words, slow and frigid, fell half-heard, upon dull, unheeding ears. Blair Richards was staring—staring with terror-stricken eyes. For there, across the table, a

little provincial faced him; faced him with a book in her hand; a book whose cover mocked him, whose title seared his brain.

"*Love Me, Love My Dog.*"

The large and garish letterings were as darts of dancing flame. And, lifting his eyes to escape them, he beheld an accusing face.

"Heavens! Mr. Olphert——!"

Blair Richards started backwards; a sheaf of papers fell from his palsied hand. He glanced round, saw coldness everywhere: coldness, scorn, contempt. Instinctively he glanced at the doors. Against them, erect and passionless, Sir Charles Norroway stood. And the pose fell from the traitor like a mantle; he stood naked, cowardly, disclosed.

"W—what does this mean? W—why have you sent for me? W—why do you not speak?" His stammered questions, starting braggadocious, ended on a note of pitiful fear.

The Prime Minister came forward; fixed on Blair Richards those icy-cold, blue eyes. In his hand he held the letter and the bank draft—for the Labour member to see.

"We have here—your letter—from your friend—your confederate in a foreign Power's employ."

"What letter? What do you mean?"

"The letter which you arranged for at Netherwich—with the foreign gentleman—who had—a duellist's face. He joined you at the station—he met you—in the park."

"She lies." Blair Richards pointed fiercely at the girl across the table. "She lies—I tell you she lies."

The Prime Minister smiled ere he answered, shrugged his shoulders, hurled his clean-flung shaft.

"She has not yet spoken. How—can you say that she lies?"

"But I tell you——"

"Mr. Richards—you bore us." (The cold voice, never rising, conquered by quiet strength). "You bore us with your defence. What you arranged—what Miss Gale *heard* you arranging—is proved and trebly proved. This letter—this draft"—the Prime Minister held them forward—"are treason."

"Treason!"

"Yes — treason — treason unspeakable. Now, sir, you—you can go. Thank your God that you are in England where we do not advertise these things. You will not enter the House—nor set foot in it. The Chiltern Hundreds—the Chancellor here gives you them—are yours——"

"And the twenty shillings with it." A coin pitched on the table, went bouncing from table to floor. The Chancellor's voice was lifted; his Irish blood was aboil. "Take your emoluments and go——"

"Go—but what——"

"Health — domestic trouble — anything that you please—out of political life altogether—out of industrial life——"

"But——"

"Silence!" The Chairman of the Labour Party thundered out the word; he who had fought for the traitor while the treachery stayed in doubt now proved himself the patriot that he was. "Silence. You have heard the Prime Minister's sentence; now—now hear mine. Such men as you are the scum of the universe; the Judases who sell their fellows, who slay democracy, who play for their own hands only — who would murder men in thousands for their own selfish aims—who make liberty a catch-word with which to rise to power—who make—who render inevitable the wars which we work to avoid. Dare to mix yourself with politics—dare to attend a Labour congress—dare even to address a meeting — and by Heaven I'll expose you whether Mr. Olphert will let me or no. You are a curse to your party—a blot on it—a blackguard—and a cur. Go"—the broad-shouldered giant took a swift step forward. "Go—or I'll throw you through the doors."

Blair Richards still hesitated; stood there, searching the eyes of them all; implored with his own eyes their mercy, and, imploring it, found none. Then, with a curse, he swung round, went down the room again, passed through the doors which were opened for him by Sir Charles Norroway's most ready hands. Political life would know the traitor no longer—and the newspapers would not have the tale.

The four men—themselves pale—nerve-wrung with excitement—looked at each other without words. Miss Gale was forgotten—for the time. Then the Prime Minister shook the Chairman of the Labour Party warmly by the hand.

"Thank you!" he cried. "You told him what I wanted to tell him, yet meant to leave unsaid. But you gave the words a force which I could never have given them. We—you, Iliffe, more than any man—are well rid of the fellow so cheap. And I think we have settled things rightly. Advertisement is the last thing we desire."

"The last thing," said the Chancellor.

"Quite the last thing," the Home Secretary agreed.

"Speaking of advertisement," began Mr.

"GO—OR I'LL THROW YOU THROUGH THE DOORS."

Iliffe, "what—does Miss Gale go back to the Post Office—again?"

"She enters another Department," came Mr. Olphert's reply. "Sir Charles Norroway thinks the Secret Service has need of her. I think that Sir Charles Norroway is right."

"I think so too." Mr. Iliffe leaned across the table, shook the little provincial's hand. "Miss Gale, I congratulate you—on having—by your own talents—come into your destined own."

"And I congratulate you likewise," said the Chancellor, taking the hand which Mr. Iliffe had let go.

"And I, too," said the Home Secretary, following suit in turn.

"Thank you." Miss Gale's mouth quivered, and her voice shook a little, but she smiled. "Thank you. Believe me—I will try to do good work."

There was a pause. The Home Secretary took out his watch.

"I must be going," he said. "I am due at the House."

"And I, too," the Chancellor took up.

"And I," Mr. Iliffe agreed.

"I will follow—presently," said the Prime Minister.

The three men passed out. Miss Gale followed them at a motion from Sir Charles. "Wait in the anteroom," he said. "I will see you — later on." Then he came up to the far end of the Council Chamber again. The Prime Minister was at a window, looking into the garden beyond. Sir Charles stayed motionless, waiting for Mr. Olphert to speak. At last the Prime Minister looked round.

"It is curious," he said, slowly, "but it has always been the same. There are always traitors—there always have been—there must always be. History is the first of mimics, after all."

"Yes, sir." Sir Charles Norroway's voice was thoughtful. "And they—they are always brought to book. Think of this miracle—a plot frustrated by a child."

"And the child being the right child—the child having the brains."

"It is—it is the genius of the race, sir. The hour brings the man—or woman—of which the hour has need. It has saved us—it has always saved us—it is the genius of the race."

"Stars" and Their Struggles.

Life's Amazing Vicissitudes Told by the following Leading Stage Favourites: Lina Cavalieri, Marie Lloyd, Auguste Van Biene, Edmund Payne, and Maurice Farkoa.

THE cynic is apt to declare that success on the stage is generally the result of the combination of a modicum of talent and unlimited influence. The careers of various popular artistes, however, effectively prove the fallacy of this belief, as some of the life-stories of leading members of several branches of the profession to-day who have won fame and fortune by sheer hard work clearly indicate.

In order, therefore, to provide our readers with some real romances from Stageland, we have collected from a number of the most popular stage favourites an account of the amazing vicissitudes through which they have had to pass before finally "coming into their own."

Lina Cavalieri.

From Street Singer to Operatic Artiste.

In my earliest days of childhood — when I was only just five years old — my ambitions were divided between two desires: to be a great singer and a great dancer. For a long time, however, no solution of this "knotty" problem which so worried my little mind would present itself, and, determined as I was to become famous in either one direction or the other, and confident as I felt of ultimately succeeding, I could never quite make up my mind.

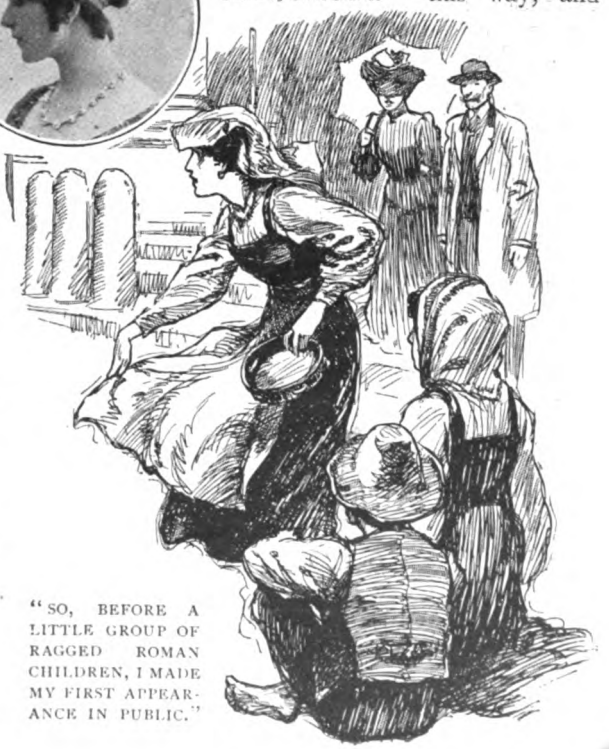
One day—a *festa*, I think it was—my mother had taken me to see a comic opera at the theatre, and from the moment I left the building I made a firm resolve to follow the hand which seemed to be beckoning to me from behind the row of glittering footlights.

So for ever afterwards I used to dream about those scenes which seemed so gay and sparkling, and I was never happier than when picturing myself looking out upon a sea of faces sitting silently watching me and only waiting until I had finished my song to break out with bursts of ringing acclamation.

And under the clear Italian skies—I am a native of Rome—my ambitions grew and ripened as my little circle of friends—the other Roman children who wandered about with me in the doorways of the Piazza di Spagna—used to sympathize with me, for they were all well aware of my ambitions; and in the evenings would often gather round and ask me to sing or dance. So in the street, before a little huddled group of poor and, I fear, often ragged Roman children, I made my first appearance in public.

LINA CAVALIERI.
Photo by Lallie Charles.

Several years slipped by in this way, and



"SO, BEFORE A LITTLE GROUP OF RAGGED ROMAN CHILDREN, I MADE MY FIRST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC."

my dancing kept improving as the days went on. Passers-by often used to stop and watch my dancing with interest, and I felt very proud to think that grown-up people deemed it worth their while to stand and admire my childish efforts.

But as yet I was a very, very long way from reaching the goal which appeared to me so bright and attractive. My father for some time had been in failing health; my mother was powerless to give me any help, and my brothers and sisters were all too young to be able to earn anything at all. So, for a time, I was under a cloud which showed no signs of lifting.

However, a few months later I made my appearance at a *café chantant*, and earned sufficient money to keep my home "going," not in the lap of luxury, to be sure, but at least well enough to ward off hunger and starvation; and I was also more than pleased to find that my audiences were most enthusiastic about my voice and my rendering of some little Neapolitan songs.

So, while working steadily in this humble manner, I saved up as much money as possible every week—which, in the circumstances, you can doubtless quite understand was a very small amount—and when I could afford it began to seriously take up the study of music and singing during the day, performing all the time in the *café chantant* at night. The work was very hard, but after three years of steady grinding I was rewarded by being given the part of Mimi in "La Bohème" at the San Carlo Theatre in Naples—the cast of which included, by the way, the celebrated Bonci. Since then I have sung in opera in many parts of the world.

But Paris was to see the turning-point in my career for which I had been so earnestly longing, and for which I had been striving so hard, for in that city, after once figuring in the programme at the Folies Bergère Music Hall, I was engaged for three trial performances as *prima donna* in Massenet's "Thaïs" at the Opéra. Happily I scored a considerable success, and was forthwith included in the cast.

Shortly afterwards I made my *début* in New York, taking the leading part in Giordano's famous opera "Fédora," and before leaving that country fulfilled engagements as Manon Lescaut in the Puccini opera, Nedda in "Pagliacci," and Mimi in "La Bohème"; but—well, I am sure readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE do not wish me to treat them to a long account of my professional career. Suffice it to say, therefore, that, having once succeeded in planting my foot on the ladder leading to success, I think I may say that I have since done my utmost to deserve any small success that I may have attained.

Do I ever think with reluctance of those far-away days when I used to sing and dance before an audience of roaming children in the streets adjoining the Piazza di Spagna? Most certainly I do not; and why should I? Surely it is better to earn one's humble honours than to "come into one's own" by mere accident of birth or by influence which is denied to one's fellow-artistes. No; that I have had to work for any success that I may have attained—and work hard—is something on which I shall always look back with a feeling of real pride.

Marie Lloyd.

When My Salary Was Half a Crown an Evening.

From remarks I have often heard made there would seem to be a large number of members of the general public who are under the impression that I sprang into whatever fame I may have attained without having really to do any hard work at all. As a matter of solid fact, however, such is very far from being the case, and I can still recall the times when money and I knew each other not, and when—worse still—my prospects of being able to earn even enough to provide myself with the bare necessaries of life were remote in the extreme.

Still, I can at least boast of having attained the proud position of manageress (save the word!) very early in life, for when I was thirteen I enjoyed the distinction of being the manageress of a Band of Hope; and the theatre of my first maiden effort was the schoolroom of Fairbank Church, New North Road, London, in the fashionable end of rustic Hoxton, where the hooligans come from. By dint of making more promises in an hour than most people do in a year, I had induced a number of other girls, fellow-members of the Band of Hope, to join with me in planning an entertainment which was to be given on behalf of the Nile Street Mission.

If a lie is worth telling it is worth telling well, and so, with a delightful sense of our own importance, we called ourselves the Fairy Bell Minstrels, and our performance must have been simply wonderful. In fact, it was nothing more or less than a case of teetotalism set to music. A certain man in the audience who had managed to force his

way in without a ticket, by the simple precaution of getting his friend to engage the doorkeeper's attention while he "subterfuged" by, had brought a bottle of whisky with him, in case he might feel thirsty; but when I sang a beautiful ditty, with the soul-stirring title of "Throw Down the Bottle and Never Drink Again," he quickly and unostentatiously hurled the bottle at his luckless wife, and in stentorian tones declared that he would never touch intoxicating liquors again.

Ah, me! Those were indeed terribly hard, struggling days, when my earnings were very conspicuous by their entire absence; but, despite the fact that my parents wished me to take to other occupations, I resolved to make the stage my profession; and so about three years after my scintillating triumph in the "Fairy Bell" troupe of minstrels I appeared at the Grecian Music Hall, and sang—my friends called it something else—two plaintive ballads entitled "In the Good Old Days Long Ago" and "When the Robins Nest Again." They were terribly serious songs, and I nearly got locked up for singing them; for I afterwards discovered that the "performing rights" in them had been strictly reserved to certain popular vocalists.

Still, as luck would have it, a gentleman who had witnessed my discomfiture at the Grecian promptly engaged me to appear the same evening at the Rosemary Branch, of which he was the proprietor. So, with the inspiring prospect of being able to earn still another whole half a crown—an unkind critic said I ought to have got five years for singing at all—I packed up my little bundle of stage-clothes, slung them on my shoulder, and off I hied myself to the Rosemary Branch, for all the world like some Dick Whittington in search of a fortune.

Yes, indeed, those days were very hard ones; but I can remember the delirious delight I felt when my one night's engagement was extended to a whole week at the colossal salary of thirty pence an evening. I quite came to the conclusion that I had reached the zenith of fame and fortune, for I was suffering from a very severe attack of stage-mania. But as for stage-fright, I knew it not. In those days I could sing three new songs a night without a shiver. Now I am ill a week before I sing a new song. It touches the incomprehensible, does it not?

Little by little things at last began slowly to mend for me, and I shall never forget the occasion when the late Sir Augustus Harris offered me an engagement at Drury Lane. It happened in this way. The great *impresario* had heard me sing "Wink the Other Eye" at one of the annual dinners of the Music Hall Benevolent Fund, and he promptly approached me for his forthcoming pantomime at "the Lane." "I want you to come to Drury Lane at Christmas," he said. Naturally enough, I was intensely excited and flattered by the offer, but I am thankful to say that I was actress enough not to allow my excitement to betray itself.

MARIE LLOYD.
Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

"THROW DOWN THE BOTTLE AND NEVER DRINK AGAIN."

"To Drury Lane?" I repeated, nonchalantly, the while pretending to be wrapped in thought. "Do you mean the Middlesex Music Hall?" "No," replied the astonished Sir Augustus; "I mean Drury Lane Theatre." "I don't think I know it," I said, puckering my brows. "Not know it?" cried the manager, not a little bit enraged; "you must know it. It's the large building at the centre of the Lane, with the soldiers and the sentry-boxes out-

side." "Oh, is that a theatre?" I inquired, pretending to be intensely astonished. "I always thought it was a barracks."

That first important engagement paved the way to whatever small success I may have attained to-day. But, oh, how I had to struggle! Those who do not know the behind-the-scenes life of the vaudeville profession cannot possibly realize what a strenuous fight an artiste has to put up to "come into her own."

Auguste Van Biene.

When I Was a Street Musician.

I must frankly confess at once that I never look back upon my early struggles, far away now though they seem, with anything but feelings akin to horror, for my struggles to attain the position I eventually succeeded in winning were so severe that more than once I feared that circumstances would prove too strong for me, and that, like so many other searchers after success, I should "go under" before the battle was half over.

AUGUSTE VAN BIENE.
Photo. by Hubbard, Nottingham.

"I DON'T THINK I EVER PLAYED BETTER IN MY LIFE THAN ON THAT CHILLY MORNING WHEN I SAT DOWN TO TRY TO EARN ENOUGH TO BUY MYSELF A MEAL."

My father, who was a soldier, and fought in the war between Holland and Belgium, died, leaving my mother and twelve children totally unprovided for; and though, thanks to the assistance of two of my brothers, I was able to receive some sort of education, my childhood's days are chiefly memories of poverty and want. At the age of eighteen I decided to make a name for myself in London, "where," said the citizens in my home in Rotterdam, "the gold is lying on the pavements."

So little did I know of the world that, if I did not literally quite believe the story, I nevertheless formed the idea that London must be an easy place to earn a livelihood in, and accordingly, with fifteen shillings and a few coppers in my pocket, I left home to win fame and fortune. The sole friend I had in London was the managing director of a well-known operatic company, a Mr. Van Noorden by name, who did all he could for me. Unfortunately, however, the only stock-in-trade I possessed was a very mediocre 'cello—I must mention that I was a pupil of the great Servais—and as I did not speak a word of English, and, worse still, as the season was already well advanced, with the exception of an occasional soirée, for which I received nothing (as I was told that I should have to make myself known before I could secure engagements), I did not get any work to do at all.

The few shillings I had soon vanished, and one day my landlady, to whom I owed several weeks' board and lodging, turned me out into the streets, with nothing but the 'cello and my confidence in myself to assist me in my battle againsttheworld. What was I to do? I was too proud to go to Mr. Van Noorden and throw myself on his bounty, for he had already told me that at present he did not see his way to find me engagements, although he had kindly promised to assist me in any way he could.

Still, I determined that at least I would be no beggar, and, disposing of a little locket which my mother had given me as a keepsake, I raised a few shillings with which to buy a stool. "With my stool and my 'cello," I thought, "I shall be able to earn enough by playing in the streets to buy food and shelter."

So I set out in, perhaps, the most wonderful "city of adventure" in the world, and, swallowing my shame, I chose a busy thoroughfare in the West-end—Rupert Street, Coventry Street—and, selecting a quiet corner off the direct line of traffic, I commenced to play. It is wonderful how hunger can inspire an artiste to put forth his best efforts. I don't think I ever played better in my life than on that chilly morning when I sat down to try to earn enough to buy myself a meal of some sort, for I had not tasted food for nearly a day and a half.

At first but few people noticed me, but after playing at intervals for an hour or so a small crowd collected, some of the members of which, in the kindness of their hearts, threw a few coppers into my hat, which I had placed on the pavement in front of me. "Chink, chink, chink," I heard the coins drop in one by one, and when I had collected a whole sevenpence I realized that I was at least wealthy man enough to buy myself a good square meal. So, with bitter tears in my eyes, and a feeling of thankfulness in my heart for the kindness of the poor to the poor—the "clients" who supplied me with sevenpence, I particularly noticed, were all of the poorer classes—I bowed to my Good Samaritan friends and hurried quickly away to a neighbouring coffee-house to spend the fortune—for fortune that sevenpence seemed to me—I had so mercifully been allowed to acquire.

For weeks I continued to play on the same "pitch," but gradually fortune again began to desert me, and at last I decided to try my luck elsewhere. I therefore went to Hanover Square, and, by dint of playing for hours daily, I managed to earn enough to provide me with shelter at night and at least one good meal a day. One evening while I was playing I remarked that a gentleman with fine, clear-cut features, and wearing gold pince-nez, had been listening to me for quite a long time. When I finished one piece he would turn away and appear to be wrapped in thought until I had played another; this he did repeatedly, until, at the end of half an hour, addressing me in French, he said: "How is it, sir, with your exceptional talent, that you play in the street?"

"I play for bread—not for pleasure," I replied, sadly.

"You are an artiste," he said; "with your talent it is a thousand pities that you should humble your pride in this way." And, evidently overcome with emotion, he slipped some money and his card in my hand and, hurrying away, said, as he patted me kindly on the shoulder, "Come round and see me in the morning—and don't despair."

The name of my benefactor was Sir—then Mr.—Michael Costa, the Conductor-in-Chief of Covent Garden, the wonderful home of Art of which I had read so often, but of which, after weeks of playing in the street, I had never dreamed of ever entering as an artiste.

The next morning I saw Costa, who asked me to play to him. "Can you read music?" he said. "Of course I can," I replied. "What do you want me to play?" "Play this," he said, as he handed me the 'cello part of the Tannhäuser Overture. I commenced playing at once, until a draught from one of the windows blew the music from off the stand. I still continued to play from memory those difficult passages with which every musician must be acquainted. When I had finished Costa congratulated me so effusively that I thought he was about to embrace me. "You are a great player," he said; "next season I will engage you for my orchestra, in which, alas! I have no vacancy for the present season."

Many dreary days followed. I used to wait outside the Alhambra and other theatres in the hope that some of the players engaged might want someone to deputize for them. Occasionally I *did* earn a few shillings, but more often my services were bluntly refused. Eventually, after existing through many very "thin" weeks indeed, I secured an engagement at the Assembly Rooms in Margate to play in the orchestra, and also at dances and other entertainments, for two pounds ten shillings a week.

And—well, after that things began slowly to mend with me. I duly fulfilled my engagements at Covent Garden as one of the 'cellists in the orchestra, and on the resignation of Costa I was engaged by his successor, Arditi, the great Italian conductor, as principal 'cello.

Since then the good fortune I had worked so hard to earn has never deserted me, and for many years work has been plentiful. But those weeks of playing in the street I sometimes think will never quite fade from my memory, for even now I wake on occasions with a start in the middle of the night from a dream in which, tired and hungry, I have imagined myself setting out with stool and 'cello to my "pitch" in Rupert Street. Suffering and hunger combined are great teachers; the lessons they teach live in the memory for ever.

Edmund Payne.

When I Lived on Three Shillings and Fourpence a Week.

In the course of my career I think I may state, without fear of being accused of exaggerating, that I have probably had as many ups and downs as any living actor. I have certainly never acted in the streets or on the sands, but in bygone years that was probably not my fault, as in my early days I should doubtless have been only too pleased to do so had I not been afraid of offending the tender feelings of the "gentlemen in blue."

EDMUND PAYNE.
Photo. by Poulsham & Banfield.

"I HAD PICTURED MYSELF BEING GREETED AT THE STAGE-DOOR BY A POLITE DOORKEEPER. INSTEAD, THE ONLY GREETING I RECEIVED CAME FROM A DIRTY-LOOKING INDIVIDUAL SMOKING A SHORT CLAY PIPE."

But perhaps Gaiety audiences to-day may doubt my statement that to win success I have had to endure many hardships which would probably have deterred me from remaining an actor had I not always felt the greatest confidence that one day I should "arrive." So, fearful lest I may be accused of stepping aside from the straight road of truth, let me tell you of an occasion when I played parts innumerable, cut down burlesques and dramas by the dozen, painted miles and miles of scenery, stage-managed until I was blue in the face, and very nearly starved into the bargain. I would mention that I starved only when I had nothing else to do—at other times I tightened my belt by two or three holes and worked the harder. And for all this work the only salary I received was three shillings and fourpence. I would dare swear that there is scarcely a street-singer living who has ever netted less than that colossal sum for a week's exuberant vocalism.

When did this happen? It occurred when I received an invitation to accept the position of principal low comedian and stage-manager at the Theatre Royal, Risca, Monmouthshire. Travelling some distance by train, and sometimes walking, I eventually arrived at Risca, and discovered that the Theatre Royal was merely a fairly large, permanent wooden building situated at the back of an establishment where liquid refreshment was occasionally sold if any of the poverty-stricken residents of this benighted spot could scrape enough coin of the realm together to jingle two or three coppers at the same time.

At first I thought of returning home, but my needs were desperate, and I decided to accept the engagement for the sole and simple reason that to keep alive one must have the wherewithal to supply food; and as I did not possess that, it struck me that it would be a futile policy to think of going anywhere else—and then to "solve the great secret" while going there.

So I stayed, though I confess my feelings—when I saw the difference between the Theatre Royal as I imagined it and the Theatre Royal as it actually was—were painful in the extreme. I had pictured myself being greeted at the stage-door by a polite doorkeeper. Instead, however, as I entered the wooden hut, the only greeting I received came from a dirty-looking individual with well-ventilated nether garments, smoking a short clay pipe—

from the malodorous, unsavoury smell of his high-class tobacco he must have been smoking something given him by the property-man—who remarked, in a mixture of square-faced-gin-and-won't-work sort of voice, "Are you the new actorist?" I greeted the low fellow with a haughty stare, and passed on with dignified mien towards the entrance of this outhouse.

But I will refrain from harrowing your feelings by describing the sufferings I went through at Risca. Suffice it to say, therefore, that my biggest week's salary the whole time I was there was three shillings and fourpence. I had arranged to go in with the manageress on "sharing terms," but more often than not there was nothing to share; out of which princely remuneration, which by a simple calculation you will find works out at something like fivepence three farthings a day, I had to dress myself, pay my landlady, provide myself with breakfast, lunch, tea, and supper, and pay my getting-about expenses.

As far as the breakfast, lunch, tea, and supper were concerned, it was something like poor old Dan Leno's swagger set of apartments at the seaside—when you were in the kitchen and wanted to go into the drawing-room you simply stayed where you were. My breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner, and supper happened all at once, as it were, and when I wished to lay the table for lunch all I had to do was to leave the breakfast things on the table in the morning.

Yes, those were rollicking, merry days indeed; and, as a matter of fact, I don't think I should have lasted out the final fortnight—there was a pretty little churchyard at Risca which quite took my fancy—had it not been for the generous heart of the son of the local baker in the High Street, who each week surreptitiously sneaked, on my behalf, a large seed-cake and half a pound of butter, in return for which I gave him one of the most comfortable seats in the front row of the stalls, where he couldn't be seen from the road.

Happily, however, those lean days proved to be the turning-point in my career, for one glorious afternoon the manager of the Victoria Theatre at Newport, who was round on a bill inspection tour, happened to look in at the "Theatre Royal" during my impersonation of Caliban; and he was so struck by my performance—he was also struck by some pieces of rotten wood which fell from the roof as he was watching the show—that he engaged me on the spot to play the Old Man of the Sea at the Victoria Theatre, Newport, at the unprecedented salary of one pound six shillings a week. I almost had a fit when I heard this offer, but a piece of stale seed-cake pulled me round.

And from then things started to improve. Engagements cropped up quite frequently, and I think I may say that I never afterwards looked back. By the same token, I never wish to try to live on three shillings and fourpence again. I believe it was the effort to do so which robbed me of my good looks.

Maurice Farkoa.

When I Starved.

I wonder whether any reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE has ever experienced the pangs of starvation? I most sincerely hope not, for, as one who has literally starved, I can truthfully say that I can think of no experience quite so utterly, hopelessly, terribly gruesome. Many people, I am well aware, have reason to complain of the pangs of poverty. But poverty and starvation may almost be said to be as wide apart as the two poles. That is why, although I have learnt to feel genuine sympathy for the poor, I, nevertheless, feel a thousand times more sympathetic to those of the poor who know what it is to starve.

But let me tell you how it all came about. To-day, happily, those never-to-be-forgotten times when food and I were strangers are enshrouded in the mists of long ago; but, even so, I still sometimes think with feelings of horror of those days when I was so downcast and destitute that I feared greatly that before long a coroner's jury would be compelled to pass the dread sentence on my remains: "Death by starvation."

Ever since I was a tiny lad it was my wish to go on the stage. My father, however, willed that I should go into business—and thus, shortly after I was twenty-one, I set out for Paris to eat out my heart in a bank. Suddenly, however, financial misfortune overtook my father, and, as we were all practically ruined, I begged him to allow me to go to London to retrieve the family fortunes as a singer. At first he demurred; but I only begged the harder, and at last he gave way, on my stipulating that I should only sing on the concert platform. I agreed to do this, and I kept my promise, too—but at considerable cost to myself.

Arrived in London, I soon spent the few pounds I had without even a prospect of engagements coming my way. Having spent

my last penny, I proceeded to pawn my belongings one by one in order to purchase the necessaries of life. First my stud and links went, then my overcoat, then my dress clothes, and so on, garment by garment, until all I had in the world in the way of clothes was the suit I stood up in.

Things went from bad to worse. I had come to London to make my fortune. Instead, I starved. Once for three whole days I was without food of any sort, and many a time I gazed with longing eyes through the windows of eating-houses and pastry-cooks hoping that some observant customer might see and recognize the starving man who stood without. I was too proud to beg, and I preferred the cold streets to the indignity of the workhouse.

I was almost giving up the struggle—well, never mind how—when one day a friend gave me my chance to sing, in the shape of an engagement at an At Home given by the Duchess of Teck at Richmond. At the time I had not a respectable suit in which to appear, but, happily, a veritable guardian angel in the form of my landlady consented to redeem a sufficient number of my clothes to enable me to seize my chance. I sang at that At Home, and before I left, with gold in my pockets, I had received no fewer than five offers — need I say how eagerly I accepted them!—to sing at various private houses.

"ONCE FOR THREE WHOLE DAYS I WAS WITHOUT FOOD OF ANY SORT, AND MANY A TIME I GAZED WITH LONGING EYES THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF EATING-HOUSES AND PASTRY-COOKS."

MAURICE FARKOA.
Photo. by Bullingham.

And when did the turn in my fortune come? When I sang at Mr. George Grossmith's house—I always regard that as the occasion which gave me my first really upward step in life. Mr. Grossmith was kind enough to recommend me to Mr. George Edwardes for an engagement in "The Artist's Model," which was about to be produced. Mr. Edwardes engaged me, and I duly appeared at rehearsals. I cannot give details, for they are unprintable, but in my ignorance I managed to convert a certain word I had to speak into a highly improper one. I delivered it with the utmost distinction and gusto, and then there was a terrible silence. I felt instinctively that I had "put my foot in it," but what could I do? Then somebody laughed, then another, and at last even Miss Marie Tempest gave way and joined in the peals of mirth that filled the empty theatre.

Presently Mr. Edwardes came up and, taking me aside, he said kindly, but plainly, "Look here, my boy, I'm afraid your English is a bit too original for us, and that you will have to go."

After I left the cast of "The Artist's Model" engagements became quite frequent, and since those days my professional career has passed along smooth lines.

Ah, well! A thousand thanks that those days are mere shadows of the past. I am happy to say that in my memory of them there is no bitterness. There is a beautiful French proverb which tells us, "Il faut souffrir peur être belle." That applies to a woman; the man who suffers, I think, at least learns one wonderful lesson—that of the never-failing kindness of the poor to the poor. I hope and think, therefore, that my sufferings have at least taught me to be human. After all, it is not through years, but through tears, that we arrive at maturity.

An Incurable Disease.

By ROLAND DUNSTER,

Author of "The Kiss of Chance."

Illustrated by Septimus Scott.

I.

"IT is too big a risk!"

The morning light was struggling through the stained-glass window of the doctor's consulting-room. In the patient's chair by the side of the large, flat desk at which the doctor sat with a worried look on his face lounged a dark, evil-looking, dissipated individual. In low voices they chatted.

"Yes, it is far too big a risk. I dare not—and besides——"

With a hasty movement the man in the chair broke in:—

"All risks are big, but you can accomplish nothing in this world unless you are prepared to take them."

"What you say may be quite true," replied the doctor; "but I am afraid—mortally afraid. Like most medical men who appear brave, at heart I am a hopeless coward. I can condemn a man to death with a stout look, and shiver all over with nervous apprehension immediately that door closes behind him."

"The stout look is all I am asking for. Look at the matter calmly. The facts are these. I have a cousin. He is hale and hearty; boasts that he has never known a day's illness. He will suddenly develop an unknown malady—I will see to that."

The doctor shivered.

With even voice the other went on:—

"He will come to you to have his case diagnosed. I will also see to *that*. Now, what earthly risk are you running in pronouncing his complaint to be fatal, and in your opinion incurable? Why, even the biggest men in Harley Street make mistakes."

"True. In the cause of humanity. No great advance in surgery or medicine is possible without experiments," responded the doctor, nervously clasping his hands together.

"Humanity!" repeated the other, with a sneering laugh. "In the cause of their own reputations. Think how many poor devils have been cut up for neither rhyme nor reason. Cause of humanity, you call it. Cause of humbug!"

"Be that as it may, viewing it in the worst possible light, it is surely a more noble cause than the one you are now asking me to promote."

"Now stop a moment. Is it? Are we not digging right at the root of the very tree upon which such theories or principles hang? I mean the tree of knowledge. Let me put it in this way. I come to you with an idea. It is not a new one, I admit, but I don't believe it has ever been proved. Is it worth nothing to know whether a man can be killed by suggestion? In any case it is not going to be fruitless research for you. Here is the money—not two or five guineas surreptitiously left on your consulting table, but one thousand pounds in crisp, ear-stimulating Bank of England flimsies."

The doctor sighed. His face looked tired and worn.

"I dare not do it," he said, half-heartedly.

The other man picked up his hat and his stick which lay on the floor at his feet.

"So be it," he said; "but don't forget settling day is next Wednesday."

"Oh! why did I ever buy those accursed land shares? What do I know about Canadian allotments?"

To this outburst the other man responded nothing. He was studying the name of the manufacturer in the inside of his hat. He held it at an angle which hid the evil smile upon his face and the wicked glint in his shifty eyes, but he was studying the mental struggle of the doctor.

"Well, I must go," he said, making a step towards the door.

The medical man stood up. His breath was coming in quick gasps.

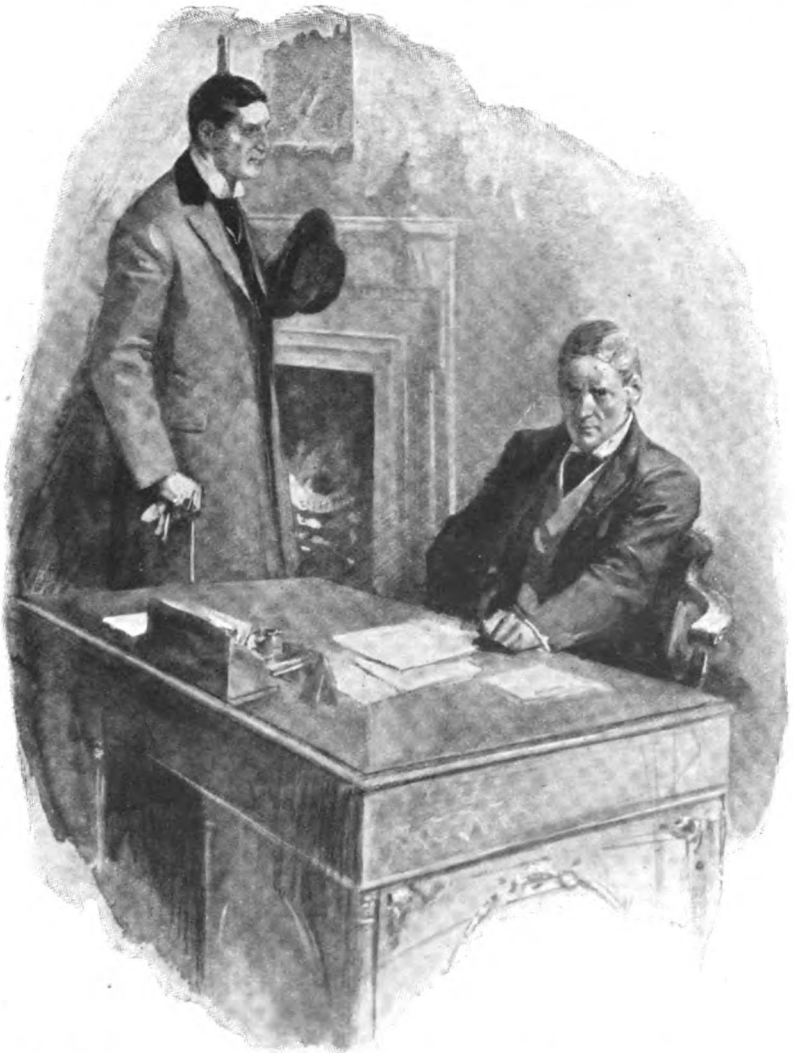
"One moment," he said. "What if I agree to what you want and the—the experiment fails?"

"I have offered to pay you cash down. That means I trust you to do your best. If you fail I shall want to know the reason why."

The doctor shivered, in spite of the fact that a huge fire spluttered and hissed in the grate.

"But even in that eventuality you will have had your money," wound up the other.

"What if he refuses to come to me?"



"'SO BE IT,' HE SAID; 'BUT DON'T FORGET SETTLING DAY IS NEXT WEDNESDAY.'"

"He will not refuse. I will see to that. Besides, he trusts you."

The sneer which accompanied the latter part of the sentence caused the medical man to wince. All his better nature was in revolt against this scheming adventurer, but he was between the devil and the deep sea. An unfortunate speculation on the Stock Exchange, the purchase of a large block of shares said to be good for a rise of five points by an outside stockbroker whose life he had saved by a very delicate operation, and who had given him the tip, as he expressed it, out of gratitude, was followed by a huge, unexpected slump, caused by a panic in Wall Street. All his hard-earned savings were swept away at one fell swoop, and a liability stared him in the face which he had no means of meeting.

The dark-eyed man watched with passive countenance the mental fight.

"Better ruin," thought the doctor, "than dishonour." Then, "I can't do it," he said.

"Very well," responded the other. "I

wish you good morning," and, crossing the room, he opened the exit door.

Just then from some room at the top of the house there came the peevish cry of a little child.

The sound struck the doctor like a blow between the eyes. What would happen to his motherless children when his home was sold up? What would happen to his niece, who had so ungrudgingly looked after them?

"One moment," he exclaimed, as the back of his visitor disappeared through the doorway.

At the call the man reappeared.

"What is the matter now?" he demanded.

"Give me the money. I'll do it," said the doctor, sitting down at his desk and bowing his head in his hands.

A sudden flush of triumph passed over the face of the other. Without a word he cautiously closed the door and took from his pocket a bundle of notes. These he carefully counted. Rolling them together, he tossed them on to the desk.

"There is the fee. It is a good one. Paid for once in advance. As I said before, see to it you do not fail."

For a moment or two the doctor remained in his despondent attitude. When he looked up the room was empty—his tempter had gone. He stretched out his hand to pick up the notes, and then drew back. He felt at that moment as if the touch of them would burn his hands.

II.

ONCE outside the house the other man looked hurriedly up and down the street, hesitating as if which way to turn. Then he strode off at a brisk pace. At a corner outside a public-house he was joined by a rather seedy-looking individual, who had the appearance of a gentleman's servant out of employment. The cut of his clothes was good, but they sat badly on him.

"Well?" demanded this individual.

"It was a stiff job, but I've got him. He will do it, so it is up to you to bring your trusting master to the scratch."

The shifty eyes of the new-comer twinkled.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "You are a marvel. You can rely on me. In fact, things are already going well. He asked me last night if I knew anything about the efficacy of some pills he saw advertised in the newspaper."

"And you responded?"

"You bet I did. I told him he had been looking bad—real bad—for weeks."

"What did he say?"

"He laughed. He is a tough nut."

"Well, stick to it, and report progress to me. The usual address. I must be off now." And with a casual nod he departed.

"He's a sport, is Gentleman Bert!" muttered the servant, as he looked after the retreating figure with admiration in his eyes.

It is the practice in some parts of Scotland for the man to be called more often after his farm than by the name he receives at the christening font. James Stanley was generally known throughout his lifetime as "Old Stockando," and the epitaph, "he wis a dour yin," would have been fitting in the eyes of the people who knew him. He certainly ruled his family with a rod of iron. He brought up his three sons in a strict atmosphere. They feared, but they did not love him. "Hoo can a boy love the man that rears him?" he had been heard to exclaim when someone had ventured to suggest that he played the Spartan father too well. The result of all his hardness could not, in the light of later events, be voted a success. James, the eldest son, had emigrated without a parting word to Australia. The old man did not live long enough to witness the success which business brought to the second, Tom, who had been the wildest of the trio, but who had ultimately settled down and achieved a considerable fortune by dint of hard, persevering work. The third son, William, had been a dunce at school, but had drifted into the ministry, that haven of the brooding youth who thinks solitary thoughts. "Old Stockando" had been a proud man the day he saw his youngest son "wagging his heid in a pu'pit." He thought that perhaps, after all, Providence had approved of his methods of upbringing. Heredity produces strange contradictions. The son of the wild Tom, who had married a travelling actress whose charms had first flashed upon him in his native village, turned out a quiet, well-behaved youth. It was a source of constant wonder to the Reverend William Stanley why his boy had so early shown evidences of development towards all in life he detested.

Many an argument had the upbringing of these respective sons raised between the brothers. Generations come and go, but, like the wag of the pendulum, the arguments of man swing to and fro in a narrow space with the same steady monotony. The Reverend William came to the conclusion that in his son Bertie heredity was playing a sorry trick. Why should the offspring of a God-fearing, steady-living man and a

douce, domesticated woman betray at an early stage such degenerate tendencies, while that of his wild-oats-sowing brother and a pleasure-loving woman mocked his efforts? In the silence of his study such thoughts had often disturbed the even flow of his sermon for the following Sunday. At the age of eighteen the climax came. Bertie Stanley disappeared in circumstances which almost brought his father with shame to the grave. For years his whereabouts were unknown, then, from time to time, vague stories reached his native place, but they were never to his credit. He had earned, it was said, the title of "Gentleman Bert" from the fact that he was able to live by his wits, debonair and careless. If there was a smart way of doing a crooked thing, he knew it. Always on the outlook for what he called the "gilded mug," it is easy to understand the feelings which possessed him when he learned accidentally in Australia that his father's eldest brother had just died, that he had turned out a very wealthy sheep-farmer, and, having never married, had left all his money to his brother Tom, or, failing him, to his brother William, failing him to Tom's son, and failing him to the son of William. It was indeed a strange stroke of fate that James Stanley's solicitor should impart all this news to the nephew of his dead client, without that individual betraying his identity in the slightest.

The news had really taken Gentleman Bert's breath away. In a flash he realized that Leonard Stanley, the son of Tom, was all that now stood between him and this colossal fortune. One life barring his way to unbounded riches. All the way home from the Antipodes in the steamer it was his one absorbing thought. Casual conversation in the smoking-room one evening gave him an idea. The talk had turned on Christian science; one speaker had expressed his opinion that most men could be killed by their imagination. Gentleman Bert was well aware that his clean-living cousin was what the insurance companies would designate a first-class life. He sat silent and listened to the argument. If it were true that a man could, by suggestion, be convinced that he was ill, surely, if the same methods were employed, backed up by medical opinion, the experiment ought to be even more successful. The trouble was to find the doctor. A lucky chance helped him. He ran across an old acquaintance who lamented to him that he had repaid a medical man for saving his life by putting him on to a "bad egg" on the Stock Exchange. His quick mind soon saw the possibilities in that direction.

It was, therefore, with a smile of satisfaction that Gentleman Bert left his cousin's valet, with whom he had made a nefarious bargain.

III.

It was six o'clock. The doctor ticked off the last entry in his daily diary with a tired air. Shutting the book, he sighed. He looked thoroughly worn out. Rising from his desk, he stretched his arms above his head, yawning as he did so. Suddenly the door opened. His man-servant hesitatingly stood for a moment with his hand upon the door-handle.

"There is a gentleman waiting to see you, sir. He says he has no appointment, but he asked me to give you this card."

With a tired air, mechanically the doctor took the orthodox pasteboard and carelessly perused it. Suddenly he started.

"Mr. Leonard Stanley," he repeated, audibly. "One moment! Yes! I'll see him."

The man turned to go.

"Stop!" went on the doctor. "Don't show him in till I ring."

"Very good, sir." The servant noiselessly closed the door.

Gentleman Bert had kept his word much sooner than the medical man had anticipated. He was suddenly possessed with the necessity of pulling himself together. Never in all his experience had he been so overwhelmed with nervous dread. The thought of the coming consultation, the ignoble, despicable part he had promised to play, set his heart thumping. He clenched his hands in his endeavour to still its unwonted beat. Crossing the room to a cupboard, he took therefrom a decanter and poured himself out a dose of brandy, which he raised to his lips with shaking fingers. Nervously he studied his face in an antique glass which hung over the mantelpiece. Then, hastily surveying the room, he came to the conclusion that the light was too brilliant. He switched off two of the electric lamps. Then, with a final effort, he pulled himself together like a man summoning up all his courage, all his energy, for a great ordeal. Another momentary pause, and he pressed his finger to the bell-push.

Afar off he could hear its answering birr. Never before had that familiar sound brought this cold sweat to his forehead. He had barely time to seat himself at his table before the door swung on its hinges and the voice of his servant announced:—

"Mr. Leonard Stanley."

From force of habit he rose up.

A tall, athletic figure traversed the room with buoyant stride.

The doctor felt his hand gripped with a force that belied the invalid, and heard a cheerful voice exclaim :—

"I did not write to you for an appointment. I thought under the circumstances it was better not to, but" — with a laugh—"I daresay you have heard of me." Turning round as he concluded the sentence, he surveyed the room. "So this is where you deal out your death sentences? It reminds me of Collier's picture, but all the same it does not look like fitting quarters for an executioner. You have a pretty taste, sir."

The whole tone of the young man's voice was friendly, but what struck the doctor's practised ear was the ring of health in its timbre.

How could he upset that cheerful disposition with a may-be disastrous, death-dealing lie?

"You wanted to see me?" he managed to say. His tongue seemed to be sticking to the roof of his mouth.

"Yes. The fact of the matter is, I am suffering from an incurable disease."

The doctor could scarcely believe his ears. A wild apprehension gripped his heart. Had this young man discovered his nefarious bargain? Or was the whole ghastly business a plot to ruin and disgrace him?

"An incurable disease!" he repeated. "What makes you imagine that?"

"Oh, there is no imagination about it," was the ready response. "It keeps me from sleeping at night and haunts me by day. You are the one man in London who can put me right."

"'I DARESAY YOU HAVE HEARD OF ME'—TURNING ROUND AS HE CONCLUDED THE SENTENCE—'SO THIS IS WHERE YOU DEAL OUT YOUR DEATH SENTENCES?'"

For one brief moment the doctor eyed him.

"Well! Take off your coat and waistcoat and let me examine you," he said, mystified by the young man's manner, but concluding that he must act professionally.

"What for?" was the reply. Then, noting the puzzled air of the doctor, he added: "Oh, I see what it is. You are trying to sum me up. You are taking no risks. I daresay you are right. In all probability I should do the same were I in your place."

With a laugh he doffed coat and waistcoat.

"Lie down here," said the doctor, motioning towards a couch.

The young man stretched himself his full length, while the doctor took his stethoscope. Then he hurriedly sounded him.

"Not a flaw—sound throughout," was his inward thought.

"Take a deep breath," he requested, more from force of habit than any doubt as to the result.

Then he placed his hand upon his heart. Its steady beat, regular in its throb, was in direct contrast to the raging tumult he could feel thumping in his own bosom.

"That will do," he said. "Get up."

The young man regained his feet with alacrity.

"And the verdict is?" he asked, with an air of unconcern.

"What possessed you with the idea that you are suffering from an incurable disease? Tell me your symptoms," asked the doctor, after a brief pause. His mind was in an uproar. It all seemed so absurd. How could he tell this healthy, strong, robust young man that he was doomed to die? Even if he did so, what a futile effort towards its accomplishment it would be.

"My symptoms! Loss of sleep—loss of appetite—an overpowering desire to know the worst."

"Why did you remark a short time ago that I was the only man who could cure you?"

"I think you will agree that it is so. You are her guardian, so to speak."

The doctor puckered his brows. "What are you talking about?" he demanded.

"Ah! I see what it is. You cannot sum up my case; and yet there are more people smitten with my complaint than any other malady on earth."

"What is your name for your malady?" The doctor asked the question with surprise in his voice. This affair was beyond him.

"Love, sir! Love! That is the incurable disease I am a victim of. I worship your niece Mabel. Hasn't she told you? I came here to ask your permission to marry her."

The doctor was staggered. He rubbed his eyes, as if to make sure he was not dreaming. But so do the tragedies of real life sometimes turn suddenly to the broadest comedy.

"To marry my niece!" he repeated. "What did you say your name was? Leonard Stanley! Ah, yes! Now I know. You are the friend of John Faraday, who married her girl chum, Lucy. She has often spoken of you. I might have guessed." His voice seemed to him to sound afar off. He was astonished beyond measure. When he thought of the construction he had placed on the young man's call, at this unexpected development a great relief surged all over him. He felt as if he had just awakened from some horrible nightmare. He shut his eyes tight and inwardly thanked Providence for saving him from sliding over that moral precipice up which there is no reclimbing.

"Your news is the greatest surprise of my life," he exclaimed.

"I trust it is not an unpleasant one," was the manly rejoinder. "I have known Mabel for six months. I know what she has been to you and your children."

The young man's words immediately brought to the doctor the upsetting remembrance of his present financial plight. Was there no way out?

"I should be the last to stand in the way of her happiness," he remarked, quietly; "but I am afraid that never since she took charge of my motherless bairns can she be dispensed with less than now."

The doctor rose up, crossed to the rug, and stood for a moment as if lost in thought. The young man patiently waited for him to go on, noticing that he looked tired and worn.

"The fact of the matter is, I am in a devil of a hole financially. All this"—with a wave of his hand—"looks like being sold up. Who is to look after the kiddies then?"

Leonard Stanley listened quietly as the doctor unfolded to him the cause of his embarrassment. There was a smile upon his face when he had finished. Placing his hand upon the elder man's arm, he remarked:—

"You have examined my physical state. Would you care to do the same to my bank-book? A thousand pounds! Don't let that worry you for a moment. You will have the money to-morrow."

"I could not think of it," began the doctor.

"Hush! Not a word. Pay me back when you like, fix the interest at what you like. Say you consent to my marrying Mabel and call it quits if you like. I shall be satisfied either way."

The next morning Gentleman Bert received a registered envelope. It contained one thousand pounds in notes and a plain card bearing the words, "I cannot do it." With a frown he held up two or three of the notes to the light. Then, with the remark, "And they were such a pretty fake!" he replaced them in the envelope and hurled the whole package into the fire.

From a] A FEW PROPERTIES. *[Photograph.*

Tricks of the Cinematograph.

By GEORGE S. GUY.

THAT "things are seldom what they seem" is a well-known saying, but nowhere is it more true than in the cinematograph theatre. Here inanimate objects come to life and human beings become as wood with such frequency and apparent ease that the spectator rubs his eyes in astonishment. "How is it all done?" he asks.

Through the kindness of Mr. Scott Brown, who has invented and taken many "trick" pictures, we will endeavour to explain how some of these are worked. Difficult and puzzling as they really seem to be, they are in fact quite simple and very easily performed.

A trick picture is usually the combined efforts of the comic-plot writer and the expert cinematograph operator. The operator is continually puzzling his brains for new effects with the camera. He conveys these to the plot-writer, who works them up in the form of a very short story. When we see the finished production on the screen it is, to most of us, a work of complete mystery, and it is asked, "Are they really taken from life?" We often see, for instance, omnibuses travelling at a speed of a hundred miles an hour, flowers which jump from a table and arrange themselves in a vase, or a man diving with the greatest ease head-first *out of* a river and landing on his feet on the bank. Once again, "How are these things done?"

In order to discover these secrets, permission was obtained to join a picture company who were then engaged in the production of a film entitled "The Uncanny Scot." The party consisted of a stock company of a dozen or more actors and actresses, a stage-manager, a photographer, and some stage-hands. The work to be done consisted chiefly of outdoor street scenes, and a journey was made some fourteen miles out of London in order to avoid the unpaying audiences which such strange scenes always bring together. The plot of the picture in hand was given to us to read, and, though some of it was perfectly intelligible, the plot contained such mystifying notes as "Stop," "Reverse," "Turn on stop," and "Sub dummy." These were the stage tricks we had come to investigate.

The work commenced outside a tobacconist's shop, and each scene was most carefully rehearsed. A youthful actor, as an errand-boy who was engaged in opening the shop, brought from it a dummy Scotsman in the act of taking snuff, a figure familiar to many Londoners, and placed it in position at the shop door. At this point the stage-manager, who was conducting the operations, blew a whistle, and instantly the boy remained motionless and the *modus operandi* of the first trick was revealed.

The company understood by the whistle that they were to cease the slightest movement, and the photographer that he must instantly stop the camera.

The dummy of the Scotsman was now removed, and an actor identically dressed was arranged in precisely the same position. The whistle went again and the boy resumed his work. When next passing the Scotsman he received a kick from him, which caused him to bolt into the shop in terror. The whistle now sounded again, and a further substitution of dummy for man was made by the stage-hands. An actor-tobacconist came out of the shop, and the boy explained what had happened, but was dumbfounded when the master turned the figure upside down and thus showed it to be lifeless. The scene proceeded, with many stops and changes from the live Scotsman to the inanimate dummy. Stopping the camera simultaneously with the cessation of all animation ensured that the effect on the screen would be perfectly continuous, as, of course, the film would be run through without any break.

THE REAL SCOTSMAN AND THE DUMMY.
From a Photograph.

Later on this Uncanny Scot had to run away, and was seen to bolt down a road, pursued by a crowd, right into the arms of two policemen. Here, again, the stop-whistle sounded, and those in pursuit came to a dead halt while the dummy was brought once more into use. The effect of this substitution is, of course, that the police are surprised to find their capture inanimate.

During subsequent scenes, in which the police carried off the dummy, the latter, owing to the frequent use of the stop-whistle, showed alternately signs of life and lifelessness. The police dropped their load in fright, but, mustering up courage, they picked it up again, only to find that the legs had become separated from the body, a fact which caused them to retire to a safe distance, more mystified than ever.

The film-plot read: "That the figure must now join itself together, become animate slowly, and run out of the picture-range in the direction of the camera. The police to run in the opposite direction."

To manage this, the photographer must turn the film backwards through the camera, and the scene must also be acted backwards, which has the effect, when the film is projected on the screen in the ordinary way, of reversing the position or order in which the individual pictures were taken. It follows, then, that the Scotsman runs backwards to the spot indicated, falls down, and the dummy is substituted. The legs and body of the dummy were then separated by invisible wires, care being taken to leave them in the same position as the police left them.

Following this the Scotsman, being pursued by a crowd, suddenly stopped and, raising his hand, converted the trousers and skirts of his pursuers into kilts. The method in this case was the same as that employed in the first scene. The crowd was brought to a sudden standstill with the whistle, while the stage-hands changed their clothes, meanwhile retaining their strange positions. Then the chase was continued. Many laughable scenes followed, including one in which the dummy was thrown into the river and apparently swam to the opposite shore and ran off. The film finished with the Scotsman dancing in front of a bottle of whisky, into which he mysteriously dissolved. This feat is accomplished by making two exposures on the same film, which is one of the simplest forms of cinematograph trick pictures. The bottle of whisky is photographed and the film wound back through the camera. The Scotsman is then focused to the size of

THE SMALL DOG CHANGES INTO A BIG ONE.
From a Photograph.

the bottle and the film again exposed while the Scotsman dances before an absolutely black background, at the completion of which the light is gradually shut off by means of the stop in front of the lens, the image consequently disappearing by lack of exposure.

Another amusing film is entitled "The Demon Dog," of which the plot reads as follows:—

A young man buys a toy bulldog, brings it home, places it on the table, and goes off to sleep. His dreams are somewhat unpleasant as he sees the dog suddenly grow bigger and roll its eyes. Seizing the poker he smashes it, but a bigger dog appears in its place. Another crash and the dog has vanished, but only to appear larger and uglier than ever. The man backs out of the house, but the dog follows him. He hurls at the animal everything he can lay his hands on, but without effect. The dog relentlessly follows wherever he goes. After many episodes of a comic nature, he rushes to the water's edge and jumps into a boat, but as he is rowing out the dog appears on a seat in front of him. He aims a blow at the animal, misses it, and falls into the water. Swimming ashore, he is greeted by an angry crowd, who hand him over to a policeman. While in their hands he sees the dog swim ashore, and he raves like a lunatic as he is led away.

The reader who has followed the detailed description of the way in which "The Uncanny Scot" was taken will be able to see that very similar methods are employed in this case. It is, in fact, entirely a matter of substitution, and two of the

From a] THE THREE DOGS. *[Photograph.*

accompanying pictures, showing the changing of a small dog for a larger one, will explain how the deed was done more clearly than any amount of description.

HOW THE CHANGE OF DOGS IS BROUGHT ABOUT.
From a Photograph.

The process of substitution is, of course, a very delicate operation, as the exchange is made in a boat, and every care has to be taken that the boat is not moved; otherwise when the picture is continued it would appear out of focus. The remaining picture of this set shows the three dogs used with such amusing effect in the various changes.

Now take, for another instance, the case of a man running away from a crowd of people. You see a high wall directly in front of him, and wonder with intense excitement

whether he will be caught. You watch the people gradually creeping up closer and closer, till someone is just about to lay hands upon him, when, to the surprise of all, the runaway vanishes completely through the wall and the breathless crowd find themselves in a heap before it. The explanation of this is very simple. Just as the crowd are putting their hands upon the fugitive the stage-manager blows his whistle. In an instant everyone, with the exception of the runaway, stands perfectly still and the operator stops his machine. The man then simply runs out of the picture altogether. The whistle sounds again, the operator starts his machine, and the crowd run against the wall through which the fugitive has apparently passed.

The standard rate of picture-taking with the cinematograph camera is sixteen per second, obtained by two complete turns of the handle; but by deviating from this rule various weird effects can be secured. Thus, if the handle be turned at quarter speed, *i.e.*, four pictures per second, while photographing a man walking, the film, when shown at the standard rate (which will happen at the biograph theatres), must necessarily reproduce him walking four times as fast. In this way a motor-car can be shown travelling at a speed very much beyond the legal limit—or a baby emptying a bottle of milk at a rate that would satisfy the most impatient nurse.

Having given one illustration of the effect obtained by "backward turning," it will be seen that any number of tricks can be performed by the same method. If we pin a piece of lace or a stocking to a board and pull the thread so as to unravel it, we obtain, when reversed, the effect of a thread mysteriously winding itself up into a pattern of lace, or of a stocking being constructed without the aid of needles. Again, suppose a photograph is cut up with scissors, and rearranged neatly on the table, and then surrounded with a border of flowers to which threads of cotton are attached. Let this now be photographed, an assistant, while the film is running backwards, pulling away the flowers by means of the cotton threads, and upsetting the position of the photograph by blowing away the pieces. The result will be reversed. Pieces of the photograph will wait into the picture and arrange themselves in perfect order. The flowers, magically following up, will complete the picture. Cotton or piano-wires, it may be added, play a large part in the mysterious movements of the stage properties one sees in trick pictures.

By the aid of these few methods many magical effects are explained, but it must be understood that all the wonderful sights to be seen are not pure "fakes." Take the picture in which a man is knocked through the back of a cab, or another where a cyclist comes head-first over the handle-bars into an opening in a road under repair. In such cases competent "knock-about" artists are employed, and sometimes many unrehearsed effects are the result.

A typical example of the ever-popular humorous subject is one known as "The Heat Wave." It shows the adventures of a man prostrated with heat during a spell of summer weather. His first effort towards cooling his fevered brow is to lie in the road under the tap of a milk-cart, and allow the fluid to stream all over his face and down his neck—a waste which is bitterly resented by the proprietor on his return. Later, he is seen gazing with envy at a large salmon peacefully reposing against a block of ice in a fishmonger's

THE VICTIM OF THE HEAT WAVE DRINKS TWENTY BOTTLES OF GINGER-BEER. [*Photograph.*
From a]

WHEREUPON HE SWELLS TO THE POINT OF EXPLODING. [*Photograph.*
From a]

THE FILM IS STOPPED WHILE THE VICTIM WATCHES GUNPOWDER LAID FOR HIS OWN EXPLOSION.
From a Photograph.

shop. Unable to bear the contrast with his own suffering, he flings the fish away and takes its place on the marble slab. His peace is soon disturbed, and then he seeks refuge inside a water-cart. Next an ice-cream barrow attracts his attention, and he fills the lid of the churn with ice-cream and places it on his head by way of a hat. This so incenses the Italian proprietor that our hero has to make a dash for life. The thirst engendered by his energy can only be quenched by much liquid, and he purchases a crate of ginger-beer bottles and retires to a secluded spot beside a stream. After the twentieth bottle or so, the accumulated gas becomes too much for the human frame, and the poor wretch comes to an instant and shocking end in a violent explosion.

The explosion is so realistic, and the victim is blown into so many pieces, that it is difficult at first thought to imagine how the affair is managed without injury to anyone; but once more the explanation is a simple one, as the accompanying pictures prove. In the first he is seen drinking his last bottle of ginger-beer, while in the second he is on the point of explosion. Here the word "stop" is given; the actor then gets up, and in the next picture is seen watching gunpowder being put down for his own explosion, which is shown in the fourth picture. When you are watching the picture on the screen, however, all you see, following the explosion, is a mighty splash in the water, and a quantity of torn clothes falling into the stream.

GETTING READY TO REPRESENT THE BODY FALLING INTO THE RIVER.
From a [*Photograph.*

From a HE EXPLODES. [*Photograph.*

How is this done? As our last picture explains, the victim, with an assistant, mounts a tree out of range of the camera, holding his clothes, shoes, coat, and waistcoat. After the explosion has taken place, the "stop" is given, and he jumps down into the water, making as big a splash as possible; and just as the splash is made the operator starts his machine, thus getting only the splash into the picture. Then down come the clothes, thrown by the assistant in the tree. The whole impression on the spectator is that the man has drunk, swelled, exploded into mid-air, and fallen splash into the river.

It seems very simple, yet when reproduced the effect is both realistic and effective.

We are indebted to the Hepworth Manufacturing Company for their assistance in obtaining the photographs which accompany this article.

Mr. Bodkin, Zoologist.

By LEONARD LARKIN.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd.

MR. SAMUEL BODKIN was retiring from business. You observe the form of the verb; I do not say he was about retiring or had retired, but that he was retiring; for, as a fact, the process was a long one. There need have been no difficulty about it; the wholesale provision warehouse in the Borough worked very well in the hands of the remaining, and junior, partner, all the arrangements for cutting off the partnership had been completed, and Mr. Bodkin was free to enjoy his well-earned rest. A certain amount of capital of Mr. Bodkin's still remained in the firm for a few years, but it was not because he was anxious to watch over that that Mr. Bodkin *would* return to the office day after day and moon about like the uneasy ghost of the deceased partnership. The fact was that Mr. Bodkin positively *couldn't* retire all at once. Charles Lamb, in his essay, "The Superannuated Man," described Mr. Bodkin's feelings exactly, years before Mr. Bodkin was born. "I wandered about," says the Superannuated Man, "thinking I was happy, and knowing I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastille suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of time into eternity—for it is a sort of eternity for a man to have his time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage."

Feeling like that, Mr. Bodkin returned to his office day after day, as I have said. But something had to be done if the retirement were to be made a reality; and he began by arriving late and leaving early, and trying to persuade himself that he took a reckless joy in his unprecedented irregularities. He turned up later each day, regarding his late partner with a more and more waggish air; and he left earlier and earlier, positively chuckling. He made the excuse, however, of carrying away some papers in a bag, with a pretence that he would "look over them" after dinner; and his partner, careful to observe that the papers were of no importance, regarded the whole performance with respectful indifference.

It was quite obvious that the gradually later arrivals and earlier departures would bring Mr. Bodkin's office attendance to vanishing point presently, and Mr. Bodkin was vastly troubled to contemplate home life with no office relief and no—what?—hobby! Bright thought—that was the solution, a hobby! If only he had had some recreation of the sort, this slow breaking off with the office would have been unnecessary.

This was the problem, then—to find a hobby. Mr. Bodkin walked from the station of his highly-respectable south-western suburb in an agony of eager thought. He had never *had* a hobby, and that is a sort of thing you can't improvise at so late a period of life as Mr. Bodkin's. He had never had a hobby since he had been a small boy and kept white mice and guinea-pigs, and—why, there it was! Mr. Bodkin positively bounced with delight as the idea struck him; absolutely and actually *bounced*, on the pavement of one of the most decorous and respectable roads of that most decorous and respectable suburb. He even attracted public attention—or so much of it as the character of the neighbourhood permitted.

There was the idea—not white mice or guinea-pigs; that would scarcely do at Mr. Bodkin's age—but practical natural history! As a boy, adding to his collection of white mice and cavies by aid of his scant pennies, frequently torn by agonies of doubt between another white mouse and a supply of lollipops, he had often resolved that when he was a man, with plenty of money, he would keep big animals, real curiosities—the creatures you

saw in menageries or read of in books. Here he was at last, with leisure before him, and quite a respectable income to spend in it. Wasn't there a Rothschild who kept the most extraordinary zoological garden of his own at Tring? Mr. Bodkin was no Rothschild, but at any rate he had quite a respectable garden, and there was no reason why he should not keep a little zoo of his own, in a modest way. The more he thought of it the more he became convinced that his future destiny was to be a zoologist, and the more completely he persuaded himself that his whole previous life had been one passionate longing for this moment of freedom when he could return to the joys of his youth, multiplied in the proportion which a tiger bears to a white mouse.

"THE BEAR WAS SITTING PLACIDLY BY A TREE."

Mr. Bodkin beamed, slapped his leg, and almost skipped — wholly forgetting Mrs. Bodkin, by the by, in the excitement of the moment. And even while he beamed, and even while he forgot Mrs. Bodkin, there occurred one of those small happenings, those minute coincidences, that decide a man's fate. For Mr. Bodkin emerged on the side of the common, and in full sight of a most amiable-looking brown bear!

For a moment the sight of a brown bear on Surbledon Common struck Mr. Bodkin with astonishment; it was the sort of thing one dreamed about; and Mr. Bodkin, instead of slapping his leg, began to pinch it. The bear was sitting placidly by a tree, and as he gazed Mr. Bodkin perceived the state of affairs. For a pair of unmistakably human legs, in a pair of unmistakably human, if grubby, trousers, stuck out along the grass from behind that same tree, and on the other side just such another pair of legs in a precisely similar pair of trousers, and by the side of this second pair of legs lay a long pole. It was a performing bear in charge of two wanderers from sunny Savoy, and the pole and all the legs, as well as the amiable-looking bear, were the property of the wanderers.

Mr. Bodkin stopped and contemplated the bear with much interest. The bear, on its part, seemed to regard Mr. Bodkin with something not unlike an affable grin. Mr. Bodkin's heart warmed towards that bear, in so far that he could even imagine positive affection in its gaze. He thought of all the favourable anecdotes of bears he could remember, and he recollected that Lord Byron had kept a bear in his rooms at Cambridge. He smiled; and he could have sworn that the bear smiled back.

Here, he reflected, was an opportunity for a start on his career as zoologist that might not occur again. It would be an easy and pleasant beginning; a large and (as a pet) an unusual animal, already tamed and made orderly, and, Mr. Bodkin was convinced, of the most pleasing, faithful, and amiable disposition. No, it was quite impossible to imagine an easier or more propitious beginning. Years of steady-going business habit may have concealed, but they could not alter, the fact that Mr. Bodkin was of an impulsive disposition. The idea of buying the bear on the spot seized him entirely; as he walked toward the animal it grew irresistible; and when at length he stood before the recumbent group he was in a positive fever of anxiety lest the natural affection of the proprietors for their bear should render a bargain impossible.

The proprietors had been dozing, and for a little while failed to comprehend Mr. Bodkin. As soon, however, as they realized his intentions they proved very much awake, and it became clear that, however deep their affection for the bear may have been, it was not of the sort to resist the attack of the proposed metallic solvent. There was bargaining, of course, but it chanced that Mr. Bodkin had cashed a cheque that very afternoon to supply certain heavy household requirements, and as soon as the price came within the sum of all he had about him the transaction was concluded. The merry Savoyards left the common well pleased, and Mr. Bodkin, duly invested with the pole of authority and encumbered with his bag and umbrella, found himself at one end of a chain, the other end of which was attached to a collar encircling the bear's neck.

Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Bodkin's

enthusiasm had guessed the bear's character fairly correctly. He was a bear of placid and equable temperament, regarding the human beings among whom he found himself as so many useful and innocuous attendants, whose business it was to offer him buns and other aliment. But the human beings to whose society he was most accustomed were the sunny wanderers whose back view was now growing smaller in the distance. Having no clear understanding of the transaction just concluded, the bear's natural impulse was to follow his late employers. But the situation was unusual; the employers were walking off, indifferent to him and his existence, and the chain which had formed his chief visible attachment to them was now in the hands of a human creature of wholly different appearance and apparent habits, who was tugging gently and doubtfully at it, with a view, it would seem, to diverting his attention from the fast-diminishing figures of his late firm. This fresh dissolution of partnership, Mr. Bodkin reflected, was attended with certain difficulties, as his own had been. Somehow, as the sunny wanderers disappeared the bear seemed to look less amiable; Mr. Bodkin chucked and clicked and smiled amiably, and tugged gently at the chain. He began to fear he had been a little too precipitate.

"Poor old chap! Good old boy! Come along, then—clk! clk!" said Mr. Bodkin.

The bear, with no ill-will to anybody in the world, and no particular interest in anybody except to know who would next present him with something to eat, turned and surveyed Mr. Bodkin with increased interest. Considering his general appearance, it struck him that here was one of the sort of persons who occasionally yielded buns; and the way to get buns from this sort of person was to rear up on one's hind feet and open one's mouth ready to catch; which he duly proceeded to do.

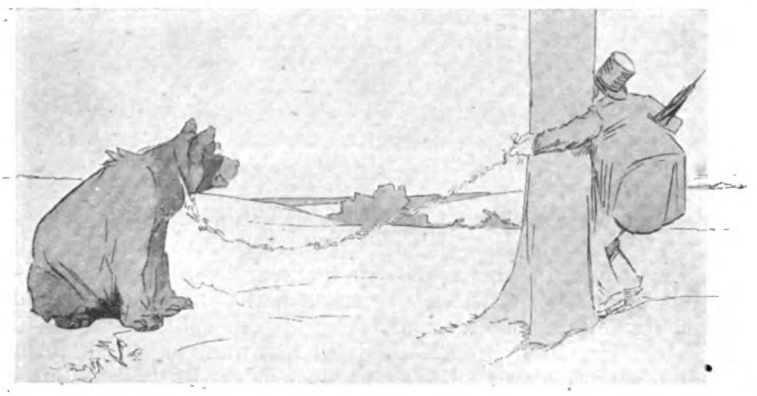
Mr. Bodkin viewed the performance with anxiety; the bear blundered round, rose slowly to its full height, and then Mr. Bodkin's anxiety became positive alarm when the big red mouth opened to its widest extent.

The situation was horrible. The sunny wanderers were out of sight and out of hail, and Mr. Bodkin was in charge of a voracious bear with an open mouth that seemed capable of swallowing a middle-aged City gentleman at a single gulp. The whole transaction now appeared particularly foolish; at that moment Mr. Bodkin would have paid anybody to take the bear away and keep it, but the common was deserted, and there was no eager competition for the honour and pleasure of possessing this great furry, unkempt, wide-mouthed ruffian who stood there as though expecting his shrinking proprietor to crawl voluntarily down his throat. There was a horrible temptation to let go the chain; but whatever happened then—whatever slaughter and panic—he would be legally responsible for; and, moreover, Mr. Bodkin was not wholly terrified, even now—only a little doubtful and excited; and to drop the chain would be to abandon all pretence of mastery. He had read a thousand times that the first essential

"MR. BODKIN CHUCKED AND CLICKED AND SMILED, AND TUGGED GENTLY AT THE CHAIN."

"MR. BODKIN VIEWED THE PERFORMANCE WITH ANXIETY."

of man's ascendancy over any member of the brute creation was the conviction in the animal's mind of the man's confident superiority. Perhaps, Mr. Bodkin reflected, man's confident superiority might not be wholly incompatible with getting behind a convenient tree when facing a bear of doubtful intentions. There was a tree close at hand—within a few feet; one of those, in fact, as his own had surprised Mr. Bodkin. The large mouth closed, bunless, the hind legs bent, the fore-paws dropped to earth, and the wholly unfed face assumed an expression of grieved perplexity. This was a wholly new and unaccustomed type of human creature; one with no buns; one who got behind trees and peeped round from the other side in the most uncanny fashion. At first the



"MR. BODKIN PLACED THE TREE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE MOST RECENT OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTIONS."

which had provided the shade for the repose of the sunny wanderers. So Mr. Bodkin, with a masterly sidelong manœuvre, still holding fast to the chain, placed the tree between himself and the most recent object of his affections.

This stratagem surprised the bear as much bear, in his turn, was disposed to be alarmed; there might be something hostile in this unprecedented dodge. But nothing happened, and on further reflection it occurred to the bear that this might be some curious new game of bo-peep which he was expected to learn for public exhibition. His memory

went back to dim days of the past when he had learned to dance by dint of being led about on a hot pavement. Here, at any rate, was no hot pavement. The man behind the tree was hanging on to the stretched chain still, and, considering all things, it seemed probable that what he wanted was to be followed round to the other side of the tree. So the bear rose and dutifully approached Mr. Bodkin, who manœuvred warily round the trunk so as to enjoy its full protection. Thus encouraged and confirmed in his theory, the bear persevered, walking round and rubbing his side against the trunk, the bark whereof he found agreeably rough to the hide. And as he walked Mr. Bodkin walked too, but still at the length of the chain, and consequently now as far away from the tree as the bear had been in the beginning of the dance.

"MR. BODKIN MANŒUVRED WARILY ROUND THE TRUNK."

So they revolved for several minutes, till the bear began to consider itself proficient in the exercise, and finally sat down with its back against the tree to wait for the reward of virtue. But this odd man seemed to be the least rewardful person the bear had encountered in its whole experience. There would seem to be not a bun, nor even a crust, on his person. Could it be possible that there existed human beings so lost to all sense of decency as to walk about the world wholly unprovided with eatables for bears? It would almost seem so.

Mr. Bodkin, on his part, looked about desperately for help. The late bear-leaders had wholly disappeared, and, except for a single slow footstep along the road he had come by, the neighbourhood seemed empty. The footstep neared, and a man turned the corner. It was a workman with a bag of tools and a short pipe. To him Mr. Bodkin appealed eagerly. Would he hold the bear while he, Mr. Bodkin, went in search of the sunny wanderers?

"'Old 'im?" quoth the son of toil. "'Old 'im? Not me. 'Tain't likely. That ain't my job, that ain't, 'oldin' bears."

"But I assure you there's nothing to be afraid of," protested Mr. Bodkin; "he's as gentle as a lamb—most affectionate creature."

"Yus," replied the toiler; "might want to hug me. No, I ain't takin' it on. If he's sich a darlin' little pet, what d'ye want to fetch the keepers for?"

"I just want to consult them, that's all," explained Mr. Bodkin. "But if you won't hold him—well, here's a shilling. They've gone straight along the common side and up the turning at the end. I'll give you another shilling if you bring 'em back."

"That's a *bit* more my sort," replied the man, absorbing the coin. "Up that way, says you. Right-o!" And he set off at a gentle—very gentle—trot.

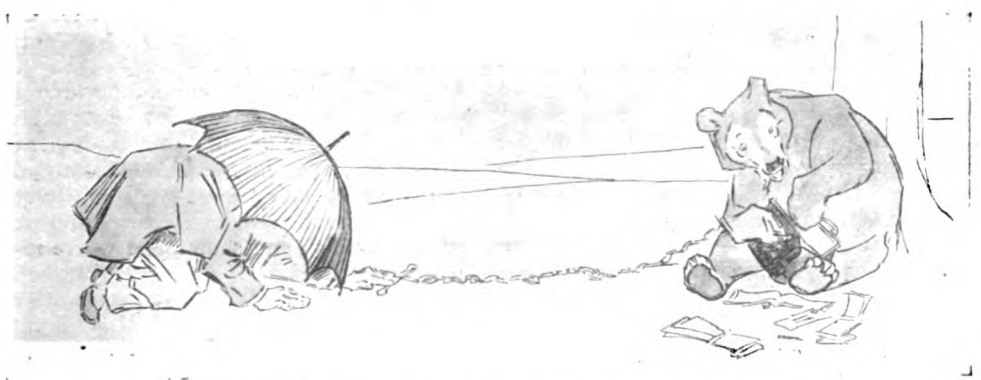
The bear sat and looked at Mr. Bodkin, and Mr. Bodkin stood and looked at the bear. The man was a very long time gone; Mr.

"'OLD 'IM?' QUOTH THE SON OF TOIL. 'OLD 'IM? NOT ME.'"

Bodkin began to suspect that he was one of those in whose philosophy a shilling for doing nothing is preferable to two shillings earned. The bear began a deliberate survey and mental analysis of Mr. Bodkin from head to foot, with a view to discovering where he kept his buns. He passed over several likely, but uncertain, places, till he arrived at the bag, which Mr. Bodkin had deposited, with the pole, on the ground at his feet. The bag would appear to be the very place; the idea seemed so very good, and it struck the bear so very forcibly, that straightway he rolled over on to his feet and made for the bag.

As the bear advanced Mr. Bodkin retreated, wholly forgetting the bag, with his mind concentrated on questions of strategy. The bear was now between his proprietor and the tree, and Mr. Bodkin, still on the retreat, was pondering sundry expedients for changing these relative positions when the bear arrived at the bag and seized it triumphantly. He sat on the ground and clawed at it impatiently till it opened and scattered its contents on the grass. Meanwhile Mr. Bodkin, crouching at the full length of the chain, had sought the shelter of his umbrella.

It was in this posture that he was discovered at last by the late bear-owners and the toiler in search of his second shilling. In a trice the umbrella was closed and the bag —not undamaged—was recovered; and in another trice, or thereabout, there moved off an imposing procession, with Mr. Bodkin at its head and the bear its conspicuous feature. Mr. Bodkin, his confidence wholly restored, resolved many plans for the future. Tibbs,



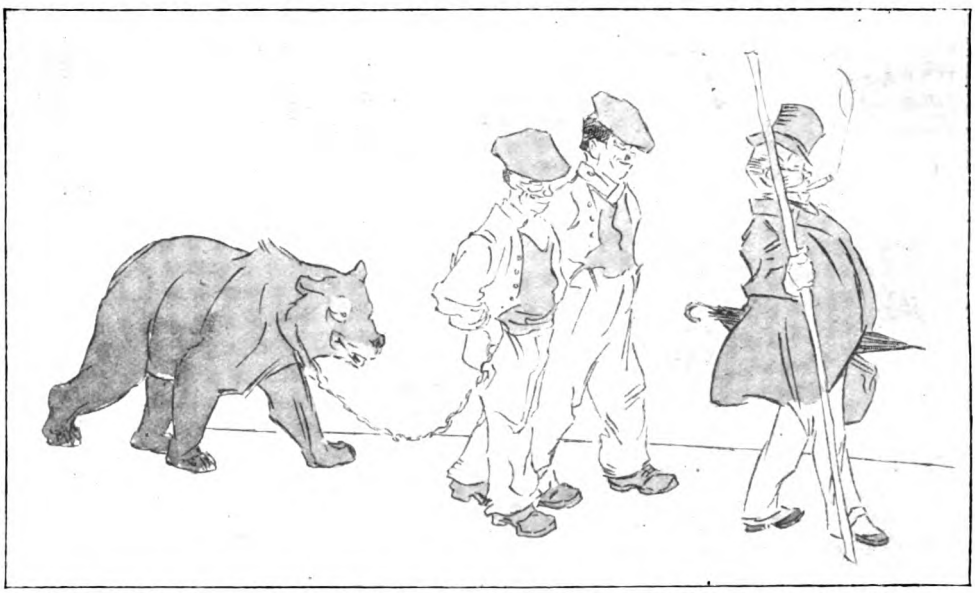
"MR. BODKIN HAD SOUGHT THE SHELTER OF HIS UMBRELLA."

his late chief warehouseman, should be retired from business also, and should join the new enterprise as keeper. And Mrs. Bodkin—but at the thought of Mrs. Bodkin Mr. Bodkin experienced an unpleasant start. In the excitement of his new project he had forgotten his wife and her (probably unfavourable) views. So that it was with much trepidation that he entered his own front gate at last, and with a certain relief that he learned that Mrs. Bodkin was out.

A tree stood in the stable-yard, and to that tree the bear's chain was secured by the aid of a stout padlock. The bear achieved his long-expected meal at last—a meal of carrots and dog-biscuit—and the sunny wanderers departed once more, with added baksheesh.

At dinner that evening Mr. Bodkin tried hard to think of some agreeable way of informing Mrs. Bodkin that there was a bear tied up in the yard, but only succeeded in convincing her that there was something very suspicious and uneasy in his demeanour, and that she must keep an eye on him. Keep an eye on him she did, therefore, all the evening, reducing Mr. Bodkin to a state of extreme nervous discomfort. He resolved to save the announcement till the morning, and to seize an opportunity when Mrs. Bodkin's usually austere demeanour was agreeably relaxed.

And when the morning came he rose early, and with milk in one pan and scraps in another he made for the yard with a view to ingratiating himself with his pet before introducing it to Mrs. Bodkin. He made for the yard, entered it, and almost dropped both pans at once. For there was the tree, and there was the chain firmly fastened round it, with a padlock whereof the key was in his pocket; also at the other end of that chain was a very large collar—with nothing in it!



"THERE MOVED OFF AN IMPOSING PROCESSION, WITH MR. BODKIN AT ITS HEAD AND THE BEAR ITS CONSPICUOUS FEATURE."

Mr. Bodkin set the pans carefully down, opened his mouth wide and his eyes much wider, and stared at thirty-two points of the compass in regular succession, one after another. And it was quite a long time after that, even, before he could recover his wits sufficiently to conjecture that somewhere in the distant indefinite a pair of sunny wanderers were once again in a position to sell a bear to any enthusiastic zoologist who would pay ready cash and show them where it was to be kept at night.

We hope to give, from time to time, further experiences of Mr. Bodkin in founding his private "Zoo."

Another Chess Curiosity.

By T. B. ROWLAND.

AS I have already had occasion to show, the variety of mating positions that can be obtained from a selected number of chessmen, though that number be few, is one of the wonders of chess. More wondrous still are the many ways of mating that can be produced from the one setting of a particular number of men. So far, problemists have not given the matter attention, because, perhaps, it never occurred to them to do so, or, if noticed at all, was considered to be too difficult a subject to pursue. Nevertheless, it is not only quite possible, but easy to produce over a score of different problems from a set position—that is, one in which the men are not to be disturbed from the relative places they hold towards each other on being first set. Take, for instance, the seven men shown above and place them on the lower half of the chess-board as follows :—

PROBLEM No. 1.

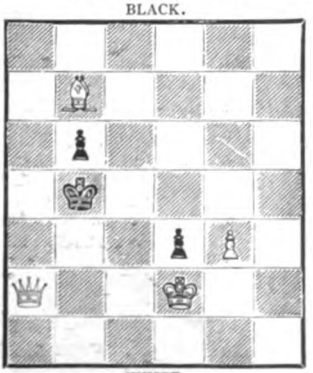
BLACK.

WHITE.

Confined thus it is a three-mover, but placed on the upper left-hand side of the board it becomes a four-mover. Placed on the upper right-hand side changes it into a different problem, which is changed again when placed midway as follows :—

PROBLEM No. 2.

BLACK.



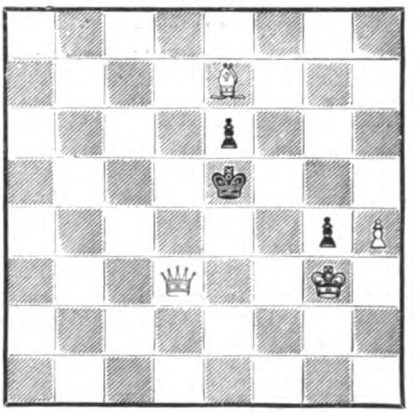
WHITE.

White mates in four moves.

Stranger still, by giving it the full liberty of the board we obtain a different problem altogether in :—

PROBLEM No. 3.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White mates in three moves.

This will be found difficult, but the solver will be rewarded by the liberty the key-move opens up for the Black king. What is curious about it is that it can be solved equally as well on being moved one square to the left or right, one square up or down, or one square in any direction diagonally. Moved horizontally one square to the left gives :—

PROBLEM No. 4.

White mates in three moves.

This is by W. Geary, many of whose fine productions have enriched the chess literature of the present day. It is on similar lines to No. 4, but by moving it down one square a considerable change takes place, *i.e.* :—

PROBLEM No. 5.

White mates in three moves.

The composition of H. Lehner. Those who have solved the problems so far will be nonplussed over this, as the key-move is quite different to any of the others. Now move it one square to the right and we get :—

PROBLEM No. 6.

White mates in three moves.

The idea is the same as that of No. 5, so there will be no difficulty about it ; but move it again one square to the right, and we have a different problem. The move necessitates the removal of the White pawn from the board ; nevertheless, it will not prevent us from continuing our series of problems.

PROBLEM No. 7.

White mates in three moves.

This is not unlike one by the well-known composer, Dr. S. Gold, but not so difficult as many of his fine productions. Moving it up one square gives :—

PROBLEM No. 8.

White mates in three moves.

It, in turn, may again be moved up one square, bringing in order to continue our series with :—

PROBLEM No. 9.

White mates in three moves.

Now transfer the position one square to the left, bringing the Black king to K 3 and the complement of the men of our set position to their relative squares, and we have a different problem in :—

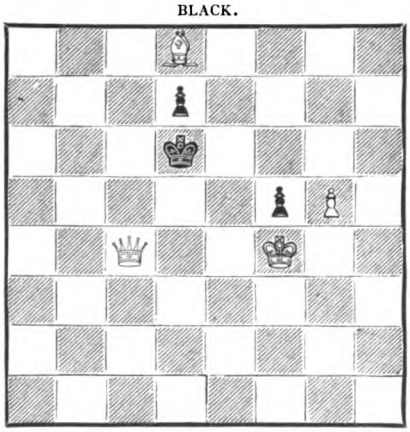
PROBLEM No. 10.

White mates in four moves.

It contains many near tries, and is so far interesting as showing how much a problem can be changed by simply moving it a little. Give it one more move to the left as a final one, and we have :—

PROBLEM No. 11.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White mates in four moves.

By giving the board a quarter turn to the left—that is, bringing the right side before you, and solving from it as you would from White's side—we have :—

PROBLEM No. 12.

White mates in two moves.

This is a transformation from difficulty to simplicity, and, if allowable, would oftentimes be advantageous in playing a game. Another quarter turn to the left gives :—

PROBLEM No. 13.

White mates in two moves.

Easy, isn't it ? The idea is of little account, excepting to show how White can contend against two pawns passing on to promotion. One more quarter turn to the left produces :—

PROBLEM No. 14.

White mates in three moves.

The key is a novelty, yet it is in conformity with the laws of chess. In any case it is the best that can be made " under the circumstances."

The set position may yield other problems ; if so, we will leave it to our solvers to find them, as we have given sufficient to illustrate our present instance.

Solutions will be given in next issue.

SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S CHESS CURIOSITIES.

No.	White.	Black.	White.
1.—1.	B—B 7,	P—K 5 ;	2. B—R 5, etc.
2.—1.	B—R 8,	P—B 5 ;	2. Q—Kt 7, etc
3.—1.	Q—K 2,	any ;	2. B—K 4, etc.
4.—1.	Q—B 1,	any ;	2. Q—K Kt 1, etc.
5.—1.	Q—B 2,	any ;	2. Q—K Kt 2, etc.
6.—1.	Q—B 3,	any ;	2. Q—K Kt 3, etc.
7.—1.	Q—Kt 1,	P—B 2 ;	2. K—B 5, etc.
8.—1.	K—Kt 4,	K—Q 5 ;	2. Q—Kt 3, etc.
		if K—Q 7 ;	2. Q—B 2, ch, etc.
9.—1.	K—R 3,	K—B 6 ;	2. Q—R 2, etc.
10.—1.	K—Kt 3,	K—Q 6 ;	2. Q—Q R 6,ch,etc.
11.—1.	B—B 1,	P—K 5 ;	2. K—Kt 2, etc.
12.—1.	B—B 8,	P—Q 5 ;	2. B—R 6, etc.
13.—1.	Q—K 3,	P—Q 5 ;	2. Q—B 3, etc.

The use of the White pawn is to prevent more than one key-move to be made in each solution. It prevents as many as six keys to No. 3.

Another Bridge Problem.

By Wladimir de Rozing.

Hearts—King, queen, 9, 5, 3.
Diamonds—Knave, 4.
Clubs—10.
Spades—Ace, queen, 10, 6, 4.

Hearts—Knave, 10.
Diamonds—Ace, 9.
Clubs—King, knave, 9, 3.
Spades—King, knave, 8, 7, 3.

A
Z Y
B

Hearts—7, 2.
Diamonds—Queen, 10, 7, 5, 2.
Clubs—7, 6, 5, 2.
Spades—5, 2.

Hearts—Ace. 8, 6, 4.
Diamonds—King, 8, 6, 3.
Clubs—Ace, queen, 8, 4.
Spades—9.

A declares hearts. Y leads five of spades. A and B are to make small slam.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S BRIDGE PROBLEM.

A	Y	B	Z
Clubs 10	Clubs 6	Clubs 2	Clubs 7
Clubs 4	Clubs ace	Clubs 5	Clubs 8
Hearts king !	Hearts 5	Hearts 3	Hearts 9
Diamonds ace	Diamonds 4	Diamonds 3	Diamonds qn.
Hearts 10 !	Hearts 8	Hearts knave	Hearts queen
Spades 3	Diamonds 6	Spades 4	Spades queen
Spades king !	Diamonds 8	Spades 9	Spades ace
Spades 7	Diamonds 9	Spades knave	Spades 2
		Clubs king	
		Clubs queen	
		Clubs 9	

The winning card in each trick is underlined. The variations, depending on the opponent's play, will be easily found.

The Little Girl Who Took Notice.

By MARY TENNYSON.

Illustrated by Harry Rountree.

THERE was once a father and a mother who had three children: Samuel, fourteen years of age; Amelia Jane, ten; and a baby of nine months. Now this father was a very clever man, and loved books; and pretty little fair-haired Amelia Jane was the darling of his heart; she was such a good, obedient child, also so diligent at her reading, writing, and arithmetic; and, above all, she began so very early to take notice. All these things naturally made her most interesting to her father.

Samuel, on the contrary, was not clever or pleasant-looking; as his father said, he resembled his mother in every way, and although he was much older than Amelia Jane, he could not do the sums correctly that she worked out without a single fault, nor could he read as easily, while as for his handwriting it was simply shocking.

But Amelia Jane, being such a good child, was scarcely at all conceited, and she was only a very tiny bit pleased when, one day after dinner, her father gave her some strawberries, and refused Samuel any; and really and truly she would not have been at *all* pleased at her brother's disappointment, if Samuel had not called her a stupid little duffer that morning, because she did not throw the ball the right way when they were playing cricket in the garden.

The morning was fine, but after dinner it began to rain heavily, and the family party were gathered together in the dining-room; the father in the big arm-chair, the mother opposite, nursing the baby; Amelia Jane, between the two, industriously knitting; and Samuel looking out of the window. They were all very quiet, for the father was reading, and he could not bear any noise at such times; but presently he laid his book down and spoke, and then the mother and Samuel and Amelia Jane all gave a big jump together, for the father had a very, very loud voice, and spoke very sharply.

"We are dull this afternoon," he cried.

"It is so very wet, you see," the mother replied, timidly, as she resettled the baby, which she had nearly dropped when the father spoke and startled her so.

"It's a right down beast of an afternoon," Samuel grumbled.

"And what does Amelia Jane say about the weather?" the father inquired, in ringing tones.

"That sometimes it is pleasant to have a wet afternoon, dear papa," the little girl answered, smiling.

"And why pleasant, Amelia Jane?"

Now Amelia Jane was a truthful child, but she preferred to say nice things whenever it was possible.

"I like a rainy afternoon, sometimes," she replied, sweetly, after a little pause, "because then you stay at home, dear papa, and we can all sit quietly together."

"Well done!" the delighted father shouted. "That's a capital answer; and to reward you, Amelia Jane, I'll tell you all a story. Come, my good little girl, bring your low stool and sit quite close to me. And Samuel, don't fidget; you know that I cannot bear interruptions."

They were some time settling themselves, and the kind father became just a trifle worried and impatient, but presently he was able to start.

"Many years ago, in the days of the

"'MANY YEARS AGO, IN THE DAYS OF THE DRUIDS——' HE COMMENCED."

Druids——" he commenced, his fine voice echoing through the room. And then suddenly, with a stifled gasp and a shudder, Amelia Jane dropped her knitting and lifted up her hands.

"Amelia Jane," the father said, rather angrily, "you are not attending, my darling, I fear."

"I am—I really am," the little girl protested, in great distress. "But—but—dear papa, I saw a very large black-beetle run into dear mamma's pocket; and as I know she doesn't like them, I thought——"

It was really astonishing how very long it took to get that black-beetle out of the mother's pocket; it seemed determined to remain in a corner at the bottom of it; and the father thought it wouldn't matter much if it had been left there, but this the mother would not hear of.

When all was quiet, however, the good father scolded his little favourite, Amelia Jane, severely for interrupting him, and when the child admitted frankly that she really feared, if she saw anything more of the kind, she might be tempted to mention it again, he cried, quite harshly:—

"Then we'll guard against that. I cannot tell a story, especially a true tale, if people do not give me all their attention"; and thereupon he took out his handkerchief and tied it tightly round Amelia Jane's eyes.

But the mother said very kindly to the little girl:—

"Do not be unhappy, Amelia Jane; I am very glad you did mention the black-beetle, for if I had put my hand into my pocket and felt it wriggling, I am nearly sure I should have died at once."

So, as she loved her mother dearly, Amelia Jane was comforted, and she folded her hands quietly, for now, blinded by the thick handkerchief, she could not see to knit.

"Many years ago, in the days of the Druids——" the father recommenced, a little louder than before. "Good heavens, Amelia Jane!"

The child was leaning forward, and opening and shutting her mouth silently in a very peculiar way.

"What is the meaning of this disgraceful conduct, Amelia Jane?" the father thundered. "How is it possible for me to proceed?"

"I am so *very* sorry, dear papa," the child responded, meekly, "but baby, he *must* be choking, I can hear him gurgling."

The baby had, indeed, almost swallowed his coral, and the mother had not noticed—she was attending to the father's story; but still, as the father said, it was really quite impossible to get on with his tale if Amelia Jane interrupted continually. Therefore, Amelia Jane's ears must be stopped up with cotton-wool. This being done, the child found she could still hear her father, he spoke so very loudly, but nothing else, and so the father started again.

"BUT—BUT—DEAR PAPA, I SAW A VERY LARGE BLACK-BEETLE RUN INTO DEAR MAMMA'S POCKET."

"In the days of the Druids——" Then his face grew very red and he stopped.

Once more Amelia Jane was trembling with agitation, while her nostrils twitched in the strangest fashion.

"Again, Amelia Jane, *again?*" the father cried, choking with annoyance.

"This time you *must* forgive me, my dearest, dearest father," she pleaded, "for I feel sure that dear mother's bedroom is really on fire; I am *quite* sure now that I can smell the blankets burning."

"HE HAD NOT SPOKEN TWO WORDS THIS TIME WHEN THE LITTLE GIRL LEAPT TO HER FEET."

It was two hours before they subdued the flames, which had taken firm hold upon the bedding, for the poor little girl had not liked to interrupt until she was quite certain her nose had not deceived her.

Presently, however, they were able to sit quietly down again; but after that there was a further delay, for the father firmly declined to go on with his historical story until a case had been made with brown paper and paste to enclose Amelia Jane's nose. This nose-case tied with strings at the back of the head, and the child looked very odd with a sort of stiff brown beak, the bandage over her eyes, and the big tufts of wool in her ears; but she did not murmur, and once more the father took up the tale.

But he had not spoken two words this time when the little girl leapt to her feet.

"Oh, father," she cried, in an agony, "I felt——"

And then the father really lost all control of his temper.

"I refuse absolutely to hear what you *felt*, Amelia Jane," he thundered. "We have been told what you saw, and heard, and smelt; that is quite sufficient. Give me your handkerchief, mother—mine is round her eyes; this child must be gagged, she is quite unendurable. If I had gagged her at first I should have avoided all this annoyance."

He tied up the patient little girl's mouth, and sat heavily down again.

"In the days of the Druids——" he shouted, and then there was a sudden, awful crash. The next moment the poor father lay on his face on the floor.

The leg of the big arm-chair had broken off, and he had fallen in a heap.

The doctor had to be sent for to plaster up his wounds, his nose being much injured.

And when, presently, little Amelia Jane came to kiss him "good night," she bent over him as he lay groaning on the sofa and whispered softly in his ear:—

"That was what I *felt;* I *felt* the leg of your chair snap, dear papa."

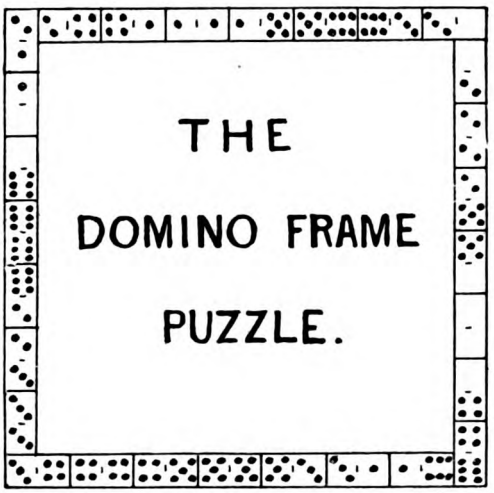
"THAT WAS WHAT I FELT; I FELT THE LEG OF YOUR CHAIR SNAP, DEAR PAPA."

PERPLEXITIES.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

78.—THE DOMINO FRAME PUZZLE.

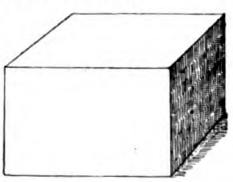
HERE is an interesting new domino puzzle. After playing a few games with a friend, I was idly making a square frame with the twenty-eight dominoes of an ordinary set, always placing them correctly, 6 against 6, 2 against 2, blank against blank, and so on, when I



noticed that the top row and the left-hand column both added up 44. The pips in the other two sides, it will be seen, add up 59 and 32 respectively. It at once occurred to me to discover whether it was possible so to arrange them that the pips in each of the four sides should add up alike. It *can* be done, and the puzzle I now propose is to construct such a square frame (exactly in the form and manner indicated) so that all four sides shall correctly add up 44. Can you do it? It calls for some little ingenuity, yet is so simple that any child can be at once interested in it.

79.—THE CARDBOARD BOX.

THIS puzzle is not difficult, but it will be found entertaining to discover the simple rule for its solution. I have a rectangular cardboard box, as in the illustration. The top has an area of 120 square inches, the side 96 square inches, and the end 80 square inches. What are the exact dimensions of the box?



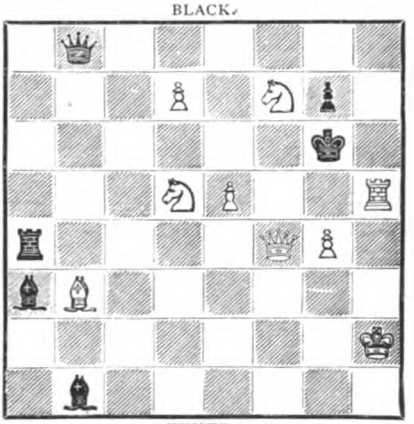
80.—PLAYING FOR COUNTERS.

MARY and Phyllis were playing some game for counters, starting with the same number each. In the first game Mary won twenty counters, but in the second game she lost two-thirds of what she had in hand, which left Phyllis with exactly four times as many counters as Mary. How many counters had each at the beginning of play?

81.—MATE IN TWO MOVES.

I GIVE a little two-mover chess problem that took my fancy when I first saw it a few years ago. It is by Mr. W. Meredith. White plays and checkmates in two moves. The key move is quite pretty. How many minutes will it take the reader to find it?

BLACK.



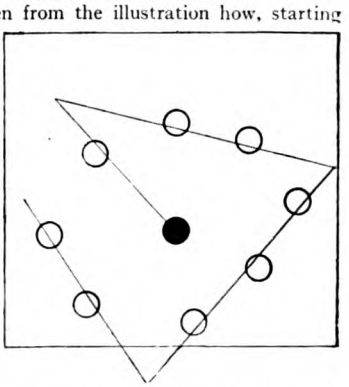
WHITE.

White mates in two moves

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

74.—THE NINE CIRCLES.

IT will be seen from the illustration how, starting from the black circle, all the other eight circles may be struck out with four continuous straight lines. In solving all puzzles we have to beware of reading into them conditions that are not imposed. Thus, if we tried to solve the present puzzle by passing through the exact *centres* of all the circles we should not succeed in doing it. Since it is obvious that only one circle can be struck out by the first line, it is at once clear that at least three must be passed through by one of the succeeding lines.



75.—A NEW MONEY PUZZLE.

THE smallest sum of money in pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings, containing all the nine digits once and once only, is £2,567 18s. 9¾d.

76.—MATING TEN KINGS AT ONCE.

THE move is Kt (from Q 3) to K 5, upon which all the ten Black kings are checkmated.

77.—BUYING CHOCOLATE.

THE youngsters must have bought three bars at fourpence each, fifteen bars at a halfpenny each, and two bars at a farthing each. They thus purchased twenty bars for twenty pence.

The series of stories now appearing are specially translated for English-speaking boys and girls from a volume of the best Russian Wonder Tales selected by command of the Czar for the use of his own children.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

ALONG time ago, not in our day, beyond the trackless woods, beyond the desert sands, in a certain far kingdom of a certain empire, there lived an old peasant and his wife, who had one son called Martin. Time passed, and the peasant fell ill and died, and Martin and his mother grieved much.

Now, the peasant had left to his wife the sum of twenty pounds, and, though she disliked to begin so soon to spend it, they could not die of starvation. So when in a week's time they had eaten all the bread they had in store, she took a half of the sum and gave it to her son, saying :—

" There, my son, are ten pounds. Go to the neighbours and borrow a horse, and drive to town to buy bread."

Martin borrowed the horse and went to town. There, as he passed a butcher's shop, he saw the street full of people and heard a great noise of scolding. He stopped and found that the butchers had caught a hunting-dog with drooping ears, and, having tied it to a post, were beating it with a stick, while the poor dog, whining and crying, was struggling to tear himself free.

Martin ran to the butchers and stayed their hands.

" Brothers," he said, " why do you treat this poor dog so unmercifully ? "

The butchers answered : " Why should we not beat the wretched brute ? He has spoiled

a whole side of beef!" And again they began belabouring him.

"Enough!" said Martin. "There is no profit for you in that. Better sell him to me."

"Very good," they replied. "Buy him if you will, but you shall give us ten pounds for him."

"That I will," said Martin, and, taking out his ten pounds, gave them to the butchers, untied the dog, and took him home. And all the way the dog wagged his tail and rubbed his head against his new master's hand, as if to show he well understood that Martin had saved his life.

When Martin reached home his mother asked: "My son, where is the bread you bought?"

"I have bought a piece of good luck for myself," he answered, and showed her the dog, which he had named Growler.

"What luck is there in a dog, which must eat, even as we must?" cried his mother. "But what else did you buy?"

"If I had had more money I would have bought food," said Martin; "but the dog cost all I had."

Then the old woman began to upbraid him.

"We have nothing to eat ourselves," she said, "for to-day I used the last scrapings of the bin to make a dry meal-cake. To-morrow we shall not even have this!"

That night they ate the dry meal-cake, while his mother did not leave off her scolding, and Martin broke his share in half and gave one piece to the dog.

Next day the old woman took out the other ten pounds, and, giving them to Martin, said: "Here, son, take the last of our money to town and buy us bread; and mind you do not, as before, waste it upon nothing."

Martin drove to town, and on his way to the baker's he saw a crowd following a boy, who had tied a cord about the neck of a cat with a crooked tail and was dragging her along the street.

"Stop!" cried Martin. "Where are you dragging that poor cat?"

"I am going to drown the rascally pest in the river," the boy replied. "She has run off with a cake from our table."

"No good can come to you from that," said Martin. "Better sell her to me."

"Good," said the boy, mockingly. "You shall have her for ten pounds."

Martin spent no time in reflection. He put his hand into his breast, pulled out the money, took the cat, put her into a bag, and went home.

"Where is the bread you have bought?" asked his mother.

"I bought none," he answered.

"What, then," the old woman asked, "did you purchase?"

Martin took out the cat, which he had named Puss, saying: "I have bought this second piece of good luck for myself."

"Small luck in a cat, which must be fed," said his mother. "But what else did you purchase?"

"If I had had more money," Martin replied, "I would have bought food; but I had to give the whole ten pounds for her."

At this the old woman flew into a passion. "What a fool you are!" she screamed. "You shall live in this house no longer. Be gone, and search for bread among strangers!"

So Martin left his home, and went to a neighbouring village to look for work, and wherever he went Growler the dog and Puss the cat went running after him. At length he met a priest, who asked: "Whither are you going, good youth?"

"To engage myself as a workman," replied Martin.

"Come with me," said the priest. "I give no contract, but whoever labours for me three years will not be displeased with what I pay him."

Martin agreed and went with the priest, and laboured for him, without tiring, three summers and three winters. When it came time for his payment, the priest called him into his storehouse and said: "Now, Martin, you shall receive the wage for your service. Here are three bags, one filled with gold, one with silver, and one with sand. Take which you will."

Martin looked at the bags and began to think.

"If I take the gold," he said to himself, "I may buy what I will for a long time. If I take the silver, I shall be rich for a little time. If I take the sand, I shall be neither poorer nor richer than I am now. But who would take sand when he could get silver, or silver when he might have gold? There is surely some deeper reason hidden beneath this simple thing!" So, having reflected, he said: "By your leave, master, I choose the bag of sand."

"Well," said the other, "since you despise gold and silver, take it."

Martin hoisted up the heavy bag on to his back and set out, followed by the dog with drooping ears and the cat with the crooked tail, to find another master and another service. He walked a long way and

he walked a short way, and the bag grew heavier each minute, and the dog Growler and the cat Puss followed after him wherever he went. He came at length, in a thick, dark wood that seemed untrodden and asleep, to a green lawn, and in the middle of it a fire had been kindled, and in the fire, bound with twelve cords, sat a maiden of such beauty that it could neither be guessed nor dreamed of, but only told in a tale.

When the maiden saw him she cried: "Good youth, if you would get good luck for yourself, make haste and quench this flame!"

"SHE CRIED: 'GOOD YOUTH, IF YOU WOULD GET GOOD LUCK FOR YOURSELF, MAKE HASTE AND QUENCH THIS FLAME!'"

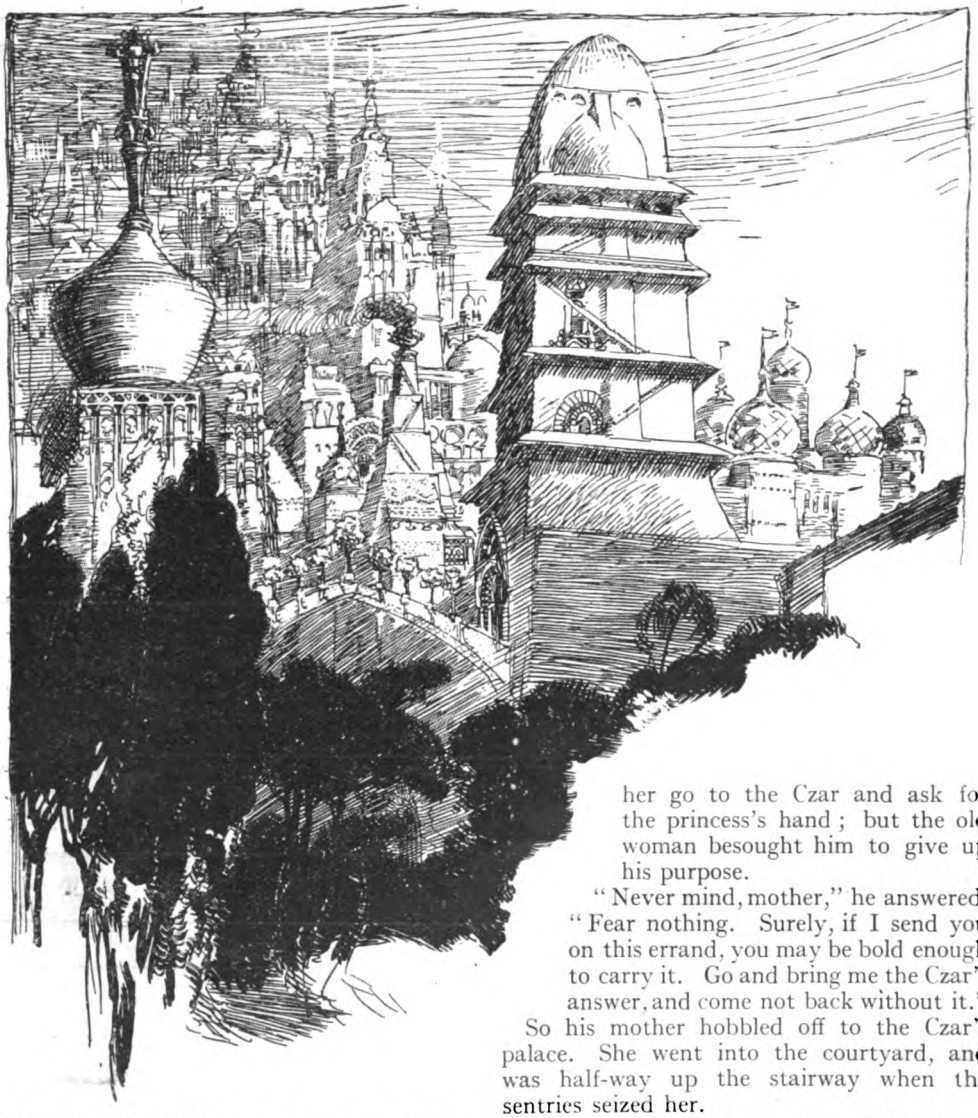
Untying the mouth of the bag, Martin poured the sand on the flames and extinguished them, and cut the twelve cords and set the maiden free.

"Thanks, good youth," said she. "I am the daughter of the Czar Zmey, the ruler of the Snake Kingdom, who is at war with Kastchey the Wizard. He it was who prepared this hateful death from which you have rescued me. But tell me, how came you to bear on your back the bag of sand?"

"It was my wages," he answered, "for three years' service, and I chose it rather than silver and gold."

"Then it must have been precious," she said. "And yet, even so, I will richly repay you." She took a ring from her little finger and gave it to him. "This is no ordinary ring," she said. "If you desire anything, even though it be to wed a Czar's daughter, you have but to throw it from one hand to the other. But beware not to tell anyone of it, else you will bring upon yourself a great misfortune." So saying, she struck her foot sharply against the ground, and instantly became transformed into a snake, which darted away into the forest.

"If all I want may be made to come so easily," thought Martin, "what is the need of seeking for work?" and putting the ring on his finger he started back the way he had come. Whether it was near or far, whether the journey was a long one or a short one, he came at length to his native land and to his own village, and finding his old mother, who had repented with many tears that she had sent him away in anger, they began again to live together, with Growler the dog and



Puss the cat, without any sorrow. When they had need of anything Martin had but to take off his ring, throw it from one hand to the other, and immediately twelve youths would appear, all alike to the very hair and voice, saying: "What is your desire, Martin the peasant's son?" And he had but to name what he desired to have it straightway brought him.

Time passed, and at length Martin made up his mind to marry, and, remembering what the daughter of the Snake Czar had told him of the ring, he said to himself: "Since I may have whatever I wish, I will wed the Czar's daughter herself!"

He called his mother, therefore, and bade her go to the Czar and ask for the princess's hand; but the old woman besought him to give up his purpose.

"Never mind, mother," he answered. "Fear nothing. Surely, if I send you on this errand, you may be bold enough to carry it. Go and bring me the Czar's answer, and come not back without it."

So his mother hobbled off to the Czar's palace. She went into the courtyard, and was half-way up the stairway when the sentries seized her.

"What, beldame!" they said. "Would you go where even mighty champions and valiant generals may not pass without royal leave?"

Then she fell to shrieking and upbraiding them till the place had never known such a din, and even the Czar heard it and came to the palace window.

Seeing the sentries dragging away an old woman, he bade them let her in. They took their hands from her, therefore, and she entered the room where the Czar sat with his sages and wise counsellors, and, first saying a prayer before the holy pictures on the wall, saluted him.

"Well, old woman," he asked, "what would you with me?"

"IN THE MORNING THE CZAR, GOING TO HIS BALCONY, SAW TO HIS SURPRISE THE PALACE, THE CATHEDRAL, AND THE CRYSTAL BRIDGE."

"O Czar's Majesty," she said, "I pray you be not angered, but I have a merchant and you have merchandise. The merchant is my son, Martin, who is the cleverest lad in the world, and the merchandise is your daughter, the beautiful princess. If you will give her to him for wife, what a brave pair they will be!"

"Are you mad, old woman?" shouted the Czar.

"No, O Czar," said she; "and if it please you, give me your answer."

The Czar, thinking she had lost her wits, said: "You should know, old woman, that a suitor for the hand of a Czar's daughter should send rich gifts, precious things such as are not to be found in the royal treasury. Go home, therefore, till you can come in such manner as is fitting." This he said, thinking to be rid of the matter easily.

So the old woman went back and gave the answer to her son.

"And now," she said, "I hope you will give over this silly plan of yours."

Martin, however, went out of the cottage, threw his ring from one hand to the other, and instantly the twelve youths, alike as twelve peas, appeared, saying: "What is your desire, Martin the peasant's son?" And he bade them bring, on twelve golden trays, precious gifts fit for a Czar, such as were not to be found in the royal treasury. At once disappearing, they returned bearing all manner of gold and silver work and jewels such as cannot be described in words, and with these he sent his mother to the palace.

When the sentries reported to the Czar that the old peasant woman had returned thus laden, he bade them admit her, and at the richness of the gifts she brought could scarce believe his eyes. When she again demanded the hand of his daughter for her son, however, he called his Ministers, asking: "What answer is a fitting one to give? These are truly a king's gifts, and where she has obtained them I cannot guess; but, after all, her son is only a peasant, and it is not seemly that a peasant wed a princess."

Then the Prime Minister, coming forward, craved the Czar's permission, and said to her: "Since your son, old woman, is, as you have said, the cleverest lad in the world, let him build in one round of the sun a splendid palace beside this one, with a bridge of crystal from one to the other. Let the bridge be adorned with curious carvings and covered with embroidered carpets, and on either side of it let there be a row of apple-trees with fruit of silver and gold, and with birds of Paradise upon each branch. And near by let him build a five-domed cathedral where, when they are wedded, he and the princess may receive the marriage crown. If your son does this, then he shall have the Czar's daughter. If not, you shall both be beheaded."

The old woman went out from the Czar's presence to her son, weeping a flood of bitter tears.

"Did I not tell you," she said to Martin, "to keep to your own place? But you paid no heed, and now our heads are forfeit. To-morrow we shall both be executed!"

"Do not weep, mother," he said, comforting her. "Perhaps we shall not perish. Pray

to God, take a drink of milk, and lie down to sleep; we may find more wisdom in the morning than in the evening."

At midnight Martin rose, went outside the cottage, threw the ring from one hand to the other, and instantly the twelve youths appeared, saying: "What is your desire, Martin the peasant's son?" He bade them build the palace as the Czar's Minister had demanded, and at once they rushed away in different directions, returning with an army of masons, carpenters, and foremen, and the work began.

In the morning the Czar, going to his balcony, saw to his surprise the palace, the cathedral, the crystal bridge with its costly carpets and its trees with silver and gold apples, all as had been required. He sent then for his Ministers and officers, and bade the beautiful princess prepare for her bridal. "Little I thought," he said, "to behold you marry the son of a peasant, but I see not how it can be avoided."

Meanwhile, at his own cottage, Martin, by aid of the ring, summoned the twelve youths and demanded an officer's dress, an open carriage richly ornamented and drawn by six horses, and drove to the cathedral. Thither also came the Czar, with all his Ministers, and with his daughter, washed, powdered, rouged, and clad in splendid Court robes; and after the Mass Martin the peasant's son and the beautiful princess stood before the people and were married.

The Czar gave his daughter a rich marriage portion, bestowed high rank upon his son-in-law, and gave a festival for the whole realm, and the newly-wedded pair began to live together in the new palace.

Now the Czar's daughter was vain and proud, and it angered her that she had been given, not to a king or to a prince, but to a simple peasant, and she began to wish to be rid of her husband. So she flattered him in every way and asked him many wheedling questions, in order to discover by what means he was able to do such wonderful things. For a long time Martin withstood her, but one evening, when she had plied him with brandy and covered him with kisses and tempted him with caressing words, he yielded and told her the secret of the wonder-working ring.

As soon as he was asleep his wife took the ring from his finger, went to the balcony, and threw it from one hand to another, and instantly the twelve youths appeared, saying: "What is your desire, beautiful King's daughter?" She bade them, that same hour, to transport the palace, the bridge, and cathedral, with herself, across three times nine lands to the thirtieth kingdom; and as for her husband, to leave him lying on the meadow.

In the morning the Czar went to his balcony, and, looking, saw no longer either palace, bridge, or cathedral. He called messengers and sent them out, and, running swiftly, they returned, saying: "O Czar's Majesty, where yesterday were the splendid palace and cathedral is now only a bare meadow, with your son-in-law lying asleep in the middle of it. But your daughter the princess is nowhere to be found."

In great wrath the Czar bade them bring Martin before him, and called a council of his Ministers, and demanded what he had done with the palace and the princess. And when Martin could not answer, he gave orders to build a great stone column with but a single small window, and to wall him alive within it, without food or drink, till the princess be found. So the masons came and built the stone column, and walled poor Martin in, to die of starvation.

Now, Growler, the dog with drooping ears, had been away paying a visit, and, returning on the third day, found what had happened to his master. He set off at once to the cottage of Martin's mother, where he found Puss the cat purring by the stove.

"Oh, you scoundrel," said he, "who think only to lie in warm places and to scratch yourself! Do you not know that our master is in danger of death? Have you forgotten how he paid ten pounds to save your worthless life? But for him the worms would long ago have eaten you! Up, quickly! We must help him in some way."

The cat leaped up from the stove and went with the dog, and together they hastened to the stone column, up which the cat was able to climb. Having looked through the small window, she jumped to the ground and said: "Our master is in evil case, and as helpless as a man with one leg tied to his ear. He sits weeping, bemoaning the loss of a ring which his wife has taken from him, and left him to perish of starvation. How can we get food for him?"

"You can climb a wall," said the dog, "but, all the same, you are a fool. I will tell you a way. We will run about the town, and when we meet a baker's boy with a tray I will roll under his feet, so that he will stumble and drop the tray from his head. Then do you quickly seize a loaf and make off with it, and carry it to the master."

The cat agreed, and, going to the main street, they soon met a baker's apprentice with a tray. Growler rushed under his feet, the boy staggered and dropped the tray, and, from terror and fear lest the dog might be mad, ran away. The loaves scattered, and the cat, seizing one, carried it to the stone column, climbed to its top, and pushed it through the little window. In the same way they frightened a peasant carrying milk, and brought Martin many a little bottle. So they took him, one by one, loaves of white bread and rolls of brown, meats and provisions of all sorts, with brandy and milk in abundance—sufficient for a whole year.

Then Growler the dog said to the cat: "You said our master bemoaned the loss of his ring, which we may be sure is at the bottom of all his misfortune. His wife, who has taken it, has disappeared with the palace. We have only to find the palace, therefore, and we shall be near to finding the ring. Let us go in search of it without delay."

Accordingly that same night they set out. They went a long way and a short way, when they came to the blue sea, and there the cat mounted the dog's back and so they crossed to the thirtieth kingdom, and, after a search, found the palace in which Martin had lived. Then the dog said: "Creep into the wine-cellar and keep your eyes open, and when the housekeeper sends for anything, make haste and get it for her. I will lie in the courtyard, and when they send from the kitchen for wood, I will run and fetch it."

They did so, until one day the housekeeper said: "I hear there is a cat with a crooked tail in the wine-cellar which fetches whatever is required. Bring her to me, and let her sleep indoors. And the cook said: "I hear there is a dog in the courtyard which, as soon as I send for wood, runs and fetches it. Let him stay in the kitchen at night."

So Growler and Puss had the run of the house, and set themselves to discover where the princess kept the wonder-working ring. And soon they saw that the princess indeed had a ring which she wore on her little finger; but by day she never took it off, and try as

"THITHER ALSO CAME THE CZAR, WITH ALL HIS MINISTERS, AND WITH HIS DAUGHTER, WASHED, POWDERED, ROUGED, AND CLAD IN SPLENDID COURT ROBES."

they might they could not succeed in getting into her sleeping-chamber.

Now, when they had almost despaired of securing it, the dog said to the cat: "The only thing that can get at night into the princess's sleeping-chamber is a mouse. In this country is the Mouse Kingdom. Let us go there and compel the Mouse Czar to aid us."

They set out at once, and soon arrived at the Kingdom of the Mice, where was no human being to be seen, but so many mice that it was impossible to count them. There they both fell upon the mice, and began to kill them with teeth and claws, and to pile their bodies in heaps like sheaves.

Now, this great slaughter produced terror throughout all the kingdom, and at last, seeing so many of his subjects slain, the Mouse Czar himself came and, saluting with his moustaches, prostrated himself humbly before the dog and cat.

"O strong and powerful heroes!" he said. "Have mercy on my wretched little people and make not my kingdom perish! What service can I render you in return for our lives?"

Growler the dog answered: "In this kingdom is a palace in which lives a beautiful Czar's daughter. She has stolen from my master a ring which she wears on her little finger. Return to us the ring, or your kingdom shall be made empty and disappear."

The Mouse Czar called his subjects together, great and small, and questioned them, whereupon a mouseling came forward and said: "O Czar's Majesty, I know well the palace, and have often been in the princess's sleeping-chamber. She wears the ring on her little finger by day, but at night, when she lies down to sleep, she puts it in her mouth."

"Bring it to me," said the Czar, "and you shall have the chief place of honour about my person!"

The mouseling hastened to the palace, and at nightfall crept into the princess's bedroom, and, when she had fallen asleep, jumped to her pillow and thrust his tail into her nostril. It tickled her so that she sneezed, and the ring flew out of her mouth and rolled to the floor, where the mouseling instantly seized it and carried it to the Mouse Czar, who delivered it to the dog and cat.

Growler and Puss bade the Mouse Czar farewell, and prepared to return.

"Give me the ring," said the cat. "You, Growler, must always be barking, but I will carry it in my mouth safer than one of your eyes."

So the dog and the cat hastened to their own capital, where Martin sat in the stone column waiting for death. The cat climbed the stone wall and pushed the ring through the little window so that it fell at Martin's feet.

Now, for three days past Martin's food and drink had all been gone, and as it had been so long since he had seen his two faithful friends, he had concluded that some misfortune had befallen them and that he must die. When he saw the ring, however, and recognized it as the one he had lost, he rejoiced greatly, and at once throwing it from one hand to the other he summoned the twelve youths.

"What is your desire, Martin the peasant's son?" they asked.

"Bring me," he answered, "food to eat and wine to drink; and, since I have been sad, bring a band of musicians and let them play music so sweet that all who hear must stop and listen."

So the food and drink were brought, and the music began to play, while Martin gladdened his heart; and presently a messenger came to the Czar and said: "O Czar's Majesty, the prisoner, your son-in-law, who should have been dead long ago, is surely a magician; for from the column of stone in which he is prisoned there comes the noise of feasting and merriment and the sound of music, and a great concourse of people is gathered in the open square to listen."

The Czar sent a herald to order them to disperse, but they could not move because of the music, which held even the heralds spellbound. He sent then a troop of soldiers, but they also were compelled to stay and listen. Finally the Czar himself, with his attendants, left the palace and went to the stone column. But, hearing the cunning music, he too found it impossible to leave the spot, so that he and his Court, his soldiers, and well-nigh all the people of his capital were forced to stand there till they were ready to faint from weariness.

"THEY HASTENED TO THE STONE COLUMN, UP WHICH THE CAT WAS ABLE TO CLIMB"

At last, when night had come, the Czar called to Martin, saying: "Son-in-law, let your music cease!

Tell me the meaning of these strange things, and you shall be forgiven!"

Martin caused the musicians to cease playing, and called to the Czar. "O Czar's Majesty," he said, "go to your palace and sleep. The morning will be wiser than the evening."

So the troops dispersed the people, and the Czar returned to the palace. Then Martin, summoning the twelve youths, said: "Bring from the thirtieth kingdom my palace, with the five-domed cathedral and the crystal bridge, and let my ungrateful wife be brought also."

In the morning, when the Czar went to his balcony, he saw all once more as it had been. He hastened to cross the crystal bridge to his son-in-law's palace, where Martin met him, took his hand, and led him to his council-hall. There he recounted all that had befallen him at the hands of the princess his wife.

"Thus," he said, "did your daughter serve me, her husband. What, now, shall be her punishment?"

The Czar considered, and said: "She should be tied to the tail of a wild stallion, and her body scattered in the deep ravines; but since she is my daughter and your wife, I beseech you, son-in-law, by your forgiveness to make her ashamed of her folly, and to take her to yourself once more."

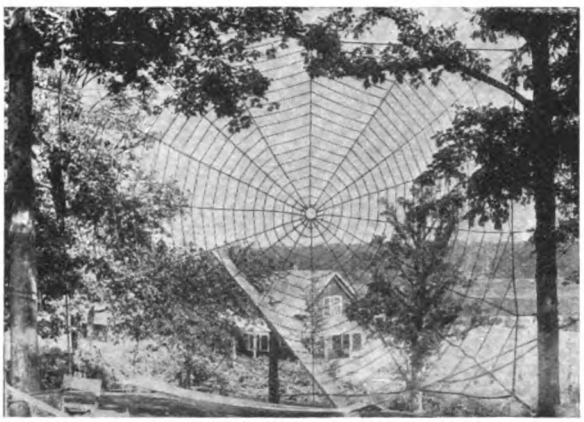
So Martin sent for his wife, who, having awaked to find her palace in its old place, knew not what evil death awaited her; and he forgave her and took her again to wife. And she was ashamed and wept before him, and began to love him truly from that moment.

So they dwelt together in happiness always, but to his life's end Martin kept on his finger the wonder-working ring, and parted not with his two friends, Growler the dog and Puss the cat.

"THE RING FLEW OUT OF HER MOUTH AND ROLLED TO THE FLOOR, WHERE THE MOUSELING INSTANTLY SEIZED IT."

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted]

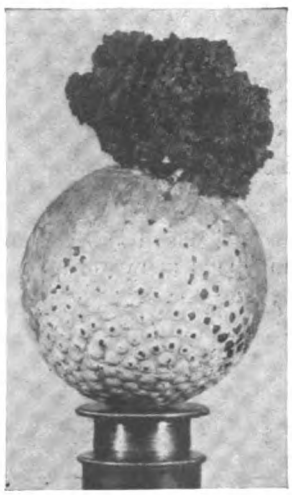


THE LARGEST SPIDER'S WEB IN THE WORLD.

THE largest spider's web in the world was spun, not by a spider, but by human hands. It stands on the lawn of a Chicago man's country home, and is of such tremendous size as to startle the passer-by when he first sees it. The creator of this interesting oddity conceived the idea of attempting to see how nearly an actual spider's web could be reproduced with rope. Selecting two large trees on the lawn of his home, he spun between them this spider's web, forty feet by sixty, which is so strong that a man may easily climb to the centre or top of it. The web faces the main thoroughfare passing the house, and is one of the most fascinating country ground decorations ever seen. The spinner could not attain the minuteness of the actual spider's web, but came so near to it that the illusion is almost perfect. The uniqueness of the undertaking catches and fascinates every eye.—Mr. Robert H. Moulton, 517, Rand-McNally Building, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

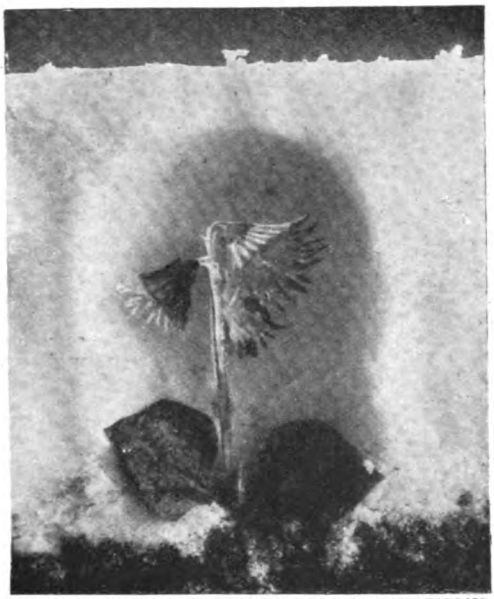
A GOLF BALL'S STRANGE FREAK.

WHAT must certainly be one of the most extraordinary incidents experienced since the advent of the rubber-cored golf ball is illustrated in the accompanying photograph. A friend of the contributor was recently playing over one of the Fifeshire courses, using an absolutely new ball of a well-known brand. On his way round he observed that a small split had made itself manifest close to one of the poles, but gave the matter no particular attention. On completing the round he slipped the ball into his golfing jacket, leaving the latter in the club-house. A couple of days afterwards he revisited the course, and got the biggest shock of his life when he found that the ball he had so recently played with had assumed the form shown in the photograph. The fungus-looking mass exuding at the pole of the ball is the inner core, round which the thread is wound, and how it managed to burst through the thread and again through the outer cover is a problem which has puzzled many prominent golfers to whom it has been shown. The suggestion has been made that the ball had been subjected to heat, but this was not the case. The most feasible explanation seems to be that the compression on the soft rubber core was so tremendous as to cause it to force its way through a weakened part of its casing. — Mr. Jas. W. Begbie, 19, Comely Bank Road, Edinburgh.



A CHINESE BABY-MINDER.

CHINESE women have a novel method of keeping a baby quiet and out of harm's way. The child seen in the tub is just able to rest its feet on the earth with which it has been partly filled, in order to keep it quite steady. The two forked sticks hanging from the cottage roof are to keep away evil spirits. When this snapshot was taken at the village of Anting, China, the woman whose face can just be seen peeping round the doorway rushed out in a great state of mind, snatched the child from the tub, and cried out in despair that the "evil eye" had been cast upon it. Our Manchu boy told us she used the most horrible epithets, consigning all "foreign devils" to eternal perdition. We tried in vain to assure the woman that no harm had been done to the child, and the offer of a dollar only seemed to add insult to injury.—Mr. H. L. Hillier, 20, Durham Terrace, Westbourne Gardens, London, W.



A PLANT WHICH FLOWERS UNDER THE SNOW.

THE soldanellas of the high Alpine meadows of Switzerland bore their way up through the coating of ice and snow by means of the heat generated by the growing stem. Quite commonly, if the layer of snow is very thick, the flower will open without ever reaching the surface at all. The blossom is in no way affected by its strange surroundings. The space round the stem is, of course, thawed by the growing stem, which gives out heat. —Mr. S. Leonard Bastin, Morningside, Lyndhurst, Hants.

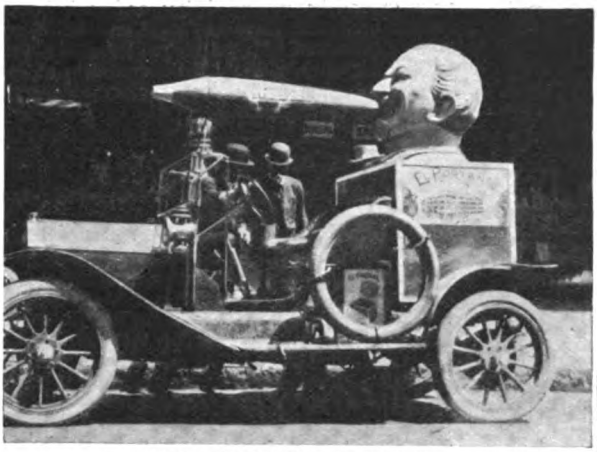
[It is interesting to remember Ruskin's references to this flower, in his poetic style, in the second volume of "Modern Painters":—

"If, passing to the edge of a sheet of unsullied snow upon the lower Alps early in May, we find, as we are nearly sure to find, two or three little round openings pierced in it, and, through these emergent, a slender, pensive, fragile flower (*Soldanella alpina*), whose small, dark, purple-fringed bell hangs down and shudders over the icy cleft that it has cloven, as if partly wondering at its own recent grave and partly dying of very fatigue after its hard-won victory; we shall be, or we ought to be, moved by a totally different impression of loveliness from that which we receive among the dead ice and the idle clouds. The first time that I saw it it was growing, of magnificent size, on a sunny Alpine pasture, among bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, associated with a profusion of *Geum montanum* and *Ranunculus Pyrenæus*. I noticed it only because new to me, nor perceived any peculiar beauty in its cloven flower. Some days after I found it alone, among the wrack of the higher clouds and howling of glacier winds, piercing through an edge of avalanche, which, in its retiring, had left the new ground brown and lifeless, and as if burned by recent fire. The plant was poor and feeble, and seemingly exhausted with its efforts, but it was then that I comprehended its ideal character and saw its noble function and order of glory among the constellations of the earth."]

A GIFTED PARROT.

IT is not at all unusual for the common green parrakeet of India to be trained to perform tricks by the natives, but the specimen here seen shows quite unheard-of proficiency. Besides the tricks of twirling a stick burning at both ends, shooting an arrow from a bow, and threading beads with a shortened needle, shown in the illustrations, it rings the bell for temple service, draws up a bucket for holy water, and places offerings of money on the altar of a miniature shrine. It will also pick out the ace from a number of cards, but this is done by the bird watching for signals from its master's finger when it gets the right card, the other tricks being carried out on order without further instructions. Its owner, Mr. A. Ezra, who brought the bird from India and took the photographs here shown, puts it through its performances once a week to keep them fresh in its memory, rewarding it with tit-bits.

Undoubtedly this parrot is entitled to be called a genius, and, as so often happens with geniuses, its mental development is one-sided. Although a three-year-old bird at least, and very fond of its master, it has never learnt to say a single word; yet these parrakeets are often very good talkers. —Mr. Frank Finn, 36, St. George's Road, Regent's Park, N.W.

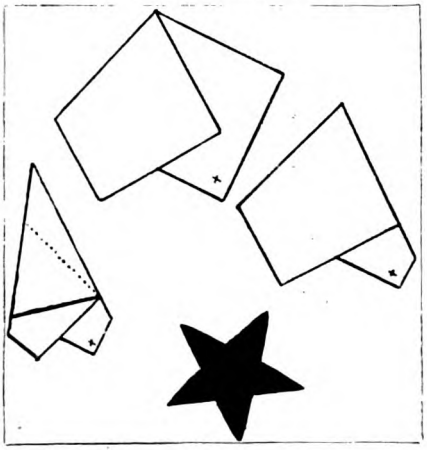


AN AUTOMATIC SMOKER.

THE unique delivery car shown herewith advertises a brand of cigars, and the gigantic head of a man is represented upon a box bearing a *facsimile* of the label. The automatic smoker holds a four-foot cigar between his teeth, and as he proceeds through the streets he emits an occasional puff of smoke from his mouth, while the cigar-end is also smouldering. The device which produces the smoke is concealed within the box. It consists of a "smudge" of damp straw in a little container. This connects with a small bellows that forces the smoke through a tube to the openings above. A miniature electric motor supplies the power for the bellows, which operates at short intervals. As a finishing touch, the ears of the head wriggle every little while, presumably to show delight at the qualities of the cigar.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 4624, Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

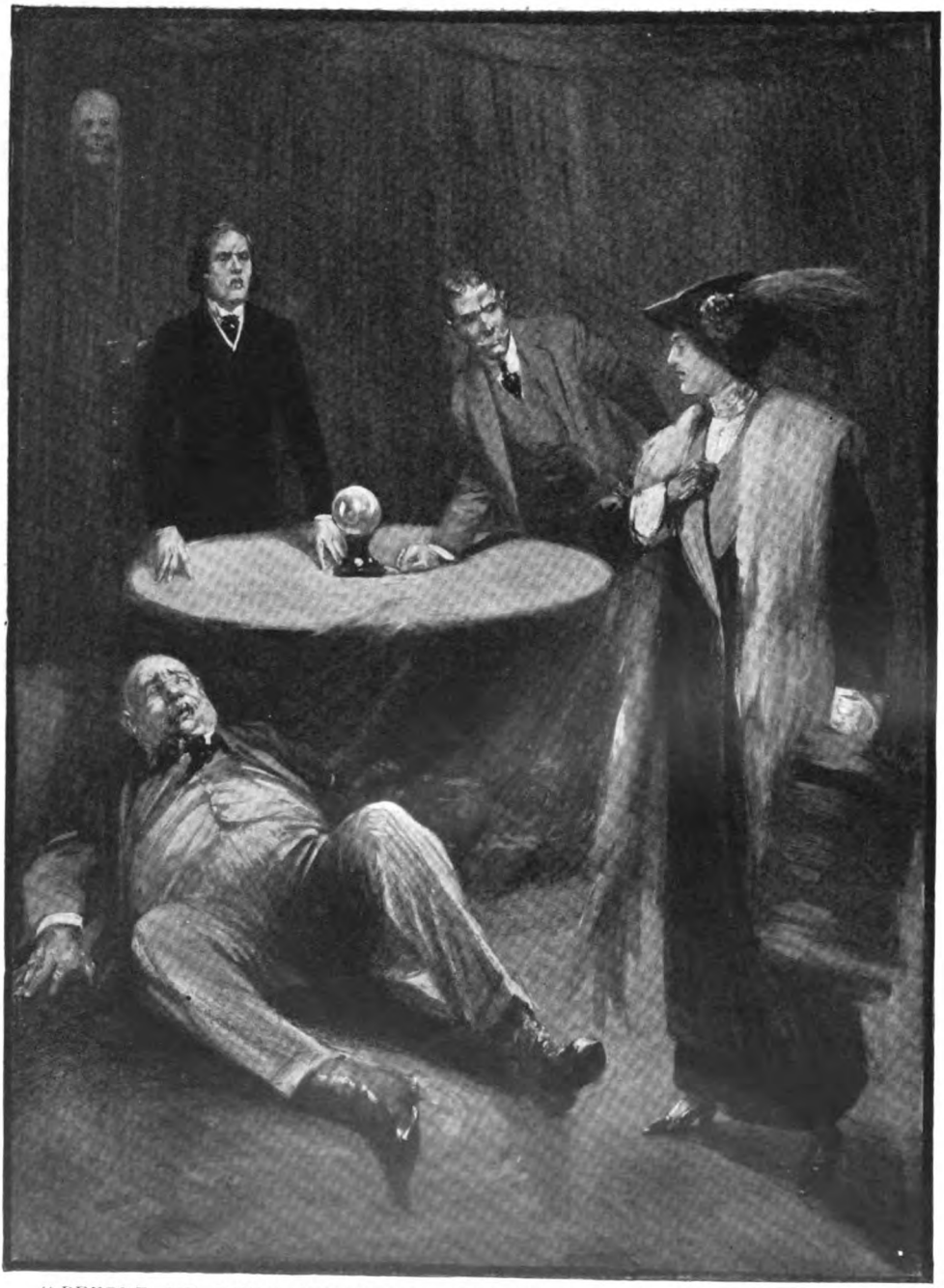
HOW TO MAKE A FIVE-POINTED STAR WITH ONE SCISSOR-CUT.

I REMEMBER reading in an American publication that some patriot once showed George Washington how it was possible to make a five-pointed star, for their country's flag, with only two scissor-cuts. I find that, with careful folding of the paper, one cut alone is necessary, as the accompanying diagrams show. The paper is folded four times. Begin with a square of paper and fold it across, and then make the remaining folds as shown in the diagram. The small cross marked on one corner of the paper serves a useful purpose, as it shows the position of that corner after each fold. —Miss D. Russell, Redmile, Netley Abbey.



"The Kaiser As He Is."

In our last two numbers we have had the privilege of publishing articles on "THE HOME LIFE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY" and "HOW THE KING WORKS," to which Their Majesties had given their personal authority and approval. We have now the pleasure of announcing that the German Emperor has graciously extended to us the same privilege (a privilege never before accorded to any other magazine), and that a most interesting article, which has been read and approved by His Majesty, will appear in our next number under the above title.



"BEFORE HE KNEW WHAT HAD STRUCK HIM HE WAS ON HIS BACK ON THE FLOOR."

(*See page* 252.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xliii. MARCH, 1912. No. 255.

JUDITH LEE.

The Experiences of a Lip-Reader.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton.

VII.—Isolda.

EXPERIENCE has taught me that people discuss the most confidential matters in public places; chiefly, probably, in establishments in which persons eat and drink together. I have often been disconcerted in a restaurant by the discovery of the amazingly intimate themes of the conversations which are being carried on around me. It is on such occasions that the gift I have of learning what people are saying by merely looking at their faces becomes a very questionable possession. I have had to keep my eyes fastened on my plate to avoid having observations forced upon me which were certainly intended for no one but the individual to whom they were addressed. Once when I was lunching with Mr. Carryer at the King's Restaurant, I actually saw a girl proposing to a man. She was quite a pretty girl, too; I had been admiring her hat. I saw her say to the man with whom she was sharing a table:—

"Arthur, won't you marry me? Say you will. I don't believe you have any idea how fond I am of you; I'd love to be your wife."

I did not see what his reply was; I looked away, feeling that this was certainly a case in which a third person was not company. I had scarcely got over the embarrassment which my unintentional eavesdropping had occasioned me when Harry Carryer said:—

"You see that fellow over there? That's Isolda."

"And who may Isolda be?" I inquired, looking in the direction indicated.

"I thought everyone knew who Isolda was. He's the fortune-telling Johnny, chiromancer, palmist, or whatever he calls himself, whom everyone is rushing to consult. Women tell me that they think he is so beautiful, and are quite rude when I tell them that I don't think so."

Isolda was a tall, narrow-chested, thin-faced, large-lipped, big-eyed, long-haired, dandified individual, who, I felt sure, freely used perfume. Presently a man crossed the restaurant and took a seat at Isolda's table. In appearance he was a contrast to Isolda—short, thick-set, red-cheeked, blue-eyed; even at that distance I was convinced that he reeked of the country and the open air. Harry Carryer proceeded to regale me with a variety of anecdotes in which Isolda was the chief character; some of them were such odd ones that I glanced at him again. The red-faced man was speaking with such emphasis that I had to see what he was saying.

"You understand, I am going to post you up in everything about her, and you must let it off on her as if you had got it from the stars. You are to tell her that the consumption of which her sister Elsie died was brought on by a broken heart, because she was in love with a dark man with a slight cast in one eye—that's Tom Harvey. I know she was spoons on him; she couldn't marry him because he had got no money. Then you are to tell her that her fate is mixed up—well,

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describe a man like me. Lay it on thick. Tell her I have proposed to her five times, which I have; and that if she don't take me when I make it the sixth there'll be no end of a rumpus. And look here; this is what I particularly want you to tell her."

The speaker, leaning over the table, I have no doubt dropped his voice to a whisper; he had grace enough to do that.

"Tell her that she once cheated at baccarat, that the secret is known to one person, and that the only way she can save herself from a scandal is by marrying me. Tell her also that she owes money for bets—so she does, a good bit—and that exposure is bound to come unless she protects herself by becoming my wife. Make it as hot as you please; you can invent two or three things for yourself if you like. She's expecting such a lot from coming to see you that she'll swallow anything. My idea is that you'll give her a regular fit of the blues. If you manage things properly, when I propose to her again—to-night or to-morrow—she'll accept me right away; and if she does accept me I'll give you fifty pounds."

Isolda made merely one remark.

"Fifty pounds is not a large sum—for a wife."

The red-cheeked person was staring at the palmist as if he would have liked to hit him.

"Fifty pounds isn't bad for a few minutes' talking. You will have to say something to her, anyhow. I'm giving you a distinct leg-up by dropping you a hint or two."

Isolda said nothing; he was apparently engrossed with the contents of his plate. The other plainly resented his silence.

"Well, aren't you going to tell her what I want you to? I would never have sent her to you at all if I'd thought you were going to turn up rusty. You've done this sort of thing for me before."

"At your request I told a friend of yours that a certain horse would win a race which you knew it would not win, and it didn't. It is possible that she lost a considerable sum of money by backing it."

The other smiled evilly.

"She did—a potful; she came a regular cropper. Served her right. I owed her one; that made us even. Are you going to do this for me now?"

"I tell you again that fifty pounds is not a large sum—for a wife."

"How much do you want?"

"At least a hundred."

"Very well, you shall have a hundred; only mind—I trust you."

The speaker produced a blank cheque and a fountain pen. As he was filling up the cheque the palmist asked:—

"What is the lady's name—this time?"

"The lady's name—this time—is Lucille Godwin. She is coming from Hyde Park Gate. I impressed on her the necessity of being punctual; she will be with you at three-thirty sharp. I told her to wear a sprig of white heather. As I believe it's not your custom to ask your clients for their names—it impresses them so much more to find that you know them without asking—that sprig of white heather will tell you who she is."

"And if she doesn't wear the sprig of white heather?"

"She'll have cornflowers in her hat; cornflower-blue is her favourite colour; it does become her. She thinks cornflowers bring her luck; she's always got one stowed away somewhere about her."

"That's the most significant item of information you've given me yet; it's possible that I may be able to make more of that than of anything else. I wish you good morning."

As they left I glanced at the watch on my wrist. It was just after two. I wondered if I could communicate with Miss Lucille Godwin before she started for Isolda. I asked the waiter for the telephone call book. Harry surveyed me, as I searched its columns, with disapproving glances.

"I'm looking for a person named Godwin. Ah, here we are—Godwin. There seems to be lots of them, they are all over London. Hyde Park Gate—that looks like the one I'm after. If you don't mind, I rather want to send a telephone message."

I went out and sent it. This is the sort of dialogue which took place:—

"Yes? Who's there?"

"Is that Mrs. Godwin's? I want Miss Lucille Godwin."

"I'll go and fetch her. What name, please?"

"Ask her to be quick—I've something very important to say to her." I ignored the question; the person at the other end departed. Apparently I had hit upon the right Godwin the first time of asking. I waited for several seconds. Suddenly the sound of a girlish voice reached my ears.

"Yes? Who are you? What do you want? I'm in a hurry; I've got an appointment. I'm just rushing off to keep it."

"You are going to Isolda." There was a note of surprise in the clear young voice.

"How do you know that? Who are you?"

"You are wearing a sprig of white heather for luck."

"Who told you that? What do you mean? Whoever are you?"

"I want you to pay particular attention to what Isolda says to you. He has been told to tell you that your sister Elsie really died of a broken heart, because she was in love with a Mr. Harvey."

"Good gracious! Who told you that? Will you tell me who you are?"

"He has also been told to tell you that your fate is mixed up with a short, square man, with red cheeks and blue eyes, whom you will recognize from his description."

"Why, that's George Ratton. This is awful! Before you say another word will you please tell me who you are?"

"He's also been told to tell you that you once cheated at baccarat."

"Oh!" A shriek came over the wire. "Please—please tell me who you are."

"Also that you owe money for bets; that cornflowers are your favourite flowers, and that you carry a cornflower about with you for luck. Isolda has been told these things about you in order that he may convey to you the idea that he has occult powers which he doesn't possess. The blue-eyed person has proposed to you five times; he hopes, with Isolda's help, that you will accept him at the sixth time of asking. Be on your guard. Good-bye."

I hung up the receiver and walked away. Something had constrained me to give Miss Lucille Godwin a friendly warning; a man who could conspire with such a creature as Isolda against the girl he professed to love was the kind of person one ought to be warned against. Having conveyed that warning I felt that I had done all that was required of an utter stranger.

Some days afterwards I was glancing down the advertisement columns of a daily paper when these words caught my eye:—

"Will the stranger who sent the telephone message to L. G., about two-fifteen on Friday last, communicate at once with L. G. at her address, and so render a very great service?"

"L. G."? I considered a moment. Clearly those were the initials of Lucille Godwin. About two-fifteen on the previous Friday I had sent a telephone message to Lucille Godwin. Could the advertisement refer to me? I was reading the paper in my own sitting-room, after breakfast; there was a telephone at my elbow. I should not be likely to do much harm by ascertaining. I again looked up Miss Godwin's number, found it, and was presently informed that the connection was made. There came, unless I was mistaken, the same voice over the wire.

"Yes? Who are you?"

"Can I speak to Miss Lucille Godwin?"

"I don't know about Miss Lucille, but I dare say you can speak to Miss May. What name, please?"

"If Miss Lucille can't come, send Miss May." I wondered why Miss Lucille could not come. All at once there came a voice which was very like the one I had heard on Friday, but not quite the same.

"Yes? Who are you? I am May Godwin."

"Do you happen to know anything about an advertisement which appears in to-day's *Morning Post?*"

"Oh, dear; are you the person who telephoned on Friday? Please tell me who you are. Come and see me, or let me come and see you; I'm in such frightful trouble." Something in her voice suggested distress.

"Are you Miss Lucille Godwin's sister?"

"Of course I am; you know I am. Please tell me to whom I am speaking." Then, with a sudden burst which somehow made me wonder if it were a child who was speaking, "Oh, please, will you come and help me? Lucille told me all about what you said to her—it was she who put the advertisement in, and now she's disappeared."

"Disappeared? What do you mean by disappeared?"

"She went out two days ago, and nothing has been seen or heard of her since. Suspense is driving me half out of my mind."

The speaker's voice was broken by what sounded very like a sob.

"Have you no friends to whom you can apply? I am an utter stranger."

"That's one reason why I want you to come. If I go to any of our friends they're sure to give Lucille away, and then I don't know what will happen. I like the sound of your voice; I can hear that you're a woman, and I'm sure that you can help me. Oh, please—please do come!"

As the tearful, eager young voice kept flashing her entreaties along the wire I was turning things over in my mind. I had nothing very particular to do that morning; the speaker's anxiety and distress seemed genuine enough; after all, there was no real reason why I should not run round and see what all the pother was about; why and where Miss Lucille Godwin had disappeared, and what help this frantic young lady supposed I could render. I said:—

"I'll be with you in about twenty minutes; will that suit you?"

There came to me what almost amounted to a scream of joy.

"Oh, thank you! thank you! thank you! Please do come as fast as ever you can."

About twenty minutes afterwards I was knocking at the door of a big house at Hyde Park Gate. It was opened by a footman.

"Can I see Miss May Godwin?"

A slender figure came rushing across the hall; an eager face looked at me in the open doorway. "Are you——"

"DIDN'T YOU SEND A TELEPHONE MESSAGE TO LUCILLE LAST FRIDAY?'

"I've just been talking to you over the telephone."

"Of course—yes—please come in."

She led me to a pretty sitting-room on the second floor, evidently the sanctum of something both feminine and young.

"Please will you sit down? May I ask for your name?"

The speaker assumed a dignity which became her rather well. The telephone had not misled me—she was extremely young. I set her down as just about seventeen; her skirts barely reached the ground. She was quite small—I dare say not much over five feet, very slight and dainty.

"My name is Judith Lee."

"I am May Godwin."

"So I imagined; I recognized your voice."

"Didn't you send a telephone message to Lucille last Friday?"

"I did."

"Then you must know something about us, because you told her the most private things, some of them known only to herself, and some, at most, to two or three others."

"Before I answer your questions, will you tell me if I understood you rightly that your sister has disappeared?"

"She went out two days ago, and I've seen and heard nothing of her since."

"Is your sister older than you?"

"Of course she is; she is nearly four years older; she has just turned twenty-one."

"I don't wish to encroach upon your

confidence. What I said to your sister over the telephone I learnt by the merest accident. Did she go to see Isolda ? "

" Of course she did. He told her exactly what you said he would. He made her so wild that she told him that she knew he was going to say it, and there was quite a scene. She said that she felt that he would like to kill her."

" What has happened since ? Understand, tell me nothing if you'd rather not."

She knit her brows in dire perplexity.

" I've simply got to tell someone. Things can't go on as they are ; to tell any of our friends would be to give Lucille away." She eyed me very hard, as if she were trying to discover what kind of person I was. " Can I trust you ? "

" You can."

" Then I will. I liked your voice, and now I like your looks, Miss Lee. I'll tell you everything."

Then she drew a long breath, as if she sighed with relief.

" George Ratton—you know George Ratton ? "

" Short, square, red cheeks, blue eyes ? "

" That's George. Then you do know him ? "

" I saw him once."

" When Lucille came back from Isolda she wrote him such a letter ! When he came over the next morning, she wouldn't see him. He wrote a note in the hall ; when he sent it up by Tomkins she sent it back unopened. Then he sent her a telegram ; she had to open that, because, of course, until she opened it she didn't know who it was from. Such a telegram ! In that telegram there were over a hundred words—and there was a reply paid. She made me fill it up with just seven words : ' Wire received. Lucille has nothing to say.' Soon after there came another telegram. She made me open that, and when I told her who it was from she wouldn't let me read it. Then he called to see me, and she wouldn't let me see him."

" May I ask if you two girls are in the house alone ? "

" The fact is, we've been a pair of perfect idiots. I may as well admit it, as that is where all the trouble began. Mother and father are abroad. We didn't want to go, so they put Mrs. Cotterill in charge. Of course, Mrs. Cotterill is quite nice, but we found her rather trying, so we got up a scheme to get rid of her, so that we might have a fortnight's perfect time before the mater and pater came home ; but almost from the moment that Mrs. Cotterill left the house everything began to go wrong. Lucille quarrelled with Jack——"

I ventured to intrude a query. " May I ask who Jack is ? "

" Jack ? Oh, well, Jack's Jack ; he's the one that Lucille is really in love with, and everyone approves of. They are engaged, and were to be married this year ; but now, of course, it's impossible to say. Sometimes Lucille is rather trying ; it can't be expected that Jack is to put up with everything. So when he told her, as far as I can make out, quite politely, that he really couldn't, Lucille declared that she would never speak to him again ; and that's how the trouble began. She started encouraging George Ratton, who may be fond of her, but I'm nearly sure is fonder still of her money—she's got some now and will have a great deal more. Everybody says how frightfully hard-up George is ; and, anyhow, he's not a very nice person, or he would not induce her to gamble and bet. She has always been mad to go to one of these palmist people, but both mamma and papa have forbidden her. Of course, everyone is full of Isolda ; we know lots of people who have been to him, and George Ratton so cracked him up that nothing would satisfy her but that she should go. Just as she was starting there came your telephone message. How did you find out those things you told her ? "

I explained. The excitable child broke into rhapsodies.

" Oh, how wonderful ! Oh, how I should like to be you ! How lovely it must be to be able to tell what people are saying ! "

I cut her short. " There are one or two matters which require my attention. Would you mind telling me what has happened to Lucille ? "

" I was getting to it. When she came back from Isolda she was as mad as a hatter. She can fire up when she likes, and there must have been quite a scene. This is Thursday. On Tuesday morning she had a wire from Jack Upcott telling her he had been frightfully unhappy, begging her to forgive him, entreating her to meet him—of all places in the world—in Richmond Park."

" There may be a very simple explanation ; she may be staying with Mr. Upcott's friends. There must be lots of persons who would be willing to have her as a guest."

" Of course there are ; that's just what I thought she was doing, though I thought it jolly mean of her to leave me all alone in the house after the plans we had made. But last night there came a letter for her in Jack

Upcott's handwriting, postmarked Nice. It seemed queer that he should be writing to her from Nice on the same day on which he had been telegraphing in town asking her to meet him in Richmond Park. I hesitated, and hesitated, and hesitated; then at last I opened the envelope. Then I saw at once that somewhere there must be something wrong. It was just a short note to say that, since she didn't want him in London, he thought he had better try Nice for a change, and that when she did want him she had only to send a wire, and he would return at once. I didn't sleep a wink all night, wondering where Lucille was. This morning, while I was having breakfast in bed, someone came with one of Lucille's visiting-cards, and said that she had sent him for the desk which stood on her writing-table, her jewel-case, and her dressing-bag. I said I would be down as soon as I could to see the messenger, but when I did get down he was gone. Tomkins says that he was quite a respectable-looking person, in a light overcoat and a grey felt hat; but evidently he had not courage enough to wait and see me. Here is the visiting-card he brought."

As I looked at the card she handed me I saw that there were three lines pencilled on the back in very minute writing. "Desk on writing-table. Jewel-case in drawer. Dressing-bag in wardrobe."

"Is this your sister's handwriting?"

"Not the least bit like it; she writes a great, big, sprawly hand. I've never seen that writing before; I'm sure I should remember if I had—it is so very tiny. Who can that man have been who brought the card? Where can he have got it? What did he want those things of hers for? Why didn't he wait for them?"

"I fancy that the answer to your last two questions is pretty obvious. But when do you say your parents are returning?"

"To-morrow. If Lucille isn't back before they arrive there will not only be a frightful rumpus, but they will probably find out all sorts of things that will put us into their black books for ages to come. I tell you we've behaved like a pair of perfect idiots."

That at least was clear enough; I only hoped that nothing worse would come of their folly than what she called a "frightful rumpus." I went up to a large photograph of a very pretty girl which stood on the mantelshelf.

"That's Lucille," the girl informed me. "How odd that you should know so much about her and yet have never seen her! She's tremendously pretty—very, very fair; her hair is almost white, and shines. When it's parted in the middle she looks a perfect saint, as if butter would never melt in her mouth—but it does. She says that she's as full of life as a kitten; and I tell her, and also of mischief—then she tries to scratch me. But, truly, she's a real good sort, and if you only stroke her the right way there's nothing she wouldn't do for anyone."

The girl was perhaps a trifle incoherent; but she gave me a pretty clear idea of the person in the photograph.

"Obviously, the first thing we have to do is to find out where your sister is," I told her as I went. "I promise nothing, but I think it's possible that I may be able to do that before very long—in time to permit of her reappearance before Mr. and Mrs. Godwin return to-morrow."

After leaving the house I went to lunch at the King's Restaurant. I gathered, from certain trifles which I had noticed on the preceding Friday, that this was the place at which Mr. George Ratton, the short, square, red-cheeked, blue-eyed young man, made it his custom to lunch.

I had not been seated five minutes before he came in, going straight to a table which was evidently reserved for him, and which was not quite so well in my line of sight as I might have wished. Other tables were in the way, so that I could only see him clearly when he was in certain positions. It struck me that he looked worried, and that it was with an effort he smiled as he nodded to various acquaintances who were possibly, like himself, *habitués*. Nothing happened, except that food and drink were brought to him, which he seemed to enjoy. As both his meal and my own drew towards a conclusion, a person, whom I had already noticed, moved towards the table at which he was seated.

This person looked as if he might be an actor—a comedian for choice. He was of barrel-like proportions; a small, almost bald head, shaped like a Gouda cheese, and nearly of the same colour, was set on a short, thick neck, as a climax to his enormous body. His attire was striking. The ends of a bright blue necktie, tied in one of those exaggerated bows which are dear to a certain type of French student, flowed loosely over an extensive shirt-front, which was of another shade of blue. He carried a wide-brimmed straw hat in his hand, and as he approached Mr. Ratton he waved it at him as a sort of salute. He stood where I could see him clearly—there was no mistaking what he said.

"Excuse me, sir, but might I have a word with you? I believe you are Mr. Ratton—George Ratton."

There was something flamboyant in the words he chose, in the way he pronounced them; if he was not an actor, he ought to have been. Mr. Ratton seemed to eye him rather askance.

"My name is Ratton, sir—but I have not the pleasure, I think, of knowing you."

"I came here, Mr. Ratton," said the stranger, "in the express hope of seeing you; I have something to say to you which, I venture to assert, you will not only find interesting and important, but also to your advantage."

"What may that something be? May I ask your name?"

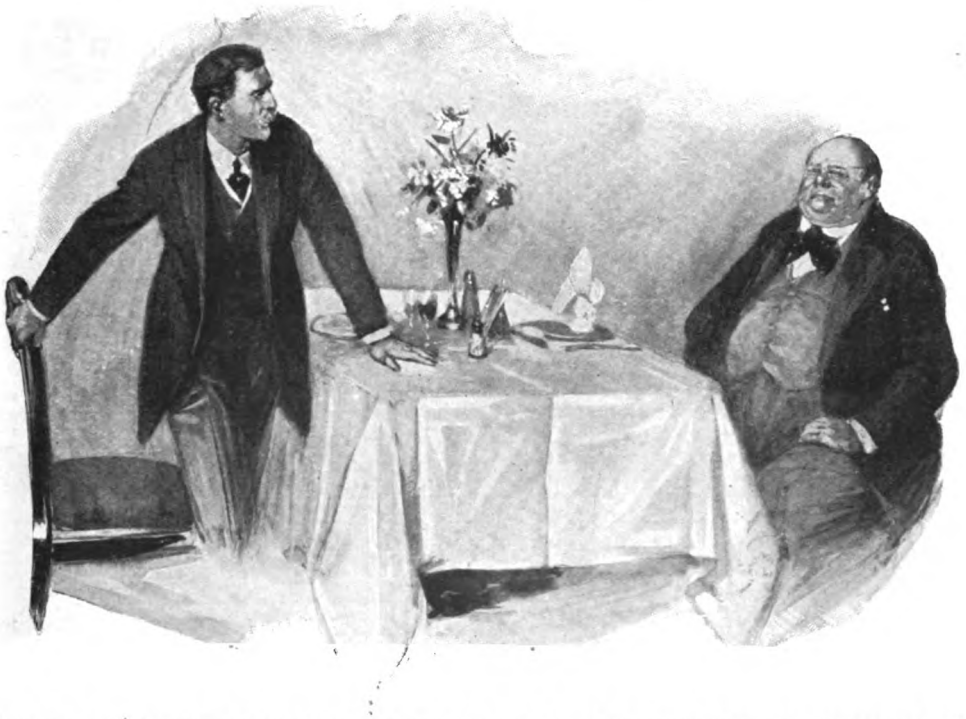
"My name does not matter, sir—no, it does not matter." The speaker made a movement with his hat as if to signify how little it did matter. "With your permission, sir, I will take a seat."

When he did sit down, without, so far as I could judge, having permission accorded him, I had to move my seat in order to get anything like a satisfactory sight both of Mr. Ratton and of him. This took some seconds, and I had to pick up the conversation at a point which necessitated my guessing at what had been already said. The stranger was leaning right over the table, and Mr. Ratton was still very red, as if he resented his words and manner, and his appearance altogether. The barrel-like man was saying, in what, no doubt, were bland, unctuous, softened tones:—

"He was naturally hurt by the feeling that you had sold him."

I fancy Mr. Ratton's tones were considerably louder, and were certainly less bland.

"I told him, and I tell you, that I won't have it said that I sold him—I'll allow no one to say it."



"DISAPPEARED? WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY TELLING ME THAT THE YOUNG LADY HAS DISAPPEARED?"

"You tell him what to say to the young lady, then you tell the young lady what you said to him—what is the inference one draws? In consequence, he is placed in an extremely unprofessional position—by you."

Mr. Ratton seemed to be growing momentarily redder in the face.

"What he meant, and what you mean, by saying that I said a single word to the young lady is beyond me altogether. I told him it was a lie. I don't know who you are, but I tell you the same."

The stranger gave a little movement of his

hand, as if deprecating the other's warmth; he seemed calm enough.

"However that may be, he was placed in an unprofessional position by someone—the fact remains. The young lady as good as told him he was a humbug. No man in his position cares to be spoken to like that, especially by a client on whom he had every reason to believe he was about to make a profound impression. No one, I am sure, can exaggerate the pain the whole affair has caused him—it touched him on his tenderest spot. He vowed he would be even with you both—for his reputation's sake. The consequence is that the young lady has disappeared."

"Disappeared? What do you mean by telling me that the young lady has disappeared?" said Ratton, hastily rising.

The big man, touching the tips of his fingers together, moved them softly to and fro.

"The young lady has disappeared. That, Mr. Ratton, is what I mean."

"If he has been playing any of his hanky-panky tricks with her I'll wring his long-drawn-out neck—that to begin with."

"Why should there be what you describe as 'hanky-panky tricks'? My dear sir, I come with an olive branch, not a sword. I believe that the dearest wish of your life is to marry this young lady. Very well; I'm as good as authorized to say that opportunity can be afforded you to marry her at once."

Mr. Ratton eyed the speaker in a very curious way, as if he heard what he said with emotions which were too strong for expression.

"I can't talk about that sort of thing in here. I don't know who you are; but, whoever you are, you will be so good as to come to my rooms and I'll talk to you there."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure, Mr. Ratton, than to come to your rooms. There we shall be able to arrive at an understanding of the most cordial kind in a very brief space of time."

Mr. Ratton led the way across the restaurant, looking like a very excited country gentleman; the barrel-shaped man followed, apparently enjoying to the full a delicious piece of comedy. I watched them go in a rather uncertain frame of mind; their precipitance was unexpected. I hardly knew whether to remain where I was or to follow them. A moment's consideration—and I remained. Instead of hurrying away, I took my time over what remained of my luncheon. I was putting two and two together after a fashion of my own; the more I reflected, the less hazy the situation became. If my inferences were right, I ought to be able to treat these gentlemen to another act in the comedy which the barrel-shaped man seemed to be enjoying.

To begin with, I sent a telegram to Miss May Godwin, as follows:—

"I am coming to dine with your sister and you to-night. Trust that eight o'clock will be convenient.—Judith Lee." Then I summoned the head waiter.

"Do you know a palmist who calls himself Isolda?"

The man smiled benignantly; I fancy he thought he saw something in my words which was not there.

"Very well indeed, madam. He's one of our regular customers."

"Do you know where he lives? I thought you might be able to tell me."

"As to where he lives, that I do not know; but the address at which he receives clients, that I do know. I will write it down for madam."

He wrote it down. Isolda's studio, as he called it—there are studios of so many different kinds—was in Bond Street, that popular resort of curious characters. At a quarter to four I paid him a call. His "studio" was, it seemed, on the first floor. At the top of a rather steep flight of stairs was a door painted black; near the top, on the right-hand corner, in small red letters, was the word "Isolda." I knocked. The door was almost instantly opened by a youngish man. I entered without waiting for the invitation which something in his manner suggested that I might not have received. He eyed me askance.

"What is your business, madam?"

I did not answer; I was looking about me. I was in a sort of ante-room, apparently the young man's own quarters. On some pegs in a corner were a grey felt hat and a light-grey overcoat; their presence gave me the clue I wanted. He repeated his question, it struck me, rather surlily.

"I asked, madam, what your business was."

"I wish to see Mr. Isolda."

"Has madam an appointment?"

"I have not."

"Then it is impossible that madam can see him. Mr. Isolda only sees clients by appointment made several days ahead."

"Is that so? I rather fancy that he will make an exception in my case. I am going to see Mr. Isolda now."

The man seemed doubtful, as if he did not know what to make of me.

"I assure madam that it is impossible. Mr. Isolda only sees clients who have no

appointment under very special circumstances for a very special fee."

"Mr. Isolda will see me without any fee at all."

The young man sought in another direction for an explanation for what clearly struck him as my peculiar manner.

"Perhaps madam is a friend of Mr. Isolda?"

"I am not—thank goodness! I am very much the other way. Young man!"

He started at the tone in which I said "Young man!" He was probably older than I was.

"Madam!" he exclaimed, as if about to remonstrate with my inclination towards over-familiarity. I allowed him to go no farther.

"This morning," I told him, "you called at a house in Hyde Park Gate, and you endeavoured to obtain, by false pretences, a writing-desk, a jewel-case, and a dressing-bag. Is there any reason why I should not at once give you into the custody of the police?"

The change which took place in that young man's manner! All at once he seemed to go at the knees, as if a couple of inches had gone from his stature.

"I—I—I think you are making a mistake," he stammered. Apparently he was under the impression that he had to say something, and, as he didn't know what to say, he said that.

"Oh, no, I'm not, as you're perfectly well aware. Let me give you a piece of information. It is not impossible that the police will be here in a few minutes, on business with which you are not immediately concerned. If you are on the premises when they arrive you will certainly be arrested with your principal, and unpleasantness will probably follow. If you prefer not to be found on the premises you can take yourself off. You are the best judge of which course you prefer."

He looked about him like a rat which seeks a way out of a trap; glanced towards the door at the other side of the room.

"No, you can't give Mr. Isolda warning. If you don't want to be found, you'll make yourself scarce inside of thirty seconds by my watch."

When he saw how I regarded it, he went straight to those pegs, took down the grey felt hat and the grey overcoat, put the hat on his head, the coat over his arm, and, without even so much as a word, went hurriedly out of the door through which he had admitted me—still another illustration of how conscience can make a coward of a man. Within ten seconds of his going through one door I crossed the room and passed through another. It opened into a sort of passage-way, on either side of which were what I can

"'I—I—I THINK YOU ARE MAKING A MISTAKE,' HE STAMMERED."

only describe as cubicles, screened by heavy curtains. I presume that in them expectant clients waited until it pleased the great man to admit them to his presence. At the farther end of this passage-way a corridor branched off to the right and left; there were doors in both directions. I stood still and listened; voices were coming from a door on the left. I walked up to it, turned the handle, and ushered myself in.

I found myself in what Isolda probably intended to be a really remarkable room; it struck me as rather worse than tawdry. What appeared to be black velvet screened both the walls and ceiling; a green carpet covered the floor; in the centre was a table covered with a scarlet tablecloth; on this table was what seemed to be a large, solid glass sphere. I believe that in Isolda's trade an article of that kind is known as a "crystal." There were odds and ends about the room which were perhaps meant to be awe-inspiring, but which were merely silly. There seemed to be no window to the room, which reeked of what, perhaps, was some variety of incense. Although it was broad day outside and the sun was shining, a single electric light flamed in the ceiling.

Three men were the occupants of what seemed to me to be this stuffy and extremely undesirable apartment—and as I stood there in the doorway facing them an exceedingly surprised three men they seemed to be. One was the great Isolda himself, another was Mr. George Ratton, and the third was the man with the barrel-body and the cheese-shaped head. They had, apparently, up to the moment of my entrance, been engaged in an animated discussion, which my unlooked-for appearance in the middle of it brought to a very awkward close. The great Isolda was the first to speak.

"Who are you, and what do you want in here?"

He struck a bell which was on the scarlet-covered table.

"It's no use your ringing that bell," I informed him. "The tool whom you sent to Hyde Park Gate this morning on a felonious errand has deemed it discreet to fly from the wrath which is coming."

My words seemed not only to add to their surprise, but to confuse them. The long man and the round man eyed each other as if in doubt what this thing might be. Mr. Ratton said:—

"Isolda, who is this young lady?"

I answered for the great Isolda.

"I, Mr. Ratton, am Nemesis. Mr. Isolda, if I may add what seems to be an unaccustomed prefix, is a worker of wonders; I represent that power which brings those wonders to naught, proving them to be the poor antics of a clumsy charlatan."

Isolda cried, with what he probably meant to be crushing dignity:—

"Brayshaw, put this woman outside at once!"

The command seemed to be addressed to the barrel-shaped person. There was dignity neither in the manner of his approach nor in the words he used.

"Now, young woman, out you go! We've seen your sort before; we want none of your nonsense here. Not another word—outside! I don't want to touch you, but I sha'n't hesitate to do so if you make me."

I smiled at the barrel-shaped man. The idea of such a creature putting me out of the room really was too funny.

"I will recommend you, Mr. Brayshaw, not to touch me, unless you wish to discover what an extremely ugly customer a woman can be."

He tried to touch me, stretching out his hand with, I fancy, the intention of taking me by the shoulder. I am quite sure before he knew what had struck him he was on his back on the floor. The others stared as if they had witnessed some remarkable feat; as a matter of fact, the man was as incapable of offering resistance to a normally robust person who had had even a smattering of physical training as if he had been a barrel of lard.

"If you will be advised by me, you will allow me to make the remarks I intend to make without any interruption, because, in any case, I intend to make them."

Mr. Ratton made a movement as if to induce the great Isolda to act on my advice.

"Let her speak. The lady seems to be a bit of a character. Are any of those remarks of yours meant for me, or would you rather I went?"

"I would rather you stayed. You, Mr. George Ratton, have conspired with this—creature against a young girl, whose honour and happiness it should have been your first duty to guard at the risk of your own."

Mr. Ratton again went very red in the face—it was queer how red he did go. "What the dickens do you mean?" he muttered.

"Last Friday afternoon you bribed him to make certain statements to her, which you hoped would induce, and, indeed, practically compel, her to become your wife. A monstrous marriage it would have been!"

I then told him what some of those statements were.

"How in thunder do you know that I said anything of the kind?" He turned to Isolda. "Did you tell her? Is that the secret of your pretending that I gave the show away? If you did——"

He clenched his fists—for the instant it looked as if matters might be breezy. I interposed.

"Mr. Ratton, God sometimes uses the foolish to confound the wise, and gives to the weak power to bring the strong to confusion. Your accomplice charges you with having, to use your own phrase, given the show away. You attribute to him the same offence; whereas it was I who gave you both away. I saw what you said; I warned your intended victim over the telephone. She came to this man armed with a knowledge which enabled her to convict him of imposture out of his own mouth. The shame of his detection and of her plain speaking rankled. He sent her a telegram signed by the name of the man whom she intends to marry, asking her to meet him in Richmond Park. In Richmond Park she was met by one of this man's emissaries, who drugged and kidnapped her. He holds her at present in confinement, and sent this man just now to the King's Restaurant with a proposal to hand her over to you for a consideration, so that you might practise such vile arts as you thought proper to force her to become your wife and use her money to pay your debts—which are, some of them, as you are aware, of a very peculiar kind—and give you something approaching a respectable position in society. How the law punishes such offences as yours you know; I would put it instantly into action were it not that I am reluctant to allow that ignorant, innocent, unsuspecting child—in everything that counts she is but a child—to run the risk of becoming the leading figure in a hideous public scandal. If she is back again in her own home, sound in mind and body, this evening by seven o'clock sharp, I may keep silent. If she is not, by a quarter past warrants shall be issued against all three of you."

On that I went, leaving them to make such comments on their visitor as they might think most appropriate. More than once during the intervening two or three hours I wondered if I had been wise; if, for the girl's sake, I ought not to have taken more active steps to bring them to a proper sense of what the situation required. It was with feelings which were distinctly mixed that I alighted from the taxi-cab which drew up at the door of the house in Hyde Park Gate a few minutes before eight. The moment, however, that the door was opened I knew that my knowledge of masculine human nature had not been at fault, and that my fears, at least in one direction, had been baseless. As I entered the hall I saw May's dainty face peeping over the staircase. When she saw who it was she came rushing down the stairs, two or three at a time, and tore towards me. When she was, to all intents and purposes, in my arms, she whispered:—

"Oh, Miss Lee! Miss Lee! Lucille has come home. Do come upstairs and see her."

I went upstairs, and on the threshold of the drawing-room there stood a tall, slim maiden, dressed in some wonderful concoction of cornflower-blue, with flaxen hair, in which there was a natural waving ripple, which was parted in the middle and brushed close to her well-shaped head. I thought of what her sister had told me. In a sense she certainly did look as if butter would not melt in her mouth; all the same, as May had admitted, I felt sure that it would. There was that light and laughter in her eyes which, when one is very young, goes hand in hand with mischief.

"I am Lucille Godwin; it was you who sent me that telephone message? I put an advertisement in the paper asking whoever it was to communicate with me. It is just as well you did, because I meant to put it in again and again until you answered."

"Have you anything to do," asked May, "with her being here now?"

"There have been certain incidents since I saw you this morning. I don't know if there will be time to speak of them before dinner is ready."

"Dinner won't be ready till at least half-past eight, so just you tell us everything. Please—please! I'm simply boiling over with wanting to know."

I told them what had happened since the morning. Their excitement was amusing. They interrupted me with interjections, ejaculations, exclamations of horror and surprise. When I had finished Lucille clasped her hands in front of her with what might almost have been the rapt enthusiasm of a mediæval saint; she looked the character, too.

"Oh, it's just simply wonderful. Listening to you sends little thrills all up and down my back. Do you know you're a miracle-worker, Miss Lee?"

"Should I be intruding myself upon your

confidence if I ask where you have been since last Tuesday?" I replied.

"That's just it—I don't know. Isn't it awful? But I tell you what I do know. I took a cab up to Richmond Park gate. Instead of Jack, whom I was dying to see, a dapper little man, in a grey overcoat and a grey felt hat——"

"The same man," interposed May, "it must have been, who wanted her jewel-case and things."

"I saw that grey overcoat and grey felt hat this afternoon," I observed.

"He said that Jack was waiting with a motor down by the Penn Ponds. Something had happened to the engine, and he was waiting to see it put right. Would I mind walking down to him? I thought it rather odd, but I didn't see what else I could do, so I walked down. As we went—I remember we were right off the road, close to a plantation—the man took a box out of his pocket, and said Mr. Upcott had told him to give it to me. When I opened it there were chocolates inside. Of course, Jack knows how fond I am of chocs, and I supposed he sent them to beguile the way. I put one in my mouth and I bit it in half. It seemed to be full of some queer-tasting liqueur, which I had swallowed before I knew it, and—that's all I remember."

"What do you mean by 'that's all I remember'?"

"I mean what I say. The next thing I do remember is that I had rather a headache and was feeling stupid, and couldn't make out where I was. Then all at once I realized that I was in a railway carriage which was standing at a platform, and that an official of some sort was at the open door of the compartment, looking at me as if he wondered what was wrong. 'Your ticket, please, miss. Isn't that it in your hand?' There was something in my hand; I held it out to him; he took it, and off he went, so I suppose it was my ticket; but how it got there, or where it was from, I have not the vaguest notion. Presently the train stopped again. I asked a porter who came to the door what station it was. 'Waterloo, miss. Any luggage?' I told him that I had no luggage, but I wanted him to get me a taxi-cab. He got me one; and here I am. That's every bit I know about it. Who's that at the front door? It can't be——"

Who it could not be she did not say. These were lively young ladies. May rushed to the door and listened. Footsteps were heard ascending the staircase. May threw the door wide open and a tall young man came in, his countenance wreathed in smiles.

"Oh, Jack!" cried Miss Lucille Godwin. "Oh, you darling, darling Jack!"

Almost before I knew it, and quite regardless of my presence, she was in the newcomer's arms. He seemed a hearty young man.

"You are a nice sort," he told her. "Directly after I wrote you that note from Nice, I won a handful at the tables; with it I bought a necklace, which I felt bound to bring you straight away; so here I am, and here's the necklace."

He held out to her a string of gleaming stones which he had taken from a leather case.

"Oh, Jack, what a beautiful necklace! What a treasure you are! Please will you put it on?"

As we watched he fastened it round her lovely neck. For all they seemed to care, May and I might not have been present. The girl said to him, with a demure look:—

"Now, Jack, I forgive you. If you only knew what a wretch I've felt, and how I've wanted you!"

"Well, you won't have to want any longer."

As the young man was saying this, in what I take was his heartiest manner, a footman appeared at the door to inform us that dinner was served. Jack took me down, the two girls following arm in arm behind. I have seldom spent a livelier evening.

The next morning, when I went to Bond Street, I found that Isolda was missing, as I had anticipated might be the case. It seems possible that he had kept that helpless girl unconscious for two whole days by means of repeated injections of one of the numerous preparations of morphine, as doctors nowadays keep patients in the later stages of cancer oblivious of their sufferings sometimes for weeks; nor might it have been the first time he had tried the same villainous trick. He probably still practises on feminine credulity elsewhere; but, so far as I know, he has not reappeared in London. Nothing has been seen either of him or of his barrel-shaped friend. Lucille Upcott—she has not long been back from her honeymoon—told me the other day, with that demure air which, where she is concerned, may mean anything, that she had recently heard that Mr. George Ratton had established himself on a ranch in Argentina. Whether Mr. Upcott had been made acquainted with the various passages which marked a certain week I cannot say—whenever I see him he seems to radiate happiness.

THE KAISER AS HE IS.

The following article has been written by one who is in intimate personal contact with the German Emperor, and has been specially approved by His Imperial Majesty. This is the first occasion upon which permission for such an article to be published has been granted by the Kaiser to any British magazine. The references to this country are of special interest and importance.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR was once called by the late Marquess of Salisbury "the most misjudged man in the world," and this is certainly true to a very large extent. One has to be brought into intimate personal contact with him to realize the sterling worth of his character. In fact, it might be said that there are two Kaisers—one who appears upon the surface, and the real man who underlies it all. Those who know him least refer to him as the "firebrand of Europe," but nothing could be wider of the mark. As a matter of fact he is, and always has been, a great asset towards assuring the peace of the world. This may be deemed rather a startling assertion to make, but it is hoped before this article is completed to produce at least some evidence in support of the statement.

Undoubtedly Wilhelm II. does not believe in "hiding his light under a bushel," and none can deny that at times he has intervened in questions that neither directly concerned him nor Germany. Neither have his actions always been well advised. Upon the other hand, on more than one occasion he has acted for good. His is one of the most active brains in the world, and it may be said that he never rests. Even when on board his yacht he keeps constantly in touch with all that is transpiring throughout the world, and discusses the events of the day with those about him at considerable length. He is strikingly original in his views, but he has a facility for laying his finger upon the real crux of any subject that comes under notice.

KAISER WILHELM II.
From a Photograph by W. S. Stuart, Richmond.

He has a very great liking for England and the English people, and an affection for the memory of the late Queen Victoria that almost amounts to veneration. He once said to a group of his officers that the two wisest and best monarchs that ever existed were Queen Victoria and his grandfather, the Emperor Wilhelm I. "With two such grandparents," he added, with one of his whimsical smiles, "I ought to make a successful ruler." He frankly confesses that he has taken these two as his models throughout his life, and that when any crisis arises he asks

THE KAISER'S PRIVATE WRITING-ROOM, THE ROYAL PALACE, BERLIN.
From a Photograph by World's Graphic Press, Ltd.

himself what they would have done in like circumstances, and, so far as lies in his power, he endeavours to mould his attitude upon similar lines.

There is very considerable friendship between the Kaiser and King George, and the two rulers exchange letters at frequent intervals. The Emperor hopes that it may be convenient for him to pay a short visit to this country every year in the future, and it remains to be seen how far this will be possible. Of necessity these visits will, for the most part, be of a strictly private character, and will usually be spent at Windsor, unless the Kaiser's old affection for yacht-racing is revived and he decides to resume those annual trips to Cowes that he used to pay regularly a few years ago.

The Emperor is often referred to as "Europe's busiest monarch," and this is well deserved. Not only is he the head of a great Empire, but, as has been said, he interests himself in many matters that do not directly concern him. Thus he has made it his business to pay visits to practically every European monarch and to pass a few days with them, in order that he might become personally acquainted with them and learn to study their characteristics and their general attitude towards questions of international importance. It is certain that since the death of the late King Edward no living ruler is so well known to the Royalties of Europe as is the Kaiser; not even excepting the veteran Emperor of Austria, who has, indeed, gone into almost complete retirement of late years.

The Kaiser makes it a rule to correspond with many of his fellow-monarchs. He has a passion for letter-writing, and disdains the artificial aid of the typewriter for correspondence of this importance. He is an excellent linguist, and can converse as fluently in either French or English as he can in his native tongue. Indeed, he has been heard to declare that he cannot recall whether he was taught German or English first. The latter is quite probable, since the Emperor's first nurse was an Englishwoman. His letters have been described as "real letters," since they embody the spirit of the writer to a very considerable extent. He takes the greatest pains with his communications, and will often pass an hour or two writing and re-writing one of these letters. It may be added that it is only very rarely that His Majesty honours those not of Royal birth with a letter written entirely by himself; but among the few who receive these epistles from time to time is the Earl of Lonsdale, one of His Majesty's oldest and closest friends.

There is a great deal in common between the Kaiser and King George. This is a factor that, perhaps, deserves to be taken into consideration by those who talk so glibly of the possibility of war between the two countries. There was an interesting little incident that escaped general notice when the Emperor was in London in May of last year, for the unveiling of the National Memorial to the late Queen Victoria by the King.

At the conclusion of the ceremony their Majesties, accompanied by Queen Mary and the German Empress, and followed by several other members of the Royal Family, ascended the steps of the monument in order to inspect it more closely. When they prepared to return the two monarchs stood on one side to allow their respective consorts to precede

them, and the Emperor then drew the arm of King George through his own in most affectionate fashion and conversed gravely with him during the whole time it took to return to Buckingham Palace. One cannot help wondering the meaning of that earnest conversation, and how far it contributed to ensure the peace of Europe.

The Kaiser is an extremely early riser; indeed, it has been said of him that he never sleeps. In each of the Royal palaces his private study is situated very close to his bedroom, and His Majesty is often at work at an hour when thousands of his subjects are just turning over in their beds and preparing for another hour or two before their daily round commences. His Majesty is a strong believer in the old doctrine that an hour's work in the morning, when all one's faculties are alert, is worth two at night. Not that he is by any means averse to evening labour; indeed, he has been known to return from a performance at the Opera House in Berlin close upon midnight, and at once set to work upon some important despatches that had arrived since he quitted the palace. A point that the Kaiser and the late King Edward had in common is that each was an extremely quick worker. The Emperor no sooner seems to examine a document than he has made himself the master of its contents. The amount of work that he gets through in the course of a day is positively surprising. Though he has a large staff of very highly-trained private secretaries, it takes them all their time to keep pace with him, and very often they are no sooner engaged upon one subject than they are called upon to take over another.

It has here to be confessed that the Kaiser is nothing like so methodical as is King George. With the latter method and order is all-important, and he resolutely refuses to deal with one subject until another is finally disposed of. The Kaiser, upon the other hand, will take up half-a-dozen matters simultaneously and deal with them at one and the same time. He may be, for instance, dictating a letter to one of his Ministers of State when some question concerning the army or the navy of his Empire will occur to him, and he will suddenly—and often without the least warning to those in attendance—divert himself to that. Consequently the notes of those who are to transmit his instructions to the proper quarters are often in a very confused state, and it takes them some little time to get them into proper order.

No one can be long in the presence of the Emperor before realizing that the German navy is a still greater obsession with him than his army. His Majesty takes no little pride in the fact that the German fleet, inferior in every respect only to our own, is practically his own creation, since, when he ascended the Throne, the German navy was entirely a negligible quantity. One of his most confidential advisers expressed the fear not so very long ago that the Emperor's devotion to the navy might lead to the lessening of his interest in the army, with possibly rather serious consequences. This is, however, not the case, and recent events seem to indicate that His Majesty has realized the fact that an all-powerful army is much more important to Germany than a

THE KAISER'S BEDROOM, THE ROYAL PALACE, BERLIN.
From a Photograph by World's Graphic Press, Ltd.

fleet that can, after all, never hope to challenge the supremacy of Great Britain upon the high seas.

This brings up another characteristic of the Kaiser, which is the fact that he is a very poor financier. Indeed, he frankly confesses that his knowledge of figures is of little more than an elementary character, and that he is more than a trifle bored when he is called upon to deal with them. It is upon finance more than anything else that His Majesty has disagreed with his Ministers, and the Imperial Chancellor has at times no very thankful office, since the Kaiser does not always seem to recognize that neither he nor his Empire have unlimited resources to draw upon, and that the strain of maintaining the premier army of the world and organizing a navy that shall seriously compete with that of Great Britain is one that is too great to be borne, and that retrenchment in one direction or another is an imperative necessity.

THE EMPEROR AND HIS DAUGHTER ON THE "HOHENZOLLERN."
From a Photograph by Record Press.

"Retrenchment," indeed, is a word that is anathema to the Emperor, and neither in his public nor his private life does he pause to consider the expense into which he is running. His private income is, of course, very considerable, but there have been times when he has been distinctly "hard-up," and his Ministers and responsible advisers have been hard put to it to provide sufficient sums to enable him to carry out the schemes upon which he has embarked.

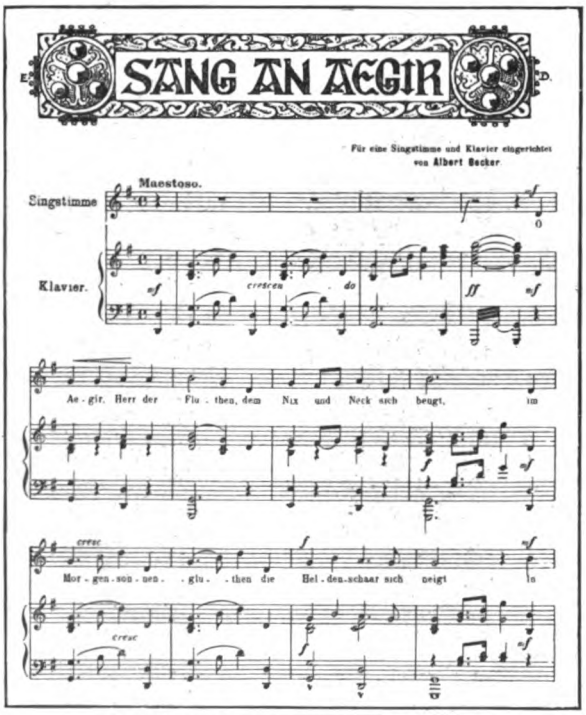
The sea appeals to the Emperor with a force that is really extraordinary, and he is seldom so happy as when he is on board his yacht *Hohenzollern*, and never a year passes without his contriving to spend a good deal of his time in this fashion. His usual companion is his only daughter, the Princess Victoria Louise, to whom he is devoted. Indeed, it is quite pretty to observe the great affection that exists between His Majesty and the Princess. They have taken many lengthy trips together, visiting almost every portion of the waters of Europe. It is on the deck of his yacht more than anywhere else that the Kaiser throws off his many State worries and unbends to a degree that is quite unknown when he is on shore. He laughs and chats with those about him and the officers of the ship in most friendly style, and will often join a group in order to hear an amusing anecdote, or to listen to some interesting reminiscence.

As is well known, the Kaiser is a very enthusiastic musician. Not only does he play several instruments himself, but the private band upon the Royal yacht *Hohenzollern* is one of the finest bodies for its size that have ever been got together, every man being a picked musician. The band is kept almost constantly playing, the programme being usually selected by His Majesty personally. The Kaiser, as many will be aware, has composed several pieces himself, and a former officer of the Royal yacht tells rather an amusing story in this connection. A few years ago, during a cruise, the Kaiser stopped suddenly and listened to a piece that the band was playing. "What a horrible noise!" he exclaimed, and sent one of his attendants

to discover the name of the composer. The officer came back, and, scarcely able to conceal a smile, he informed His Majesty that it was one of his own compositions. The Kaiser, the story continues, frowned heavily for a moment, and then saw the joke of it and laughed heartily, as did those about him. It was noted, however, that the piece promptly disappeared from the repertoire of the band.

There is on board the *Hohenzollern* an extremely spacious cabin where the Emperor transacts such business of State as will not permit of delay. Three or four of his secretaries are close at hand, and so soon as the mail-bags are received on board His Majesty plunges into their contents with almost feverish haste, and he has been known to give directions that he is not to be disturbed even for meals when there has been something of more than ordinary importance to receive attention. The German Emperor gives a closer and more personal attention than probably any other monarch in the world to matters of national importance, while, at the same time, he is content to leave very little to his Ministers. Thus, in many of the important questions in which the German Empire has been concerned of late years, the policy pursued by that Power has been directly dictated by His Majesty, even, upon occasions, when he has been directly opposed by his responsible Ministers. The Kaiser has one of the most powerful personalities in the world, and it is but rarely that he fails to impress his views upon those with whom he is brought into contact, and ultimately to gain his own way. Probably the person who has the most influence over his political actions is his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia. The Kaiser, by the way, is one of the most pronounced opponents of woman's suffrage to be found. He holds—and at times he expresses his views with considerable vigour of language—that women have no right to seek to meddle with politics in any shape or form, and he sternly discourages any reference to these subjects on the part of the Empress and his daughter.

Queen Mary once scored off His Majesty rather neatly. The Emperor was holding forth at some length upon the unfittedness of women for admission to the franchise. "What can they know of politics?" he demanded, fiercely. "Just about as much as a man knows of the organization of a nursery and the rearing of a family," remarked Queen Mary, quietly. The hit was much appreciated by those present, since, during the whole of his visit, the Kaiser had paid constant visits to the nursery of the Prince of Wales and his younger brothers, and had given many more or less useful hints to those charged with the care of the children.



THE KAISER AS MUSICAL COMPOSER: A PAGE OF HIS "SANG AN AEGIR" ("SONG OF AEGIR").

Reference has previously been made to the liking that the Kaiser evidently possesses for Great Britain and its people. His affection for the late King Edward was much more deeply rooted than the outside world will ever know. When the news was broken to him that his beloved uncle had passed away, those about him declare that the Emperor utterly broke down—possibly the only occasion upon record—and, putting his head on his arm, sobbed quietly to himself for several moments. Once he had recovered from the first shock, however, the innate man of action asserted himself. As though half-ashamed of the weakness into which he had been betrayed,

he gruffly, and in his most peremptory manner, gave instructions for instant preparations to be made for his immediate departure for London, adding that his severest displeasure would be incurred by anyone who delayed for even a few moments.

Another Englishman for whom the Kaiser always had a great and sincere admiration was of a very different type from the late King Edward. It was Cecil John Rhodes. The great South African statesman deeply impressed the Kaiser with his abilities and force of personality when they had their famous meeting to discuss the future construction of the trans-African railway and telegraph lines. Rhodes tried his hardest to get even the smallest strip of the hinter land of German East Africa ceded to Great Britain, in order to realize his great ambition that the line from Cape Town to Cairo should run solely through British territory. The Emperor was inflexible upon the point, however, and ultimately a compromise was arrived at. "I will find a way somehow," said Rhodes, during the discussion. The Emperor looked at him rather curiously. "There are only two persons in the world entitled to say 'I will' in that emphatic manner, and I am one of them," he remarked. Rhodes smiled broadly. "That is quite right," he retorted; "I am the other one."

In many ways does the Emperor show his liking for this country. One to which reference may be made is the annual invitations he sends to the heads of the British Army to witness the grand manœuvres of the German forces. Such of our generals as are able to accept these invitations are immediately made honoured guests, and are frequently entertained at His Majesty's own table, while privileges are accorded to them that are not granted to any officers of other nations. The Kaiser has the greatest admiration for the military abilities of the Duke of Connaught, and during the many occasions that his Royal Highness has witnessed the work of the German troops in the field the Emperor has kept him constantly by his side and has eagerly discussed the various happenings of the day with him as they took place. "I never talk upon military matters with the Duke of Connaught," he once remarked to a group of his officers, "but he teaches me something I did not know before."

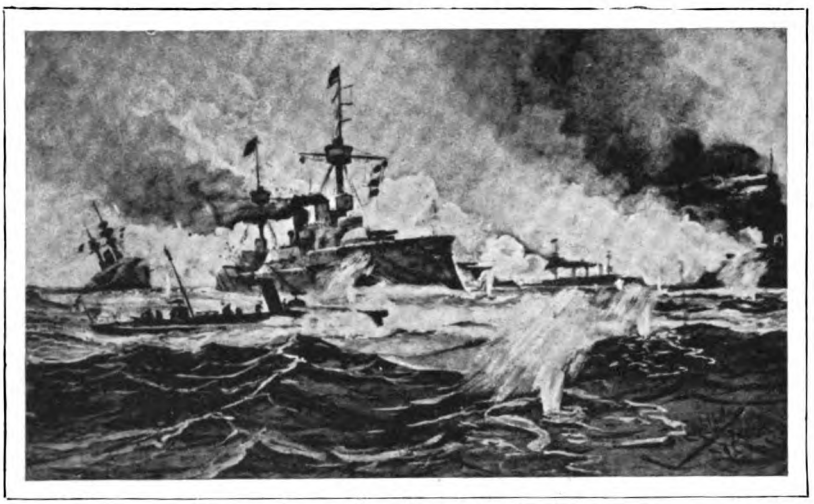
THE EMPEROR, WITH HIS BROTHER, PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA—PRINCE HENRY'S ADVICE ON POLITICAL MATTERS HAS GREAT WEIGHT WITH THE KAISER.
From a Photograph by Record Press.

It has been said with considerable truth that the Kaiser is never so happy as when he is changing from one uniform to another. The number of these that he possesses is simply wonderful, and there is certainly no other monarch in the world who can appear in so many changes of garb. At each of the Royal palaces several rooms are given up to the storage of His Majesty's personal clothing, and everything is so arranged that his body servants can lay their hands upon any particular uniform required at a moment's notice. Each complete outfit, down to the spurs and the shoulder-knots, are placed in separate airtight boxes specially manufactured to hold them. These are all conspicuously

numbered on the outside, so that they may be forthcoming the moment they are wanted. To be kept waiting for a moment longer than he thinks absolutely necessary causes the greatest annoyance to His Majesty, who stamps about the room in a state of great indignation until the object required—whatever it may be—is forthcoming.

When His Majesty travels, the amount of luggage that he takes with him is positively enormous, while it needs a very considerable retinue to attend to him. The *Hohenzollern* contains very considerable stowage capacity, and this is severely taxed when His Majesty leaves to pay a State visit to another European ruler. The late King Edward once got off a sly joke over this trait in his nephew's character. It was at the time that Sandringham was being enlarged and an additional storey added. A visit from the Emperor was looked for a few weeks later. One of the guests staying at Sandringham during the progress of the work ventured to ask to what purposes the additional apartments were to be put. "Oh, they are merely to provide fitting and sufficient accommodation for the Kaiser's personal luggage," returned the late King, with one of his quiet smiles and a characteristic twinkle of the eye.

Another favourite hobby of the Kaiser's is painting, and he is a really capable artist, with a leaning towards seascapes. While at sea he passes much of his time in sketching and painting, and examples of his work are to be seen in many of the Royal palaces of Europe. Most of our own Royal residences contain at least one picture from his brush, including Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, Balmoral (where a pair of extremely well-drawn shooting-pictures are displayed), Sandringham, and Marlborough House. Mention of these works of art by the Kaiser recalls the fact that he likewise contributed a sketch in what may, perhaps, be termed the "vigorously impressionistic" school to the unique collection that Queen Alexandra and the Empress Marie of Russia jointly own on the shores of the Sound, close to Copenhagen. The pictures in the drawing-room here are all by Royal artists, and are one of the most interesting little collections that have ever been got together.



"A SEA-BATTLE," PAINTED BY THE KAISER.
Supplied by Exclusive News Agency.

The story goes that the Royal sisters were staying at their villa when the Kaiser's contribution arrived. They examined it for some moments and praised it, and then the Queen-Mother mischievously said to the Empress, "By the way, I wonder which is the right side up?"

There has been for many years past a very close friendship between the Emperor and Queen Alexandra, and Her Majesty has described him upon several occasions lately as "having been more than a brother to her since the death of King Edward." The moment he arrived in this country after the death of the late King, His Majesty at once placed his services unreservedly at the disposal of both King George and Queen Alexandra, and was the means of lightening their sad labours very considerably. He insisted upon taking over a large number of the duties

connected with the State funeral of the King, that otherwise King George would have had to attend to personally; and the whole of the time he was most solicitous concerning the health of Queen Alexandra, and in a thousand little ways, that will assuredly never be forgotten by any who witnessed them, endeavoured to show her that her great grief was shared by him to the full.

There is much that one cannot help liking in the character of Wilhelm II., and it is those who know him best who best appreciate him. Imperious and autocratic to a degree he undoubtedly is, and he has a will of iron that hates to be diverted from its purpose. He is also extremely hasty in his judgments as much as in his actions. No one is more quick to realize his failures, however, than he is himself, and he has been known after a heated outburst to go to the Minister or official who provoked his wrath almost immediately afterwards and offer his apologies, and agree that a different course from what he had at first demanded would possibly be the wisest. An apt case in point is the famous telegram that His Majesty sent to the late President Paul Krüger, upon his defeat of the Raiders under Dr. Jameson. It is asserted by those who were about the German and British Courts at that time that the Emperor was heard within a day or two, and when he had had time to consider fully the possible seriousness of the action, frequently to express regret that he had ever allowed himself to put pen to paper on the subject; and it is stated that the Emperor at once wrote very fully to Queen Victoria on the matter, reiterating his regrets and explaining the circumstances that led up to the dispatch of the wire.

THE KAISER'S LOVE OF ARTISTIC SOCIETY—THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN ON A HOLIDAY TOUR IN NORWAY, SHOWS HIS MAJESTY WITH THE TWO WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS, PROFESSOR STOEWER AND HANS DAHL, AND THE SCULPTOR, PROFESSOR UNGER.

From a Photograph by Record Press.

Curiously enough, he has little or no liking for any outdoor sport, with the exception of shooting and, of course, yachting. Shooting, however, no longer appeals to him with the same force that it did when he was a younger man, and he has of late shown an ever-increasing tendency to devote himself more to intellectual pursuits. Reference has already been made to his skill as an artist. Reading takes up a good proportion of his spare time, and he follows closely every development in the literature of the principal countries of the world. Any new movement, be it in either art, literature, or philosophy, has always a very strong attraction for the Kaiser. The advance and development of medical science, too, strongly appeals to him, and he has devoted much of his time lately to studying the efforts that are being made at the moment to stamp out the cancer scourge.

There are very extensive libraries at each of the palaces of the Kaiser, and he has made many notable additions to them since he came to the Throne. He cannot, however, be described as a bibliophile in the strict

sense of the word, and, as a matter of fact, the number of old or rare books that he has purchased has been comparatively small. It is of the greatest interest, however, to examine the many thousands of volumes of modern works that he has amassed. As might be expected from one of his essentially warlike temperament, books dealing with naval and military campaigns all over the world greatly predominate here. At each of the Kaiser's residences his private library is so arranged that any book he requires can instantly be placed before him.

Though, as has been said, the Kaiser is not seen out shooting to-day so frequently as was the case a few years ago, he is still a first-rate shot, and this is rather surprising, considering his physical infirmity, which is, however, nothing like so great as is sometimes asserted. He is likewise very expert at pig-sticking, though this is a sport that he but rarely indulges in now, owing to the representations of the danger that he thereby runs that have been made to him from time to time by the Empress and his advisers generally. His hunting and shooting preserves are still very extensive, though he has parted with several of them during recent years, and he makes it a practice to entertain a succession of shooting parties each year. His Majesty greatly hopes to be joined at one of these by King George and Queen Mary towards the end of the present year.

Motoring is another pastime that does not find a very great amount of favour in the eyes of the Emperor, though the Crown Prince, upon the other hand, is a most enthusiastic motorist. Whenever possible the Kaiser prefers to ride on horseback, and for the sake of his health takes an hour's exercise every morning whenever this is at all possible. It has been truly said, by the way, that His Majesty never looks so well as he does on a horse.

There can be no doubt that the Kaiser is one of the most striking personages of his time, and one who has stamped himself deeply upon contemporary events. There can be no question of his single-hearted devotion to his people and the Fatherland, but one wants to know him more intimately than the outside world ever will to realize the true worth of his character. In many ways his disposition is one filled with curious contrasts, and he will indeed be a bold man who would venture upon any occasion to prophesy precisely what course Wilhelm II. will adopt upon any subject that may come under his notice.

"NATIONS OF EUROPE! JOIN IN THE DEFENCE OF YOUR FAITH AND YOUR HOME."
A STRIKING SYMBOLICAL PAINTING DESIGNED BY THE KAISER.
By permission of Messrs. Amsler & Ruthardt.

A Benevolent Character.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.

A YOUTH came into the small tobacconist's and inquired, across the counter, whether there happened to be in the neighbourhood a branch establishment of a well-known firm (mentioned by name) dealing in similar goods and guaranteeing to save the consumer thirty-three per cent. He required the information, it appeared, because he contemplated buying a packet of cigarettes.

No, said the proprietor (after he finished his speech and the youth had gone), not quite the limit. Near to the edge, I admit; but remembering my friend, Mr. Ardwick, I can't say it's what you'd call the highest possible. It was a privilege to know Ardwick; he was, without any doubt whatsoever, a masterpiece. I've given up all hopes of ever finding his equal.

He was a customer here at the time Mrs. Ingram had the shop—and when I say customer, of course I don't mean that he ever handed over a single halfpenny. Mrs. Ingram had only been a widow for about a twelvemonth, and naturally enough she liked gentlemen's society; and Ardwick, after he got his compensation out of the County Council — that, by the by, was one of his triumphs—he had nothing else to do, and he became very much attached to that chair what you're sitting in now. He'd call in to have a look at the morning paper, and read it through from start to finish; later in the day he'd call to see the evening paper, and keep tight 'old of it till he'd come to the name of the printers at the foot of the last page. Between whiles he'd pretend to make himself handy at dusting the counter, and help himself to a pipe of tobacco out of the shag-jar. It was a pretty sight to see old Ardwick before he left of an evening talk about the way the rich robbed the poor, as he filled a pocket with matches out of the stand.

Having caught sight of Mrs. Ingram's pass-book that she was sending to the bank —he offered to post it, and walked all the way to Lombard Street and stuck to the twopence—Ardwick makes up his mind to take the somewhat desp'rate step of proposing to Mrs. I.

"Very kind of you," she says, "but I fancy, Mr. Ardwick, you're a shade too stingy to run in double harness with me. Poor Ingram," she says, "was always free-handed with his money, and if I should ever get married again it will have to be to someone of a similar disposition. But thank you all the same," she says, "for asking!"

Ardwick ran across his friend Kimball in Downham Road that evening and lent him a match, and said Kimball was the very party he wanted to meet. They had a long, confidential sort of talk together outside the fire-station, and they came to such high words that a uniformed man, who was talking to one of his girls, threatened to turn the hose on them. The two strolled down Kingsland Road in a cooler frame of mind, and when they said "Good night" at the canal bridge Kimball promised to do the best for Mr. Ardwick that lay in his power. Kimball explained that he was not going to do it out of friendship, but mainly because his wife had recently docked his allowance, and, in consequence, he felt a grudge against the sex in general.

"I promise you," said Mr. Ardwick, still shaking his hand, "that you won't lose over the transaction."

"Knowing you as I do," remarked Kimball, "I quite recognize that it'll take a bit of doing to make anything out of it."

I'm, if anything, a trifle close with my money. I should like to prove to you, ma'am, that you are doing me an injustice, and to prove it I'm going to adopt a very simple plan."

"Have you brought back that watch of mine I gave you to get mended?"

"He'd call in to have a look at the morning paper"

Mr. Ardwick was in the shop, here, the following afternoon. Mrs. Ingram was surprised to see him at that hour, and she locks up the till pretty smartly and moves the box of World-Famed Twopenny Cheroots.

"Something you said, Mrs. Ingram," he began, "has been worryin' of me, and I've called round to talk it over. You seem to have got the impression in your mind that

"One topic at a time," urged Mr. Ardwick. "My idea of benevolence is something wider and broader than that of most people." He glanced at the clock. "What I propose to do is this. To the first customer that enters this shop after half-past three I shall present the sum of five pound."

"Five what?"

"Five quid," he said, in a resolute sort of

manner. "The first one, mind you, after half-past three. It wants two minutes to the half-hour now. All you've got to do, ma'am, is to stand where you are, and to judge whether I'm a man of a generous disposition or whether I'm the opposite."

As the clock turned the half-hour an old woman came in and put down four farthings for snuff; when she had gone Mr. Ardwick mentioned that he knew for a fact that the clock was a trifle fast. An elderly gentleman in workhouse clothes came for a screw of tobacco; Mr. Ardwick pointed out to Mrs. Ingram that he never proposed to extend his offer to those supported by the State. Kimball arrived at twenty-five minutes to, and Mr. Ardwick glared at him privately for not keeping the appointment. Kimball bought a box of wooden matches, and was leaving the shop when Mr. Ardwick called him.

"My man," he said, "your face and your general appearance suggest that you are not one of those who are termed favourites of fortune. Tell me, now, have you ever been the recipient, so to speak, of a stroke of luck?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir," said Kimball, answering very respectfully.

"Never had a windfall of any kind? No sudden descent of manna from above? Very well, then." Mr. Ardwick took out his cheque-book and asked Mrs. I. for pen and ink. "Be so kind as to give me your full name, and it will be my pleasure to hand you over a handsome gift. I hope you will lay out the sum to the best advantage, and I trust it may prove a turning-point, as it were, in your life!"

Mr. Ardwick was talking across the counter to Mrs. Ingram about the pleasures of exercising charity, and the duty of those who possessed riches towards them who had none, when a most horrible idea seemed to occur to him, and he darted out of the shop like a streak of lightning. In Kingsland Road he just caught a motor-omnibus that was going towards the City, and on the way through Shoreditch he complained, whilst he mopped his forehead, because the conductor did not make the bus go quicker. Near Cornhill there was a block of traffic, and he slipped down and ran for his life. As he came near the Bank he caught sight of Kimball descending the steps. Mr. Ardwick threw

himself, exhausted, across a dustbin on the edge of the pavement and burst into tears.

He mentioned to me afterwards that it was not so much the loss of the money that affected him as the knowledge that a fellow-man had broke his word. That was what upset Mr. Ardwick. He tried to explain all this at the time to a City constable.

"You get away home," advised the City constable, "and try to sleep it off. That's your best plan. Unless you want me to take you down to Cloak Lane for the night."

Mr. Ardwick felt very much hurt at this insinuation on his character, because, partly on account of his principles and partly because he hated giving money away, he was a strict teetotal; but the remark furnished him with an idea, and he acted on it without a moment's delay. He returned to Dalston Junction, and there, by great good luck, he found Kimball —Kimball smoking a big cigar and trying to persuade a railway-porter to accept one. Mr. Ardwick went up to him and took the cigar.

"I congratulate you 'eartily," he said, slapping Kimball on the shoulder in a cheerful sort of way. "There isn't many that could brag of having done Samuel Ardwick in the eye, but I always admit it when I come across my superior. There's only one favour I want you to grant."

"You gave me the cheque, and I've got a perfect right to it. What we may have agreed upon beforehand has got nothing whatever to do with the matter."

"All I ask you to do," went on Mr. Ardwick, "is to allow me to celebrate the occasion by inviting you to have a little snack at a restaurant close by. A meal, I mean. A proper dinner. Food, and a bottle of something with it."

"This don't sound like you," remarked Kimball.

"I sha'n't make the offer twice," said Mr. Ardwick.

Kimball strolled along with him rather reluctantly and somewhat suspiciously up Stoke Newington Road. Mr. Ardwick stopped outside an Italian eating-place, had a good look at the prices of everything in a brass frame near the doorway, gave a deep sigh, and led the way in.

It was here that, in my opinion, Mr. A. made a blunder; he admitted himself to me afterwards that he was not acquainted with the quality of the wine or the capacity of his friend Kimball. The foreign waiter, being told confidentially that price was an object, recommended a quarter-bottle of what he called Vin Ordinaire at sevenpence. It was only when Kimball was starting on the fourth of these that Mr. Ardwick discovered he could have sent out for a full bottle at the cost of one-and-nine. He himself took no food and no beverage of any description, but just sat back, smoking the cigar, totting up the expenses, and keeping a watchful eye on his guest.

"Is it a fruity wine?" asked Mr. Ardwick, when the last quarter-bottle was opened.

Kimball lifted up his glass. "I shouldn't like to say there was much of that about it," he answered. "As a matter of fact, it doesn't taste of anything."

"But surely it goes to your head!"

"It goes to my head," agreed Kimball, "because I put it there; but it don't seem to have any effect on the brain. Sheer waste of my time, so far as I can gather."

"Look here!" said Mr. Ardwick, with a determined effort. "I want to have a quiet little talk with you. I've stood this very excellent meal, and it's only right you should do something for me in return."

"Anything within reason."

"I'm not the man to ask you to do anything else. You've had your little joke at my expense, and now my suggestion is that you hand across the five pounds, and we'll both have a good laugh over the transaction. I admit you played your part uncommonly well. You ran it rather close, and if you'd been a minute or so later, my lad, you'd have found the bank closed, and then I could have stopped payment."

"I got there," said Kimball, "at one minute past four, and the doors were shut!"

Mr. Ardwick settled up, and told Kimball exactly what he thought of him.

"Imposing on generosity," he said, heatedly —"that's your game!"

He went off home to write a letter to the bank, and to recognize that matters had, after all, turned out better than he might have expected. In the evening he made his usual call here, dressed up special, and evidently anxious to find out what sort of an effect his display of benevolence had made on Mrs. I.

"I can't help seeing," she said, confidentially, taking the evening paper from another customer and handing it to Mr. Ardwick, "that I've, all along, done you an injustice. I liked your conversation, and I had no fault to find with your general behaviour; but I somehow had an idea that you rather over-did the economical."

"If I come across a really deserving case," remarked Mr. Ardwick, modestly, "I'm prepared to give away my last penny. I don't say I scatter my money broadcast, but when I do give I give liberally and with both hands."

"I was telling the poor man," said Mrs. Ingram, "that he ought to feel very much indebted to you. You've stood him on his feet, so to speak, and, whatever it may lead to, he's only got you to thank."

"Don't make too much of a mere trifle."

"I advised him to put half of it away in the Post Office, and use the other half to rig himself out in a new suit and look respectable."

"Excuse me," interrupted Mr. Ardwick, rather anxiously, "but when did you say all this to him?"

"About a hour or so ago," she replied, "when he came in and asked me to change the cheque for him. Knowing all the circumstances, of course I didn't hesitate a single moment!"

I was doing a bit of debt-collecting at the time, said the proprietor of the tobacconist's shop, and that was how I became acquainted with Mrs. Ingram. She was grateful over my success with what was undoubtedly a tough job, and one word led to another, and eventually I consented to propose to her. She'll be down directly. Wait and have a glance at her, and tell me if you think I acted wisely.

Keeping a watchful eye on his guest

The Bride of To-Day.

How Wedding Customs Have Changed.

THERE can be no doubt that weddings are among the most popular functions in society. But they, like all else, are subject to the law of evolution. As the years pass changes creep in which mark the difference between modern manners and time-worn traditions. And these are shown in various ways—in the bridal gown and bouquet, in the bridesmaids' dresses, in the wedding ceremony, in the going-away of bride and bridegroom—even in the length of their honeymoon.

Bridal white is an old custom that dates from the Dark Ages. A girl-bride has worn white on her wedding day as a sign of maiden innocence. But we have changed all that; and a modern bride, although pure as snow, often chooses a get-up which could easily be worn by a widow. Touches of colour are freely used, and white and gold brocade seems to be the favourite material. Praise to the pioneer: Lady Helen Vincent's name must be mentioned in this connection. At her wedding in 1890 she appeared a fair and lovely bride, her white gown adorned with a pale green sash and pale green embroideries. And the present-day Mrs. Gilliat, when she married the late Lord Anglesey—then Lord Uxbridge—in 1898, had a white satin dress trimmed with touches of pale green which accorded well with her beautiful emeralds. And more recent brides have followed in their footsteps. Lady Margaret Macrae, only sister to Lord Bute, wore a gown of white and gold brocade at her Scotch wedding in 1909.

The fancy for this rich stuff is on the increase, as there have been several instances of brides so garbed in 1910 and 1911. In 1910 an American bride, Viscountess Maidstone, born Miss Margaretta Drexel, had a gold brocade train to her wedding-gown, and made a picture of fairy-like loveliness. And Mrs. Ralph Peto, once the beautiful Miss Ruby Lindsay, also wore white and gold brocade on the occasion of her marriage. As regards last year, there can be no doubt that

"THE MOST WONDERFUL WEDDING-GOWN OF LAST YEAR WAS THAT WORN BY LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS (LADY VIOLET MANNERS)."
From a Photograph by Alfred Emary, Grantham.

the most wonderful wedding-gown was worn by Lady Violet Charteris, *née* Lady Violet Manners, a daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. This was in soft, white silk covered with old lace, and had a long court train of white and gold brocade, in each corner of which were embroidered the arms of the Wemyss and Rutland families—a swan of the house of Wemyss and a peacock of the house of Rutland. The Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ponsonby wore white and gold brocade at her wedding in July; and one of the most recent examples of a bridal gown made in this rich stuff was that of the Hon. Lady Bailey at her wedding in September.

A marked change can also be seen in our bridal bouquets. In old days white blooms were indispensable, and the flowers chosen were usually white roses, white lilies, orchids, or carnations. But in recent years several brides have had bouquets of coloured blossoms. Lady Loch was, we believe, the pioneer in this direction. She carried a bouquet of red roses at her wedding in 1905; and a handful of white and yellow orchids were the flowers chosen by Mrs. Malcolm, once Miss Claire Stopford, a daughter of Winifred Countess of Arran, by her first marriage. In 1911 Lady Lettice Harrison, only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cholmondeley, carried at her wedding a big bouquet of pink carnations. But bouquets are sometimes banished. A year or two ago Mrs. Raymond Asquith carried on her arm three or four long boughs of orange-blossom; and a few brides adopt the American mode of an ivory prayer-book instead of a bouquet—a plan which many think lacks the grace of imagination.

Another change of style may be seen in the bridal wreath and hair decoration. Orange-blossoms were once a necessity, but now many brides choose another flower or else wear a wreath of leaves or of some kind of foliage. Myrtle, the bridal bloom of Germany, seems to be a special favourite. This has been worn by several important brides; among others, by Countess Gleichen, born the Hon. Sylvia Edwardes, once a Maid of Honour, and whose marriage took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in July, 1910. The Hon. Mrs. Frederick Guest, an American bride, had on her head a wreath of white roses; Lady Norman, wife of Sir Henry Norman, wore a wreath of gardenias; and Lady Edith O'Shee, formerly Lady Edith King-Tenison, had a wreath of white heather, which was sent from her home, Kilronan Castle, County Roscommon. Then the Hon. Mrs. Robert Grosvenor, another American bride, had a circlet of laurel leaves; and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Murray, a young widow, wore a wreath of leaves with a long lace mantilla. A few brides dispense with a wreath altogether. Lady Brooke, wife of Lord Brooke, and daughter of Sir William and Lady Eden, had no bridal wreath, but wore in her hair a silver fillet. And Viscountess Acheson, an American bride, had a cap of old lace under her white tulle veil, with over each ear a small spray of orange-blossom. She was a picture-bride of 1910.

"VISCOUNTESS ACHESON, AN AMERICAN BRIDE, HAD A CAP OF OLD LACE UNDER HER WHITE TULLE VEIL, AND OVER EACH EAR A SMALL SPRAY OF ORANGE-BLOSSOM. SHE WAS A PICTURE-BRIDE."
From a Photograph by Rita Martin.

Wedding veils are either of lace, tulle, or chiffon, and of these the two latter are the most becoming. But a few brides are the happy wearers of historic lace veils which have been in their families for generations. A veil that will be an heirloom was that worn by Theresa Countess of Shrewsbury in 1855, and has since been used by her three daughters, Muriel Viscountess Helmsley, Lady Guendolen Little, and the Marchioness of Londonderry; and in more recent days by her grandchildren, the Hon. Mrs. Gervase Beckett and the Countess of Ilchester. Then the Jersey earldom owns a precious lace veil which covered the head of the famous Sarah Countess of Jersey in 1804, and which was

"LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS'S BRIDESMAIDS' DRESSES WERE COPIES OF ROBES IN BOTTICELLI'S PICTURE, 'PRIMAVERA' (SPRINGTIME)." *From a Photograph by* [*Topical.*

worn by the reigning Countess in 1872, by her three daughters, the Countess of Longford, Lady Dynevor, and Lady Dunsany; and in 1908 by her pretty daughter-in-law, Viscountess Villiers. The Pembroke family own a veil of priceless lace which was worn by the present Countess of Pembroke, and by her daughter-in-law, Lady Herbert, in 1904. The Marchioness of Bute wore a bridal veil which had been used by her mother, and was given to her grandmother, a Countess of Gainsborough, by Queen Adelaide. The Hon. Mrs. Dyson-Laurie, born the Hon. Gwen Molesworth, wore a wedding veil which had been used by a Viscountess Molesworth as long ago as the year 1735. Veils such as these are worn with pride by their present possessors.

The question of "to be or not to be" on the subject of jewels worn by brides at their weddings seems to come up with much persistence. Women of the best taste prefer pearls, and wear a pearl necklace and sometimes a pair of pearl earrings. And this in spite of the fact that pearls are reckoned as unlucky by those of us who deal in superstitions. A diamond necklace, often given by the bridegroom, is worn by a few brides, and rubies and emeralds have been the choice of more than one well-known *mariée*. Lady Aline Vivian, sister to the Earl of Portarlington, braved fate and wore opals on the day of her marriage; but she was safe, as she had been born in October. There seems now to be a dead set against a bride wearing a diamond tiara; a jewelled crown is perhaps thought too garish an ornament to wear at so solemn a ceremony. But even now some of us can remember the high tiara of turquoises and diamonds worn by Princess Pless, a fairy-tale bride of 1891.

Brides who are called Rose, May, Myrtle, Daisy, Lily, Ivy, or Violet usually represent their names by the bouquets they carry or by the way in which their gowns are embroidered, and sometimes their nationality is shown in the same manner.

Bridesmaids have moved with the times in a marked degreee. In days of old bridesmaids' frocks were dull in design and faulty in execution. Then the so-called "picture" hat held its own, and the changes were rung on straw in summer and felt in winter. But as taste advanced we learnt to think for ourselves and to dress in a more artistic fashion. Of late the pretty, old-world style has been revived of bridesmaids wearing frocks of pure white, with white tulle veils, and on their heads a wreath of flowers; while in other cases they often have a small cap or some such dainty contrivance. For instance, the Hon. Mrs. Sandars (once the

Hon. Maud Graves) let her bridesmaids wear big Alsatian bows of soft mauve silk as headgear.

Brides who belong to the artistic set think out some charming creations. Lady Violet Charteris's bridesmaids' dresses were copies of robes in Botticelli's picture, "Primavera" (Springtime). They were in cream *crêpe de Chine*, embroidered with many-shaded flowers in pink, green, red, blue, and yellow; and the gowns had underskirts of red velvet, the bridesmaids wearing on their heads cream tulle caps, trimmed over the ears with red roses. Lady Worsley's bridesmaids looked notably well with their Charles I. gowns and mob caps made of gold lace and oxidized silver, and with small bows of black ribbon velvet as a trimming.

Of late yet another American fashion has been seen at smart weddings in London. This is the introduction of "matrons of honour," which means that three or four smart young married women appear among the bride's attendants. At a wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, there were four "matrons of honour," chosen from among the married sisters of the bride and bridegroom. Three bridesmaids, dressed in white, walked first, and were followed by the matrons, who wore rose velvet frocks and cream lace "granny" caps and big cream lace muffs, each trimmed with rose ribbons. The effect was perfect.

But the greatest innovation of all is the return of the groomsmen. During the last year or two they have been seen at several

"AT A COUNTRY WEDDING THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM DROVE AWAY ON A FOUR-IN-HAND COACH, WHILE THE BRIDE HANDLED THE RIBBONS." *From a Photograph by* [*Central News.*

Lady Bute's bridesmaids were dressed as Irish peasants at her wedding in 1905. Recent brides have increased the number of their attendants. In these days there are often a round dozen of bridesmaids, and Lady Dorothy D'Oyley Carte had eight bridesmaids and six pages—fourteen small followers.

Another novelty is for the bridesmaids to precede instead of follow the bride up the church on her way to the altar. In America this style seems almost universal. Sometimes the first bridesmaid is escorted by the best man; the rest follow in procession, and, last of all, comes the bride, whose train may perhaps be carried by two small girls or a couple of pages.

marriages, and brides, bridegrooms, and bridesmaids (especially the latter) wonder why they ever went out of favour. They are always useful, and certainly add to the spectacular effect of the ceremony. At the above-mentioned weddings the old custom was revived of six groomsmen, who accompanied the six bridesmaids as they followed the bride to the altar. The fact that to-day we use the term "best man" is evidence of this old-time fashion. "Best man" really means the best groomsman, just as we now speak of a first bridesmaid.

The "going away" of the happy pair is also done with a difference. Motors have now taken the place of broughams or victorias, and the chauffeur has sometimes

sealed orders, so that no one is aware of the arranged destination. But this is a trifle prosaic as compared with the splendid send-off that was given to some ultra smart brides and bridegrooms even within recent memories. Prince and Princess Münster, then Count and Countess Alexander Münster, drove away for their honeymoon in an open carriage with four horses and postilions; and so did the late Earl of Airlie and his bride, the Countess of Airlie; and also Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring for their sixteen-mile journey to Esher Place, Sir Edgar and Lady Helen Vincent's country house in Surrey.

In recent years several startling novelties have been seen at country weddings. At one of these the bride and bridegroom drove away on a four-in-hand coach, while the bride handled the ribbons. At a Devonshire wedding the bride, who was of sporting tastes, was escorted to the church by the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, and on her return with her newly-wed husband was accompanied by the Taunton Vale Foxhounds. At another Devonshire wedding the bride was followed to the altar by her favourite white bulldog, which was decorated with white favours for the occasion. And another bride, in Sussex, made her wedding journey in a carriage drawn by six white-rosetted gun-horses driven by an artilleryman in full uniform. London, however, does not lend itself to these eccentricities.

The simplicity or splendour of a wedding, of course, depends on the purse and proclivities of those to be married. But the smartness of society marriages is no doubt on the increase; presents become more numerous and of far greater value, and the toilettes worn by bride, bridesmaids, and wedding guests are often of great beauty and splendour. Trousseaux, on the other hand, seem to diminish in bulk, if not in price, and for the simple reason that a gown made in March is out of date in May, and a hat that looks perfect in April becomes dowdy and *démodé* in July. So the actual number of articles has been greatly reduced during the last decade, and the vast sums spent go in quality and in elaborate hand-work to meet the claims of London and Paris dressmakers. Many a modern bride goes off on her honeymoon with a small outfit that would have astonished her mother and grandmother; and this quite irrespective of her wealth or social position. For instance, such a notable bride as Lady Burton, now a peeress in her own right, and then the Hon. Nellie Bass, only child of the late Lord Burton, had what in old days would have been thought a restricted trousseau. Her jewels were splendid, but the number of gowns, cloaks, hats, etc., were kept down to a reasonable number.

Of late the trousseau of London society has taken a hint from the *corbeille* of the Continent. Lace, fur, costly stuffs, and materials, such as silks, velvets, etc., are included in the bride's outfit; and also dainty devices in ribbon-work, with many sorts of hand-made embroideries. Rich fabrics are brought from abroad by her friends and admirers, among which may often be found lengths of *crêpe de Chine*, and soft silks, satins, and brocades from India, China, and Japan. There are also many other treasures, such as dressing-boxes with antique fittings, jewel-cases that have a history, curious clasps and buckles, quaint combs, gold purses and bags, richly-bound books, exquisite bric-à-brac for the toilet-table, and—perhaps best of all—some fine pieces of old furniture. Trousseaux are comprehensive in 1912.

Recent years have seen some notable trousseaux, which included fine furs, exquisite lingerie, and many gowns of great beauty and value. Among these were the wedding outfits of the Marchioness of Crewe, once Lady Peggy Primrose; the Marchioness of Graham, born Lady Mary Hamilton; the Countess of Carnarvon, formerly Miss Almina Wombwell; the Countess of Ilchester, *née* Lady Helen Stewart; Viscountess Castlereagh, daughter of Mr. Henry Chaplin; and Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, who was Miss Mary Burns, of New York. A pleasing feature of these trousseaux was the way in which home industries were benefited and encouraged. Each bride ordered Irish and Scotch products—lace, poplin, tweeds, serges, and homespuns.

A contrast to such splendid outfits was that of the lady who married Mr. Whistler. The story goes that Mr. Labouchere met her two days before the wedding. "I see you are in a hurry," said he; "you must have a lot to do, getting your trousseau and so on?" "I am just getting my trousseau," she admitted, "but it won't take long. All I want is a new tooth-brush and a new comb!" This remark proves that there are different standards even in the matter of trousseaux. But the modern bride does well to spend, as by this means she employs labour and benefits the trade of the community.

THE INHERITANCE.

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier.

"DRINK up! You're not half doing your share." Patterson filled up his guest's glass to the brim. "Have some galantine? Help yourself—that's better. Butter? Here you are. Got everything? Let me see; you were saying something. Oh, yes; I remember. Yes—it *is* a jolly old house. Got its history, too, like most of them!"

Ronald Wingate, with his mouth full, could not, at that moment, manage to say more. He swallowed his bread hastily; was about to ask for details; his lips were parting in the very act of speech.

"Wha——?"

The question ended on that half-spoken word. There was a noise like the noise of ten cart-whips cracked at a word of command; then a bang; the sound of wood falling on a roof of glass, which is like no other sound in the world; then the crash of glass falling—falling on to flower-pot and concrete; and a wind-sough like a wounded giant's sigh. The curtain at the foot of the spiral staircase was lifted a foot from the floor; it swung heavily inwards, then dropped, the bottom of it finding the bottommost stair. In the silver branching candelabra candles guttered and smoked. Ronald Wingate found himself half standing, half sitting in his pushed-back castored chair.

"Good heavens! I say—what's happened? That noise—what was it?"

He stopped; pulled up shamefacedly, made quiet by Patterson's calm. The nerves of an ex-amateur heavy-weight champion, who plays golf on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, and rides before breakfast seven days a week, are not the nerves of an overworked, overstrung young solicitor who lives alone, and who has the education of four young sisters on his hands.

"It's all right—it's only a branch that's fallen on to the conservatory; if this wind lasts there'll be more damage than that. Beastly nuisance, but there's no helping it—the glass-houses shouldn't be in so stupid a place. Gad! hark at that!"

There was a wail like the cry of a fallen angel; the wind lifted the bottom of that curtain from the bottommost stair to the floor again; once more, in that ancient hall which the Pattersons made their dining-room, the candles guttered and smoked.

"No wonder there was no cab at the station—it would have been bowled across the heath into one of those disused quarries in no time; we were nearly blown away as it was. Don't let the wind bustle you—this is a barn of a house, you know. Get on with your supper. Have some more to drink?"

"Thanks," said Ronald Wingate. "Thank you; I will."

It was all that he could blurt out. He was ashamed; ashamed and miserable with the shame and misery of a self-conscious person who knows his shortcomings too well. And he began to eat, hastily, ravenously, to hide what he knew that he showed. Patterson, eating leisurely, watched the long, thin, nervous face. He was out of sympathy with Ronald; he didn't understand him and didn't much want to; he was annoyed with him; he felt an ever-growing contempt. Yet because of his wife's asking he had been generous enough to his guest.

"Be good to Ronnie Wingate, Harry," Mrs. Patterson had written from Zurich. "Be good to him and take him to some theatres and ask him down for week-ends, and give him lots to eat. He's had a dreadful time of it; and he's got to keep all those sisters, and his partner's a perfect beast. Besides, I'm sure you'll like him once you get to know him; and though, of course, he *is* horribly self-conscious he'll soon get over it, and it all comes from living alone." While to that long and affectionate letter, such a one as any man might be glad to get from the wife of his bosom, the last, and fifth, postscript was this:—

"*Remember; be good to Ronnie Wingate and give him lots to eat.*"

But giving people lots to eat is not everything, which Patterson, somehow, didn't always see.

He had dined Ronald handsomely at the Trocadero; then had taken him to the

Empire; they had come home by the last train; had walked up from Blackheath Station; and they sat now in the long, many-doored, draughty, rug-covered hall of that early-Georgian house. The table was large, beautiful, gate-legged, and inconvenient; the chairs were comfortable, high-backed. Against the far wall stood an ancient dresser, huge and pewter-stacked; against other walls glass-fronted cupboards, crammed with decanter and dish. On the mantelpiece candlesticks innumerable; big, middle-sized, tiny; brass, every one of them; and brazen ornaments besides. On the hearth, which glowed warmly, fire-dogs and nail-studded bellows; under a window a narrow refectory table, shining and smooth-faced. At that end of the room from which no door opened a staircase, spiral, steepish, before which hung that wind-stirred curtain, where a sentinel goddess of plaster held high aloft a lamp. Over all the doors, and over the shuttered windows, curtains both soft and thick. On the table, a feast after the heart of the giver: a supper cold, delicious, savouring of Soho. Oysters had been there and anchovies; olives, tongues, and jellies; long rolls of bread—by the crusty, Gallic yard—and butter in round flat pats. With wine—white wine—to crown it: a meal Bohemian and rare.

And Ronald Wingate wasn't enjoying himself; Patterson saw it and was wrath. The fellow ate—but without appreciation. He was nervous, horribly nervous; his face showed it; his hands, his lips betrayed. He had small tricks, curious affectations; he twitched his throat at intervals, threw up his chin perpetually, never seeming quite at ease. Patterson, who had not done a day's work since he left Oxford, highly disapproved.

"Fellow's a funk; a born funk," he told himself. "A blooming, beastly funk. He's no earthly right to go jumping about at a little bit of noise. Hang it all, he deserves frightening! Jove, I *will* frighten him!—and then I'll slang him for being afraid." So—he had been one of those boys who bully not from viciousness but from lack of imagination—he began to play upon Ronald Wingate's nervousness on the homœopathic plan.

"Yes, we were talking about the house," he began, carelessly. "It *is* a rum old place—though the Saxon part of it is altogether gone. Wat Tyler—he's buried in that clump of trees we passed just outside the garden; got into it, and pretty well razed it down. Then, afterwards, Sir Thomas More lived here—he and Erasmus used to walk in the garden—and Raleigh had it for a little while; and later on it was bought by a clock-maker to one of the Georges—and *he* had it rebuilt. Those rooms there"—Patterson pointed over Ronald Wingate's shoulder—"those rooms—through the door, at the back of you—they've all got special-shaped windows where the beggars used to work. And then"—though Patterson was no actor the night, the wind, his lowered voice gave the atmosphere he wanted for his words—"and then—it's a nasty story—there was the murder!"

"The murder!"

"Yes—oh, yes, it's famous—quite." (Patterson, bully but well-meaning, rejoiced at Ronald's start.) "It was a sort of—Gad! how that wind howls!—a sort of—what's the play? Oh, I know—Paolo and Francesca—same kind of thing without the men being brothers. You see, the watchmaker——"

Patterson paused deliberately, as he had heard boys pause when telling ghost stories at school. And again the wind soughed and the curtain lifted, and the candles in that Briarean candelabra guttered and smoked and flamed.

"The watchmaker," began Ronald Wingate, with easy uneasiness—the gust had by then outblown itself—"the watchmaker—did he——?"

"Of course he did. He'd a pretty wife and a young foreman, and one afternoon he came home from London—either by design or accident—and found them with their arms round each other's waists——"

"And he—killed them?"

"Killed them? Of course he did. Mr. Watchmaker—it couldn't very well have been by accident that he came home from London—shoots the pair of them dead, and cuts his own throat. No one would take the place for years afterwards; but at last things got forgotten and would have stayed forgotten if my uncle hadn't ferreted it out."

"Your uncle?" The voice, as it echoed Patterson's, had in it a curious *timbre;* a crushed-back yet still perceptible thrill of discomfort and fear. "Your uncle—did *he* live here?"

"Lord, yes. Loved it. Never went outside the garden for the last ten years of his life. Spent his time cataloguing his china and reconstructing the crime. I've got his monograph somewhere. Lend it you to read in bed, if you like."

"Thank you—thank you very much." Ronald Wingate, like all men, was afraid of seeming afraid. But again his voice thrilled with that crushed-back, perceptible fear.

Patterson hid the smile that would widen,

and crossed to a bureau by the wall. The wind wailed again; once more the curtain swung. Ronald Wingate glanced over his shoulder nervously—and met Patterson's eyes.

"Here you are—makes good reading. My uncle didn't spare any pains."

Ronald Wingate took the brochure and read the title aloud:—

"*The Crime at Wat Tyler's House: as reconstructed by Joshua Patterson (with map and diagrams).*"

And Patterson, standing beside the reader, saw mouth and lip a-twitch. The devil entered into him as he watched.

"Old boy spent six months solid on it—and *then* wasn't satisfied. Couldn't ever make up his mind about the room."

"The room? Oh—er—yes—you mean the room where—where the watchmaker——?"

"That's it. I don't think my uncle ever did feel satisfied about it—even to the last. I always said it was in the drawing-room."

Patterson paused.

"Yes," said Ronald Wingate, nervously. "Yes."

Patterson waited a moment; then he looked hard at his guest.

"You aren't nervous?" he asked, with a sneer which he just couldn't keep back.

Ronald Wingate paused in turn. He knew, instinctively, what was coming now.

"Er—not—er—not particularly. Why?"

Patterson sat there smiling; saw—a child could have seen it—that Ronald Wingate was more than nervous; that he was being worked up to a state of real fear. But since, as he believed, he bullied Ronald Wingate for Ronald Wingate's good, he did not cease—but enlarged.

"It's rum," he went on—his own feeling of robust superiority increasing at each word—"but my uncle, finally, hit upon the room by the drawing-room—a sort of boudoir—as the spot where the killing was done. But, of course, it's a boudoir no longer—the drawing-room's large enough for anything—and so we've made it into a bedder; and it's there that the maids have put you for to-night. If you see any visions"—Patterson laughed—"well, sing out, and I'll come running along. I'm just above you—on the next floor."

"Right," said Rona d Wingate. "If I see the watchmaker, I'll shout."

His voice—that outward and visible sign of an inward and increasing misery—rang tell-tale upon Patterson's ears. Then—because, though kind and generous-hearted, he was utterly without sympathy and understanding—Patterson did not cease, even now. He kept up the attack; sought to throw Ronald Wingate into such a sea of terror that, struggling there, his guest should lose fear and swim, courageous, to the shore.

"It won't be the watchmaker only," he went on. "It'll be the deaders, too. And, by Jove"—he broke off and laughed boisterously—"you may even see a burglar as well."

"A burglar!"

"Yes; why not? This lonely old house is the very place for them—goodness knows I've had warnings enough. And now that I'm selling the china there's all the more chance they should come."

Ronald Wingate stared; felt more than ever uneasy; yet failed to understand.

"Your china—selling it—why should that want to make them come?"

"Because"—Patterson, now thoroughly enjoying himself, held Ronald's eyes with his own—"because it'll go to the nation—or to someone who'll keep it in a safer place. Christie's people are fetching it on Monday—and to-night and to-morrow night are the only chances left. My uncle gave eleven thousand five hundred for it—it's worth twice that now. And it would be worth a chap's while to collar some of it and get it off to America even at the risk of a scrap. You might, Wingate"—Patterson spoke with pretended reflection—"you might be in for a busy night."

"B-but how should they know about it? W-why s-should anyone choose one of these two nights?"

"Because"—Patterson spoke slowly—"because of the papers; they've all had news of the sale. The *Telegraph* gave it half a column; and not one of them but has paragraphed it since. No"—Patterson's voice sounded positively hopeful—"now or never for Mr. Burglar while the stuff's in this lonely old house."

There was a long silence. Ronald Wingate the jaded looked at Patterson the fit; felt, in the actual atmosphere, the big man's hostility and contempt.

"Finished?" asked Patterson, suddenly. "Anything more to eat?"

"N-no, thanks. I've d-done excellently."

"Very well, then, we'll turn in. But I'll show you the china first." And Patterson, feeling that it was like walking a nervous horse up to some straw or sacking at which he had shied, grinned to himself and led the way upstairs. Ronald Wingate followed. They came to the first floor. Patterson

"PATTERSON SLID BACK A PANEL, TOOK OUT PIECE AFTER PIECE, AND SHOWED RONALD WINGATE THE ANCIENT CRESCENT-MARKINGS."

opened a door, went in, touched the switches, and the room blazed into light.

The room was wide and oblong, furnished (Mrs. Patterson was tasteful) in keeping with the Adam mantelpiece; not overpictured nor crowded in any way. One side of it, almost, was French windows; they gave upon a balcony, opposite which was the room's one door—the door by which Ronald Wingate and Patterson had come in. To the left,

against the far wall, was a row of glass-panelled, sliding-doored cupboards on high and strutted frames. Patterson touched other switches; the china flashed into relief.

Patterson slid back a panel, took out piece after piece, and showed Ronald Wingate the ancient crescent-markings; crescents with E in their centre or a man's face framed in a yet young moon; squares containing crosses with crescents on their top, like squares with ball cornerings; Chinese hieroglyphs; crossed swords; an anchor; feathers; a crown. As he replaced the last vase the wind came swirling round veranda and cornice, shook shutters and rattled the glass. Patterson, who had been thinking of the china and the china's value, remembered why he was there.

"Worth burgling—what?" he said, and swung upon his guest as he spoke.

"Worth"— Ronald Wingate forced himself to think of the china, not of the hinted crime—"worth—what did you say? Eleven thousand odd?"

"That's what my uncle *gave* for it. It's worth twice that now; some of the pieces are absolutely unique. But I shall know more in the morning. A man I know at Eltham—South Kensington expert—is coming round at ten. He'll run through the lot of it—if it's still there."

"If! But that's abs——"

"It's a jolly place to burgle," interrupted Patterson; "easy, too. There's a veranda all round this floor, all round your bedroom as well. Nothing easier than for someone to get a ladder, prise open the shutters, and there you are. See?"

"Yes—I see," said Ronald Wingate, whose tired-out body and shattered nerves worked upon his imagination; made him visualize his thoughts. "I say"—Patterson's personality, big, boisterous, hostile, was, with Patterson's words, making him faint and sick —"I say, d-do you mind if I turn in?"

There was a pause, during which, in his self-conscious shamefacedness, Ronald Wingate suffered the tortures of the accursed. Then Patterson touched off the switches and strode across the room. He went out, waited till Ronald was beside him, then opened a door beyond.

"That's your room," he said. "Good night; I hope you'll sleep well. Yell out if you see the deaders; shout if that burglar comes!" And contempt, just masked enough to hurt the hearer, was plain to read in his voice. Then he shut the door upon Ronald and left him at last alone.

"*The Crime at Wat Tyler's House.*"

Ronald Wingate shuddered, put the booklet on the dressing-table—put it there face downwards—and began to undress.

He undressed hurriedly, jumping into bed hastily, as if in flight from Patterson's story, and the wind, and the large, terrifying spaciousness of his room. He was tired, and sleep invaded him; he slept soundly for a time. He awoke with a start — to find himself in pitch darkness on the floor, fleeing from an oppression: a clutch at his windpipe, his throat. Shivering, he turned to bed again. A second time he was awake. Once more sleep invaded him: once more he woke with a start. He heard something; he sat upright; he listened, leaned forward, looked into utter blackness for what he could not see. The sound ceased. Though the wind had somewhat fallen, he could hear nothing but the dull, dead downpour of rain.

Then the sound came again.

"It's my nerves, my nerves!"—so his brain shouted to him.

But truth—slow truth—glimpsed on to him; and then, in a flash, he knew—and was out upon the floor.

Something had touched, was touching—yet still shifted—on the veranda-rail outside. That something was groping, seeking—seeking security; it grated with faintness; and the answering wood thrilled to its sockets; thrilled, as it seemed, to that cold, benumbing floor. Then, with a little jerk, the thing that shifted seemed to stay quite still. And the noise ceased—but not before Ronald Wingate had known it for the scrape, scrape of a ladder on the wide veranda-rail.

There came a gap of silence. In it Ronald Wingate, standing there—his hair retorted, his skin as gooseflesh — heard the slow ascending, the careful setting of a leg across the rail. Then—the sound was unmistakable—feet meeting, moving upon the grating, groaning planks. And after that a panting—fierce, distressful — the mighty effort of a human being sore put to it to breathe. Then a light—dazzling, momentary—flashed at the bedroom window, ceasing as soon as sent. More panting; more footsteps in their passage over the planks; footsteps retreating, more faintly sounding, but most audible yet. A pause —a wrench—a turning—a gasp—a silence—a gasp again—another wrench—the pushing open of windows—and no more.

And the heart of the hearer stood still for one long second, then galloped forward, pounding at his breast. Then moral courage and character conquered nerves which fate

had made frail. Ronald Wingate felt for the poker, snatched it, drew curtain swiftly, opened windows, then lightly stepped beyond. He tiptoed forward, feeling at the wall. The wall ceased. He found a window wide.

It was dark—dark as Erebus; he could see nothing; but he could hear. A panting sound persisted; dominated all else. It was not burglary, but a fire? To prove it came a sudden crackle—a match leaped into flame. Ronald Wingate, coward and hero, stayed his hand no more. He rushed forward, feeling for the switch. There was, ere he touched it, a gasp, a groan, a clumsy, ponderous turn. "I must dash at him—I must dash at him," thought Ronald; "the lights will dazzle him.

"AND THEN HE SAW CLEAR—SAW A MOUNTAIN OF TERROR, WHO STARTED, ROOTED TO THE FLOOR."

as if some half-choked monster fought for life and breath.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

What was it? What was that sound like the impact of water upon glass? What was it? What—a smell, nauseating, sickly, rose and filled the room. It was oil—oil of paraffin—and someone was throwing it on the china cabinets, panting as he threw. And the object of the thrower? There was no room for doubt. What else but brute destruction; I must strike before he shoots." He touched the switch, the lights blazed, and he made ready to leap and rush. But him, too, the brightness dazzled; his eyes were fogged and tricked. And then he saw clear—saw a mountain of terror, who stared, rooted to the floor.

He was gross; he was colossal; he was vast to the point of monstrousness—his cheeks swelled out and bulking, his chin beringed with gross and pendulous flesh. His eyes

were as pig's eyes, hidden and cradled in fat. His hands were like a giant's hands. His neck was huge as a bull's.

Ronald Wingate, at the sight and size of him, at the amazing horror that he was, stayed immovable, held by amazement, not fear. The man - monster was apparently unarmed. The match, still burning, licked at his fingers; then, undropped, was consumed. The eyes—the little pig's eyes, half hidden in their frames of flesh, with the awful terror that they mirrored—stay with Ronald still.

Then—to this duel of looks, to Ronald Wingate's strange calm courage, and to the wordless terror of Ronald Wingate's huge protagonist—came a new happening, a fresh party to the scene. Behind the mountain—where he stood, now, in the room's centre—the door was flung open, and a man in pyjamas, pistol-holding, dashed in.

"Patterson!"

The name—and no more than the name—left Ronald Wingate's lips. For, like him, at the sight of the vast unknown, Patterson, too, stayed still. It was the unknown who moved. He turned; he twisted; gasped, turned back again, hung, swayed, half-toppled, his lips working, his throat muscles throbbing, his great breast heaving; the whole huge frame of him seeming to fight against asphyxiation, as fights a landed fish.

And suddenly he collapsed, gasped a shriek at the watchers, gave at the knees, and fell, dull and huddled, to the floor.

"YOU'RE RIGHT, HE IS DYING—IT'S A STROKE OR SOMETHING—A FIT."

"Good God!" cried Patterson and Ronald Wingate in one breath. "Good God!"

Ronald Wingate ran forward. Patterson waved him back.

"Don't touch him, Wingate. Leave him alone."

"He's dying!"

"Dying? He may be foxing. Wait, I tell you—wait!"

Ronald Wingate hesitated. Patterson stood motionless, his pistol pointed at the bunched and shapeless mass. Then suddenly he came forward, dropped the revolver,

fell upon his knees, and tore at the Shakespeare collar, opening waistcoat and shirt.

"You're right, he *is* dying—it's a stroke or something—a fit. Brandy—get the brandy—on the table—down in the hall."

Ronald Wingate—he knew, better than Patterson, the signs that tell of death—rushed out, ran down, and came back. Patterson snatched at the decanter, pouring the spirit between the open lips. There was no response to the pouring. Patterson set ear to the breast; tried pulse at wrist and temples; then looked across the body at his guest.

"He is dying!" It was statement, not question, from Ronald Wingate now.

"He's dead—dead as mutton. It's his heart—I tell you he's dead." And Patterson straightened the great limbs, took a long, worked chair-back protector, and set it over the distorted face. Then, from either side of the fallen, each asked question of each:—

"Who is he?"

"A burglar, man—what else should he——"

"No; he isn't a burglar. Burglars steal—not burn. Look!" Ronald Wingate pointed. "Look—at that can—down there!"

Patterson followed his finger; then started; for the first time knew and found words for that sickly smell of which he had been unconsciously conscious since he had flung wide the door.

"It's paraffin. The fiend! the devil!" (the proprietary instinct leaped furious into speech). "He was—— Wingate, look at the cabinets—look, I tell you—look!"

It was a sight strange, incredible; it was an act, puerile, unreasoned; a deed of utter folly—or a deed of uncalculating despair. Paraffin had been flung at the glass; from glass, smooth-faced, unreceptive, paraffin had dripped to woodwork, was still dripping to the floor. A man in his senses—unless made mad by fear—would have poured oil on carpet or curtain, not flung it where it would not avail. But the folly proved the purpose. It was the china, not the house, the china that the unknown—the monster had come there to destroy. With the certainty came solution, explanation. Patterson blurted his theory out.

"I've got it! He wasn't a burglar—he was a collector."

"A collector?"

"Yes. Can't you see? There was a piece here—perhaps several pieces—which were the duplicates of his own—the only existing duplicates. He was a crank—like my uncle—he had lived with his stuff till he'd got cracked about it—and then he hears of the sale. His—his kink made him mad on this one subject — and so he comes here to destroy, and to enhance the value of his own stuff fifty-fold by making it unique. Lots of people are mad on *one* thing—like *this* chap—and, well, there you are. But"—Patterson looked at the china that was going to Christie's—"but hang me if it's worth the life of a man!"

Ronald Wingate said nothing; the reaction was beginning to tell. He was tired, jaded, exhausted, and played out; it didn't matter, somehow, if fifty men died or fifty fellows threw paraffin. He spoke without expression; he moved like a mechanical toy.

"Yes," he said, very dully. "Yes — I suppose you're right. I agree with you; it isn't worth the life of a man." And as dully as he had spoken he passed out through the door which his host held open—and locked.

"Better get on a dressing-gown and come down and drink something," came Patterson's suggestion. "You'll find me in the hall." Ronald Wingate went into his bedroom, got into an overcoat (which is the dressing-gown of the indigent), and obeyed. Patterson mixed the drink; mixed it very strong.

"Sit down and lap that up; it'll do you good. I'll telephone—the police-station—now."

Patterson walked to the receiver; turned the handle at its side, then set the ear-piece to his ear.

"Halloa! Halloa, there! Halloa, Exchange! Oh—hang the people!" Patterson rang again. There was no answer, no sound, save now and then a wind-shriek and the pitiless downpour of the rain. Patterson rang many times before he understood.

"That wind must have broken the wire or something—I can't make the beggars hear. Blessed if I'm going to turn out in this rain—the heath's as dark as pitch. We shall have to wait till morning—or till the rain shuts up."

"Yes—yes—I see," said Ronald Wingate, who had consumed his whisky and reclined in his high-backed chair. And he closed his eyes in spite of himself—opened them once or twice, saw Patterson sitting opposite to him, felt vaguely that his host's eyes were not contemptuous, but held sympathy and were kind. Then he knew no more.

He woke—to find himself in his bedroom—blinds up—daylight full—Patterson sitting beside him, proffering tea. Ronald Wingate rubbed his eyes bewilderedly, sat up, fell

"'PLUCKY! I——' RONALD WINGATE STARED AT HIM. 'PLUCKY! WHY, I WAS FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.'"

back; then sat up once more. Time and place came back to him, with them memory, and, after memory, speech.

"The china," he blurted—"the china—the chap in the drawing-room—and the paraffin. I haven't—I say—I haven't dreamed it? It isn't like a chap in a story—it isn't—I know it's not a dream."

"No. Take this." Patterson spoke slowly, giving cup and saucer into Ronald's hand. "No—it wasn't a dream — he's there—in the drawing-room—and the police are here, too. But I let you sleep on."

"But"—Ronald Wingate paused, the cup suspended midway between saucer and mouth—"but I went to sleep downstairs. How did I get here? How on earth——"

"Oh, that's all right. I carried you. You aren't all that heavy, you know. You were doggy-tired and you never moved a muscle. Awful rum thing, that!"

Patterson laughed rather awkwardly. Ronald Wingate felt shamed. He had been feeble—he always was feeble—tired out by nothing—now. Then Patterson began again.

"I say," he said, suddenly, "you were most awfully plucky, you know."

"Plucky! I——" Ronald Wingate stared at him. "Plucky! Why, I was frightened to death."

"*Before;* yes, I know you were. But not when the beggar came. You dashed out like a Trojan — to save my property; and if I hadn't heard him, and you'd had a scrap—well, weight tells, and you might——"

Patterson broke off. Ronald Wingate said nothing, not knowing what to say. This was a new Patterson—not the Patterson of that midnight supper who had tried to bully him into fear.

"I was a beast to you over that watch-maker business," began Patterson, again. "No end of a beast—and about the china, too. Tried to frighten you into being ashamed of yourself—when it was I that ought to have been ashamed."

"Oh, but I *was* a coward! I——"

"No, you weren't—*I* was. I've had things out with myself, sitting alone all night. And I owe you something else besides an apology. Look here—I want you to take over my business."

"Your business!"

"Yes—from Fullerton, Floyd, and Maclise. They've got more than they know what to do with, and you're to have my part of it and——"

"But it isn't etiqu——"

"Etiquette be hanged!" Patterson hid the jam of reparation in the powder of noisy reproof. "It's my affair who I make my solicitors—and you're to have it. Don't argue. Consider it settled. See!"

"I see." Ronald Wingate, who had made his protest, now protested no more. "Thanks awfully—awfully——"

"Rot! You deserve it. Shut up! I think——" There was a knock at the door. "Halloa there—come in!"

A maid entered, neat-capped and trim.

"Mr. Morson, sir. He's in the hall."

"Thank you. I'll be down immediately." The maid departed. "That's the South Kensington Johnny. Expert, don't you know. Wonder if the nation will buy it, Wingate, or if America will get the lot? Jove, when you come to think of it, it was a lucky escape."

Ronald Wingate shuddered. He was remembering too much. And then, "Who was he?" he asked, suddenly. "Do—do the police know?"

"Not a bit of it. Never seen him, they say; but it'll be easy to find out. He—a man like that must be well known. But, hang it all, Wingate"—Patterson quailed before memory—"hang it all, it's a beast of an affair. You bustle and dress, now. Then come along down."

Patterson went out loudly. Ronald Wingate lay abed, thinking of the night's happenings, pondering upon what Patterson's business meant. Patterson was worth three hundred thousand — more, perhaps, than that. Fullerton and Floyd's loss would be Gibb and Wingate's gain. It meant health, holidays for himself, Girton for that eldest sister; it meant all that counted in the world. Ronald Wingate, realizing his luck, bent upon backing it, leaped to the floor. He bathed, and shaved and dressed; then, still thin, still pale and ill-looking, but his heart beating with a hope which had long been a stranger to him, he came on to the landing; heard voices in the hall.

He descended; saw, grouped with Patterson, a moustached man in uniform, and a man, fair, clean-shaven, impeccably attired. Patterson detached himself from them and came forward. His voice was serious, subdued.

"This is Mr. Wingate—Mr. Morson. I don't think you know each other. Wingate's my man of business—at least he's going to be—from now."

Morson—the very type of the upper Civil Servant—took Ronald Wingate's hand.

"How d'you do?" he said. "How d'you do?" And he added, "You are in for a very big thing."

"A big thing? Oh, yes. This—this burgl——"

But Patterson cut him short.

"He's found out—he's recognised. Morson knew him at once."

"Who *was* he? A crank—a collector?"

Morson shook his head; held the mystery still a moment more.

"There are two partners," he said, reflectively, "and—I'm *sure* an action will lie. You are certain" (Morson turned now to Patterson)—"you are absolutely certain that he bought everything for your uncle—everything—especially that——"

"Oh, rather! I have the bills, the correspondence about commission."

"I see." Morson reflected a moment. "Well, you'll recover—if you care to fight."

"Fight?" echoed Patterson. "Fight? I should rather think so. Why, they won't dare go into court." The expert nodded vigorously, approving Patterson's speech.

Ronald Wingate stared, utterly mystified; looking at them all in turn. "I don't follow you. What are you talking of? Who—who *is* he, after all?"

"He's Weiniger," Patterson answered him. "Weiniger, the great dealer—you must have heard his name."

"Yes; often. What was his object—what was he doing here?"

"He was here"—Morson stepped forward—"to save his reputation — his business existence—his liberty itself."

"His liberty—his business existence? I don't follow—I don't understand."

Patterson caught Ronald's arm quickly, giving him the truth at last.

"He bought the china for my uncle—as my uncle's agent—and he came here to burn the room out—to save himself from jail. Morson has examined every piece of the Worcester. It is a sham—and the marks are forged!"

The Twenty Greatest Men.

[The question, "Which are the twenty greatest men of the past?" was put to the leading historians and scholars of the day, who were supplied, by way of text, with a list made out by Mr. Carnegie.]

THE widespread interest occasioned by a recent article in THE STRAND on the Ten Greatest Living Men has suggested to a number of readers an extension of the idea so as to embrace not merely the ten but the twenty greatest men of the past. For the selection to be limited to ten was a great stumbling-block in the first symposium; but if the number were to be thus increased, the field of selection must be circumscribed within a definite period—to, say, the past thousand years or so. We start with the list of Mr. Carnegie, of which the rest are chiefly criticisms and adaptations.

"After mature deliberation," declares Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who, although a self-made man, has indulged in wide reading and reflection, "I have come to the conclusion that the twenty greatest men—the men to whom modern civilization owes most—are these:—

Shakespeare.
Morton, discoverer of ether.
Jenner, discoverer of vaccination.
Neilson, inventor of hot blast in manufacture of iron.
Lincoln.
Burns, the Scotch poet.
Gutenberg, inventor of printing.
Edison, applier of electricity.
Siemens, inventor of water meter.
Bessemer, inventor of steel process.
Mushet, inventor of steel process.
Columbus.
Watt, improvement on steam engine.
Bell, inventor of telephone.
Arkwright, inventor of cotton-spinning machinery.
Franklin, discoverer of electricity.
Murdock, first to employ coal as illuminant.
Hargreaves, inventor of spinning jenny.
Stephenson, inventor of locomotive.
Symington, inventor of rotary engine."

Of course, any list of the twenty greatest men must be pure personal opinion, and the opinion of an historian, or an historical scholar, a man trained, so to speak, in historical and biographical values, is likely to be very different from that of a successful man of business. Thus the Rev. Dr. H. A. James, President of St. John's College, Oxford, forwards to the Editor of THE STRAND the following list, which is a far different thing from Mr. Carnegie's:—

Shakespeare.	Newton.
Milton.	Galileo.
Bacon.	Harvey.
Goethe.	Arkwright.
Kant.	Stephenson.
Luther.	Darwin.
Beethoven.	Edison.
Raphael.	Napoleon.
Columbus.	Pitt.
Gutenberg.	Bismarck.

The difficulty of selection which besets so many is felt keenly by the historian, Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, author of "The Life of Charlemagne," who contributes the following very interesting remarks:—

"I have compiled a list of the twenty great men to whom may be attributed the advance in our modern civilization. Following the precedent of Mr. Carnegie, I have introduced names great in literature as well as in the mechanical arts, though I think it would have been better to keep these two classes entirely separate. I am by no means satisfied with my list, which I know contains far too large a proportion of Englishmen. The inventor of photography ought to find a place in it. I believe this honour may be rightly claimed for our own countryman, Talbot, but I am not sufficiently sure of this to insert his name. Napoleon ought certainly to be here, if it could be understood

GUTENBERG.

DANTE.

LUTHER.

RAPHAEL.

that he ranks here not as warrior, but as legislator and sweeper-away of old feudal encumbrances. Leibnitz also, as discoverer of the differential calculus, should certainly be included. If room is wanted for these three names I am afraid it would have to be obtained by the sacrifice (which I should regret) of Davy, Kant, and Kelvin. Dante's name is inserted, not so much because of the grandeur of his poetry as by reason of his demonstration that a great poem could be written in a modern vernacular language.

"I am not," he adds, "satisfied with the omission of Darwin's name, and perceive to my sorrow that I have omitted some great discoverers, as Vasco da Gama, Magellan, Cook, and Livingstone."

"By a singular coincidence," writes Mr. G. F. Wolseley, "some years ago Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley himself drew up a list of the twenty greatest men according to his reading of modern history, which THE

COLUMBUS.

RICHELIEU.

STRAND may care to publish." The list is as follows:—

Galileo.	Richelieu.
Leonardo da Vinci.	Cervantes.
Machiavelli.	Peter the Great.
Shakespeare.	Michel Angelo.
Bacon.	Wellington.
Cromwell.	Washington.
Marlborough.	Nelson.
Locke.	Chatham.
Luther.	Napoleon.
Clive.	Darwin.

In sending his list Mr. H. E. Egerton, Beit Professor of Colonial History, Oxford, writes:—

"It seems impossible to reduce to a common denominator men who have influenced civilization in the field of thought and in the field of material invention. I have therefore omitted the latter, not because I have any desire to belittle their claims, but because they seem to belong to a different category. I have included Napoleon because, with all his faults, he was the first effective preacher of the doctrine '*la carrière ouverte aux talents*.'

Gutenberg.	Locke.
Columbus.	Voltaire.
Dante.	Frederick the Great.
Galileo.	Rousseau.
Shakespeare.	Bentham.
Bacon.	Stein.
Luther.	Goethe.
Erasmus.	Schopenhauer.
Calvin.	Darwin.
Newton.	Napoleon."

"I am not in love," writes Mr. Andrew

CROMWELL.

SHAKESPEARE.

Lang, "with modern civilization, and do not know precisely how it should be defined. No doubt the list should include eminent Socialists and religious innovators like Luther and Calvin, while the author of the 'Code Napoléon' can scarcely be omitted. Sir Isaac Newton and Darwin might be included, and it is improbable that only two or three non-English-speaking men should have the right to a place in the list. Voltaire and Rousseau are responsible for a good deal of modern civilization." The eminent scholar and essayist's list reads as follows:—

Shakespeare.	Columbus.
Dante.	Watt.
Milton.	Darwin.
Luther.	Raphael.
Gutenberg.	Beethoven.
Bacon.	Stephenson.
Calvin.	Scott.
Voltaire.	Burns.
Newton	Jenner.
Rousseau.	Washington.

Professor A. C. Benson, C.V.O., writes:—

MILTON.

VOLTAIRE.

"I have been thinking over Mr. Carnegie's list, and I regret to say that I have never even heard of some of them! Who on earth are Neilson and Symington? It seems to me that much depends on what one means by civilization, and also what one means by

'modern.' Mr. Carnegie's list seems much concerned with inventors of industrial processes. I do not myself think that civilization in its best sense means comfort, or even wide opportunities for making great fortunes; but rather increased facilities for education, a strong sense of disinterestedness, and a desire for social welfare. I couldn't possibly

ARKWRIGHT.

NEWTON.

WATT.

ROUSSEAU.

make a selection of twenty names who should be the pioneers of civilization extending over three hundred years—but of recent names I should wish to include Lister, Florence Nightingale, Pasteur, Ruskin, Carlyle, and Robert Browning."

"Mr. Carnegie can scarcely have intended his list to be an appeal to scholars," writes Professor Victor Plarr, the Librarian of the Royal College of Surgeons and Editor of "Men and Women of the Time," etc., "unless he seriously believes that civilization is mainly an affair of mechanics and metallurgy, and that the great civilizers have been chiefly Scots or Americans. Were Mr. Carnegie a less important man, one would be tempted to address to him Molière's famous tag, '*Vous êtes orfèvre, monsieur.*' Inventors are, indeed, the most difficult people to discover. Who, for instance—Ronalds, Wheatstone, or Cooke—invented the electric telegraph? Besides, the greatest inventions were never made by single individuals at all, but by races during infinite ages. Thus cooking, which is infinitely more important to the human race than the telephone, was doubtless a gradually evolved discovery; the plough and the house certainly were."

Professor Plarr gives the following list:—

Gutenberg (supposing him to have invented printing).	Frederick the Great.
	Washington.
	The elder Pitt.
Isaac Newton.	Napoleon.
Descartes.	Martin Luther.
Kant.	Shakespeare.
Jenner.	Milton.
Darwin.	Goethe.
Pasteur.	Michel Angelo.
Cromwell.	Raphael.
Peter the Great.	Beethoven.

"Among these—mainly great civilizing influences—one may count Napoleon, *quâ* legist and bringer of light into dark places, and Frederick the Great, *quâ* great patriot (though one is sorry that he was a *Prussian* patriot, as Prussia is a decivilizing influence)."

"The question is too difficult," writes Professor Gilbert Murray, the author of the "History of Ancient Greek Literature." "Do you call a man 'great' because (1) he happened to exercise a great effect on the world, or even to be a sort of symbol or figure-head for such an effect; or (2) because he had, whether influential or not, great qualities in himself? Of course, some people like Napoleon; but the man whose name is linked with a great event or great invention need not, in the second and, I think, the natural sense, be in the least a great man."

"Does not everything depend," writes Professor T. Rice Holmes, author of the "History of the Indian Mutiny," "upon what is meant by 'the advance of our modern civilization'? Mr. Carnegie's list is open to two opinions. First, of his twenty 'greatest men' seventeen belong to English-speaking nations; surely this is carrying patriotism too far. Secondly, his list includes too many inventors, who have merely facilitated communication or devised new methods of manufacture, or otherwise contributed to the prosperity of Pittsburg. I think that more room should be found for those who in other ways have done something great for mankind—relieved suffering, bestowed freedom, created nationalities, added to knowledge, combated superstition, or given pure delight to men and lifted up their hearts by noble works of art or literature. Here is my list, of which I am not at all enamoured. I assume that you wish it to be confined to what is called modern history:—

Bacon.	Michel Angelo.
Beethoven.	Millet.
Bismarck.	Mommsen.
Cervantes.	Newton.
Columbus.	Pitt (the elder).
Darwin.	Shakespeare.
Goethe.	Tolstoi.
Gutenberg.	Voltaire.
Leonardo da Vinci.	Watt.
Lister.	Wilberforce."

"Confining myself," writes Mr. Lucien Wolf, Vice-President of the Jewish Historical Society, "to Mr. Carnegie's definition of greatness—that is to say, men who are chiefly responsible for the 'advance of our modern civilization'—I venture to suggest the enclosed list. It is not satisfactory for two reasons. In the first place, more than twenty men have been concerned in supplying the essentials of our civilized system in the fields of politics, science, and literature; and, in the second place, I fancy we are a little too arrogant in assuming that civilization is confined to Europe and America. None of the lists you sent me contains a name to represent art, and I hesitate to suggest one myself, although obviously any list is incomplete without one.

Napoleon.	Shakespeare.
Pitt.	Goethe.
Cromwell.	Newton.
Washington.	Darwin.
Wilberforce.	Jenner.
Bismarck.	Gutenberg.
Bentham.	Franklin.
Cobden.	Stephenson.
Luther.	Watt.
Voltaire.	Arkwright."

Miss Emily Foxcroft, the authoress of "The Life and Works of Sir George Saville, Bart.," encloses a list which she asks may not be printed without her heading and explanations :—

List of the twenty persons who have most obviously influenced the course of European and North American civilization during the last five hundred years :—

1. PUBLIC LIFE.

Napoleon I., the reorganizer of France.
Stein, the reorganizer of Prussia.
Cavour, the reorganizer of Italy.
Lincoln, the reorganizer of the States.
Wellington, the champion of the European nationalities.
Wilberforce, the protagonist against slavery.

2. RELIGION.—Luther.

3. ART.—Shakespeare, Raphael, Beethoven.

4. METAPHYSICS.—Kant.

5. SCIENCE.—Darwin, Newton.

6. APPLIED SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.—The Inventor of Printing, Watt, Edison.

7. THE ART OF HEALING.—Lister, Pasteur, Miss Nightingale.

8. DISCOVERY.—Columbus.

Professor A. F. Pollard, assistant-keeper in the library of the British Museum, sends no list, but his reasons for not doing so are so interesting that we quote his letter in full :—

"I am afraid I must excuse myself from the impossible task of drawing up a list of the twenty greatest men in history to whom can be attributed the advance of our modern civilization. The task is impossible, because there are no means of comparing those services rendered to men's souls, to their minds, and to their bodies, out of which modern civilization has been built up. It is comparatively easy to class candidates at an examination, although even there the classification always does considerable injustice. But how are we to say that Columbus is greater than Luther, or *vice versa?* One might as well ask for the mathematical value of a beautiful sunset, or the poetic worth of Pittsburg.

"Secondly, the evil of setting up false exemplars, to which you refer, is as nothing compared with the falsity of regarding civilization as the work of any twenty or any hundred great men. Civilization is the collective product of the human race, and even the greatest inventors have added but finishing touches to the labours of forgotten fellow-workers. The placing of the fortunate few upon pinnacles is a falsifying process, worthy only of an idolatrous generation. Civilization is like a coral reef. Does it much matter, and can we say, who were the twenty greatest insects labouring at its construction? It is the reef that is important. Such lists are, indeed, of purely subjective interest; they throw some light on the mental tastes and equipment of the compiler, but no list is likely to 'commend itself universally to scholarship.' I note that Mr. Carnegie's twenty great men are all, with the exception of Gutenberg and Columbus, of British or American nationality; that of his three men of letters all wrote in English; that no soldier appears at all, and no statesman except Americans; and that nearly three-quarters are mechanical inventors, some of whom were

GOETHE.

NELSON.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

WASHINGTON.

BEETHOVEN.

more notorious for the skill with which they exploited other men's ideas than for their own originality. What does all this mean, except that Mr. Carnegie is Mr. Carnegie? His laudable devotion to the cause of peace leads him to exclude Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Napoleon, and even George Washington from the ranks of great men; his concentration upon English literature leads him to rule out all the Greek poets and philosophers, as well as Virgil and Dante, Molière and Goethe. Even science does not attract him, unless it is mechanical or applied. Jenner, it is true, is there; but no place has been found for Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, or Darwin. Philosophy, painting, sculpture, and music contribute nothing to Mr. Carnegie's civilization, and Aristotle, Raphael, Michel Angelo, Handel give place to Edison, Bessemer, Murdock, and Symington."

SCOTT.

Commenting on Mr. Carnegie's list, Mr. William de Morgan, the author, observes:—

"A great many of Mr. Carnegie's nominees are no doubt responsible for a share in 'the advance of our modern civilization.' But I think it is rather a shame to include Shakespeare among the culprits."

STEPHENSON.

"Mr. Carnegie's list," writes Mr. Thomas Seccombe, co-editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," "seems to me specially inadequate on two grounds: (1) His men represent, exclusively almost, the winning of knowledge and power, mere conditions of modern civilization. What is wanted, surely, is a list of creators of ideas leading to civility, human justice, and fraternity among men. (2) More than in any other spheres of human activity inventors and discoverers are just culminants who, by a lucky turn, enter into the fruits of other men's preparatory labours. No one can identify great inventors. Who, for instance, invented writing, printing, steam power, flying, anæsthetics? Every nation puts forward its own candidate, and it is impossible to decide between the different claims. Thought must underlie civilization, and the greatest contributors to modern civilization, from an historic point of view, are the individual thinkers who have determined the ply and range of modern ideas. Ideas are the soul of history. With some help from my class in history at the East London College, I have drawn up the following list. Much to-day is postulated upon the thought of Aristotle, Acquinas, Mohammed, Charlemagne, Hildebrand, and many others; but, to go no farther back than the era of discovery, Renaissance and Reformation, from which we used to be told we inherited civil and religious liberty, the following names have gradually emerged. (I largely exclude inventors and discoverers, like Columbus, as being so much the blind instruments of chance.)

LINCOLN.

Erasmus (representing New Thought and Scholarship).
Machiavelli (representing Sovereignty of the Modern State).
Calvin (in preference to Luther, representing most clearly Theocratic Ideas and Puritan Morals)
Grotius (representing Scholarship and International Law).
Shakespeare (as perhaps the greatest infuser of imagination into thought through literature).
Descartes (in preference to Kant or Hume, as pioneer of Modern Metaphysical Ideas).
Peter the Great (as representing, with the birth of Russia, new relations between East and West, and corresponding displacements).
Newton (as representing, on the whole, better than Galileo or Leibnitz, advance in Mathematical Discovery and Physical Science).

JENNER.

Voltaire (standing for common sense in Religion and Politics, *vis-à-vis* of authority—as Locke in England).
Rousseau (representing Return to Nature, Human Equality, and Humane Education).
Frederick the Great (Paternal Rule, Prussian Ascendancy, German Unity).
Washington (Colonial Integrity and Independence, and a reflex of Liberty from New World to Old).
Goethe (as representing, on the whole, better than Darwin, modern Knowledge and the general idea of Evolution).
Napoleon (as representing a portion at least of the teaching of the Revolution and a Synthesis of Central Power).
Nietzsche (representing rule of Aristocracy as opposed to altruistic ideas).
Cavour (perhaps in preference to Bismarck, as representing modern Political Union).
Newman (as representing revival of Mediævalism and Renaissance of Catholic Ideas — including Modernism).
Pasteur (as representing rationale of the modern War against Disease).

Carlyle, Rénan, or Taine (it is hard to decide which, as representing Vanity of Material Progress, Comparative Religion, or Scientific Investigation in History).
Tolstoi (representing idea of Universal Peace, and a new idea of Altruism in Non-resistance)."

The well-known author and reviewer, Mr. George S. Layard, writes :—

"Your flattering request intrigues me. You ask me to compile 'a list of the twenty greatest men to whom I attribute the advance of our modern civilization.' And further you ask me whether Mr. Andrew Carnegie's list 'commends itself universally

BISMARCK.

WELLINGTON.

NAPOLEON I.

DARWIN.

to scholarship.' Let us clear the ground. In the first place, I deny that our modern civilization has advanced. In the second, I cannot presume to speak for universal scholarship, nor do I imagine that scholarship, as such, knows anything of the matter. But then, probably, I define civilization something differently from Mr. Carnegie. I take it that civilization rightly means something other than mere intellectual or material advancement, that it connotes something spiritual and individual rather than something exoteric and collective. And, so defined, civilization seems to me to have retrogressed, to have become degenerate and worm-eaten, the breeding-ground of the gerrymanderer, the botcher, the advertiser, the quack vender of nostrums. Thus you will see that my twenty votes must be given to those who have perhaps, on the whole, rather retarded than advanced what Mr. Carnegie seems to consider the essential aims of modern civilization.

"Leaving out, then, the strictly religious teachers, I am inclined at a moment's notice to make choice of the following :—

Newton.	Charlemagne.
Darwin.	Cromwell.
Schopenhauer	Goethe.
Carlyle.	Browning.
Voltaire.	Lincoln.
Jacob Grimm.	Da Vinci.
Beethoven.	Hokusai.
Wagner.	Tolstoi.
Shakespeare.	Booth.
Dante.	Ibsen.

Mr. D. G. Hogarth, M.A., the archæological explorer and geographer, writes :—

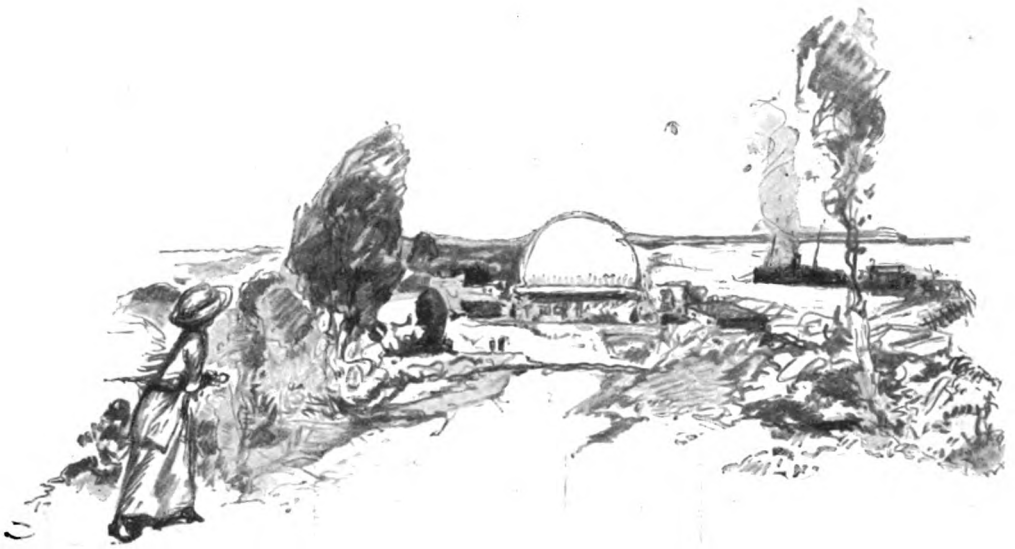
"Everyone's list must be affected by subjective preferences (as Mr. Carnegie's seems to me to be very markedly), and cannot be expected to convince anyone else! The best one can do is to select the names which stand for what one thinks are the most important features of modern civilization, although it is often impossible to ascribe these features to one man or to any man. For instance, there is no name to stand for Roman Law, or for Law at all. I suggest Napoleon, bearing in mind also how much his system is responsible for the governmental scheme of civilized nations, as well as for the political arrangement of modern Europe. Nor can we omit the Meccan prophet, whose creed does much to lift savage races out of sheer barbarism, though it cannot lift them to the highest civilization. The rest of my names need no comment.

Aristotle.	Newton.
Alexander the Great.	Harvey.
Paul of Tarsus.	Wilberforce.
Mohammed of Mecca.	Bessemer.
Luther.	Arkwright.
Voltaire.	Franklin.
Washington.	Stephenson.
Napoleon.	Galileo.
Augustus Cæsar.	Darwin.
Gutenberg.	

And one other name, to represent the work done for civilization by the Roman Church."

And now, what is the result of these most interesting expressions of opinion? The list below gives the names most frequently chosen and the number of votes each has received. It will be noticed that the list includes more than twenty names, owing to no fewer than nine having received four votes each; but perhaps the most interesting point about it is the way in which it differs from that supplied by Mr. Carnegie :—

Shakespeare	11	Bacon	5
Darwin	10	Stephenson	5
Newton	10	Watt	5
Gutenberg	9	Arkwright	4
Napoleon	9	Cromwell	4
Luther	8	Dante	4
Goethe	7	Galileo	4
Voltaire	7	Jenner	4
Beethoven	6	Pasteur	4
Columbus	6	Pitt	4
Washington	6	Raphael	4
		Wilberforce	4



The Prince and Betty.

PART II.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy, R.I.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE FIRST INSTALMENT.

BENJAMIN SCOBELL, a wealthy American, who holds a gambling concession from the Republic of Mervo. A few years back Mervo had expelled its ruler, Prince Charles, and turned itself into a Republic.

PRINCE JOHN OF MERVO, the late ruler's son, who, quite unaware of his rank, has been living in England under the name of John Maude, is summoned to Mervo by Mr. Scobell, who thinks that the restoration of Royalty will increase the attractions of his Casino.

BETTY SILVER, Scobell's stepdaughter, who has already met Prince John (as John Maude) in England, is also summoned to Mervo, where she comes across him in the Casino, and agrees to meet him again next morning. In the meantime, however, learning John Maude's real name, and also that Scobell's object in sending for her is to bring about a marriage between them, she leaves Mervo by the first steamer, but is followed by Prince John.

CHAPTER VII.

BETTY MEETS A FRIEND IN NEED.

THE idea of flight had not occurred to Betty immediately. On leaving Mr. Scobell's villa she had walked aimlessly out along the hillside. At first her mind was stunned, but gradually, as blood begins to circulate in a frozen limb, thought had returned, slowly at first, then in a wave that seethed and burned and tortured. She realized now, as she had never realized before, the place John had held in her life. That it should have been he, of all men, who was Mr. Scobell's obsequious employé, the man whom the Casino was paying to marry her, complacently ready to earn his wages by counterfeiting love!

She must go away. That decision stood out, clear and definite, in the chaos of her thoughts. To meet him, to see the man she loved plunging into shame before her eyes, would be pain beyond bearing.

Below, across the valley of vineyards and glowing mimosa, the dome of the Casino caught the sun and flashed out in a blaze of gold. Beyond it, in the little harbour, lay the Marseilles packet, lazily breathing smoke as it prepared for its journey to the mainland. She looked at her watch. She would only just have time to catch the boat. She turned, and hurried back the way she had come.

Paris, when she arrived at the Gare du Lyon in the grey of a rainy morning, had much the same effect on Betty as London had had on John during his first morning of independence. She had been in Paris before, but then she had been rich, and the city had smiled upon her.

She had fled from Mervo with nothing but a few necessaries thrown together in a small bag, and there was nothing to detain her at the Gare du Lyon. She went straight to the Girdle Railway, and found a seat on the first train.

At the Gare du Nord all was movement and confusion. Obvious Anglo-Saxons wandered about like lost sheep, miserably conscious of linguistic deficiencies, or stood guard over suit-cases with almost a truculent air of defence.

"PRESENTLY A GROUP OF FOUR ATTRACTED BETTY'S ATTENTION."

Presently a group of four attracted Betty's attention. Three were plainly Americans, a typical doing-Europe family—the father grey, patient, and a little bent; the mother, flying the brown veil, the Jolly Roger of the travelling American, resolute and unbeaten, but for the moment flustered; the daughter slim, trim, straight, jaunty, and clean-cut, with that indefinable glitter that stamps the American girl. The fourth member of the group was a polite semaphore in a blue blouse, and from the attitude of the three travellers it seemed that the kindly feelings which every good American harbours towards the French in return for benefits received from the late M. Lafayette were, in the case of this particular member of the nation, in danger of being forgotten.

Betty's heart went out to the exiles. She stopped as she reached them, and hesitated. Then she caught the distracted eye of the lady in the brown veil, and answered its unspoken appeal.

"Can I help you?" she said. "I speak French."

No shipwrecked mariners sighting a sail could have exhibited more animation than did the rescued family. The father's patient face lit up as if somebody had pressed a switch. His wife's eyes lost their haggard look. The daughter, who was nearest, seized Betty unaffectedly in her arms and hugged her.

Betty laughed.

"What is the trouble?" she asked. "What do you want me to tell the porter?"

"We want our baggage," said the patient man, pathetically. "We let 'em separate us from it at the hotel, and that's the last we've seen of it."

"Oh, that is quite simple. I'll explain to him in a moment. Are you going by the boat-train?"

"That's right. We want to get to England, if they'll let us."

Betty explained matters to the porter.

"It will be all right now," she said. "Just go with him and he will do everything that's necessary."

She turned to move away, but a universal exclamation of dismay stopped her.

"Say, you aren't going to leave us?" queried the head of the family, anxiously.

"You want to take command of this outfit," said his daughter, "or we don't stand a dog's chance. Are you travelling by the boat-train, too? Well, won't you join us? This country's got us all scared so that we don't know what we're doing."

"If you really think I should be any help——"

"Help?" echoed the three, ecstatically.

"Then I will," said Betty. "But there really isn't anything for me to do."

"Don't you believe it," said the girl. "You'll save our lives. This is going to put you in the Carnegie Medal class."

"Let's get away into another compartment, where we can talk," suggested the girl, when every obstacle had been successfully negotiated and they had won through to the train. "Ma likes to read on a journey, and the old gentleman will have to have a smoke to steady him after all this."

They moved down the corridor till they found an empty compartment. The American girl removed her hat, settled her hair at the mirror, and sat down with a sigh of content.

"Thank goodness," she said, as the train gathered speed. "No more Paris for me till I've had a squad of professors put me next to the language. It's a funny thing. I used to tell people I was crazy to go to Paris—and now I guess that I must have been. London'll be better, I reckon."

"Are you going to stay in London?" asked Betty.

"Not for long. We—— But, say, let's get acquainted. What's your name? Mine's Della Morrison."

"Mine——" Betty stopped. The thought had occurred to her that she had better change her name. "Mine is Brown," she said.

"What's your first name?"

"Betty."

"I shall call you Betty. And you call me Della. What I was saying before we—— Oh, yes. We're going to stay in London for a while, then we're going to rent a swell place in the country somewhere. A friend of ours is fixing it for us now. Something Court's the place he's trying to get. A court's something like a castle, isn't it? Fancy me in a castle! Oh, well," she said, resignedly, "it's all in a lifetime!"

"Surely you'll like the castle?" said Betty, smiling.

Della looked doubtful.

"I'm not so sure," she said. "You see, it's this way. I don't know much about castles, but I do know that we aren't in the castle class. A month ago the old gentleman was paying-cashier in a bank, and I was keeping one eye on the boss and the other on the pad or playing ragtime on the typewriter. Well, we were as good at our jobs as the next person, but that's no reason why we should make any particular hit with the effete aristocracy, is it? If you ask me, our team's going to get the hook before we know what's hit us. And I haven't any use for society, either. I'm not saying I'm not glad to be quit of working at the office, but outside that I don't seem to care much. And there's another thing. Just before the news came that pa had had all that money left him, I got engaged."

She sighed.

"Yes?" said Betty, encouragingly.

"To a boy in the office I was in in New York," continued Della. "Tom Spiller his name is. He was bill-clerk there. Say, do you like red hair?" she broke off. "In a man, I mean. Tom's got red hair. You'd like Tom."

"I wish I could meet him."

"Gee, I wish I could, too," sighed Della. "You see, pa and ma don't know anything about me being engaged. I was getting myself worked up to tell them, and, just as I was good and ready, along comes all this sudden wealth. And now I don't know what to do about it. I daren't tell them now. Ma's got such large ideas. She don't think about anybody lower than an earl these days. But, say, nobody's going to make me give Tom up."

"Of course not."

"If I was good enough for him to marry when I was a stenog., he's good enough for me to marry when I'm a plute."

"Of course."

Della looked at her affectionately.

"You're a comfort, Betty," she said. "I'm mighty glad I met you." She sat up, struck with an idea. "Say, what are you going to do when you get to England?"

"I don't know."

"Then, say, you've got to stay with us as long as ever you can. In London first, and then in the country. Gee, it'll be a comfort having you around."

Betty flushed. "I'm afraid——" she began. "I don't think—— I'm afraid I can't, Della," she said. "You don't understand," she went on, nervously. "You think I'm—— I mustn't pay visits; I have got to find some way of earning my living. Except for the little money I have with me, I haven't a penny in the world."

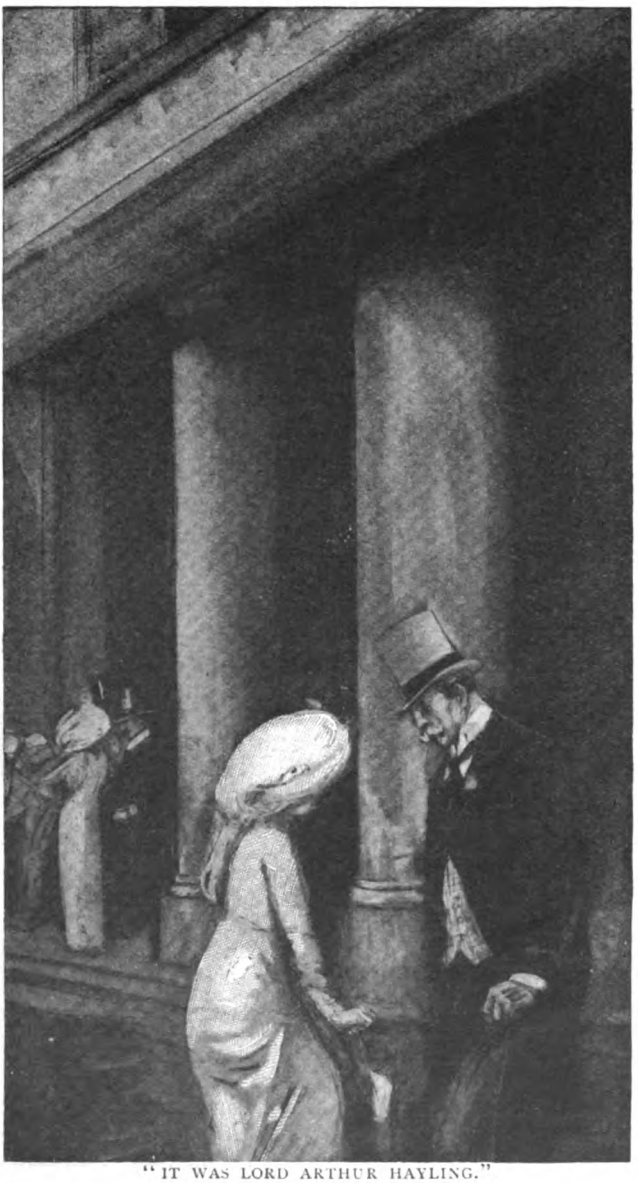
Della sat thinking. "I've got it," she cried. "Lord Arthur said I'd better have one when I got to England. He's the guy — the lord, I mean— who's fixing the deal about the castle. He said that I should want a companion—someone to go around with — because ma couldn't always be tagging along. You're it!"

"But——"

"Don't make objections. It's settled. So you'll come to the castle after all. We'll have the greatest time. I'll go and tell ma."

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison received the news with flattering approval. The spectacle of Betty producing order out of chaos at the Gare du Nord and speaking the mysterious tongue of France with the *insouciance* of a native had left a deep impression on their minds. They endorsed her appointment as Della's companion with one voice.

The rest of the journey passed swiftly for Betty. A great weight had been lifted from her mind. Now that everything was settled she saw how terrifying the vague future had really been, and how reckless her headlong dash into the unknown.



"IT WAS LORD ARTHUR HAYLING."

The Morrisons had engaged rooms at the Cecil. Della, her magnificent energy proof against the fatigue of a journey from Paris, took Betty off to a theatre after dinner, and on their return sat on her bed talking till Betty's answers became drowsy and disconnected.

It was late on the following morning when Betty came downstairs. Inquiring for the Morrisons, she was handed a note from Della, informing her that they had gone off to do Westminster Abbey, but would be back to lunch at one.

With more than an hour to pass, Betty wandered out into the Strand. It was nearly one o'clock when she returned. As she began to mount the hotel steps a taxi-cab drew up, and a man with a light moustache emerged. He paid the driver and turned to enter the hotel. Then he saw Betty, and a look of recognition came into his face.

"Miss Silver!" he said.

It was Lord Arthur Hayling.

CHAPTER VIII.

LORD ARTHUR IS PUZZLED.

BETTY took his outstretched hand and forced a smile, but she was disconcerted. If Lord Arthur was not the one man in the world whom she preferred not to meet, he was not far from being that. Even had her circumstances been other than they were, she would have wished to avoid him, for it had been at their last meeting that she had refused his stately and well-expressed offer of marriage.

"This is a most delightful surprise," said Lord Arthur. He stroked his straw-coloured moustache. "Are you staying in the hotel?"

"Yes," she said. "Are you?"

"I have an engagement to meet some people here for lunch at one. Americans. A Mr. Morrison and his family."

"Morrison?"

"You know them? I should not have imagined that you would have come across them. They are excellent people," he said, with a sub-tinkle of disapproval, "excellent people in every way; but, don't you know—hardly——" He paused, leaving an eloquent gap. "But, perhaps," he went on—hopefully, as it were—"these are not the same Morrisons that you know. The name is not an uncommon one. My acquaintance is a Mr. Richard Morrison. He was—ah—employed till recently, I believe, in some bank in New York. He inherited a fortune not long ago. His wife and daughter——"

Betty interrupted, speaking rapidly:—

"Yes, those are my Morrisons. I am travelling with them. That is to say——"

"Really?"

Lord Arthur's blonde eyebrows rose the fraction of an inch. Although he himself was clinging to the Morrisons with the assiduity of a leech, and had for some time been turning over in his mind the idea of making Della the same handsome offer which Betty had declined at their last meeting, his caste prejudice had remained unaltered.

Lord Arthur Hayling was, in his curious way, a man of business, and to allow sentiment to interfere with business was a thing he would never have dreamed of doing. He intended to marry money; nothing would make him swerve from that determination; but he would have welcomed a chance to marry a woman who attracted him in a non-business way; and that was why Betty's refusal had for the moment saddened him. He admired her as a woman scarcely less than as a human certified cheque, and to find her on intimate terms with these Morrisons was a surprise to him.

"Really?" he said again. Then, with tactful condescension: "They are most interesting people, are they not? Miss Morrison is charmingly quaint and lively."

"Della is a dear," said Betty, defiantly, in answer to the sub-tinkle.

"Quite so," said his lordship.

He stroked his moustache, and Betty flushed. His attitude had the effect of ridding Betty of the nervousness which she had been feeling. She looked forward with a sort of grim pleasure to the effect of the bomb she was about to explode under his lordship's nose.

"When I say I am travelling with the Morrisons," she said, coolly, "I don't mean as a friend. I am Miss Morrison's paid companion."

She was not disappointed. Lord Arthur Hayling, from boyhood up, had been steeped in the tradition that to display emotion is bad form and one of the things that are not done, but this piece of information cracked the shell of detached calm in which the years had encased him, and for a moment his jaw dropped and he gaped at Betty like any ordinary fellow whose father had been connected with trade.

He was badly shaken. Though Betty had refused his offer of marriage, he had not entirely despaired of winning her, and, meeting her in the company of mutual acquaintances, he had felt that Fate was working for him. And now, with a firm hand, she had upset his air-castle. It was not surprising that the shock should have produced a temporary dumbness.

He put the natural construction on her statement. If Betty was in the position of having to earn her living as a paid companion, it meant that Mr. Benjamin Scobell must have lost his fortune.

The narrowness of his escape shocked Lord Arthur. Suppose she had accepted him, and then this had happened!

Betty stood waiting for him to recover.

"They know me as Miss Brown," she said. "Will you please remember that I am not Miss Silver any longer?"

"You have changed your name? Just so. Exactly."

"Thank you," said Betty.

There was an awkward silence. Lord Arthur wanted to find out all about Mr. Scobell's downfall, but it was not easy to start. He was casting about in his mind for an opening, when a taxi-cab drew up beside them, and the Morrison party got out.

"Halloa!" said Della. "Do you two know each other?"

Lord Arthur prevaricated smoothly.

"I inquired for you in the hotel, and they told me that Miss Brown was the only member of your party who had not gone out, so we made each other's acquaintance."

"She can talk French," said Della, irrelevantly. "Say, I'm starving. Let's go scare up some lunch."

During the meal Lord Arthur was silent. He had not yet adjusted himself to the alteration in Betty. Mentally, he was on the ground taking the count of nine.

Regarding the business negotiations which he had been conducting, he vouchsafed in jerks the information that the arrangements were practically completed. A few necessary formalities, and Norworth Court, in Hampshire, would be at the wanderers' disposal. It was one of the show-places of England, he went on to explain—quite the stateliest pile in the county, and more to the same effect.

Della and her father were frankly dismayed at the prospect of such magnificence; but Mrs. Morrison rose to the occasion with indomitable courage.

Even Lord Arthur's statement that Norworth was pronounced "Nooth" and had been the property of the baronets of that name since the reign of Queen Elizabeth failed to unnerve her.

After lunch his lordship found himself left alone with Mr. Morrison, and he turned to the subject which was uppermost in his mind. He did not suppose that Mr. Morrison was acquainted personally with Mr. Scobell, but he knew that the financier had had large interests in America, and Mr. Morrison, being a member of the staff of a bank, would probably be in a position to know the cause of the latter's downfall.

"I wonder if you knew Mr. Benjamin Scobell, Mr. Morrison?" he said. "Very sad about him."

"Hey?" said Mr. Morrison, nervously. He hated being left alone with Lord Arthur, of whom he stood in awe, and had been hoping to make a rapid retreat.

"Mr. Benjamin Scobell, the financier," explained Lord Arthur. "I met his stepdaughter some time ago. A charming girl. It must have come as a great blow to her."

"Great blow?" repeated the other, puzzled.

"I understood that he had become bankrupt."

Mr. Morrison shook his head.

"Not old man Scobell. I know all about him. He banked with us. I guess you're thinking of someone else. Old man Scobell's no bankrupt. At least he wasn't when I left New York. He kept a five-figure account with us, and it was still there when I quit. And I'd have heard of it if he had smashed since then. Why, if Scobell smashed there'd be a noise like as though the Singer Building had fallen on to a sheet of tin."

Lord Arthur stared. He rose from the table in a state of utter bewilderment. If her stepfather was still a rich man, what conceivable reason could there be why Betty should be travelling as a paid companion with these Morrisons?

He dined at his club, and it was while he was sipping his coffee that his tired brain yielded a solution of the mystery, which, however fantastic, seemed to him the only one conceivable.

It was a trick! She was testing him! His faded eyes glowed with excitement as the thing seemed to piece itself together like the scattered sections of a child's puzzle. It was, he told himself, precisely the scheme which a romantic girl would have devised. She was testing him. He had proposed to her when she was rich. Would she be the same in his eyes when she was a penniless girl, earning her own living? It was to decide that question that she had joined the Morrisons.

But he reflected she had made one miscalculation when she had assumed that he would not ascertain the truth concerning her stepfather's financial status.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MEETING AT THE THEATRE.

AFTER the first day London depressed Betty terribly.

The little party gathered under the banner of Mrs. Morrison at the Hotel Cecil dealt with the city each in his or her own way. To Della, though she had lived in it for some months, London was a strange city, and she and her mother set out to "do" the place with that grim thoroughness which is the peculiar property of a certain type of American visitor. Guide-book in hand, they swooped from spot to spot, devouring like locusts the Tower, London Bridge, St. Paul's, the Zoo, the Crystal Palace, Kew Gardens, the Cheshire Cheese, and the rest, at the rate of two or three a day.

As for Betty, she passed what was probably the most miserable week of her life. The first excitement of her escape from Mervo was over, and her eyes were looking down the interminable vista of the years to come—a vista of drab greyness, without hope or joy to colour it. Della, resolutely determined to

enjoy herself, professed to find quaintness where Betty found only squalor; but even Della did not display any regret when Lord Arthur announced one morning that Mrs. Morrison's "little place" was ready for its new tenants, and it was decided that the invaders should move to Hampshire on the following day.

Lord Arthur, during the week, had comported himself like a Galahad. When he exerted himself he could display a considerable charm of manner. He exerted himself now. He was playing for a big stake, and he spared no effort. Towards Betty his manner was such as recalled the old days of chivalry. His restrained devotion was admirable.

Betty was genuinely surprised. She had fancied that his lordship's mind was an open book to her. And she had expected that her announcement that she was employed by Mrs. Morrison as a paid companion would have had a chilling effect on his ardour.

Her feelings began to alter. She was aching for friendship. She welcomed anything that would colour ever so slightly that grey vista down which she was looking. His lordship would have been vastly encouraged could he have guessed how high he stood in her estimation. He did not guess, for Betty, woman-like, felt more than she seemed to feel, and she struck his lordship at this early stage in the proceedings as regrettably unresponsive.

The opening performance of a new musical comedy was due on the party's last night in London, and Mrs. Morrison had bought a box. Lord Arthur was to meet them at the theatre. The head of the family had decided to remain in slippered ease at the hotel. He had attended five theatrical performances during the week, and that, he held, was sufficient.

The musical comedy proved to be much like other musical comedies, of which Betty had seen two that week, and the first act had not been in progress long when her attention began to wander. She looked at the audience. The house was crowded. She ran her eye slowly over the stalls below.

And then suddenly her heart leaped, and she sank back quickly into the corner of the box, where the hanging curtain hid her. She had seen John.

He was sitting at the end of the ninth row, evidently in the company of the man seated next to him, a light-haired young man with glasses; for as Betty caught sight of him this young man bent across to make some remark.

She sat on in a dream. The figures on the other side of the footlights seemed blurred and far away. She felt as if she were choking. The sight of him had quickened into life a host of emotions which till then had been numbed.

She was conscious of a noise of clapping, and realized that the first act was over and that the curtain had fallen. Lord Arthur rose and went out to smoke a cigarette. She moved back farther into her corner, till her chair pressed against the wall.

Della turned to her with some question that she did not hear, and as she did so there was a knock at the door.

"May I come in?" said a voice in the doorway. "I caught sight of you at the end of the act, Della, and came round to see if you would still speak to your old friends."

Della uttered a cry of surprise.

"Why, John Maude! Mother, this is Mr. Maude, whom I used to know in the office. John Maude, I want you to know my friend, Betty Brown."

John had parted from Mr. Scobell on the quay at Mervo full of determination, but, as he discovered when he came to consider his plan of action, with only the vaguest ideas as to how he was to find the object of his search. As far as Paris the trail was broad and clear; but there, had it not been that Mr. Scobell had placed no limit on the expenses of the expedition, it might well have been lost altogether. Unhampered, however, by financial obstacles, John had been able to make exhaustive inquiries, which had led him to the Gare du Nord, and there the trail had become clear again. Among the scores of employés interviewed by John was the blue-bloused semaphore who had so harassed Della and her parents. From him John elicited the fact that the young lady had left the Gare du Nord in the Calais boat-train in the company of an American family of three—a father, a mother, and a daughter.

It was this clue that had brought John to London. He had engaged a room at the Savoy Hotel, and had spent his time wandering through the streets and dining and lunching at the most popular restaurants, in the hope of an accidental meeting.

Della had begun to speak again as Betty turned, and her breathless monologue served to bridge over what would otherwise have been a notable silence. Betty's temples were throbbing. She was incapable of speech. And John stood in the doorway motionless. Him, too, the situation had deprived of words.

The orchestra had begun to tune up. All over the house people were returning to their seats. John muttered vaguely and opened the door. He was still dazed.

As the door closed Della jumped up and ran out into the corridor

"Say, John Maude," she said, rapidly, "I want to see a lot of you. I want all the old pals I can get around me these days. You've got to come down with us to our place in the country to - morrow. Will you? Promise!"

"Della," said John, "you're an angel. There's nothing I'd like better in the world."

"That's a promise, then. I'll fix it with ma. Well, I must be going back. Say, Betty's a pretty girl, isn't she? I want you two to be pals. She's a dear. Oh, there's the opening chorus. I must be getting back. Come around to the hotel to-morrow. And don't you go side-stepping that castle proposition."

"Mother," said Della, at supper that night, "I've asked Mr. Maude to come down with us to stay at the Court to-morrow. He's all alone here, and I guess he's lonesome. That's all right, ain't it? Why, Betty, how pale you're looking! What's the matter? Ain't you well?"

"I'm a little tired," said Betty.

CHAPTER X.

NORWORTH COURT.

Of the six members of the army of occupation which bivouacked round the tea-table on the upper terrace at Norworth Court two days later, Lord Arthur Hayling alone was completely contented and in tune with the peace of the summer evening.

To Della and her father the atmosphere of permanence was frightening. Norworth Court gave them the feeling of being becalmed in a Sargasso Sea from which there was no escape. Before Della's eyes rose a vision of Tom Spiller—unattainable Tom—beckoning to her from across an impassable gulf. Across another gulf her father saw tall buildings and bustling street-cars.

Betty's emotions were of a different order. Norworth Court did not affect her unpleasantly. In other circumstances she would have loved its old-world calm. But the thought that, postpone it as she might, sooner or later there must come that meeting alone with John killed her enjoyment. Wherever she looked, she seemed to meet his eyes, hurt and puzzled. A hundred times she had made up her mind to avoid the inevitable no longer, only to alter it at the last moment. She was afraid—afraid of him, afraid of herself; afraid of the pain which she must inflict and the pain which she must suffer.

To John the world had never seemed so bleak. Things had passed completely beyond his comprehension. Betty's flight from Mervo had been only less intelligible than her avoidance of him now. His mind kept returning to that meeting in the Casino. Every detail of it stood out clearly in his memory. She had been friendly then. There were moments when he had almost persuaded himself that she had shown signs of being something more. Yet, now, she was making the most obvious efforts to avoid being alone with him for an instant. Time after time, in the brief period of this visit, she had done it. Sometimes Della was the unconscious buffer between them, but more frequently Lord Arthur.

John cast a furtive glance at his lordship as he sat contentedly sipping tea, and jealousy raged within him. Perhaps, suggested Jealousy, it was not merely to avoid being alone with him that Betty attached herself so closely to Lord Arthur.

This identical thought was occupying his lordship's mind at that very moment, and to it was due his feeling of peace and that appreciation of the world and the summer evening. The plan of campaign which he had mapped out for himself appeared to be succeeding beyond his expectations. A little more, and the time would be ripe for that second attack which was to carry the position.

He finished his tea and lit a cigarette. It was the cool of the evening, and the surface of the little reed-fringed lake at the foot of the terraces glittered with the last rays of the setting sun. Mrs. Morrison had gone indoors, and her husband had pottered off to smoke a cigar. Della had just broken a long silence with a remark to John.

Lord Arthur turned to Betty, who was sitting between him and Della.

"Would you care to go out on the lake before the sun goes down, Miss Brown?" he said.

Betty looked round. John was talking to Della. It would put off the moment she was dreading for another day.

"Yes," she said.

They had reached the second terrace before Della noticed them.

"Where are they going?" she said.

John did not reply. He was watching the pair as they made their way across the turf, absorbed in hard feelings towards his lordship.

"Gee," said Della, "they're going out in

the punt. Shout to them. That punt-pole's on the blink. I tried it yesterday, and it creaked. It's cracked or something. He'll go smashing it and falling in."

"Will he?" said John, with grim satisfaction. "Do you object?"

Della looked at him quickly and laughed.

"Well," she said, "now that you mention it, I guess I don't. Say, John, how d'you like him?" She jerked her head towards the lake, where his lordship, wielding the suspected pole, was propelling the punt slowly across the water. "*I* don't fall for him," she went on, without waiting for an answer. "And the old gentleman don't, either. His lordship's like this place. He gives me cold feet. Does the place get you that way, too? Ever since I've been here I've been feeling as if I was some sort of a worm. Pa says the place makes him feel as if he was walking down Broadway in a straw hat in April." She looked unhappily at the old grey walls of the house. "Kind of disapproving it looks, don't it?"

John laughed. "You'll get used to it."

"Not in a million years. But between you and Betty I may manage to bear up. You're both comforts. Gee, I wish Tom was here." She rose. "I've got to go and write a letter," she said, abruptly.

John remained where he was, his eyes fixed on the pair in the punt.

The sun had gone down behind the wood which topped the low hill beyond the lake, and twilight had stolen upon the world. The air was cool with falling dew. On the lake, Lord Arthur had turned the punt and was making for the shore.

John rose from his chair and began to walk towards the house. He had hardly started when there came from the lake a cry and a splash. He wheeled quickly. The punt was rocking from side to side, and two feet from it, hatless and up to his waist in water, stood Lord Arthur, grasping a fragment of the pole. Della's suspicions of its stability had been confirmed.

John ran easily towards the water's edge. There was no danger, for the lake was shallow. He arrived as his lordship, towing the punt with one hand, waded ashore.

"The pole broke," said his lordship, complainingly, clambering on to dry land.

John held the punt steady for Betty to get out.

"Lucky the water wasn't deep," he said. "You had better run up to the house and change your clothes. We'll follow."

Betty flushed.

"Oh——" she began, and stopped.

"I think I had better," said his lordship, stepping out of his puddle and starting a fresh one.

He galloped moistly up the terrace. John watched for a moment, then turned to Betty. She had not moved.

For many days John had been scheming for just this moment, nerving himself for it, rehearsing the attitude that he would assume; but now that it had come he found himself unprepared. He was unequal to the situation. She was looking at him, her face cold and pale, and there was that in her look which set a chill wind blowing through the world and robbed him of speech.

A sense of being preposterously big obsessed him. He was conscious of his bulk as he had never been before. Subconsciously he felt that she was afraid of him, that she regarded him as something hostile. The thought was torture. He longed for words that would dispel it, but found none.

A nightmare feeling of unreality came upon him. How long had they been standing there? The departure of Lord Arthur was like some happening of the remote past. Æons seemed to have rolled by.

Suddenly Betty spoke.

"We shall be late," she said, nervously.

John took a quick step towards her. Somehow the sound of her voice had broken the spell and set him free.

She shrank back as he moved; and he saw that there were tears in her eyes. A thrill went through him.

The next moment—the action was almost automatic—his fingers had touched her arm and closed on it.

She wrenched herself free.

"Betty!" he muttered.

They stood facing each other. He could hear her quick breathing. Her face was dim and indistinct, but her eyes shone in the darkness.

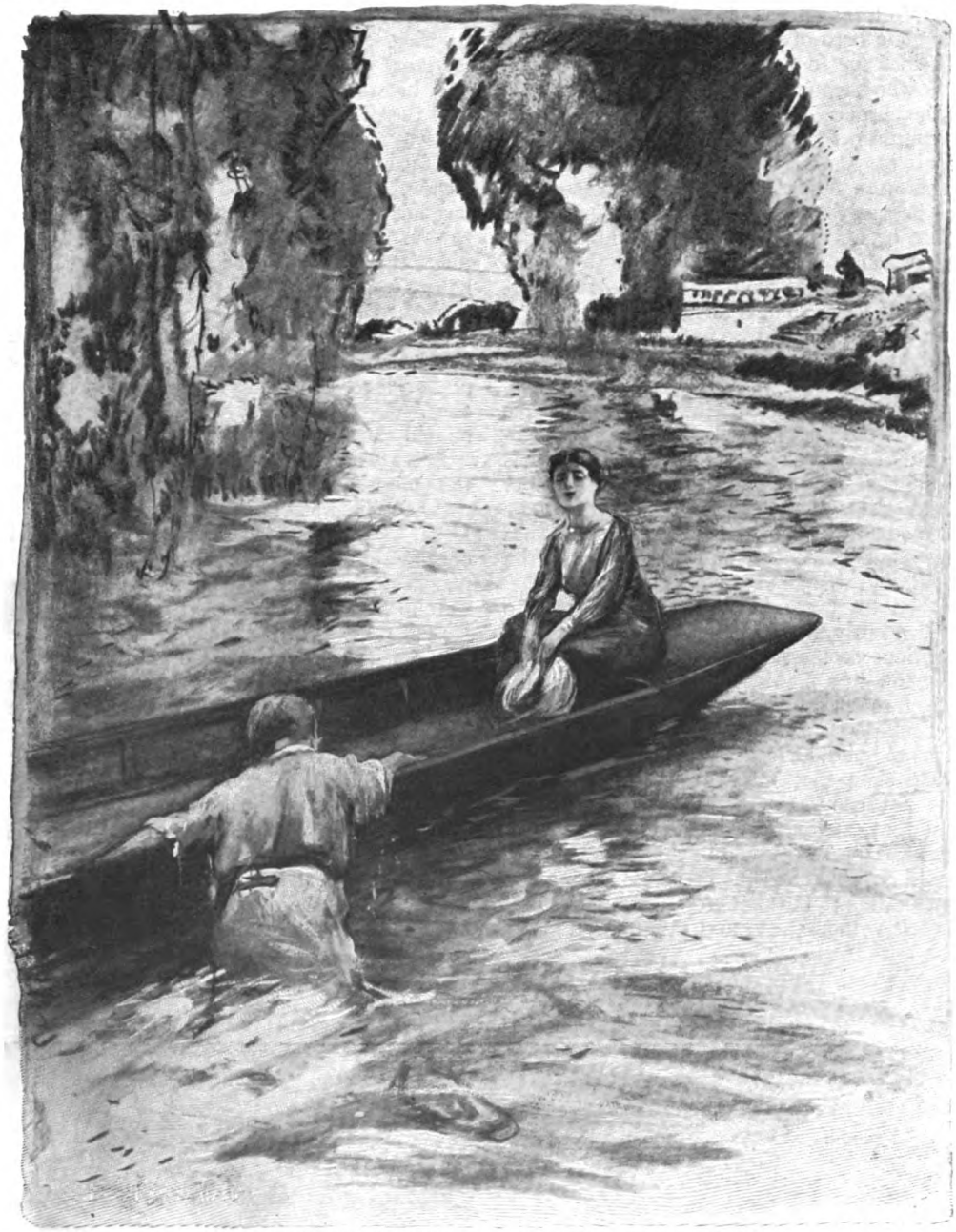
A strange weakness came upon John. He trembled. The contact of her soft flesh through the thin sleeve had set loose in him a whirl of primitive emotions.

"I love you!" he said, in a low voice. Even to himself the words, as he spoke them, sounded bald and meaningless. To Betty, shaken by what had passed between her and Mr. Scobell, they sounded artificial, as if he were forcing himself to repeat a lesson. They jarred upon her.

"Don't!" she said, sharply. "Oh, don't!" Her voice stabbed him. "Don't! I know. I've been told."

She went on quickly, in gasps.

"I know all about it. My stepfather told me. He said—he said you were his"—she



"THERE WAS NO DANGER, FOR THE LAKE WAS SHALLOW."

choked—"his hired man; that he paid you to stay and advertise the Casino. And he sent for me, and was going to tell you that —that you must marry me. Oh, it's too horrible! That it should be you! You, who have been—you can't understand what you have been to me—ever since we met. You couldn't understand. I can't tell you—a sort of help—something—something that—I can't put it into words. Only it used to help me just to think of you. I didn't mind

if I never saw you again. I didn't expect ever to see you again. It was just being able to think of you. It helped—you were something I could trust. Something strong—solid." She laughed bitterly. "I suppose I made a hero of you. Girls are fools. But it helped me to feel that there was one man alive who—who put his honour above money."

She broke off. John stood motionless, staring into the shadows. For the first time in his easy-going life he knew shame. The scales were falling from his eyes, though as yet he saw but dimly.

She began to speak again, in a low, monotonous voice, almost as if she were talking to herself. "I'm so tired of money—money—money. Everything's money. Isn't there a man in the world who won't sell himself? I thought that you—— I suppose I'm stupid. One expects too much."

She turned and went slowly up the terrace towards the house. Still he made no movement. A spell seemed to be on him. His eyes never left her. He could just see her white dress in the darkness. Once she stopped. With his whole soul he prayed that she would come back. But she moved on again, and was gone.

Then his brain cleared, and he began to think swiftly. He had begun to think with a curious coolness. It was one of those rare moments in a man's life when, from the outside, through a breach in that wall of excuses and self-deception which he has been at such pains to build, he looks at himself impartially.

The sight that John saw through the wall was not comforting. It was not an heroic soul that, stripped of its defences, shivered beneath the scrutiny. In another mood he would have mended the breach, excusing and extenuating; but not now. He looked at himself without pity, and saw himself weak, slothful, devoid of all that was clean and fine, and a bitter contempt filled him.

From inside the house came the swelling note of the dinner-gong.

In his bedroom John's mood of introspection gave way to one of restlessness. He must do something. He must show her that he was not the man she thought him. And then it came to him that there was only one way. If he was to prove that he was not the Casino's hired man he must destroy the Casino. Not till he had done that could he face her again and say to her what he wished to say. He would prove to her that her first judgment of him had been the true one, that he was a man who could put his honour above money.

She loved him. She had not tried to hide it. He would show her that he was worthy of her love. He must return to Mervo at once. Every moment would be a year till he had made himself a free man.

Betty was not in the drawing-room when the gong sounded for dinner.

"Betty's not feeling good," explained Della. "She's gotten a headache or a chill or something, poor kid. She was looking as pale as a sheet, so I made her go to bed."

John went out on to the terrace after dinner. He felt more keenly than ever the imperative need for instant action. Would it be possible for him to leave to-night? If he could reach London early in the morning he would be able to catch the noon-day boat at Dover.

He threw away his cigar, and went back into the house to find a time-table. Yes, there was a slow train that would bring him to London in the small hours of the morning. He went up to his room, changed his clothes, and packed a bag. Then, walking warily by back-stairs, he stole out of the house and began his five-mile walk to the station.

(To be concluded.)

"MY REMINISCENCES."

By SUN YAT SEN.

Whatever career the future has in store for the celebrated Sun Yat Sen, as President of the Republic of China, none can deny his claim to be considered one of the most remarkable men in the world and the organizer of the greatest revolution, considering the numbers involved, that history can record.

The following article, taken down from Sun Yat Sen's own lips for "The Strand Magazine" and signed by him, is the first complete statement of his career up to the time of his last leaving England that has ever been published. It will serve to correct many errors and misstatements concerning him which have appeared in the Press of two Continents.

UP to the year 1885, when I was eighteen years of age, I had led the life of any Chinese youth of my class, except that from my father's conversion to Christianity and his employment by the London Missionary Society I had greater opportunities of coming into contact with English and American missionaries in Canton. An English lady became interested in me, and I learnt eventually to speak English. Dr. Kerr, of the Anglo-American Mission, found employment for me, and allowed me to pick up a great deal about medicine, for which I had a passion. I believed I saw a useful career before me as a physician amongst my countrymen, and no sooner had I heard that a College of Medicine was to be opened at Hong-Kong than I instantly presented myself before the Dean, Dr. James Cantlie, and enrolled my name as a student.

SUN YAT SEN.
From a Photograph by Central News.

There I spent five happy years of my life, and in 1892 I obtained a licentiate's diploma entitling me to practise in medicine and surgery. I cast about for a place to which I could go and settle, and at last decided to try my fortunes in the Portuguese Colony of Macao, in the Canton River. Up to this time I cannot say I had taken any special interest in politics; but it was while I was struggling to establish myself at Macao — and my struggles were desperate, owing to the prejudices of the Portuguese doctors— that I received a visit one night from a young merchant about my own age, who asked me if I had heard the news from Peking — that the Japanese were coming. I said I had heard little of it, except from the English.

"We are all kept in such ignorance. It is a great pity," I added; "the Emperor should trust the people more."

"*Tien ming wu chang*" ("The divine right does not last for ever"), said my friend.

"True," I rejoined, "and 'Heaven hears

through the ears of my people' "—quoting our sacred writer, Shun.

That evening I enrolled myself a member of the Young China Party. All the world now knows of the evils which had for so long beset my country. But the chief curse under which we suffered was ignorance. We were not allowed to know anything that was happening, much less to take any part in the Government. To me, constantly mixing with Europeans and tasting of their freedom, this state of things was intolerable. Meanwhile, after much struggling at Macao to secure a paying practice, I was obliged to take down my sign and remove to Canton. Then came China's crushing humiliation at the hands of Japan in 1894. I formed a branch at Canton of the Kao-lao-hui, and flung myself into the work. Converts speedily began to flock about me, and a mandarin, meeting me one day, said :—

"Sun, you are a marked man."

"How so?" I asked.

"Your name has gone to Peking. You had better be careful."

Only one circumstance then saved me. The news came that the Emperor, Kuang Hsu, had awakened from his lethargy and, in spite of the Dowager-Empress, was inclined to favour our reforms. I instantly drew up a petition, obtained hundreds of signatures, and forwarded it to Peking.

PORTRAIT OF SUN YAT SEN IN CHINESE DRESS, TAKEN ABOUT 1892.

For a time its fate and our own hung in the balance. Then something happened to concentrate the attention of the Court upon us. The Cantonese soldiers enlisted for the Japanese War were disbanded; but, instead of going back to work, they threw in their lot with us. Besides this, a body of special Canton police grew restless, and, unable to get their pay, took to plundering the town. A mass meeting of the inhabitants was called, and a deputation of over five hundred men went to the house of the Governor to protest.

"This is rebellion," cried the Governor, and immediately ordered the arrest of the ring-leaders. I escaped. It was my first escape, although I had many adventures of the kind soon afterwards. Finding myself out of the clutches of the authorities, and anxious to rescue my less fortunate colleagues, we drew up a bold plan, for which the time now seemed ripe. Briefly, it was to capture the city of Canton, and hold it until our petition had been heard and until our wrongs, including fresh taxation, were redressed. To do this it was necessary to get the aid of a large body of Swatow Province men, who were equally discontented. We had daily meetings of the Reform Committee, and accumulated quantities of arms and ammunition, including dynamite. Everything was arranged; all depended on the passage of the Swatow soldiers across country—a distance of more than a hundred and fifty miles—to their juncture with us and a contingent from Hong-Kong at the given moment. At the appointed time I sat with my friends in a certain house, outside which we had stationed a hundred armed men, while we had between thirty and forty messengers penetrating into all quarters of Canton to warn our friends to be ready early next morning. All seemed going well, when a bombshell exploded. It was a telegram from the Swatow leader addressed to me:—

"Imperial troops on the alert. Cannot advance."

What were we to do? It was on the Swatow army that we depended. We tried to recall our scouts; we sent telegrams to Hong-Kong. In vain; the contingent, four hundred strong, had left by steamer, carrying ten cases of revolvers. Our conspirators took alarm, and then commenced a scene of confusion, as everyone who could fled before the storm. All our papers were burnt and our arms and ammunition buried. I spent several days and nights a fugitive hiding in the pirate-haunted canals of the Kwangtung delta, before I managed to get on board a little steam-launch, whose owner I knew. On reaching Macao I had the pleasure of reading a proclamation offering ten thousand taels for the capture of Sun Wen (myself), and of hearing that a body of police had met the Hong-Kong steamer and promptly arrested all on board. So ended the Canton conspiracy of 1895.

I passed only a few hours at Macao, where

I met my old colleague, who said to me: "Well, Sun, you're in for it now."

To which I replied: "Yes, I've begun the work. You remember what you said—'*Tien ming wu chang.*'"

At Hong-Kong my safety was hardly more assured, and on Dr. Cantlie's advice I went to see a lawyer, Mr. Dennis, who told me that my best protection was instant flight.

"Peking's arm, though weaker, is still a long one," he said; "and in whichever part of the world you go, you must expect to hear of the Tsung-li-Yamen."

Fortunately, friends provided me with funds, and here I must mention the constant fidelity of well-wishers to the great cause I have all these years endeavoured to promote. They have never failed me. But then, fortunately, apart from travelling, my wants are few. I have often for weeks together lived on a little rice and water, and I have journeyed many hundreds of miles on foot. At other times I have had difficulty in refusing the large sums placed at my disposal, for some of my countrymen in America are very rich, generous, and patriotic.

SUN YAT SEN'S FATHER.
From a Photograph taken about 1867.

At Kobé, whither I fled from Hong-Kong, I took a step of great importance. I cut off my queue, which had been growing all my life. For some days I had not shaved my head, and I allowed the hair to grow on my upper lip. Then I went out to a clothier's and bought a suit of modern Japanese garments. When I was fully dressed I looked in the mirror, and was astonished—and a good deal reassured—by the transformation. Nature had favoured me. I was darker in complexion than most Chinese, a trait I had inherited from my mother, for my father resembled more the regular type. I have seen it said that I have Malay blood in my veins, and also that I was born in Honolulu. Both these statements are false. I am purely Chinese, as far as I know; but after the Japanese War, when the natives of Japan began to be treated with more respect, I had no trouble, when I had let my hair and moustache grow, in passing for a Japanese. I admit I owe a great deal to this circumstance, as otherwise I should not have escaped from many dangerous situations. Japanese themselves always have taken me for one of their countrymen. Once when I was being shadowed in a public place, two Yokohama men accosted me. Unhappily, I do not know a word of Japanese, but I pretended for a few minutes that I did, in order to put the spy off the scent.

A similar experience befell me in Honolulu, where I spent six months after leaving Japan. I found many of my countrymen there, and they received me with open arms. They knew all about my exploits, and they also knew that a big price was placed on the head of the notorious "Sun Wen." In the town of Honolulu I held a sort of *levée* every day, and I received letters and reports from my friends, the members of the Reform Party, the Kao-lao-hui. Thence I went to San Francisco, and enjoyed a sort of triumphal journey through America, varied by reports that the Chinese Minister to Washington was doing his utmost to have me kidnapped and carried back to China, where I well knew the fate that would befall me — first having my ankles crushed in a vice and broken by a hammer, my eyelids cut off, and, finally, be chopped to small fragments, so that none could claim my mortal remains. For the old Chinese code does not err on the side of mercy to political agitators.

I sailed for England in September, 1896, and on the eleventh of the next month I was kidnapped at the Chinese Legation in Portland Place, London, by order of the Chinese Ambassador. The story of that kidnapping is already known fully to the world. It is enough to say here that I was locked up in a room under strict surveillance for twelve days, awaiting my transportation on board ship, as a lunatic, back to China, and that I should never have escaped had not my old friend and master, Dr. Cantlie, been then living in London. To him I managed, after many failures, to get through a message. He notified the newspapers, and the police and

GENERAL HOMER LEA, SUN YAT SEN'S CHIEF MILITARY ADVISER.
From a Photograph by Sarony.

Lord Salisbury intervened at the eleventh hour and ordered my release.

After some time spent in travel and study in London and Paris, I felt that the time had come to return to China. My country, I felt, needed me, and I arrived to find everything in a state of ferment. The whole world knows the story of the Boxer troubles. During that terrible time I was speaking and writing and lecturing—more confident now than ever that nothing could stave off the inevitable revolution. Daily I carried my life in my hand, for I began to have enemies now amongst the extremists, men who hated Europeans and European civilization and wished to expel the "foreign devils" from China.

It was now that another important event happened to me. I was speaking to a company of my followers when my eye fell on a young man of slight physique. He was under five feet high; he was about my age; his face was pale, and he looked delicate. Afterwards he came to me and said:—

"I should like to throw in my lot with you. I should like to help you. I believe your propaganda will succeed."

His accent told me he was an American. He held out his hand. I took it and thanked him, wondering who he was. I thought he was a missionary or a student. I was right. After he had gone I said to a friend:—

"Who was that little hunchback?"

"Oh, that," said he, "is Colonel Homer Lea, one of the most brilliant—perhaps *the* most brilliant military genius now alive. He is a perfect master of modern warfare."

I almost gasped in astonishment.

"And he has just offered to throw in his lot with me."

The next morning I called on Homer Lea, now General, and the famous author of the "Valour of Ignorance." I told him that in case I should succeed and my countrymen gave me the power to do so, I would make him my chief military adviser.

"Do not wait until you are President of China," he said. "You may want me before then. You can neither make nor keep a Government without an army. I have the highest opinion of Chinamen as troops when they are properly trained."

Most of the modern army—the troops trained in European tactics—are patriots and reformers, but until they seized the arsenal at Hanyang they were without ammunition. Blank cartridges were all that was ever served out to them.

Some of my friends were always anxious about my safety; but as to myself—perhaps as a remnant of Chinese fatalism—these things give me little trouble. When my time comes it will come. At Nanking a man once walked into my cabin on board a junk in the early morning.

"Sun," he said, "I am a poor man and I have a wife and many children."

"I understand. You mean that someone has offered you a hundred dollars to betray me?"

"More than that," he said.

"A thousand, then?"

"Five thousand, Sun. You are only one man, Sun, and Tszehi can have the lives of many. She hates you and will have your head cut off, and then it will be no good to anybody. If you give it to me now it will make us all rich and happy."

"Very true," I said. "My head is worth nothing to me, but is it worth a great deal to you? For if you betrayed me the mandarins would not only take all the money away from you, but your children would go on being poor for thousands of years, and millions of other children. Listen, Jin. I belong to you, and therefore my head is your head. Would you take five thousand dollars for

your own head? '*Tien ming wu chang.*' But go and tell your chief that I am aboard this junk. I shall not stir."

He fell at my feet and begged my pardon. But I was sorry to hear next day that this man had drowned himself, because he said he could not endure the disgrace of having thought of giving me up to my enemies.

I could tell many stories connected with the rewards placed upon my head. All men were not, I am sorry to say, like this one. Some really would have wished to earn the reward if they could—but my friends saved me. Once I was kept in one house six weeks without stirring from my room. At another time I was living with a fisherman in a small cabin on the outskirts of Canton, when I was told that two soldiers had been ordered to take their place in a little grove near by and shoot me on sight. I was made aware of the danger and kept in the house for two days. Then I was told that the two soldiers themselves had been shot.

A DRAWING, BY A CHINESE-AMERICAN ARTIST, OF HOW SUN YAT SEN CONVERTED TO HIS VIEWS THE CHINESE OFFICIALS SENT TO ARREST HIM.

But in a way my most extraordinary experience was in Canton, when two young officials came themselves to capture me. I was in my room at night and in my shirt-sleeves, reading and looking over my papers. The two men opened the door. They had a dozen soldiers outside. When I saw them I calmly took up one of the sacred books and began to read aloud. They listened for a time, and after a while one of them spoke, and asked a question. I answered it, and they asked others. Then ensued a long argument, and I stated my case and the case of the thousands who thought as I did at full length, as well as I could. At the end of two hours the two men went away, and I heard them saying in the street, "That is not the man we want. He is a good man, and spends his life healing the sick."

I estimate that the rewards upon my head once amounted altogether to not less than seven hundred thousand taels (one hundred thousand pounds sterling). In these circumstances, I have been asked why I have gone about in London so freely and taken so few precautions. My answer is that my life now is of little consequence, for there are plenty to take my place. Ten years ago, if I had been assassinated or carried back to China for execution, the cause would have suffered. Now the organization I have spent so many years in bringing about is complete.

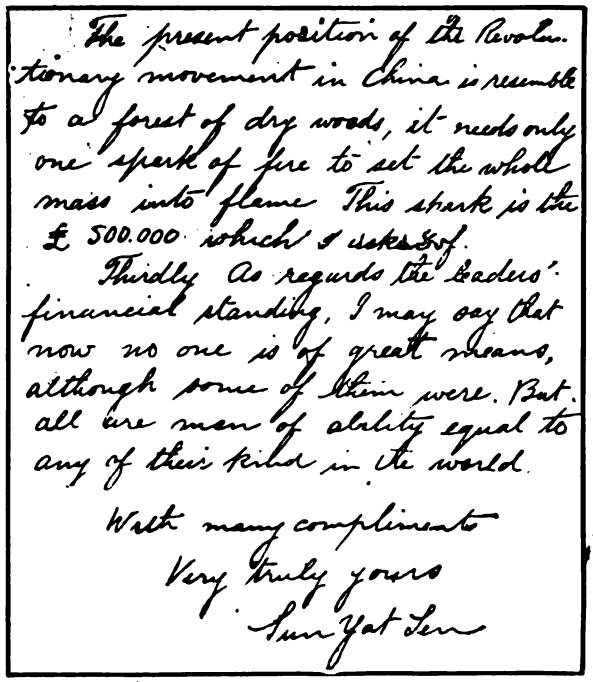
At the close of the Boxer rebellion I returned to America. There was one thing I wanted more than troops and arms—without which I saw I could have neither, and that was money. Not the money in quantities I had been receiving—here and there—but at least half a million sterling. Anything less than this would be failure. Now began a new *rôle* for me—a canvasser for political funds. In this capacity I travelled in every city in America, and I visited all the leading bankers in Europe. Emissaries sent by me penetrated into all quarters. Some professing to act for me and in my name proved faithless. But I prefer not to speak of these—although one man is now universally denounced as a traitor to the cause for having appropriated a huge sum of money entrusted to his care. He will meet with his due reward.

All over the world, and particularly in America, the legend has grown up that China-

men are selfish and mercenary. There never was a greater libel on a people. Many have given me their whole fortune. One Philadelphia laundryman called at my hotel after a meeting, and, thrusting a linen bag upon me, went away without a word. It contained his entire savings for twenty years.

Meanwhile I kept my eyes on China and the events happening there. After the death of the Empress-Dowager I realized that Fate was playing into the hands of Yuan-Shih-Kai, who would be for a time the arbiter of my country's destiny. But I also knew that he could do nothing without me.

People in Europe think that the Chinese wish to keep themselves apart from foreign nations, and that the Chinese ports could be opened to foreign trade only at the point of the bayonet. That is all wrong. History furnishes us with many proofs that before the arrival of the Manchus the Chinese were in close relations with the neighbouring countries and that they showed no dislike towards foreign traders and missionaries. Foreign merchants were allowed to travel freely through the Empire. During the Ming dynasty there was no anti-foreign spirit.



SUN YAT SEN'S DRAFT OF A PROCLAMATION TO THE WORLD FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHINESE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

When the Manchus came the ancient policy of toleration changed. The country was closed to foreign commerce. The missionaries were driven out and the Chinese Christians were massacred. Chinamen were forbidden to emigrate. Disobedience was punished with death. Why? Simply because the Manchus wished to exclude foreigners and desired the people to hate them, for fear that the Chinese, enlightened by the foreigners, might wake up to a sense of their nationality. The anti-foreign spirit created by the Manchus came to its climax in the Boxer risings of 1900, and who were the leaders of that movement? None other than members of the reigning family. Foreigners travelling in China have often remarked that they are better received by the people than by the officials.

I will here again enumerate the principal wrongs we have suffered during the two hundred and sixty years of the Tartar rule :—

1. The Manchurian Tartars govern for the benefit of their race and not for that of their subjects.

2. They oppose our intellectual and material progress.

3. They treat us as a subject race and deny us the rights and privileges of equality.

4. They violate our inalienable rights to life, liberty, and property.

5. They promote and encourage the corruption of officialdom.

6. They suppress the liberty of speech.

7. They tax us heavily and unjustly without our consent.

8. They practise the most barbarous tortures.

9. They deprive us unjustly of our rights.

10. They do not fulfil their duty of protecting the life and property of the people living under their jurisdiction.

Although we have reasons to hate the Manchus we have tried to live in peace with them, but without success. Therefore we, the Chinese people, have resolved to adopt pacific measures if possible, and violent ones if necessary, in order to be treated with justice and to establish peace in the Far East and throughout the world. We mean to go through with what we have begun—no matter how much blood will be spilt.

A new Government, an enlightened and progressive Government, must be substituted

for the old one. When that has been done, China will not only be able to free herself from her troubles, but also may be able to deliver other nations from the necessity of defending their independence and integrity. Among the Chinese there are many of high culture who, we believe, are able to undertake the task of forming a new Government. Carefully-thought-out plans have been made for a long time for transforming the old Chinese monarchy into a republic.

The masses of the people are ready to receive a new form of Government. They wish for a change of their political and social conditions, in order to escape from the deplorable conditions of life prevailing at present. The country is in a state of tension. It is like a forest of dry wood, and it needs only the slightest spark to set fire to it. The people are ready to drive the Tartars out. They will come over as soon as the revolutionary force has gained a footing in South China. The seven divisions around Peking are the entire creation of Yuan-Shih-Kai. Since he has been degraded the loyalty of these troops to the Peking Government is greatly diminished.

Though no arrangement has been made between them and us, we strongly believe that they will not fight for the Manchu Government, and there is another division in Manchuria which is commanded by a revolutionary general, who can be depended upon to co-operate against Peking when the time comes.

As to the navy, though hitherto no arrangement for support has been made, an understanding can be easily concluded if sufficient funds for the purpose could be provided. The naval force of China consists of only four serviceable cruisers, the largest of which is but four thousand tons, and the other three two thousand nine hundred tons. Many of the officers and sailors are revolutionists.

I say again, the whole of South China is ready for a general uprising. Besides the readiness of all the people of South China to follow the movement, the revolutionist has enrolled the best fighting elements in the provinces of Kwangtung, Kwangsi, and Hunan. These provinces have always produced the best soldiers in China.

So far it has all happened as I foretold, only the crisis has come a little more hurriedly. I expected Yuan-Shih-Kai would have been able to hold out longer. I was so full of this belief that when a year ago Yuan sent for me I distrusted his messenger. I thought he was playing false, but he was really in earnest. He wished to remove the ban from my life and act openly in concert with me. But I said to his messenger :—

"Go back to your master and tell him I have not laboured fifteen years and suffered so many perils to be tricked so easily. Tell his Excellency I can wait. '*Tien ming wu chang.*'"

If I had trusted Yuan's messenger the revolution would have happened sooner, and I should now be in Peking. For I can count upon millions of followers. They will follow me to the death, as they have long followed my teachings.

The greatest advance the revolutionary movement has made was when we enjoyed the favour of the late Emperor before he was put under restraint by the Dowager-Empress. At that time many thousands of young Chinamen obtained permission to leave China and travel about the world, studying European customs and institutions. Ninety per cent. of these became infected with revolutionary ideas. I used to meet them by scores wherever I went. They had heard of me, and were anxious to exchange ideas with me. When they went back they soon began to leaven the whole of China.

Whether I am to be the titular head of all China, or to work in conjunction with another, and that other Yuan-Shih-Kai, is of no importance to me. I have done my work; the wave of enlightenment and progress cannot now be stayed, and China—the country in the world most fitted to be a republic, because of the industrious and docile character of the people—will, in a short time, take her place amongst the civilized and liberty-loving nations of the world.

Sun Yat Sen

孫逸仙

The Girl From Manchester.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

Illustrated by W. R. S. Stott.

THE senior member of the firm had himself left the mysterious privacy of his inner office to offer a few stereotyped but honeyed remarks to the young lady from the highly-esteemed Manchester firm of Messrs. Harrison and Peters, Limited. The salesman, the assistant-salesman, and Mr. Henry Podmore, manager of the department in which the young lady's purchases had been made, stood by during the process ready to smile at the slightest provocation, eager to pounce once more upon their customer the moment their chief should think fit to retire. But the chief was in no hurry. The young lady was trim and smart and bright. She was also remarkably good-looking.

"I should like," Mr. Bedells said—Mr. Bedells was the senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Bedells, Clumber, and Company—"to glance through Miss—Miss Gray's order, just to see if anything occurs to me."

Mr. Podmore dexterously whipped an order-book from under his arm and laid it open before his chief.

"This is as far as we have gone at present, sir," he pronounced, with some emphasis upon the last phrase. "We still have hopes of interesting Miss Gray in our more expensive jet ornaments."

Miss Gray, who was lithe and supple, raised herself lightly on to the mahogany counter and swung her feet backwards and forwards. She wore grey stockings and grey suède shoes, and her ankles were irreproachable. Mr. Podmore caught her eye and glanced away hurriedly. For a partially-engaged young man he was a little ashamed of himself. Miss Gray continued to swing her feet. Her right fingers were clasped now around her right knee, and her left—well, there was more than her ankle to be seen in her new position. Mr. Podmore distinctly blushed. Miss Gray stared at him curiously. This was in London, and Miss Gray came from Manchester. She had been warned against London young men. Besides, she knew Mr. Jenkins, who was traveller to the firm and who came to Manchester. She knew him quite well, and she had never seen him blush.

"Very satisfactory, I am sure," Mr. Bedells remarked, having completed his perusal of this most interesting order. "Some of the prices are just a little fine—those bugles, Mr. Podmore."

"Quite so, sir," Mr. Podmore admitted; "but I can assure you that we found Miss Gray most difficult on the subject of bugles. I explained that the price upon which she insisted left us barely a living profit."

"Same price as I can get them at within a hundred yards from here," the young lady informed him.

"Really!" Mr. Bedells sighed. He hated the mention of rivals. "Profits, as we used to understand them in the old days," he continued, sorrowfully, "no longer exist. Disappeared entirely, I can assure you."

"You seem to do pretty well," Miss Gray remarked, consolingly. "Nice motor-car you got out of as I came in."

Mr. Bedells coughed. Was it his fancy, he wondered, or was this young lady inclined to be a trifle familiar?

Miss Gray prepared to depart.

Mr. Bedells again coughed. It was an old-fashioned firm and it had old-fashioned methods, especially with country customers.

"Mr. Jenkins's absence is indeed regrettable," he said. "He was compelled to go to Leeds quite unexpectedly, or I know he would have been delighted to offer you the hospitality which it is the custom of the employés of our firm to tender to our friends from a distance."

"Told me he'd be here all the week," the young lady remarked, with the slightest possible toss of her head.

"If you would allow one of my other young gentlemen to take his place," Mr. Bedells continued, soothingly; "Mr. Podmore—the manager of the department—would, I am sure, be delighted to offer you the usual hospitalities. London, Miss Gray, is no place for a young lady alone."

"Quite so," Miss Gray agreed. "I've

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"MISS GRAY RAISED HERSELF LIGHTLY ON TO THE MAHOGANY COUNTER AND SWUNG HER FEET BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS."

found that out already. A girl can't even go to a decent restaurant without being stared at, much more the Exhibition, or anywhere like that. If Mr. Podmore is free, then?" she added, glancing questioningly toward that young gentleman.

Mr. Podmore was tall and fair and inclined to be thin. He had a pink and white complexion, and, although when in business his zeal made him oblivious of it, he was really exceedingly and painfully nervous. He met Miss Gray's confident little glance with something akin to positive apprehension. He said absolutely nothing at all. His mouth was slightly open, his ears seemed suddenly protuberant. He was glib enough in the discussion of business details, all of which he had at his fingers' ends, but the prospect of spending an evening alone with this attractive young woman reduced him to a state of speechlessness. Besides, there was Millicent!

"Of course, if you have any engagement," Miss Gray began.

"Mr. Podmore, I am sure, has no engagement that he cannot easily break," Mr. Bedells said, a little severely.

"Quite easily. No engagement at all," Mr. Podmore protested, suddenly conscious of his failure to meet the situation. "Delighted, Miss Gray! Anything I can do, I am sure! Great pleasure!"

"Very well, then," the young lady remarked, "that's settled. You can take me downstairs now, please, and get me a taxicab."

Miss Gray made her adieux. Mr. Podmore, a trifle awkwardly, escorted her to the ground floor in the lift, and more awkwardly still piloted her across the warehouse and past the offices. He sent a porter for a taxicab, and they stood together upon the step until it arrived.

"No. 8, Eden Street, Bloomsbury, my address is," the young lady declared. "Not a minute later than a quarter-past seven, mind, and I should like to see the new piece at the Gaiety. You needn't bother about stalls; dress circle will do quite well."

Mr. Podmore, who did not, as a rule, visit the theatre, and who had certainly never visited any part of it except the pit, looked a little vague.

"You'll dress, of course?" she added, as the cab arrived. "Good-bye!"

The cab drove off. Miss Gray, leaning out of the window, waved a daintily-gloved hand at him. Mr. Podmore slowly withdrew into the warehouse. He felt that he had a lot to think about.

First of all there was, as he had remembered once before, Miss Millicent Woodward. As he passed the glass-enclosed offices on the ground floor his attention was attracted by a sharp tapping. He obeyed the summons without hesitation. Miss Woodward, who was the senior typist, and sat at a small table alone, wished to ask him a question.

"Whatever were you doing with that strange-looking young woman, Henry?" she inquired, with some curiosity, not unmixed with acidity.

Mr. Podmore straightened his tie.

"Important customer of the firm," he answered in a stage whisper—"Miss Gray, a buyer from Harrison's, of Manchester. We've just booked a capital order from her."

Miss Woodward arched her eyebrows. She was rather an insignificant-looking person, undersized and with sallow complexion. Her eyebrows were, perhaps, her best feature.

"What an extraordinary idea to send out a young woman like that to buy things!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Podmore smiled.

"Come," he said; "I don't quite see why you should be the one to object. You're always on about women being able to undertake any work a man can do. How about your paper the other night on 'Careers Open to a Woman'? It's trimmings and bows she buys, and that sort of thing—just what you suggest a woman ought to be able to buy better than a man."

Miss Woodward tossed her head.

"Certain women," she declared, "are, without a doubt, suited for a great many posts at present given to men. The young lady whom you are speaking of was a different type. For one thing, I should say that she was much too stylishly dressed for the part."

"Well, I don't know about that," Mr. Podmore replied. "When we send a man on the road he wears a silk hat and black coat—dresses a jolly sight better than we stay-at-homes."

Miss Woodward reflected—and Mr. Podmore looked at her with new eyes. Certainly she was plain, according to his new standard. Her face was rather long and thin and entirely colourless. Her eyes and eyebrows were moderately good, but the former were spoilt by a pair of spectacles, which she confessed that she wore from preservative reasons rather than from any actual necessity. Her attire was unfashionable and unbecoming, though neat. Her smooth hair was brushed back from her forehead in uncompromising stiffness. Mr. Podmore was compelled to remind himself vigorously of her intellectual gifts.

"The matter," she remarked, drawing her notebook towards her, "is not worth arguing. Don't forget the Mutual to-night, if I get away first. I hear that Mr. Smith's paper will be most interesting."

The thing had to be done. Mr. Podmore plunged.

"I sha'n't be able to come to the Mutual to-night," he said. "The governor's ordered me to entertain the young lady who has just gone out—Miss Gray. She's up from Manchester on business, and has no friends in London."

There was a moment's silence.

"Do you mean the young lady who was with you just now?" Miss Woodward asked.

Mr. Podmore signified that such was the case.

"Jenkins should have looked after her," he explained; "but he's away—gone to Leeds on a special trip. You know, the governor always insists upon having customers of the firm entertained. I didn't volunteer.

He simply pitched upon me because she'd been buying in my department."

"Couldn't you have told Mr. Bedells that you had an engagement for this evening?" Miss Woodward asked, severely.

"It would have been most unwise," he replied. "The governor doesn't like anyone even to hesitate when he suggests anything. There is the question of my salary pending, too."

Miss Woodward struck a key of her typewriter vigorously and recommenced her work. Mr. Podmore departed to enter up his order. To all outward appearance, the establishment of Messrs. Bedells, Clumber, and Company remained otherwise unaffected by the visit of the young lady buyer from Manchester.

Shortly after seven Podmore, who had walked from the nearest tube, and who was a little splashed about the feet, presented himself at No. 8, Eden Street, Bloomsbury. He was admitted by a neat little maid-servant, and confronted in the narrow passage by a spectacle at once alarming, miraculous, and beautiful. It was Miss Gray, in an evening dress of blue chiffon, with a broad band of blue satin around her waist, the end of which hung down almost to her feet. She was carrying a grey silk theatre coat, also lined with blue satin. Her neck and shoulders were bare, her hair was ornamented with a band of blue ribbon. She was wearing shoes and silk stockings of the same colour. Mr. Podmore had read of such costumes; he had even seen them in the lobbies of the theatres. But it had never occurred to him as a reasonable possibility that he might be brought into actual and personal association with the wearer of one.

The rain ran from his umbrella into a little pool upon the floor while he stood and gaped at this unexpected vision. Miss Gray, in the meantime, from her position underneath the swinging hall-lamp, was eyeing his costume with considerable surprise, not to say disfavour.

"Thought we agreed to dress?" she remarked, a little tartly.

The significance of her speech dawned tardily upon him.

"I am sorry," he answered, humbly; "I haven't got a dress-coat. I didn't think you meant that."

Miss Gray was not only a good-natured girl, but she possessed a sense of humour. The dismay in the face of this fresh-coloured, gawky young man, so painfully conscious of his ill-cut frock-coat, grey trousers, and thick boots, appeased her irritation. Perhaps his obvious and almost worshipful admiration helped. She gave him her cloak to put on, which he did very clumsily. His eyes all the time were fixed upon her shoulders. There was an odd little perfume from her hair and clothes which disturbed him.

"I suppose you kept your cab?" she asked.

"I walked from the tube," he replied. "I have an umbrella."

"Whistle for a taxi," she ordered the maidservant. "My dear young man," she continued, a little irritably, raising her skirt a few inches, "you don't suppose I could walk to the tube in these shoes, do you?"

Mr. Podmore might with justice have reminded her that he had not, previous to his coming, seen her shoes, or any others like them; but he imagined silence to be more discreet. A taxicab was brought, and he held his umbrella over her whilst she crossed the pavement. She manipulated her skirts in such fashion that there was not the slightest chance of their getting wet—and Mr. Podmore got a little pinker in the face.

"Where to, sir?" the chauffeur asked him.

"Trocadero," Podmore replied, with more confidence. Here, at least, he felt that he was on sure ground. He had sought advice upon the subject. Nevertheless, Miss Gray made a little grimace.

"Regular rendezvous for us poor people from the country," she remarked.

"Is there anywhere else——"

"I prefer the Savoy," she interrupted; "but perhaps the Trocadero to-night is more suitable."

Podmore was once more conscious of his attire, but from that moment her good-nature returned. She only laughed at him when he discovered, to his dismay, that he was the only one in the restaurant not in evening clothes. She helped him tactfully out of all the embarrassments of ordering the dinner. These, however, were scarcely over when a gorgeous person with a chain around his neck produced a volume bound in calf, which he tendered to Podmore.

"We've ordered," the latter apprised him.

"The wine, sir!" the man whispered, reproachfully.

Wine! Podmore took the volume and fingered it doubtfully. The man had deftly opened it at champagnes.

"Something quite dry, please," Miss Gray murmured.

But her request only left Podmore in a worse plight than ever. The man took pity upon him.

"Number seventy-eight is an excellent wine, sir," he whispered, confidentially. "Quite a lady's wine, too. You couldn't do better, I am sure."

"Bring that, then," Podmore ordered, closing the book with a sigh of relief.

"On ice, sir?"

"Just the same to me," Podmore declared, waving him away.

"On ice, certainly," the young lady directed.

Podmore looked around him with an expression almost of awe. Miss Gray, who was drawing off her gloves and who looked very superior, was more puzzled at her escort than ever.

"Do you mind my asking you a few questions?" she began, leaning a little forward.

"Not a bit," he replied.

"Sure you won't mind?"

"Go ahead and try," he begged.

"Have you ever taken a girl out to dine before?"

"Never," he answered, promptly. "I've taken Miss Woodward to tea at Lyons's once or twice."

"And who is Miss Woodward?"

"Senior typist at Bedells's."

"A great friend?" Miss Gray asked, insinuatingly.

"I'm sort of half-engaged to her," he admitted, with a curious reluctance—"only half."

"Oh!"

Miss Gray was thoughtful for a moment.

"How do you manage when you're half-engaged?" she inquired.

He looked a little vague.

"Well, we go about together," he explained. "We go to the Mutual Benefit Society two evenings a week, and generally sit together at church."

Miss Gray bit her lip.

"Anything else?"

"Nothing, except that I suppose we should spend holiday times together," he went on, doubtfully. "You see, I haven't known her very long. We are both interested in the Mutual Benefit."

"Is she pretty?" she asked presently.

Mr. Podmore shook his head.

"Oh, no! She isn't a bit like you," he added, and his eyes and tone were very expressive indeed.

Miss Gray was pleased.

"So you think I'm nice-looking?"

"I think you're—you're wonderful!" he declared, marvelling for the first time at the poverty of the English language.

She changed the subject.

"You don't mind my going on asking questions? I'm afraid I am rather inquisitive."

"Not a bit," he assured her.

"How much do you get a week?"

"Two pounds eighteen," he replied, promptly. He was rather proud of it, and watched her a little anxiously to note the result of his admission. Miss Gray, however, turned up her nose.

"Two pounds eighteen, and manager of your department!" she exclaimed. "It isn't enough. Any commission?"

"No! I've been there since I was fourteen; started with three-and-sixpence," he wound up.

To him it seemed, as it always had done, a thrilling example of a brilliant and meteoric rise. Miss Gray, however, shook her head.

"Your firm is not given to generosity," she remarked. "Do you save anything?"

"Half my salary," he declared. "I haven't spent more than half for over ten years."

"Thinking of getting married soon?"

Mr. Podmore blushed. She was certainly a bold young lady. Neither Miss Woodward nor he, in their frequent conversations, had ever so much as mentioned the word.

"No!" he assured her, fervently.

The dinner which was presently served to them was like a dream of fairyland to him. A band played voluptuous music, he tasted champagne for the first time in his life, and it amused his companion to be kind. They went afterwards to a music-hall instead of the theatre, again on account of his costume, and Mr. Podmore saw things upon the stage which took his breath away. He had been brought up by a maiden aunt only recently deceased, and his surroundings since then had been such that it had never occurred to him to take advantage of his liberty. Hence his three hundred and forty-two pounds in the bank; hence, too, that tolerant interest which Miss Gray certainly took in him. After the performance she insisted upon supper—more fairy-like tables, illuminated only with rose-shaded lights, more music, more visions of other beautiful women with white necks and bare shoulders. He felt the influence of all these things, but his eyes seldom left his companion's face. After all, she found it quite an amusing evening.

"Remember," she enjoined him, as they entered the taxi-cab to drive homeward, "you're to charge up every penny you've spent to the firm. I'm their guest, you understand? Mr. Jenkins always did."

He suddenly hated Jenkins with a fierce and determined hatred. He was in a very bad way indeed.

"Very well," he said. "If I—if I buy a dress suit, will you come out with me next time you are in London?"

She laughed at the suppressed eagerness in his tone. "What would Miss Woodward say?" she murmured.

"I don't care," he answered. "I want you to come with me. Will you?"

"I think perhaps I may," she promised. "You really are quite nice, and it is such a relief to meet a young man who doesn't know everything."

They were side by side in the cab. Outside it was raining and the window-panes were blurred. She leaned a little towards him. His heart was beating like a sledge-hammer.

"If you like," she whispered softly, "you may give me just one kiss—here!"

She indicated the spot on her cheek with

"'IF YOU LIKE,' SHE WHISPERED, SOFTLY, 'YOU MAY GIVE ME JUST ONE KISS—HERE!'"

her forefinger. He sat quite still. Only his eyes glowed. She laughed mockingly.

"I shall have to show you how, I suppose. Give me your hand—no, the right hand. You put your arm gently around my waist like that, you take off your hat—that's right, throw it on the opposite seat. Now you lean over and you may kiss me once, quite gently, where I told you."

She turned her cheek towards him. Suddenly Mr. Podmore discovered himself. She felt herself held as though she were in a vice by a pair of exceedingly strong arms. Mr. Podmore kissed her not once but at least half-a-dozen times—and not at all on the spot to which he had been directed. When at last he let her go, she was breathless.

"Oh!" she gasped, and looked out of the window. She was also, for the first time during the evening, speechless.

Mr. Podmore was triumphant.

"I'd like to do it again!" he declared, daringly.

She turned slowly towards him. Her face was flushed and her eyes were twinkling.

"I wonder what Miss Woodward would say to that!" she murmured.

Mr. Podmore found out, for on the next evening he told her. She listened to his faithful narration of the whole evening's proceedings with grim disapproval. When, however, it came to the ride home—and she cross-examined him with such skill that there was very little which remained untold—her sallow cheeks were almost pink. Mr. Podmore, notwithstanding the remnants of his partiality, was forced to admit to himself that she looked spiteful.

"After that, Henry Podmore," she decided, tossing her head, "I prefer to go to the Mutual alone."

"I was afraid you'd feel like that," he confessed, with an immense sense of relief; "but I had to tell you."

"A common, over-dressed creature!" Miss Woodward continued. "Coming to London alone to buy things, indeed! A woman commercial traveller! Henry Podmore, I'm ashamed of you!"

"I won't listen to a word against her," he declared, hotly.

"Then you'd better go away or stop your ears," Miss Woodward retorted.

Mr. Podmore obeyed, and that episode of his life was closed.

Mr. Podmore bought his dress suit and made other additions to his wardrobe. He discontinued his subscription to the Mutual Benefit Society and visited several of the theatres mentioned by Miss Gray as being deserving of his notice. He sat in the gallery and strove conscientiously to cultivate a liking for what he saw. Sometimes he succeeded, at other times he failed. He really had a very correct taste, distorted a little by the cramped culture of his ill-directed self-education, undertaken for the most part hand in hand with Miss Woodward. He also read certain books recommended by Miss Gray, and in this direction he was even more successful. Novels up till now he had deliberately avoided, especially modern ones, and he was amazed at the quality and interest of what he read. He quickly went through her list and commenced on others. All the time he counted the days as they dragged by. Business was reported good in the north, and no orders by post had come in from the firm of Harrison and Peters, Limited. At any day she might appear.

One morning Jenkins came in. He had just returned from a journey, and he was a very important man indeed. He spent an hour or so with Podmore, looking out his orders and bustling about generally. The latter waited as long as he could, and then asked the question which had been trembling upon his lips for so long.

"Anything for Harrison and Peters?"

"Buyer's coming up this week," Jenkins replied, consulting his notebook—"Thursday or Friday morning, most likely. Remind me to be in the way. Likes plenty of attention that young woman does."

"We managed to do fairly well with her when she was here the time you were in Leeds," Podmore remarked, contriving somehow or other to keep his voice steady.

Mr. Jenkins nodded.

"They were wanting the stuff badly. By the by, did anyone take her out from here?"

"I did," Podmore replied.

Jenkins stared at him for a moment. Then he burst out laughing.

"Lord, what a joke!" he exclaimed. "Excuse me, Podmore, old chap, but it is funny, you know. Where did you take her? Did you try the Mutual Benefit, or was there a conversazione at the Y.M.C.A.?"

"If there had been," Podmore answered, "I should not have taken her there."

Mr. Jenkins once more gave himself up to a hearty appreciation of the joke. He was a big, dark man, with sallow cheeks, black eyes, of which he was particularly proud, a carefully-waxed moustache, and a bustling manner.

"By Jove, that's funny, though!" he repeated. "Where did you take her to dine anyhow, Podmore, eh? To one of the select tea-rooms? I wonder she didn't tell me about it. It must have been dashed amusing!"

"Why?" Podmore asked, quietly.

Mr. Jenkins wiped his eyes.

"Don't ask silly questions," he replied, patting Podmore upon the shoulder in a patronizing fashion. "I must get her to tell me all about it when I take her out this time."

Podmore was silent because he had no words. A new terror oppressed his life. For four days Mr. Jenkins would be at home, and on any one of those four days Miss Gray might come. He was shaken with jealousy. Perhaps they had arranged it so! He found himself watching the door every time it opened. Friday was the last day. Mr. Jenkins strolled in about eleven o'clock, with a flower in his buttonhole and smoking a cigarette. It wasn't allowed, but when he was at home these odd days he gave himself the airs of a visitor. He looked about the warehouse with a slightly disappointed expression.

"Thought Miss Gray might have been here this morning," he said. "She knows I'll be away next week."

And Miss Gray walked in! She looked very neat and smart indeed in her blue serge suit and trim little toque ornamented with a single quill. She shook hands with Podmore very sweetly, but Jenkins seemed to have expanded. He seemed, indeed, to grow visibly larger and larger. He gave himself the airs of a principal, and while things were being fetched at his instigation for Miss Gray's approval he whispered to her aside. Miss Gray, however, proved herself to be at least kind-hearted. More than once she went out of her way to appeal to Mr. Podmore, asking his advice, consulting him as to the suitability of a certain article, and all the time, whenever she addressed him, laying a slight emphasis upon the "Mr." which Jenkins somewhat patronizingly and ostentatiously omitted.

"Now about this evening," the latter remarked, amiably, when at last the business was finished. "Lucky I'm free. What do you say to a little dinner at Romano's and a couple of stalls at the Gaiety, eh?"

"Very kind of you," Miss Gray replied, promptly. "I think Mr. Podmore is going to take me out, though."

Podmore's heart gave a great leap. His agony was at an end. The long, stuffy room expanded to the dimensions of a palace, the fog outside was pierced by the glorious sunshine. Miss Gray was smiling towards him with gently upraised eyebrows, and Mr. Jenkins was looking from one to the other, half furious, half stupefied with amazement.

"It's very nice of you, indeed, to remember," Podmore declared, gratefully.

It wasn't much to say, but he looked the rest. Jenkins, however, like all big and conceited men, was slow of apprehension. After his first gasp he only laughed with confident scorn.

"Podmore!" he exclaimed. "Oh, I'll fix that up for you, Miss Gray! Don't you bother. I can quite understand. You gave him a sort of half-promise last time, I suppose. Look here, my dear fellow," he went on, turning to Podmore and laying his hand upon his shoulder, "Miss Gray and I are old friends, and, you'll forgive my saying it, but I'm more used to these little jaunts than you are. You won't mind standing down, I'm sure?"

"Mr. Podmore might not mind, but I certainly should," Miss Gray asserted, briskly. "I shall expect you at a quarter-past seven, same address, Mr. Podmore. Are you going to see me off the premises? Good-bye, Mr. Jenkins! See you in Manchester again soon, I suppose?"

Mr. Podmore did see her off the premises, although he scarcely knew how he walked down the stairs, and he was very punctual indeed at a quarter-past seven that evening. Miss Gray, who was a vision of loveliness in black net, with a black band of velvet in her hair, appeared to him more distinguished than any Princess Royal of England or fairyland or any other country. She welcomed him with a little exclamation of pleased surprise. Barber and general outfitter had laboured their best for him, and the dress suit most certainly did fit well.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed, squeezing his fingers as he handed her into the taxi. "I always did say that there was nothing like evening dress for a gentleman. Such a compliment, too! You'll turn my head, Mr. Podmore."

"You've turned mine already," that young gentleman declared, with absolute sincerity.

An evening so auspiciously begun could scarcely fail to be successful. They dined remarkably well, and Podmore, inspired by the confidence given him by his new clothes, proved himself to be an attentive host and an excellent listener. After the theatre they

went into a great restaurant and had a light supper whilst they listened to the music. Mr. Podmore was beatifically happy, and Miss Gray looked perfectly satisfied with her companion. They became very confidential.

"Do you know," she told him, firmly, "that you ought to be getting more salary? Two pounds eighteen isn't enough for anyone in your position."

"I've applied for a rise," Podmore told her. "It's under consideration. I think myself I ought to have more, but it's jolly slow work getting a rise indoors at our place. The governor always asks the same stereotyped question—'What results can you point to, Mr. Podmore, to justify me in this increase?' Of course, if you're on the road, you can point to a larger turnover, and then you're all right. In my position it's more difficult."

"I see," she remarked, understandingly. "You want to do something out of the way. Not sure that I couldn't help you. Would you trust me?"

He smiled at the futility of her question and squeezed her hand under the table.

"You buy all your trimmings at Offenbach, don't you?" she asked.

He was a little startled, but he answered her promptly.

"All of them."

"Bring me a list of the houses you are doing business with, and the prices you are paying, to-morrow, at one o'clock sharp, to Brown's, in Cludwell Alley. You can have lunch with me there, if you like. And listen—about that money of yours; don't you ever try to make a little more of it?"

"I never have tried," Podmore admitted.

She smiled at him just a trifle patronizingly. He really was very simple!

"Would you trust me with it for a few weeks?"

"With every halfpenny, ten times over," he assured her, emphatically.

"How much did you say there was?" she inquired.

"Three hundred and forty-two pounds," he replied.

"Draw out three hundred and forty pounds, and bring it with you to-morrow in banknotes," she directed. "If what I'm thinking of doesn't come off, you must put it back again and wait for another opportunity. It can't do any harm, anyway."

"It's awfully good of you," he declared. "I'll bring it."

"And now," she concluded, rising regretfully to her feet, "we must really go home. I've never been out so late from my rooms before, and I've a reputation to keep up. Come along."

"You haven't missed Mr. Jenkins?" he asked, as soon as they were in the cab. "Please say you haven't."

She drew off her glove and gave him her hand—such a tiny, soft, warm little hand. Very timidly he put his other arm around her waist.

"I'm afraid of you," she declared, smiling at him. "Can't help thinking of last time! You were bold, you know! Supposing anyone were to see! Stupid! Do mind my hair!"

Mr. Podmore walked home up the staircase which leads into Paradise.

Miss Woodward looked at the list doubtfully.

"You want me to copy this?" she asked, in surprise.

"If you please," Mr. Podmore replied. "I want it for a special purpose."

Miss Woodward studied the list for a few moments, and then glanced up at her late admirer covertly. He was looking very spruce and unusually masculine. Something had certainly changed him. Besides, she was very sure that he was not wearing that bunch of violets for nothing.

"What have you done to Mr. Jenkins?" she inquired.

"Nothing particular," he answered, airily.

"Is it true that you took that young woman from Manchester out to dinner and the theatre last night?"

"Quite true," Podmore assented. "Enjoyed myself immensely."

Miss Woodward turned her left shoulder upon him. Her expression was not at all amicable.

"I suppose," she said, acidly, "that you are beginning to prefer the theatre to the Mutual?"

"I am quite sure I do," he admitted. "The Mutual's all very well in its way, but it's a terrible grind going there all the time. The theatre's much more amusing, and there's no harm in any of the plays I've seen."

"That depends!" Miss Woodward snapped, and surreptitiously slipped a carbon and sheet of paper into the machine.

Mr. Podmore was busy for the next hour or so. Miss Woodward handed him his list a few minutes before one, and immediately his back was turned sent for the undermanager of his department. After a good deal of whispering they entered, with some

trepidation, the private office of Mr. Bedells. When Podmore returned from luncheon, flushed but happy, he was at once summoned to that sanctum. On the table before Mr. Bedells was a copy of the Offenbach list. Mr. Bedells greeted him solemnly.

"I sent for you, Mr. Podmore," he began, "to ask you to clear up a little matter which, on the face of it, certainly seems—er—er—to require some explanation. This list!"

He handed it to Podmore, and Podmore knew at once that he was in deep waters.

"That is a carbon copy of a list which I asked Miss Woodward to type for me this morning, sir," he said.

"Precisely! With what object?" Mr. Bedells asked, dryly.

"It was for the good of the firm, sir," Podmore replied, feeling unexpectedly calm.

Mr. Bedells looked at him over his spectacles.

"There must be no misunderstanding about this matter," he declared. "With whom have you been lunching to-day, Podmore?"

"With Miss Gray, sir."

"Precisely! May I ask if you are aware, Podmore, that there is a persistent rumour in trade circles that Miss Gray's firm—Harrison and Peters, Limited—are going to open a branch for the purchase of trimmings and findings generally, instead of procuring those articles from us?"

Podmore felt suddenly cold. He stared at his employer in blank despair. It was too terrible, this! It was unbelievable!

"I had not heard the rumour, sir," he replied, "and I do not believe it."

Mr. Bedells sat down at his table and wrote out a cheque.

"I shall ask you to leave these premises at once, Mr. Podmore," he said, handing it to him. "You have betrayed the confidence which the firm has reposed in you. After all these years, I am sorry. You have probably been made a tool of by a designing and dishonest young woman——"

"It's a lie, sir!" Podmore interrupted.

Mr. Bedells shrugged his shoulders and pointed to the door.

"After that, Mr. Podmore," he declared, "our discussion is at an end."

Podmore took up his hat.

"I repeat, sir, that it is a lie!" he said, firmly, and left the room.

Mr. Podmore entered upon an exceedingly bad time. He had drawn out his money to the last penny, and when he had paid his bills he had only a few shillings left. He started out, however, in search of employment confidently. There seemed very little trouble about getting a berth until the question of references cropped up. There, however, Bedells, Clumber, and Company were adamant. Mr. Podmore had been dismissed for divulging trade secrets to a competitor. That was all they had to say about Mr. Podmore, but it was quite enough. In three weeks the dress suit was in the pawnshop. In six weeks its late owner had known what it was to sleep out of doors, and had felt a sensation at his stomach which was unlike anything he had ever experienced before.

Then he wrote to Miss Gray, as casually as possible, and added a postscript that if it was possible to get at twenty pounds of his money he could make very good use of it in a little scheme he had on. He said nothing about his dismissal, nor did he happen to mention that he paid for the stamp on the letter out of a threepenny bit earned by carrying a bag from Cannon Street Station to Moorgate. He had given up his lodgings, after getting three weeks into debt, but he was on friendly terms with his late landlady and he was able to have his letters sent there.

No reply came from Miss Gray, and for the first time in his moments of hunger and despair some faint doubts assailed him. One day he met Jenkins outside Cannon Street Station.

"Halloa, Podmore!" he exclaimed, looking him up and down.

"Halloa, Jenkins!" Podmore replied, thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets and pretending to whistle.

"Bad job about that young woman you were sweet upon," Jenkins remarked, with an unpleasant grin.

"About what young woman?" Podmore asked, fiercely.

Jenkins shrugged his shoulders brutally.

"Hit as hard as that, were you?" he jeered. "Well, I'm sorry for you. She's run away with someone. Gone on to the Continent and left no address."

"If Miss Gray is on the Continent," Podmore declared, "she probably had excellent reasons for going. In any case, I do not care to discuss her with you, Jenkins."

"Just as you like," the other replied. "What the dickens are you up to, hanging about here, Podmore?" he went on. "You look as though you were touting for a job."

"I am waiting for a friend."

Mr. Jenkins thrust his hand into his trousers pocket. "If a bob or two——" he began.

But Podmore had walked away.

The days passed, but no word came from

"'MR. PODMORE!' SHE GASPED."

Miss Gray. His letter remained unanswered. Podmore had the most aggressive ill-luck. If he could have given a clear explanation of his dismissal there were several who would have given him a job out of pity, but on this point he remained obstinate. The pawnshop now held all his effects except the one suit he stood up in, and that, for all his care, showed signs of his desperate straits. He was thinner, too, and weaker, so much so that when he set down a bag which he had carried for twopence from Ludgate Circus to St. Paul's Churchyard he leaned against the wall, gasping. There was a small restaurant opposite, if only he could reach it. He made an effort and ran into Miss Gray. She stopped short and her pretty mouth remained for a moment wide open. Her eyes grew larger and larger.

"Mr. Podmore!" she gasped.

He suddenly remembered and half turned away. His collar he had discarded when it

was no longer clean, and there was an awful hole in his boot. Miss Gray looked around her and spotted the restaurant.

"Come along," she ordered sharply, though the tears were in her eyes. "Don't stand there staring at me. I'm just up from Manchester and I want my lunch."

It was only eleven o'clock, but he was too far gone to notice. The restaurant was deserted, but Miss Gray had a manner as well as a tongue, and they were eating something within a few minutes. She poured out the burgundy herself and watched him drink it in doses. She would have cut up his food for him, too, but he laughed off his momentary weakness. She waited until she saw the colour in his cheeks before she let him say a word.

"Got your letter last night," she began. "Sent you a telegram. You haven't had it, of course?"

He shook his head.

"Never mind," she went on. "Meeting you was a stroke of luck. Our little spec is over—paid out last week. I've got an account here. Three hundred and forty pounds you handed over—four hundred and fifteen pounds here."

She opened her satchel and counted out the notes upon the table.

"Might have been more if we'd had a bit of luck," she declared. "I hadn't time to explain it all to you, but we advanced the money on some machinery. Fellow paid us back the last day or we'd have cleared another hundred. Put the notes in your pocket."

She watched him stuff them away. Then she poured out another half-glass of burgundy and made him drink it.

"Now, then," she said, in a matter-of-fact tone, "out with your story. No good saying you haven't got one, because you must have. What's happened? I've got to know. I shall sit here until you've told me every word."

There was crisp and unalterable decision in her tone. Podmore hesitated only for a moment. Then he told her the truth—every word of it. When he had finished she was holding his hand. She was also suffering from a violent fit of coughing, which seemed to require the frequent use of her handkerchief.

"Very good," she said. "I understand everything. Now, then, do you feel half a man again?"

"I feel a lion."

"Come along, then," she ordered. "I've paid the bill. This way."

He looked down at his clothes.

"Idiot!" she declared. "As if they mattered! You wait a bit."

She marched him straight into the private office of Mr. Bedells. Mr. Bedells was unfeignedly pleased to see Miss Gray, but he stared in astonishment at Podmore, whom at first he scarcely recognized.

"Mr. Podmore!"

"Mr. Podmore it is," Miss Gray admitted; "but he's under a promise not to open his lips till I give him permission, so don't you speak to him, if you please. I want a few words with you, Mr. Bedells."

"The more the better, my dear young lady," Mr. Bedells assured her.

"You dismissed Mr. Podmore for disclosing the firm's secrets?"

"A course in which I was perfectly justified," Mr. Bedells pointed out. "We were credibly informed that your firm thought of opening out a branch in our own line."

"Who told you that?" Miss Gray snapped.

"Mr. Jenkins, for one."

"Then Mr. Jenkins lied," the young lady answered, promptly.

Mr. Bedells began to look a little troubled.

"In any case," he insisted, "Mr. Podmore had no right to supply the information he did to anyone on earth."

Miss Gray nodded.

"Mr. Bedells," she said, "I am not an unreasonable person. There I am not at all sure that you are not right. Where you are all at sea is as regards the reason for my seeking that information. Mr. Jenkins told you a lie, and knows it. You'll kindly see that he never enters the doorways of Messrs. Harrison and Peters again. My uncle's firm has no idea whatever of interfering with your business. It's too small a thing to be worth our while. We'd sooner pay you your profit. Mr. Podmore's salary wasn't half what it ought to have been, and he explained that the difficulty was in doing something out of the way so as to force a rise upon you. Well, I thought I saw a chance of doing you people a good turn through him. I have a cousin in one of the factories at Offenbach. I sent your list out to him to have it brought right up to date. Here it is. Lots of information for you—new firms, new offers, keener prices. Make what use of it you like."

Mr. Bedells picked up the paper with some eagerness. He was quick enough to see that she had spoken the truth.

"The firm, my dear Miss Gray," he declared, "is very much your debtor. I have been for some time considering the question of sending a representative out to Offenbach."

"'I,' SHE REPLIED, 'AM GOING TO MARRY MR. PODMORE!"

"Mr. Podmore's debtor—not mine," the girl replied, sharply. "Now, if you're the man I think you are, shake hands with him and beg his pardon."

Mr. Bedells extended his hand without hesitation.

"Mr. Podmore," he said, "I think you will admit that from the point of view of commercial morality I was entirely justified in dismissing you. On the other hand, I am bound to confess that after your many years of faithful service I ought to have had more confidence in you."

"Entirely my fault, sir," Podmore admitted; "entirely."

Mr. Bedells coughed.

"As regards the future——" he began.

"No need to talk about that," Miss Gray interrupted, briskly. "Mr. Podmore is taking my place—buyer for Harrison and Peters, Limited. I came up to London to arrange it specially. I am thankful to say that we can give him two pounds a week more than you did."

"And what about you, then, young lady?" Mr. Bedells inquired.

She held out her hand to Podmore. She spoke firmly enough, but her voice had suddenly lost its businesslike ring. A very delicate flush of colour stole into her cheeks. Her eyes were quite soft. "I," she replied, "am going to marry Mr. Podmore!"

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

VIEWED BY SIR HENRY LUCY.

(NEW SERIES.)

Illustrated by E. T. Reed.

THE RIGHT HON. F. E. SMITH.

THE fluttering of Mr. F. E. Smith round the Front Opposition Bench was watched last Session with the keen interest that attaches to the movements of a popular and interesting personality. Shortly after his inclusion in the Privy Council, a rare compliment paid by the Premier to an active and able opponent, he was discovered seated among the Conscript Fathers facing the Treasury Bench from the other side of the table. After a while he withdrew, his occasional interposition in debate being made from the front bench below the Gangway, sacred to the memory of Lord Randolph Churchill and his merry men. Thence he returned to his original quarters and to the congenial companionship of Earl Winterton on the second bench above the Gangway.

These erratic movements have an explanation honourable to the motives and character of the brilliant member for the Walton Division of Liverpool. When he was made a Privy Councillor, Mr. Balfour, still Leader of the Opposition, invited him to take his place on the Front Bench, an action practically affirming the general conclusion that he will be included in the next Unionist Government whenever it pleases Providence to call it into being. The invitation was accepted, and the place for a while regularly filled. For practising barristers who are members of the House, the privilege of the Front Opposition Bench is substantial in value. It is impossible for them to be in attendance at Prayer-time, when private members secure their places for the sitting. Arriving from the Courts two hours later, they have to find a seat wherever one may chance to be unoccupied. The Front Opposition Bench being strictly preserved, there is at any time room for a late comer. In surrendering his privilege Mr. Smith made no slight sacrifice. But he did not hesitate. Finding himself at issue with his Leader on the question of procedure to be taken in the House of Lords on the Parliament Act, he felt bound to withdraw from the citadel. As matters turned out, the sacrifice was not long imposed. When Mr. Bonar Law succeeded to the Leadership he renewed the invitation privately extended by Mr. Balfour. There being now no reason why Mr. Smith should not accept it, he has, since the Session opened, been found among the Elders on the Front Bench.

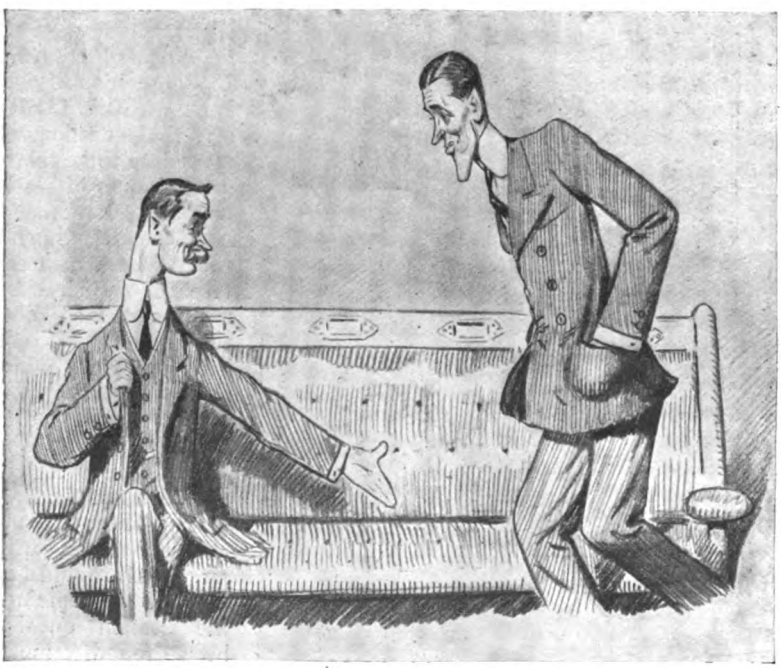
"THE RIGHT HON. F. E. SMITH."

FAVOURED SCHOOLBOYS.

A Parliamentary privilege enjoyed by Privy Councillors is the right during debate in the House of Lords to stand within the enclosure that rails in the steps of the Throne. This they share with the eldest sons of Peers. On field nights in the House of Lords the stranger, uncomfortably seated in the distant gallery, where the sense of hearing is a mockery, is surprised to see an Eton or Harrow boy standing at ease surveying the historic scene from the

front of the crowd of distinguished statesmen, Ministers, ex-Ministers, and private members of the other House thronging the steps of the Throne. These are our hereditary legislators in the bud.

The British schoolboy is otherwise exclusively favoured in view of the jealously-guarded portal of the Houses of Parliament. Frequently there may be seen, in what is known as the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, a cluster of small boys. These are from Westminster School, and are enjoying a privilege associated with that institution from time immemorial. Whilst taller (really lesser) mortals desiring to find a place in this quarter must needs make friends with a member who will approach the Serjeant-at-Arms with petition for a ticket, the Westminster boy has but to present himself at the entrance to the Lobby, and is straightway admitted.



"MR. BONAR LAW RENEWED THE INVITATION PRIVATELY EXTENDED BY MR. BALFOUR."

THE DISTINGUISHED STRANGERS' GALLERY.

The particularity amounting to pedantry which hampers the relations of the public with the House of Commons is strongly marked in respect of the two rows of benches in the Gallery facing the Speaker's Chair aligned with those open to the Peers. The front one is reserved for the Diplomatic Corps and other strangers of high degree. Even the Westminster boy would not be permitted to show his ruddy face there. A curious instance of the punctilio which governs the place was shown a couple of Sessions ago. A noble lord brought his son and heir to attend a debate. The Peer, entering the Gallery pertaining to his order, seated himself at the extreme end, which is partitioned off from the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. The son and heir, advancing from the other entrance, seated himself shoulder to shoulder with his father, who began to point out the celebrities. Their conversation was speedily interrupted. The Speaker, looking up, beheld a stranger who certainly did not belong to the Diplomatic Corps seated on the Ambassadorial Bench. Refraining from the extreme course adopted by the revolted workers in the vineyard, the Speaker did not say, "Here is the heir; come, let us kill him." He dispatched a messenger with mandate that the stranger must withdraw to the bench behind, which he forthwith did. It was a mere coincidence, not without its moral, that the very same Session that saw this rebuff to the pretentions of the Peerage witnessed the passing of the Parliament Act.

Whilst Peers are thus disciplined, Royalty itself strictly observes established usage. When our present Sovereign was still Prince of Wales he was, like his father when bearing the same title, a constant visitor to the House. He occupied the seat immediately over the clock, where through a succession of Parliaments the cheery presence of Edward Prince of Wales was familiar. On such occasions his Royal Highness was always accompanied by his Private Secretary, Sir Arthur Bigge.

"FROM WESTMINSTER SCHOOL."

As he was in frequent communication with him during the sitting, it would have been more convenient that Sir Arthur should have been seated on the same level. Conscious of the unwritten law, the Private Secretary, who, though distinguished, is not a diplomatist, always seated himself on the upper bench behind his Royal master.

BOOKS TO BURN.

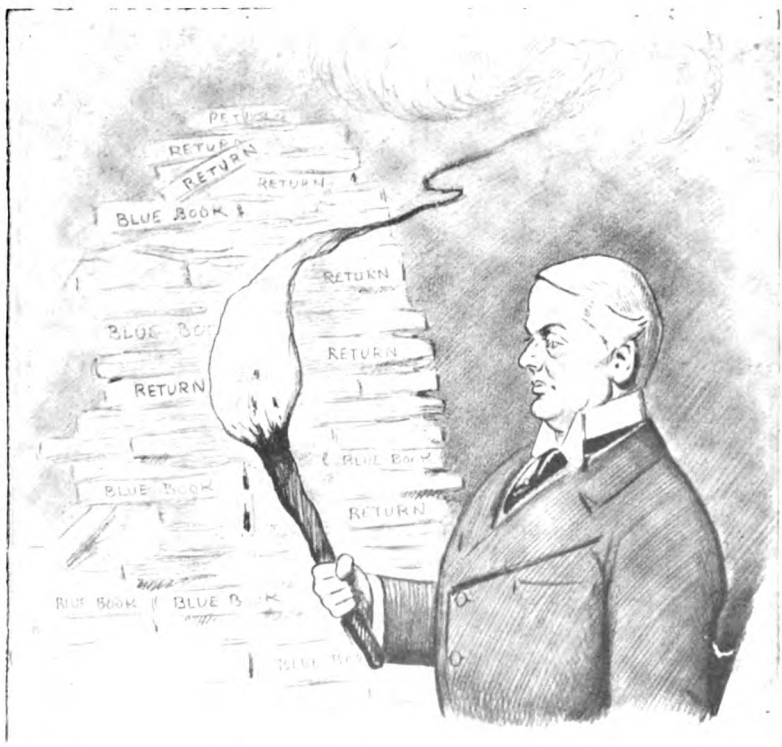
At the close of every Session a Junior Lord of the Treasury moves, on behalf of the Government, a series of Returns recording phases of business of the House of Commons. Nothing can exceed the thirst for information as to the smallest detail. Take, for example, the Return ordered in respect of Standing Committees. It directs that there shall be set forth the total number and the names of all members (including and distinguishing Chairmen) who have been appointed to serve on one or more of the four Standing Committees, showing, with regard to each of such members, the number of sittings at which he was present and the number of divisions in which he took part; the number of Bills considered by all and by each of the Standing Committees; the number of days on which each Committee sat; the names of all Bills considered by a Standing Committee, distinguishing where a Bill was a Government Bill or was brought from the House of Lords; and showing, in the case of each Bill, the particular Standing Committee by whom it was considered, the number of days occupied in its consideration, and the number of members present on each of those days.

With the same persistent curiosity Returns were ordered relating to motions for adjournment, the Closure, the number of Public Bills introduced, the number of Public Petitions presented, particulars of Select Committees appointed, of the days on which the House sat, of the sittings at which Government business had precedence of private Bills, whether introduced into the House of Commons or brought on in the House of Lords. These intricate complications must occupy at considerable expense an appreciable portion

"WHEN OUR PRESENT SOVEREIGN WAS STILL PRINCE OF WALES HE WAS A CONSTANT VISITOR AT THE HOUSE."

of the time of public servants. The cost of printing and circulation is no trifle, and, as Mr. Biggar, criticizing a particular development of Mr. Balfour's policy at the Irish Office, once asked, "Where is your *cui bono?*"

These elaborate pamphlets are stored somewhere within the precincts of the Palace of Westminster. They lie dumb and heavy in company of predecessors going back over an untold number of years. Are they ever consulted? Who wants to know the total number of sittings at which Government business had precedence in a particular year? Who cannot sleep o' nights for thinking of the total number of days on which the House sat and the number of days on which Supply was considered? The probability is that not one member in ten is even aware of the existence of this custom. It was established in far-off times when, as compared with the bustle of to-day, work in connection with the House of Commons was so scanty that it was a kindness to invent some.



"LORD ROSEBERY HAS SUGGESTED THE DESIRABILITY OF GETTING RID OF SURPLUS BOOKS WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF A CONFLAGRATION."

Lord Rosebery has suggested the desirability of getting rid of surplus books with the assistance of a conflagration. Here is a useful opening for the torch. This Session has seen the appointment of a new Select Committee charged with the mission of supervising Estimates with the object of reducing expenditure. The preparation and printing of these superfluous Returns is a small matter compared with the cost of an ironclad or the upkeep of the Army. But in some odd moment of comparative leisure the Committee might well look into the matter.

HEARING A SMILE.

The memory of Lord Cross is kept green in the House of Commons by a chance remark made in the heat of debate. It was uttered twenty-eight years ago this very month, when his lordship—then Sir Richard Cross, G.C.B., known in *Punch* and the Smoking Room as Grand Cross—sat on the Front Opposition Bench. The occasion was a debate upon a motion moved from the Radical camp with the object of depriving the Bishops of legislative functions. Mr. W. H. Smith, not yet raised to Cabinet rank, with the Leadership of the House apparently still farther remote, endeared himself to his colleagues by the excellence and frequency of dinners given in Grosvenor Place. He was the *vrai Amphitryon, l'Amphitryon où l'on dine.*

It was late in the evening when Sir Richard, radiant in dinner-dress, returned to the House from the hospitable table of his colleague. As was shown by a quotation he brought with him, the innocent origin of the scene that followed, he had prepared a speech. A champion of Church and State, this attack on

the privilege of the Bishops stirred his deepest feeling. The emotion was shown the moment he stood at the Table. Before uttering a word, he defiantly waved towards the Treasury Bench a half-sheet of note-paper. In course of time he made clear that on it was written an extract from a speech made by Mr. Gladstone, presumably hostile to the resolution now before the House. I say presumably, since it came to pass that the extract was never read.

After some prefatory remarks, Sir Richard, fixing upon right hon. gentlemen opposite a scathing look, inquired, "What did the Prime Minister say in 1870?" Some inconsiderable and inconsiderate person below the Gangway opposite tittered. Sir Richard, looking up from the note he was about to read, sternly gazed in the direction whence the interruption came, and, in chilling tone, remarked: "I hear an hon. gentleman smile."

That was practically the end of what was designed to be an important contribution to debate. The crowded House burst into a roar of laughter, gathering in volume as Sir Richard through his spectacles regarded the throng with supernatural gravity. Time after time, following upon interjectionary remarks, he produced his scrap of paper and, about to read it, paused to inquire, "What did the Prime Minister say in 1870?" Whereupon a burst of uncontrollable laughter again broke forth.

MR. LAW'S SECRET.

Mr. Bonar (pronounced Bonner) Law has a distinction as far as I know unique in modern times among prominent members of the House of Commons. He never, even in full-dress debates, assists his memory and guides the sequence of his remarks by the assistance of written notes. Whether the delivery of his lucid and forceful sentence be an effort of memory made possible by study of a written page is his secret. The fact remains that he uses no notes.

The writing out of the full text of a speech prepared for delivery in the House of Commons and textually committed to memory is no new thing. The last two members who revived in the House of Commons the style and manner of the ornate orator were P. J. Smythe, an Irish member, and Joseph Cowen, the famous member for Newcastle-on-Tyne. Without the aid of visible notes, both marshalled, sometimes for a full hour, a stately procession of sonorous sentences, whose apparent spontaneity did not dispel the smell of the lamp.

A more modern instance is supplied in the case of the First Lord of the Admiralty. When Mr. Winston Churchill first ventured on the sea of Parliamentary debate, he schooled himself to dispense with the assistance of corks. Inheriting from his father the rare gift of a marvellous memory, he carefully prepared his speech, attentive to every preposition and conjunction. Learning it off by heart, he declaimed it to a listening Senate. One of his last speeches delivered as an unofficial member on the Unionist (at the time the Ministerial) side was marked by disaster. He got along with unqualified success till he approached his treasured peroration. Here he lost his clue, and, after several desperate attempts to recapture it, sat down leaving his final sentence unspoken.

MR. ASQUITH AND MR. BALFOUR.

The Prime Minister, hampered by a sense of responsibility, provides himself with notes when making an important speech, and sometimes reads from MS. critical passages. When occasion arises, he shows that written notes are not an absolute necessity to him in holding his own in debate. In this respect close parallel was provided in the habitude of Mr. Balfour, speaking whether as Leader of the House or as Captain of the Opposition. He was, indeed, at his best, as all born debaters are, when rising to repel a sudden unexpected attack from the enemy opposite.

His gift of ready perfected speech was from time to time shown in exceptionally difficult circumstances. There is nothing more trying to party leaders than the necessity occasionally imposed upon them of moving or seconding a Vote of Condolence upon the death of some eminent person, or of congratulation upon a happy event in an exalted family. Such a task seems especially to demand the preparation possible only in the quietude and privacy of the study. The duty was imposed upon Mr. Balfour more than once whilst during recent Parliaments he was Leader of the Opposition. In such cases I have seen him take a sheet of paper from the Table, place it on a blotting-pad resting on his knees, and, whilst the Leader of the House was hymning eulogy or uttering courtly lamentations, make a few brief notes. These, enlarged upon when he in succession stood at the Table, proved to be a masterpiece of skilfully appropriate eloquence.

The Gilded Cage.

By DOROTHEA DEAKIN.

Illustrated by C. H. Taffs.

WE were all watching Mariquita through the window: Maximilian Jones and Pussy Devereux and me. She was wearing one of those wide, flouncy, yellow dresses, with a yellow rose stuck in her hair over one ear. She had a silly way of making herself look a grandmother in Early Victorian clothes about that time, just when all the other women were so narrow and trying to look like yards of tape.

"She blooms there on the lawn like a great golden flower," said Maximilian, dreamily.

Pussy Devereux sniffed.

"She gets everything she wants just because she has wicked black eyes and hair like marmalade," said she, sharply. "Nobody cares what her principles are."

We both stared at her, because her voice was so bitter and she's generally rather a sweet little thing. It was her own idea to be that. She knows she can't be a beauty—she's too little and brown for that, so she's just a sweet little thing. No one calls Mariquita a sweet little thing. She's too honest to be very sweet. She's got an appalling way of saying what she thinks. It's taken us all our time to work upon her feelings and keep her from saying what she thinks about Maximilian Jones to his face. She sees his faults so plainly. Love doesn't seem to make her at all blind to them. All the servants say she's selling herself to save the family fortunes. It's certainly time someone took them in hand, and I'm too young. Cook's always casting out hints about Mariquita going to be a bird in a gilded cage. The housemaid says she's glad *she* wasn't cursed with a fatal beauty. I'm glad it's a comfort to her, for she's very plain. We're disgustingly poor, and Maximilian Jones has Madingley House and four thousand a year and two motor-cars, besides the most ripping horses. It was the motors that first attracted Mariquita, but she's got used to them now, and says they don't give her thrills any longer. I don't think Maximilian ever did—give her a thrill, I mean. Mother and father seem to think Maximilian such a safe kind of harbour; comfortably conventional and all that. I think he's a bit of an old woman myself. Mariquita let herself be engaged to him without a struggle, and it wasn't till I found her crying in the attic, amongst the onions and the apples, that I realized that cook's remarks about gilded cages might have something in them. I went up to her and put my arm round her neck and said:—

"Cheer up, old love! If you regard him with as deep a loathing as all that, we'll wait till I grow up. *I* don't mind taking him in five years if he can be got to wait."

Mariquita sniffed.

"Oh, Hortense!" she said, wildly. "I feel as if I was engaged to a tapioca pudding. Our life will be one long misery together. You must have your quarrels if you're to get on with people. But Maximilian! One might as well try to quarrel with a pat of butter!"

I was rather disgusted. If she was only longing for rows, I thought her troubles would soon be over. She's sure to upset Maximilian Jones sooner or later, because *he's* out for law and order and *she's* always up against it. If she was spoiling for a fight she'd soon be happy. There was bound to be friction between them before long. At present, as Pussy said, he was blind to everything but her looks. He thinks her eyes are black flowers, and her hair an imprisoned sunbeam, and her cheeks like the first rosy flush of dawn. Mother thinks we ought to get the wedding over while he feels like that, before he realizes her peculiar ways. They'll shake down comfortably afterwards, she is sure. She says married people often do. But when I hear Maximilian Jones talking about the sort of a fireside treasure that is his soul's ideal, I can't help wondering if mother is right about the shaking down; and when Pussy Devereux began to talk to me about them I felt really uncomfortable inside. I'd been reading a story the housemaid had lent me, called "Shattered Destinies," about a blooming girl of seventeen summers selling herself as a bride to an old man's gold, and cook had been singing bits out of "She's

"IT WAS THE MOTORS THAT FIRST ATTRACTED MARIQUITA."

Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" all the morning. And when she got to the part—

> A tall marble monument marks the spot
> Where one who was Fashion's queen,

I felt so sniffly, although this description hardly applied to Mariquita, especially now, in her Early Victorian craze, that I was obliged to go upstairs and cry, and there Pussy Devereux found me.

First she talked about poor Maximilian and his blind folly, but I soon put a stop to that. Mariquita may be a trial, but I wasn't going to let anyone else say so.

"You're jealous!" I hit straight at the spot. "You've always got your knife into Mariquita. Who's Maximilian Jones, that he's got to be protected?"

"I can't bear to see two people that I—I respect rushing into a loveless union," said she, talking just like "Shattered Destinies."

"Oh, he's in love, right enough," said I.

She sighed.

"*Is* Mariquita the domestic, gentle, conventional, womanly little ray of sunshine he thinks she is?" she demanded.

"Well, I shouldn't call her *domestic*," said

I, thinking it over. "But she's jolly good fun."

"But Maximilian Jones doesn't like fun. He never sees anyone's jokes but his own. I respect him for it."

"Oh, dry up," I said. "It's their business anyhow—not ours."

"*We* have our eyes open," said she. "*They* haven't. He is too infatuated to see

"YOU'RE JEALOUS! YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT YOUR KNIFE INTO MARIQUITA."

"He *is* rather like a tapioca pudding," said I, in a depressed voice. "Mariquita's quite right."

Pussy's brown eyes sparkled with anger.

"She said *that?*" cried she. "She called him that—and then you doubt my words? If you have no pity for *him*, Hortense, think of *her* lost happiness. Think of *her* blighted life!"

her as she really is. *She* is wrapped up in her noble idea of redeeming the family fortunes."

"She *likes* the idea of Madingley House and the garden and the motors," said I, warmly.

Pussy was silent.

"We ought to save her," she said at last, quite gently. "We ought to save her from drifting in her youth and ignorance down the primrose path of disaster and despair."

"How do you know she wants to be saved?" I asked, but I couldn't help remembering the way I had found her crying in the apple-loft.

"She doesn't know what love is yet," said Pussy, firmly.

I jumped.

"Why, she's been engaged three—— She cried her eyes out over Dr. Rose when daddy put his foot down."

Pussy shook her head.

"She's a child. Her woman's heart has never been awakened. Maximilian Jones will never arouse——"

"*He*'ll never rouse anything but her temper," cried I.

Pussy went on.

"We must save her from this dark and bitter fate. We mustn't let her blindly tread the thorny path of——"

"You said it was a primrose path five minutes ago. You do get mixed up, don't you?" I wasn't quite sure of what she was getting at. I soon knew.

"But," she said, "it's no good talking to *her*. *She's* bent on self-sacrifice. It's like a new game to her. She's read too many novels——" I couldn't help thinking that we'd all been doing *that*, but I didn't say so. "We must leave her alone and go to him for help. We must tell him the truth. We must work upon his feelings and get him to save her. We must open *his* eyes to what he is doing. We must tell him the whole truth."

"Tell him what?" I asked, suspiciously.

She reddened.

"Oh—about the unsuitability. We ought to let him know that she doesn't love him."

"She tells him that herself—often. I've heard her. We've all heard her. He doesn't seem to mind. He says love will come. He says continual dropping will wear away a stone, and no one can call Mariquita a stone. She's dreadfully affectionate."

"*Affectionate!*" Pussy's voice choked.

"No one," said I, thoughtfully, "could possibly *love* Maximilian Jones."

"*Couldn't* they?" She went quite white.

"I couldn't myself," said I, slowly. "But I know I could be very comfortable at Madingley. Mariquita likes comfort, but she never thinks about it till it isn't there."

"*We* must wait for an opportunity," Pussy said, darkly; and without another word she went away and shut the door.

Opportunities are the sort of thing Mariquita can be relied upon to provide. There was a big aviation meeting on Heathermoor next day, and she asked Maximilian Jones to run us over in one of his cars. She was mad about aeroplanes just then, and he knew it. It's only five miles, and he was awfully sorry that he couldn't take us, as he'd offered to lend both his motors to the vicar for the whole afternoon to take the aged poor backwards and forwards to the parish *fête*.

But Mariquita was annoyed because she wanted to go, and, although she'll give the very clothes off her back to a beggar when her feelings are worked upon, *that* day she wanted to see aeroplanes, and the very existence of the aged poor was an injury and an affront. She said so. She said a lot of things; and when Maximilian wanted to bring a dog-cart she was too cross to be sensible, and said she hated wobbling along behind overfed, pampered horses, and she was going to walk. She knew his ankle was still weak from the sprain he'd got last winter, and I don't wonder he was annoyed.

Pussy and I went with her, but *we* didn't mind, because we're always walking, and ten miles was nothing to us. I think aviation meetings are a mistake myself. We didn't enjoy ourselves a bit. The aviators were late, and after we'd waited two hours I asked Mariquita to come home, because the back of my neck ached with staring at an empty sky. Mariquita said "No"; she had come to see aeroplanes, and aeroplanes she would see before she went home. After three hours I went up to the policeman and sarcastically asked him when the interval was, but still Mariquita wouldn't budge. It was a good thing Maximilian Jones wasn't there. He's fastidious about clothes, and Mariquita had come out in a long butcher's-blue pinafore and a blue sun-bonnet, and looked a perfect disgrace beside Pussy and me in our clean muslins and flowery hats.

At the end of the fourth hour some motors came on the ground, and one biplane suddenly rattled and whirred over our heads, and, after frightening us all out of the enclosure like rabbits, it settled down in the open space quite safely, and that was all. It certainly *was* thrilling, though hardly enough for all those hours, and the long, thin young man who came in it seemed awfully pleased with himself. The men out of the motor-cars crowded round him, and there was a lot of talk and excited waving of French arms: but Mariquita, after hanging round them in the most shameless way, found out at last from a policeman that nothing else was going to happen, and said we must think of getting home again. She said she wanted her tea. She said her legs ached. It was just like her.

We were tired too, with all that standing about, but she didn't think of that.

We hadn't gone a mile on the road when Mariquita stopped dead and said she'd got a stone in her shoe, and when she'd taken it off and found that there wasn't, she said it felt exactly like one, and no one could be expected to walk with a stone in her shoe. She sat suddenly down on the grass by the hedge, and said that she should ask the very next cart for a lift.

"Whatever it is?" I asked, uncomfortably. I hate doing things like that.

"Whatever it is," said she, firmly. "You two can walk on and leave me."

"We can't do that," said Pussy, quite crossly for her.

"Suppose it's a funeral?" said I.

"I don't mind. I'll sit by the coffin and think of my early grave."

"Suppose it's a wedding?" said I.

"Then I'll sit by the bride and give her my sympathy," said Mariquita, flippantly.

We looked desperately down the road. There was a cloud of dust and a gleam of red and a horn hooting.

"It's the French aviators," said Pussy, with a cross laugh. "You'll hardly ask *them*, I suppose?"

"*Won't* I?" said Mariquita.

"SHE JUMPED UP AND RAN INTO THE ROAD RIGHT IN FRONT OF THAT BIG CAR AND WAVED HER SUN-BONNET."

She did. She jumped up and ran into the road right in front of that big car and waved her sun-bonnet. She stood there in her old blue pinafore with her bare head. Her hair was all loose over her ears and blowing in her face. She was laughing, and I've never seen her eyes so black and shining; and the car didn't stop until it was almost touching her, but she never moved an inch. It seemed to be perfectly full of dark foreigners all talking at once.

"It's *full!*" I cried. "Mariquita, you *can't!*"

"*Can't* I?" said she, and the next minute she was leaning over the door talking French to a smiling little man with white teeth and a pointed beard.

"I want a lift," she said, in that tiresome language. "I'm tired. Will you be an angel

and take me to St. Margaret's? It's only four miles."

Yes, she did. She asked him if he'd be an angel. He said—in French, too, but I understood him—that he'd take her to the end of the earth for a smile; and then one of the others begged her to go all the way to Paris with them, and cheer them up for their defeat. It seems it was the American aviator that had won the prize, and they were all frightfully depressed until Mariquita had smiled upon them from the dust like a little ray of sunshine. They crowded up to make room for her at the back, and Mariquita said—I heard her—that she'd have loved to go with them to Paris, but she was afraid her *fiancé* mightn't approve of the idea; and they all laughed and said a lot of things in French, and bowed to Pussy and me, and said they were desolated that they couldn't take us all, but they had to get to Merfleet to meet their own aviator and mustn't lose any more time, or they would have loved to walk to St. Margaret's and given us the car; and Pussy said, icily, that we preferred to walk, thank you; and then there was a waving and more foreign pretty speeches, and they were gone, with Mariquita in her blue pinafore and her hair coming down in the middle of them.

Even *I* knew she shouldn't, and Pussy said she was ashamed. Yet, shocking as her behaviour was, I must say we *did* expect to find her at home when we got there. We found Maximilian Jones instead. He'd come round to see if we'd got home all right.

"Where is Mariquita?" he asked. I was too weary to be tactful, so I told the simple truth.

"Her foot hurt her," said I. "She asked for a lift. It was a scarlet motor full of French aviators, but they seemed quite pleased."

"You don't mean to tell me that she——" He gasped.

"Yes," said I, doggedly; "she has. She's gone off in a motor-car full of foreigners. I don't know where she's gone to."

Maximilian Jones sat down suddenly.

"She must be mad!" said he.

"Not she!" said I. "She doesn't like discomfort, that's all. Perhaps she's gone to Paris with them. I heard them ask her. She always wanted to go to Paris."

Maximilian Jones got up as suddenly as he had sat down and went home. He said he thought he wouldn't wait till Mariquita came in. He said he thought he'd better have a night's rest before they met. He wasn't sure of himself, he said.

Now, all this time Pussy Devereux had been sitting quite quietly. She'd got on her new pink muslin that afternoon and a white hat full of pink roses, and for such a brown, mousy little thing she looked quite decent. She got up when Maximilian did, and said *she* must be going too, so they set off together, and, although their ways ought to have divided at the end of the avenue, I saw from the window that he went part way home with her.

Mariquita had gone a step too far that afternoon. She came in about nine o'clock and was quite gay about it all. She said the Frenchmen were dears, and most polite—and they'd taken her all the way to Merfleet in the car, where they'd met their aviator and all had tea at the hotel together, and she hadn't enjoyed herself so much for years. They wouldn't put her down at St. Margaret's when she asked them, she said. She said they couldn't bear to part with her. They'd put her in a first-class carriage at last, when she *was* firm about coming home.

"If they had had any proper feelings at all," mother said, severely, "they would have put you down directly you asked them to."

Mariquita winked at me shamefully.

"I'm afraid I asked in a very half-hearted way," said she, calmly. "They saw through me. And it seemed a pity to stop when I was enjoying myself so much."

That was all her explanation. Nothing mattered, it seemed, if she was enjoying herself. I should like to know what would happen to *me* if *I* tried it on.

Maximilian Jones was thoroughly disgusted, we could see, for when he *did* come he was distinctly sulky, and never even asked if she'd been to Paris or not. Pussy happened to drop in at the same time, and did her best to cheer him up, but it was no good. Mariquita didn't even apologize. Yet I couldn't help seeing that she was much quieter, and she took to going for long country walks by herself. I didn't half like it. I couldn't bear to see her moping. Neither could the servants. They adored her. Cook got quite irritable with anxiety. I found her chasing the boot-boy round the yard with a salamander, and she stopped when she saw me and said that that there dratted boy wasn't no more trying than usual, but the sight of Miss Mariquita's pale face had got on her nerves.

"Eatin' 'er 'eart out," said cook, bitterly, "that's what *she's* doin'. We all thought as she was being drove into a loveless marriage, but we was mistook, by the look of things

now. What's been and upset her young man? She's got a lovin' nature, and something's gone and come between them two. Perhaps that Miss Deveroo could tell something."

I thought so too, and I was down on Pussy like a ton of bricks next time I saw her. She seemed worried, too. We *were* a happy party!

"What's it all about?" said I, at once. "Maximilian Jones is sulking, and Mariquita fretting, and you're as grumpy as you can stick. I suppose he's finding out her real character, and she doesn't like it. She must have been fonder of him than we thought."

Pussy looked at me queerly for a long time. Then she said:—

"I suppose she really *is* fretting about him?"

"Well—can't you see it for yourself?" said I. She wouldn't answer me, and went home.

Things went on from bad to worse. Maximilian Jones nearly stopped coming. Father and mother got quite uneasy. You see, Mariquita's marriage was going to make a good deal of difference to them in many ways. I believe Maximilian Jones lent money to father, and, besides, all the tradespeople had given up worrying since the engagement was announced. When things began to get strained between Mariquita and Maximilian the shop-people began to worry again. I suppose the servants had been talking. However fond they are of you, it always seems as if servants *must* talk you over with the people who call for orders, or die.

Then Mariquita openly began to fret. She grew whiter and whiter, and gave up eating almost entirely, and I know she didn't sleep well because I heard her get up at five, often, and sit thinking by her open window; and Maximilian Jones kept away for a whole fortnight.

Then father took matters into his hands, and asked Mariquita what the deuce it all meant. Mariquita said she was worried and please don't bother. So father said it was time he put his foot down, and he wrote to Maximilian Jones and asked him to come round.

He came round, but reluctantly, you could see with half an eye. I happened to be reading behind the curtain in the drawing-room, and they began before I could come out and say I was there, and when I heard father say that he couldn't allow his child's young affections to be trampled upon I knew he'd be mad to think I had heard him being so flowery, and decided that it was best for everybody that I should lie low and say nothing. Father said a lot. He said things about Love's young dream and blighted lives and heartless deceivers. He called Mariquita's idiotic behaviour girlish impetuosity and innocent light-heartedness, though that wasn't the way *he'd* put it to *her* on the aviation day. "Disgraceful and scandalous result of an ill-balanced mind," he'd said of *that* little escapade.

Maximilian Jones listened to all father had to say, and grew very red and hot, and fidgeted about in his chair, but when father had quite finished he gulped and said:—

"You must allow me to justify myself."

Father said he was glad to know that he was able to.

"Our engagement must end at once," said Maximilian Jones. "Your daughter and I are quite unsuited to each other."

Father went crimson and said he ought to have thought of that before. Maximilian Jones said he had. He said he hadn't liked to mention it. He said he wanted father to break it to Mariquita. Father said he was hanged if he would. Maximilian Jones could do his own dirty work. I knew he didn't like the idea of seeing Mariquita cry, any more than I did.

Then Maximilian Jones rose and said in a very huffy voice that he had reason to believe that a break would be as welcome to Mariquita as it was to him, and that did it. I couldn't bear it any longer. I came out and said: "Oh, rats to that! She's simply fretting herself to death about the rotten way you're treating her." And father said, "Leave the room, Hortense!" but I didn't go, and we had a real good scrap after that and all said exactly what we thought of each other in the plainest words, and before we'd finished the housemaid showed Mrs. Devereux into the middle of it, and we had to look as calm and pleased to see a visitor as if we'd been expecting her to drop in at any moment.

She's a thin little lady with a worried face, and I soon saw that *she* wasn't in a calling mood either. She'd been crying. She said:—

"Oh, Mr. Jones, what am I to do? Pussy has run away."

Maximilian Jones went as white as a sheet; although he'd been scarlet with rage before at hearing what father and I thought of him.

"Gone!" he said. "Pussy! My Pussy! Gone!"

His Pussy. Yes, he did. He said that. Father was speechless. I said, "Gone where?"

Mrs. Devereux was quite wild.

"I don't know. I am quite in the dark. She has left a little note on her pink pincushion saying that she has ruined two promising young lives for ever. She says she is a blot upon the universe and that she's better out of it. She says she hopes I will forgive her. She says her heart is irrevocably broken. She says it's a last good-bye."

"Good heavens!" Father found words at last.

"I'm having the Silver Pool dragged," said Pussy's mother, with a sob. "There was a postscript in her letter."

She stared wildly at Maximilian Jones, who was distractedly looking for his hat.

"The postscript said: 'Tell Maximilian Jones that we shall meet beyond the tomb.' Mr. Jones, can *you* throw any light?"

But Mr. Jones wasn't going to, if he could. He had disappeared.

My hat! We did have a time after that. Cook said she knew that Miss Devereux had been carrying on with Mariquita's young man. She'd seen 'em walking together 'and in 'and on her evening out. Father helped Mrs. Devereux to have ponds dragged and exciting things like that, and he seemed quite to enjoy it until he trod upon an old barrel-hoop that happened to be lying at the edge of Silver Pool and it turned on him. He swore then, and gave up shouting directions to the men, and went home.

I couldn't understand why Pussy had run away, and why she should want to meet Maximilian Jones beyond the tomb—or anywhere. Mrs. Devereux was half-frantic, and father advertised for her in all the papers: "Pussy, come home to your distracted mother."

Only Mariquita didn't seem to care what had happened to Pussy. Yet she'd never been told that Maximilian had given her up, but was as white and depressed as if she had. I suppose his curious behaviour told her all. I was mad to think how we had misunderstood her, and that she'd really liked the idea of being a bird in a gilded cage all the time.

It was an awful week. The police were always coming in with clues which never led to anything. One day Maximilian Jones and Mrs. Devereux happened to meet in our drawing-room, and Mariquita sat in the one corner and Maximilian in the other, and father and mother said it was time to get a detective from London, and nobody noticed me, when quite suddenly the door opened and Pussy Devereux herself marched in.

Mrs. Devereux sprang up and called out:—

"My child!"

Father said: "I knew the girl could take care of herself." Mother said: "Then you're *not* drowned at all!" I said: "She looks as if she'd been jolly well through it all the same!" And she did. She was as white as a bone and her hat was lurching over one eye. She glared at her mother and said:—

"I shouldn't have come back if everyone hadn't been so silly. Dragging ponds! Putting it in the picture papers! Advertising! It makes one look such a fool!"

Maximilian Jones came up to her and said:—

"Oh, Pussy! You might have let *me* know where you were!"

She looked at him for a moment in a sort of despairing way, and then she looked at Mariquita over by the window. My sister hadn't moved, but I suddenly realized that she wasn't downhearted now. She was still pale, but her eyes were shining and she was smiling to herself all the time.

Pussy began rather wildly. She said: "I *had* to come home when I saw the advertisements. I meant to kill myself at first, but I couldn't find anything to do it with. I couldn't drown myself because I swim so well. I can't help saving myself when I'm drowning. I tried to buy poison. I said it was for a dog, and the chemist said 'Quite so,' and he'd send a man round to do it at once. He said he often did."

"Why did you want to kill yourself?" I said, because no one else seemed to think of asking her this important question.

Poor Pussy! She did seem up against it that morning. She gave a sort of choking sob, and said:—

"Because I was a thief and a liar and a traitor to my friend. I loved him too well," said Pussy, pointing wildly at Maximilian Jones; "I wanted to save him. I knew Mariquita wasn't good enough for him——"

Mariquita giggled. She did. I heard her.

"I knew he was throwing his life away in a loveless marriage. Mariquita was only marrying him for his gold."

My sister was smiling all over now. *I* wondered if they were all mad.

Pussy went on: "I tried to show *her* what she was doing, but she wouldn't see. I tried to show *him* what he was doing, but he was infatuated. It was that day with the French aviators that first opened his eyes!"

"It opened mine too," said Mariquita, softly and surprisingly.

Father looked at mother and sat down suddenly on a chair much too low for him.

"But he was too noble and loyal to give her up for that," said Pussy.

It was Maximilian's turn to look surprised now. I suppose it hadn't occurred to him before how noble and loyal he'd been. It certainly hadn't occurred to me.

Pussy pushed her hat back and dabbed at her eyes with a wet ball of a handkerchief.

"So I worked upon his feelings," said she. "I told him that Mariquita was marrying him for his money."

"Abominable!" said father, hotly.

"I lied to him," said Pussy. "I said she was unprincipled and untruthful and undisciplined. I said she was an irreclaimable flirt."

Mariquita giggled again.

"I said she had often been engaged before. That at least was true. I said it was a hobby with her. I said she hated the kind of life he led. I said she'd rather die than live the beautiful conventional life he did. I said that she loathed afternoon calls, and thought dinner parties dull!"

"Quite true!" said Mariquita, cheerfully. "I hope you said I'd rather fly about the country in aeroplanes."

"Who's talking about aeroplanes?" said Pussy, wildly.

"I am," said Mariquita, gaily. "The subject interests me. I'm going to marry one."

"Marry an aeroplane!" Maximilian Jones gasped.

But even this didn't stop Pussy's passion for confession. She meant to get it off her chest, I could see.

"My scheme succeeded beyond my wildest dreams," said she. "Maximilian Jones listened to all I had to say. He quite agreed with me. He saw, almost at once, that I alone was the girl to make him happy!"

Mother sat down then quite as suddenly as father had.

"I had one week of delirious happiness," Pussy said, "and then my conscience awoke. I saw that I had destroyed a life's happiness. I saw that Mariquita was fretting herself into an early grave."

"If I was," said Mariquita, so softly that nobody heard her but me, "it wasn't for *him*."

Pussy held out her hands tragically to Mariquita.

"I ran away," said she. "I meant to take myself out of the way for ever. I meant to darken your life no longer!"

Then *she* sat down.

Mariquita rose slowly and came, still smiling, into the middle of the room to Maximilian's side. She had on the flowered, flounced yellow dress; the sun was shining on her yellow hair, and her eyes were blacker than ever. She put her hand on Maximilian's arm and smiled shamelessly into his disgusted face.

"What did you mean by saying you were going to marry an aeroplane?" he asked, slowly. He seemed to think *his* conduct needed no apology.

Mariquita laughed.

"An aviator," said she. "The one who gave me the lift that day. He's a viscount and quite rich, if you think money matters. *I* don't. Not now I know. I'm desperately in love with him. I know what love is now. I never did before. He doesn't want a *dot*. He loves me for myself alone. So do I. I mean *him*. He admired me for what I did that day."

"What?" cried Maximilian Jones.

"My pluck, I mean. Asking for a lift. He says I'm of a courage. He says that that's what an aviator's wife chiefly needs—courage. I've been up in his aeroplane. It's more thrilling than anything I could have imagined in my wildest dreams."

"Why were you so miserable for all that time?" I asked, hotly, thinking of all the sympathy *I'd* wasted upon her. "I suppose *your* guilty conscience wouldn't let you rest either, because of the way you were deceiving Maximilian Jones. I must say you're a pretty pair!"

Mariquita shook her head.

"I never even thought of Maximilian Jones," said she, simply. "I was breaking my heart because I thought my viscount had gone away and forgotten me. But he hadn't. He'd only gone home to Paris to ask his mother's consent. It's a habit they have. She lives in the Rue Velasquez. She's quite pleased. She likes the modest ways of the English demoiselles. I'm going there on a visit."

Her hand was still on the grey coat-sleeve of Maximilian Jones. Father and mother were speechless with mingled emotions. I looked at the door, thinking perhaps it would be as well to do a move before *their* silence broke, but a deep sob from Pussy made me stop and look at her.

For the moment everyone seemed to have forgotten poor Pussy. She got up and stood very unsteadily staring round. Then she said to Maximilian: "I suppose I'd better go. I'm sorry I was such a little cat. I'm

"'WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY SAYING YOU WERE GOING TO MARRY AN AEROPLANE?' HE ASKED."

sorry I came between you. You'll never forgive me. I—I am afraid I cared too much—to be honest."

A lightning change came over the gloomy face of Maximilian Jones. I could see that he didn't despise her a bit for her unnecessary attempt at mischief-making. He only felt flattered because she'd done it for *him*. He had disapproved of Mariquita's unscrupulous ways, but he easily forgave Pussy a much meaner thing than anything my sister had done. At least Mariquita was honest.

"Good - bye!" Pussy said to him, very forlornly. He shook Mariquita's hand off his sleeve.

"Don't go," he said, cheerfully. "I never cared for Mariquita."

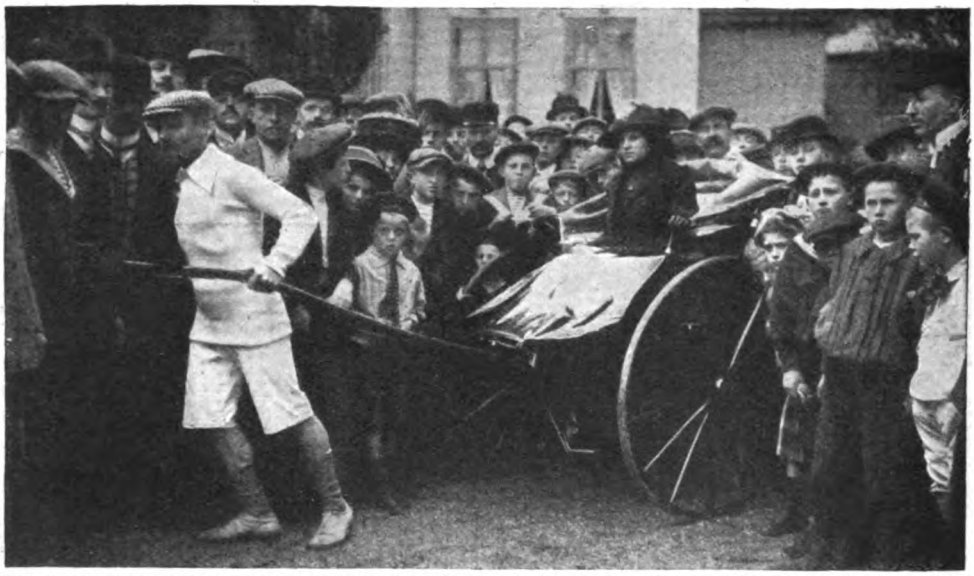
I started.

"Oh!" I cried, indignantly. "You *are* a rotter. You adored her! You know you did. You said she was like a golden flower. You said ——"

"I want," said he, softly, "someone to sit beside my hearth with me. Golden flowers are all very well for a midsummer night's dream, but when a man comes to think of solid comfort and a lonely hearth——" He put his arm round Pussy and smiled at everybody in the room.

"I've been a little cat!" said she, with another sob.

"And a very comfortable thing, too," said Maximilian Jones. "What can be nicer by the fireside than a little cat?"



MR. BRECKWOLDT, WITH THE RICKSHAW CONTAINING HIS DAUGHTER WHICH HE PULLED ALL THE WAY ROUND DENMARK.
From a] [Photograph.

A Champion of Vegetarianism.

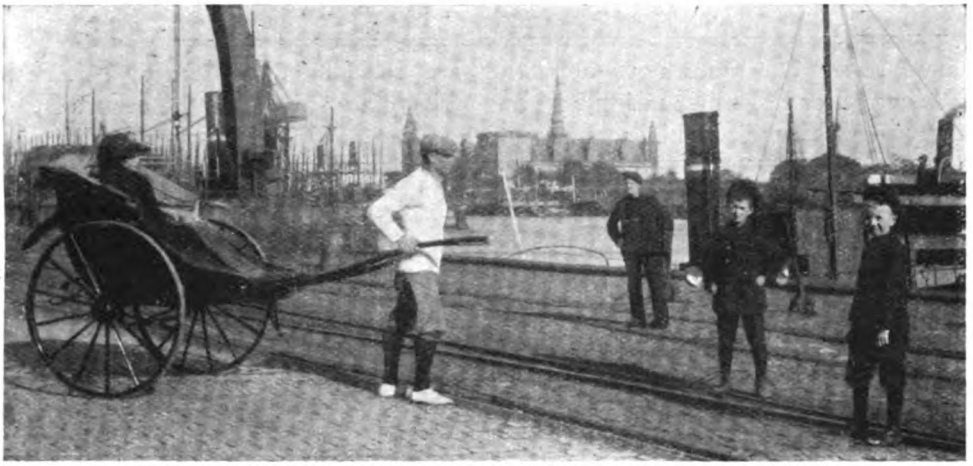
IT is doubtful whether the fundamental principles of vegetarianism—that no man is in need of animal food to sustain him in even the most trying of physical exertions—have ever been demonstrated with greater determination and success than by the Danish enthusiast and sportsman, Mr. S. M. Breckwoldt, who claims to have transformed himself and his family from utter nervous wrecks to strong and healthy individuals within a few years simply by strict adherence to a diet of fresh fruit, potatoes, vegetables, and bread.

Pray do not be alarmed! This article is not going to develop into an advertisement for a patent food or a "new system"; it is merely recording real facts based on personal investigation.

Mr. Breckwoldt began experimenting with vegetable food eighteen years ago, using himself as an experimental object, getting away gradually from alcohol, tobacco, and other stimulants, and, finally, from meat. He was at that time thirty years of age, and according to his own statement completely broken down and almost unable to do any kind of work or to stand any sort of sustained physical effort. To-day, at the age of forty-eight, he is one of the best-known sportsmen in Denmark, having won a number of the most coveted prizes in cycling, running, and walking.

In 1905, when forty-two years old, he ran about fifty miles against a batch of young "flesh-eaters" and came in a good second, while at a subsequent Marathon race the same year his time was three hours eighteen minutes. In a road race around the island of Zeeland in 1906, arranged by a Copenhagen newspaper, he undertook to eat nothing but bananas, and won hands down against the other man, whose principal diet was beef. Not content with these laurels, Mr. Breckwoldt looked around for other fields of conquest on behalf of vegetarianism, and last year he succeeded in finding one worthy of his steel.

In reply to his application, the manager of the Danish East Asiatic Company agreed to engage him as a fireman and stoker on board the steamer *Tranquebar* from Copenhagen to Yokohama and back, a voyage lasting over six months, and to supply him with all the necessary fresh fruit and vegetables



MR. BRECKWOLDT IS HERE SEEN AT ELSINORE ON HIS JOURNEY ROUND DENMARK.
From a Photograph.

instead of the ordinary food. The test resulted in a huge success for the intrepid sportsman, who returned in an even finer condition than when he left. His daily fare on board during the six months consisted of the following: Three pounds of apples, two pounds of white bread, one-eighth of a pound of butter, and two or three spoonfuls of sugar. Beverages, unboiled water only. No spices or stimulants of any description were partaken of, and at the end of the voyage Mr. Breckwoldt felt better than many of his comrades, who were all professional stokers, and in most cases considerably younger and more powerful of physique.

During his sojourn in China Mr. Breckwoldt was struck by the wonderful performance of an elderly coolie, a vegetarian, of course, who was able to run twenty miles at a stretch with his rickshaw and a passenger without showing the faintest sign of fatigue. Mr. Breckwoldt decided to try the experiment in his own country, and acquired the vehicle shown in the accompanying pictures. It weighs over four hundred pounds, and Mr. Breckwoldt has already mastered it to such an extent that he would be able to start business any day at Hong-Kong or Yokohama. He often does twenty miles with a passenger on rough roads in Denmark, and no longer wonders at but understands the phenomenal endurance of the Eastern vegetarians.

Quite recently Mr. Breckwoldt gave another demonstration of the value of fresh fruit to the staying powers of a man of forty-eight by starting a lecturing tour around Denmark, pulling his rickshaw all the way with his daughter as a passenger, and using no other diet than apples, bananas, and water.

He returned to Copenhagen the other day after completing the entire circuit without a hitch in "true Oriental style," and in the pink of health and spirits. He declared to interviewers that he was so delighted with the "trip" that a tour around the entire European continent and England would be the next on the programme, and that the start would take place in May this year.

MR. S. M. BRECKWOLDT.
From a Photograph.

The series of stories now appearing are specially translated by Mr. Post Wheeler for English-speaking boys and girls from a volume of the best Russian Wonder Tales selected by command of the Czar for the use of his own children.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

PRINCE IVAN, THE GLOWING BIRD, AND THE GREY WOLF.

IN a certain far-away kingdom not in this empire there lived a Czar, named Wyslaff, who had three sons, the first named Dimitry, the second Wassily, and the third Ivan.

The Czar had a walled garden, so rich and beautiful that in no kingdom of the world was there a more splendid one. Many rare trees grew in it whose fruits were precious jewels, and the rarest of all was an apple tree whose apples were of pure gold, and this the Czar loved best of all.

One day he saw that one of the golden apples was missing. He placed guards at all the gates of the garden; but in spite of this, each morning, on counting, he found one more apple gone. At length he set men on the wall to watch day and night, and these reported to him that every night there came flying into the garden a bird that shone like the moon, whose feathers were gold and its eyes like crystal, which perched on the apple tree, plucked a golden apple, and flew away.

The Czar was greatly angered and, calling to him his two eldest sons, said: "My dear children, I have for many days sought to decide which of you should inherit my kingdom and reign after me. Now, therefore, to the one of you who will catch the Glowing Bird, which is the thief of my golden apples, and will bring it to me alive, I will during my life give the half of the kingdom, and he shall rule after me when I am dead."

The two sons, hearing, rejoiced, and shouted with one voice, "Gracious sir! We shall not fail to bring you the Glowing Bird alive!"

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Prince Dimitry and Prince Wassily cast lots to see who should have the first trial, and the lot fell to the eldest, Dimitry, who at evening went into the garden to watch. He sat down under the apple tree and watched till midnight, but when midnight was passed he fell asleep.

In the morning the Czar summoned him and said: "Well, my son, did you see the Glowing Bird who steals my golden apples?"

Being ashamed to confess that he had fallen asleep, however, Dimitry answered: "No, gracious sir; last night the bird did not visit the garden."

The Czar, however, went himself and counted the apples, and saw that one more had been stolen.

On the next evening Prince Wassily went into the garden to watch, and he, too, fell asleep at midnight, and next morning when his father summoned him, he, like his brother, being ashamed to tell the truth, answered: "Gracious sir, I watched throughout the night, but the Glowing Bird that steals the golden apples did not enter the garden."

And again the Czar went himself and counted and saw that another golden apple was missing.

On the third evening Prince Ivan asked permission to watch in the garden, but his father would not permit it. "You are but a lad," he said, "and might be frightened in the long dark night." But Ivan continued to beseech him till at length the Czar consented.

So Ivan took his place in the garden, and sat down to watch under the apple tree that bore the golden apples. He watched an hour, he watched two hours, he watched three hours. When midnight drew near sleep almost overcame him, but he drew his dagger and pricked his thigh with its point till the pain aroused him. And suddenly, an hour after midnight, the garden became bright as if with the light of many fires, and the Glowing Bird came flying on its golden wings to alight on the lowest bough of the apple tree.

"THE BIRD TORE ITSELF LOOSE AND FLEW AWAY, LEAVING IN HIS HAND A SINGLE LONG FEATHER."

Prince Ivan crept nearer, and as it was about to seize a golden apple in its beak he sprang toward it and grasped its tail. The bird, however, beating with its golden wings, tore itself loose and flew away,

leaving in his hand a single long feather. He wrapped this in a handkerchief, lay down on the ground, and went to sleep.

In the morning the Czar summoned him to his presence, and said: "Well, my dear son, you did not, I suppose, see the Glowing Bird?"

Then Ivan unrolled the handkerchief, and the feather shone so that the whole place was bright with it. The Czar could not sufficiently admire it, for when it was brought into a darkened room it shone as if a hundred candles had been lighted. He put it into his royal treasury as a thing which must be safely kept for ever, and he set many watchmen about the garden hoping to snare the Glowing Bird, but it came no more for the golden apples.

Then the Czar, greatly desiring it, sent for his two eldest sons, and said: "My sons, you failed even to see the thief of my apples, yet your brother Ivan has at least brought me one of its feathers. Take horse now, with my blessing, and ride in search of it, and to the one of you who brings it to me alive I will give the half of my kingdom." And Dimitry and Wassily, envious of their younger brother Ivan, rejoiced that their father did not bid him also go, and mounting swift horses rode away gladly, both of them, in search of the Glowing Bird.

They rode for three days till they came to a green plain from whose centre three roads started, and there a great stone was set with these words carved upon it:—

Who rides straight forward shall know both hunger and cold.
Who rides to the right shall live, though his steed be dead.
Who rides to the left shall die, though his steed shall live.

They were uncertain what to do, since none of the three roads promised well, and turning aside into a pleasant wood pitched their silken tents and gave themselves over to rest and idle enjoyment.

Now when days had passed and they did not return, Prince Ivan besought his father to give him also his blessing, with leave to ride forth to search for the Glowing Bird, but the Czar denied him, saying: "My dear son, the wolves will devour you. You are still young and unused to far and difficult journeying. Enough that your brothers have gone from me. I am already old, and walk under the eye of God; if He take away my life, and you too are gone, who will remain to keep order in my kingdom? Rebellion may arise and there will be no one to quell it, or an enemy may cross our borders and there will be no one to command our troops. Therefore seek not to leave me!"

In spite of all, however, Prince Ivan would not leave off his beseeching till at length his father consented, and he chose a swift horse for his use and rode away he knew not whither.

Three days he rode, till he came to the green plain whence the three ways started, and read the words carved on the great stone that stood there. "I may not take the left road, lest I die," he thought, "nor the middle road, lest I know hunger and cold. I will rather take the right-hand road, whereon, though my poor horse perish, I at least shall keep my life." So he reined to the right.

He rode one day, he rode two days, he rode three days, and on the morning of the fourth day, as he led his horse through a forest, a great Grey Wolf leaped from a thicket. "You are a brave lad, Ivan," said the Wolf, "but did you not read what was written on the rock?" When the Wolf had spoken these words he seized the horse and, tearing it in pieces, devoured it and disappeared.

Prince Ivan wept bitterly over the loss of his horse. The whole day he walked, till his weariness could not be told. He was near to faint from weakness, when again he met the Grey Wolf. "You are a brave lad, Ivan," said the Wolf, "and for this reason I feel pity for you. I have eaten your good horse, but I will do you a service in payment. Sit on my back and say whither I shall bear you."

Ivan seated himself on the back of the Wolf joyfully enough. "Take me, Grey Wolf," he said, "to the Glowing Bird that stole my father's golden apples," and instantly the Wolf sped away, twenty times swifter than the swiftest horse. In the middle of the night he stopped at a stone wall.

"Get down from my back, Ivan," said the Wolf, "and climb over this wall. On the other side is a garden, and in the garden is an iron railing, and behind the railing three cages are hung, one of copper, one of silver, and one of gold. In the copper cage is a crow, in the silver one is a jackdaw, and in the golden cage is the Glowing Bird. Open the door of the golden cage, take out the Glowing Bird, and wrap it in your handkerchief. But on no account take the golden cage; if you do, great misfortune will follow."

Ivan climbed the wall, entered the iron railing, and found the three cages as the grey wolf had said. He took out the Glowing Bird and wrapped it in his handkerchief, but

he could not bear to leave behind him the beautiful golden cage.

The instant he stretched out his hand and took it, however, there sounded throughout all the garden a great noise of clanging bells and the twanging of musical instruments, to which the golden cage was tied by many invisible cords, and fifty watchmen, waking, came running into the garden. They seized Ivan, and in the morning they brought him before their Czar, who was called Dolmat.

Czar Dolmat was greatly angered, and shouted in a loud voice: "How now! This is a fine, bold-handed Cossack to be caught in such a shameful theft! Who are you—from what country do you come? Whose son are you, and what is your name?"

"I come from the kingdom of Wyslaff," answered Ivan; "he is my father, and I am called Ivan. The Glowing Bird entered my father's garden by night and stole many golden apples from his favourite tree. Therefore the Czar, my father, sent me to find and bring him the thief."

"And how should I know that you speak the truth?" answered Czar Dolmat. "Had you come to me first I would have given you the Glowing Bird. How will it be with you now? However, Prince Ivan, I will excuse you this if you will do me a certain service. If you will ride across three times nine countries to the thirtieth kingdom of Czar Afron, and will win from him the horse with the golden mane, which his father promised me and which is mine by right, then I will give you with all joy the Glowing Bird. But if you do not do me this service, then I will declare throughout all kingdoms that you are a thief, unworthy to share your father's honours."

Prince Ivan went out from Czar Dolmat in great grief. He found the Grey Wolf and related to him the whole story.

"You are a foolish youth, Prince Ivan," said the Wolf. "Why did you not recall my words and leave the golden cage?"

"I am guilty!" answered Ivan, sorrowfully.

"Well," said the Grey Wolf, "I will help you. Sit on my back, and say whither I shall bear you."

So Ivan a second time mounted the Wolf's back. "Take me, Grey Wolf," he said, "across three times nine countries to the thirtieth kingdom, to Czar Afron's horse with the golden mane."

At once the Wolf began running, fifty times swifter than the swiftest horse. In the middle of the night he came to the thirtieth kingdom, to Czar Afron's palace, and stopped beside the royal stables, which were built all of white stone.

"Now, Prince Ivan," said the Wolf, "get down from my back and open the door. The stablemen are all fast asleep, and you may win the horse with the golden mane. Only do not take the golden bridle that hangs beside it. If you take that, great ill will befall you."

Prince Ivan opened the door of the stables and there he saw the horse with the golden mane, whose brightness was such that the whole stall was lighted by it. But as he was leading it out he saw the golden bridle, and its beauty tempted him to take it also. Scarcely had he touched it, however, when there arose a great clanging and thundering, for the bridle was tied by many cords to instruments of brass. The noise awakened the stablemen, who came running, a hundred of them, and seized Ivan, and in the morning led him before Czar Afron.

The Czar was much surprised to see so gallant a youth accused of such a theft. "What?" he said. "You are a goodly lad to be a robber of my horses. Tell me from what kingdom you come, who is your father, and what is your name?"

"I come from the kingdom of Czar Wyslaff," replied Ivan, "whose son I am, and my name is Ivan. Czar Dolmat laid upon me this service, that I should bring him the horse with the golden mane, which your father promised him and which is his by right."

"Had you come with such a message from Czar Dolmat," answered Czar Afron, "I would have given you the horse, and you need not have taken it from me by stealth. How will it be with you when I send my heralds into all kingdoms declaring you, a Czar's son, to be a thief? However, Prince Ivan, I will excuse you this if you will do me a certain service. You shall ride over three times nine lands to the kingdom of the Czar whose daughter is known as Helen the Beautiful, and bring me the Princess to be my wife. For I have loved her for long with all my heart and soul, and yet cannot win her. Do this and I will forgive you this fault, and with joy will give you the horse with the golden mane and the golden bridle also for Czar Dolmat."

Ivan went out from the splendid palace weeping many tears, and came to the Grey Wolf and told him all that had befallen.

"You have again been a foolish youth," said the Wolf. "Why did you not remember my warning not to touch the golden bridle?"

"Grey Wolf," said Ivan, still weeping, "I am guilty!"

"Well," said the Wolf, "be it so. I will help you. Sit upon my back and say whither I shall bear you and wherefore."

So Ivan wiped away his tears and a third time mounted the Wolf's back. "Take me, Grey Wolf," he said, "across three times nine lands to the Princess who is called Helen the Beautiful." And straightway the Wolf began running, a hundred times swifter than the swiftest horse, faster than one can tell, until he came to the country of the beautiful Princess. At length he stopped at a golden railing surrounding a lovely garden.

"Get down now, Ivan," said the Wolf; "go back along the road by which we came and wait for me in the open field under the green oak tree." So Ivan did as he was bidden. As for the Grey Wolf, he waited there.

Toward evening, when the sun was very low and its rays were no longer hot, the Czar's daughter, Helen the Beautiful, went into the garden to walk with her nurse and the ladies-in-waiting of the Court. When she came near, suddenly the Grey Wolf leaped over the railing into the garden, seized her, and ran off with her more swiftly than twenty horses. He ran to the open field, to the green oak tree where Ivan was waiting, and set her down beside him. Helen the Beautiful had been greatly frightened, but dried her tears quickly when she saw the handsome youth.

"Mount my back, Ivan," said the Wolf, "and take the Princess in your arms."

Ivan sat on the Grey Wolf's back and took Helen the Beautiful in his arms, and the wolf began running, more swiftly than fifty horses, across the three times nine countries, back to the kingdom of Czar Afron. The nurse and ladies-in-waiting of the Princess hastened to the palace, and the Czar sent many troops to pursue them, but fast as they went they could not overtake the Grey Wolf

"SUDDENLY THE GREY WOLF LEAPED OVER THE RAILING INTO THE GARDEN."

Sitting on the Wolf's back, with the Czar's beautiful daughter in his arms, Ivan began to love her with his heart and soul, and Helen the Beautiful began also to love him, so that when the Grey Wolf came to the country of Czar Afron, to whom she was to be given, Ivan began to shed many tears.

"Why do you weep, Ivan?" asked the

Wolf, and Ivan answered: "Grey Wolf, my friend! I myself have begun to love Helen the Beautiful, yet now I must give her up to Czar Afron for the horse with the golden mane. For if I do not, then Czar Afron will dishonour my name in all countries."

"I have served you in much, Prince Ivan," said the Grey Wolf, "but I will also do you this service. Listen. When we come near to the palace, I myself will take the shape of the Czar's daughter, and you shall lead me to Czar Afron, and shall take in exchange the horse with the golden mane. You shall mount him and ride far away. Then I will ask leave of Czar Afron to walk in the open field, and when I am in the field with the Court ladies-in-waiting, you have only once to think of me, the Grey Wolf, and I will come."

"SITTING ON THE WOLF'S BACK, WITH THE CZAR'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER IN HIS ARMS, IVAN BEGAN TO LOVE HER WITH HIS HEART AND SOUL."

As soon as the Wolf had uttered these words he beat his paw against the damp ground and instantly took the shape of the Czar's beautiful daughter; so like to her that no one in the world could have told that he was not the Princess herself. Then, bidding Helen the Beautiful wait for him outside the walls, Ivan led the Grey Wolf into the palace to Czar Afron.

The Czar, thinking at last he had won the treasure he had so long desired as his wife, was very joyful, and gave Ivan the horse with the golden mane and the golden bridle. And Ivan, mounting, rode outside the walls to the real Helen the Beautiful, put her before him on the saddle, and set out across the three times nine countries back to the kingdom of Czar Dolmat.

As to the Grey Wolf, he spent one day, he spent two days, he spent three days in Czar Afron's palace, all the while having the shape of the beautiful Princess, while the Czar made preparations for a splendid bridal. On the fourth day he asked the Czar's permission to go for a walk in the open field.

"Oh, beautiful Princess," said Czar Afron, "I grant you whatever you may wish Go then and walk where it pleases you, and perchance it will soothe your grief and sorrow at parting from your father." So he ordered serving-women and all the ladies-in-waiting of the Court to walk with her.

But all at once, as they walked in the open field, Prince Ivan, far away, riding with the real Helen the Beautiful, on the horse with the golden mane, suddenly bethought himself and cried: "Grey Wolf, Grey Wolf, I am thinking of you now. Where are you?" At that very instant the false Princess, as she walked with the ladies-in-waiting of Czar Afron's Court, turned into the Grey Wolf, which ran off, more swiftly than seventy horses. The ladies-in-waiting hastened to the Palace, and Czar Afron sent many soldiers in pursuit, but they could not catch

the Grey Wolf, and soon he overtook Prince Ivan.

"Mount on my back, Ivan," said the Wolf, "and let Helen the Beautiful ride on the horse with the golden mane."

Ivan mounted the Grey Wolf, and the Princess rode on the horse with the golden mane, and so they went on together to the kingdom of Czar Dolmat, in whose garden hung the cage with the Glowing Bird. Whether the way was a long one or a short one, at length they came near to Czar Dolmat's palace. Then Prince Ivan, getting down from the Wolf's back, said:—

"Grey Wolf, my dear friend! You have done me many services. Do me also one more, the last and greatest. If you can take the shape of Helen the Beautiful, you can take also that of this horse with the golden mane. Do this, and let me deliver you to Czar Dolmat in exchange for the Glowing Bird. Then, when I am far away on the road to my own kingdom, you can again rejoin us."

"So be it," said the Wolf, and beat his paw against the dry ground, and immediately he took the shape of the horse with a golden mane, so like to that the Princess rode that no one could have told one from the other. Then Ivan, leaving Helen the Beautiful on the green lawn with the real horse with the golden mane, mounted and rode to the palace gate.

When Czar Dolmat saw Prince Ivan riding on the false horse with the golden mane he rejoiced exceedingly. He came out, embraced Ivan in the wide courtyard and kissed him on the mouth, and taking his right hand led him into his splendid rooms. He made a great festival, and they sat at oak tables covered with embroidered cloths, and for two days ate, drank, and made merry. On the third day the Czar gave Ivan the Glowing Bird in its golden cage. Ivan took it, went to the green lawn where he had left Helen the Beautiful, mounted the real horse with the golden mane, set the Princess on the saddle before him, and together they rode away across the three times nine lands towards his native country, the kingdom of Czar Wyslaff.

As to Czar Dolmat, for two days he admired the false horse with the golden mane, and on the third day he desired to ride him. He gave orders, therefore, to saddle him, and, mounting, rode to the open fields. But as he was riding, it chanced that Ivan, far away with Helen the Beautiful, all at once remembered his promise and cried: "Grey Wolf, Grey Wolf, I am thinking of you!" And at that instant the horse Czar Dolmat rode threw the Czar from his back and turned into the Grey Wolf, which ran off more swiftly than a hundred horses.

Czar Dolmat hastened to the palace and sent many soldiers in pursuit, but they could not catch the Grey Wolf, and soon he overtook the horse with the golden mane that bore Ivan and the Princess.

"Get down, Ivan," said the Wolf; "mount my back and let Helen the Beautiful ride on the horse with the golden mane."

So Ivan mounted the Grey Wolf and the Princess rode on the horse with the golden mane, and at length they came to the forest where the wolf had devoured Ivan's horse.

There the Grey Wolf stopped. "Well, Ivan," he said, "I have paid for your horse, and have served you in faith and truth. Get down now; I am no longer your servant."

Ivan got down from the Wolf's back, weeping many tears that they should part, and the Grey Wolf leaped into a thicket and disappeared, leaving Ivan, mounted on the horse with the golden mane, with Helen the Beautiful in his arms, who held in her hands the golden cage in which was the Glowing Bird, to ride to the palace of Czar Wyslaff.

They rode on three days till they came to the green plain where the three ways met, and where stood the great stone, and being very tired the Prince and Princess here dismounted and lay down to rest. He tied the horse with the golden mane to the stone, and lying lovingly side by side on the soft grass they went to sleep.

Now it happened that the two elder brothers of Ivan, Dimitry and Wassily, having tired of their amusements in the wood and being minded to return to their father without the Glowing Bird, came riding past the spot and found their brother lying asleep with Helen the Beautiful beside him. Seeing not only that he had found the Glowing Bird, but a horse with a golden mane and a lovely Princess, they were envious, and Dimitry drew his sword, stabbed Ivan to death, and cut his body into small pieces. Then they awoke Helen the Beautiful and began to question her.

"Lovely Princess," they asked, "from what kingdom do you come, who is your father, and what is your name?"

Helen the Beautiful, being roughly awakened, and seeing Ivan dead, was greatly frightened, and cried with bitter tears: "I am the Czar's daughter, Helen the Beautiful, and I belong to Prince Ivan, whom you have

"WASSILY SET THE POINT OF HIS SWORD AGAINST HER BREAST AND SAID: 'LISTEN, HELEN THE BEAUTIFUL! YOU ARE NOW IN OUR HANDS.'"

put to a cruel death. If you were brave knights you would have ridden against him in the open field, then you might have been victorious over him with honour, but instead of that you have slain him when he was asleep. What praise will such an act receive?"

But Wassily set the point of his sword against her breast and said: "Listen, Helen the Beautiful! You are now in our hands. We shall take you to our father, Czar Wyslaff, and you shall tell him that we, and not Ivan, found the Glowing Bird, and won the horse with the golden mane and your own lovely self. If you do not swear by all holy things to say this, then this instant will we put you to death!" And the Czar's beautiful daughter, frightened by their threats, swore that she would speak as they commanded.

Dimitry and Wassily cast lots to see who should take Helen the Beautiful and who the horse with the golden mane and the Glowing Bird. The Princess fell to Wassily and the horse and the bird to Dimitry, and Wassily

took Helen the Beautiful on his horse and Dimitry took the Glowing Bird and the horse with the golden mane, and both rode swiftly to the palace of their father.

The Czar rejoiced greatly to see them. To Dimitry, since he had brought him the Glowing Bird, he gave the half of his kingdom, and he made a festival which lasted a whole month, at the end of which time Wassily was to wed Helen the Beautiful.

As for Ivan, dead and cut into pieces, he lay on the green plain for thirty days. And on the thirty-first day it chanced that the Grey Wolf passed that way. He knew at once by his keen scent that the body was that of Prince Ivan. While he sat grieving for his friend, there came flying an iron-beaked she-crow with two fledglings, who alighted on the ground and would have eaten the flesh, but the Wolf leaped up and seized one of the young birds.

Then the mother crow, flying to a little distance, said to him: "O Grey Wolf, Wolf's son! Do not devour my little child, since it has in no way harmed you."

And the Grey Wolf answered: "Listen, Crow, Crow's daughter! Do me a certain service, and I will not harm your fledgling. I have heard that across three times nine countries, in the thirtieth kingdom, are two springs, so placed that none save a bird can come to them, which give forth, the one the water of death and the other the water of life. Bring to me two bottles of these waters, and I will let your fledgling go safe and sound. But if you do not, then I will tear it in pieces and devour it."

"I will indeed do you this service, Grey Wolf, Wolf's son," said the Crow, "only harm not my child," and immediately flew away as swiftly as an arrow.

The Grey Wolf waited one day, he waited two days, he waited three days, and on the fourth day the she-crow came flying with two little bottles of water in her beak.

Then Grey Wolf tore the fledgling into pieces. He sprinkled the pieces with the water of death and they instantly grew together; he sprinkled the dead body with the water of life and the fledgling shook itself and flew away with the she-crow, safe and sound. Grey Wolf then sprinkled the pieces of the body of Ivan with the water of death and they grew together; he sprinkled the dead body with the water of life, and Ivan stood up, stretched himself, and said: "How long I must have slept!"

"Yes, Ivan," the Grey Wolf said, "and you would have slept for ever had it not been for me. For your brothers cut you into pieces and took away with them the Czar's beautiful daughter, the horse with the golden mane, and the Glowing Bird. Make haste now and mount on my back, for your brother Wassily is to marry Helen the Beautiful to-day."

Ivan made haste to mount, and the Grey Wolf began running, swifter than a hundred horses, toward the palace of Czar Wyslaff.

Whether the way was long or short, he soon came to the city, and there at the gate the Grey Wolf stopped. "Get down now, Ivan," he said. "I am no longer your servant and you will see me no more, but sometimes remember the journeys you made on the back of the Grey Wolf."

Ivan got down and, having bade the Wolf farewell with tears, entered the city and went at once to the palace where Prince Wassily was even then being married to Helen the Beautiful.

He entered the splendid rooms and came where they sat at table, and as soon as Helen the Beautiful saw him she sprang up from the table and kissed him on the mouth, crying: "This is my beloved, Prince Ivan, who shall marry me, and not this wicked one, Prince Wassily, who sits with me at table!"

Czar Wyslaff rose up in his place and questioned Helen the Beautiful, and she related to him the whole story: how Ivan had won her, with the horse with the golden mane and the Glowing Bird, and how his two elder brothers had slain him as he lay asleep, and had threatened her with death so that she should say what they bid.

Czar Wyslaff, hearing, was angered like a great river in a storm. He commanded that Dimitry and Wassily should be seized and thrown into prison, and Ivan, that same day, was married to the Princess Helen the Beautiful. The Czar made a great feast, and all the people drank wine and mead till it ran down their beards, and the festival lasted many days till there was no one hungry or thirsty in all the kingdom.

And when the rejoicing was ended the two elder brothers were made, one a scullion and the other a cowherd, but Prince Ivan lived always with Helen the Beautiful in such harmony and love that neither of them could bear to be without the other even for a single moment.

GREAT BILLIARD PLAYERS
Compared.

By JOHN ROBERTS.

H. W. STEVENSON
(Born 1874. Record break—802).

GEORGE GRAY
(Born 1892. Record break—2,196).

EDWARD DIGGLE
(Born 1864. Record break—985).

MELBOURNE INMAN
(Born 1878. Record break—625).

T. REECE
(Born 1876. Record breaks—645 all-round; 499,135 unfinished, including 249,552 "anchor" cannons).

Sport & General.
JOHN ROBERTS.

THIS article deals with a phase of billiards which has hitherto received but scant notice from writers on the game. My intention is to describe the individual playing characteristics which differentiate our great billiardists. The game is capable of such infinite and beautiful variety that it affords its votaries ample scope to stamp their personality on their billiards, to display style and scoring methods essentially their own.

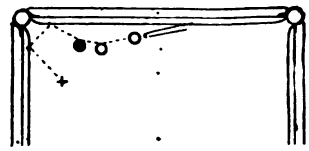
H. W. Stevenson.

Russell & Sons.

Commencing with the champion, H. W. Stevenson, we see a player whose style proclaims his ability as soon as he handles a cue. The indefinable quality which is a sure indication of a high-class player pervades his every action at the billiard-table. It was apparent enough to the trained observer when Stevenson first commenced to play in public, and I well remember predicting that he would be champion some day, after playing a game or two with him when he was a mere stripling. My readers will be doubtless interested to learn that I think young Newman, the lad I have been playing in public of late, has an abundance of the best of billiards in him, and should develop into one of the greatest cuemen the game has ever seen. In fact, I shall be much astonished if he does not reach the top of the tree, and very soon.

Returning to Stevenson, we find his game marked by a very free and attractive style. He plays quickly and easily, and exploits closer billiards than any other player. When the balls are together he is a past master of the art of coaxing the last point out of them before allowing them to separate. In this connection I do not refer to nursery cannons alone, although Stevenson plays them as well as any of our cuemen. But he does more than this—much more; he keeps the balls close together, to gain and retain position for the alternating cannon and red winning hazard known as the "top of the table game," the scoring method first introduced by me when the old spot-stroke threatened to kill public interest in billiards. It is possible to play top of the table billiards without keeping the balls right on the cue-tip, so to speak, and W. Mitchell was second to none in this

phase of the game, thanks to his wonderful winning-hazard striking, which enabled him to pocket the red ball from almost any position with absolute certainty. But



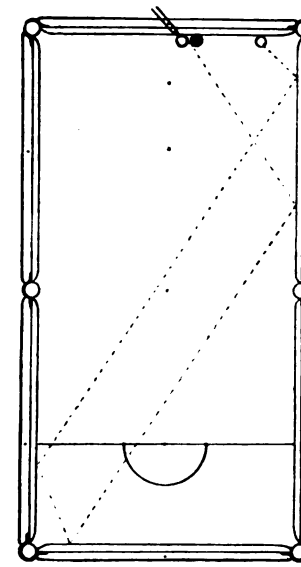
1.—THE TOP-OF-THE-TABLE GAME—CLEVER PLAY BY STEVENSON.

Stevenson prefers to tap the balls judiciously until the red is nicely placed adjacent to one of the top pockets. Then down it goes, and the cue-ball glides on to the desired position for a continuance of the top of the table break.

It is all very simple to look at, is this tip-tap business at the spot end of the table, but it is really a typical illustration of the art which conceals art. Our first diagram depicts a characteristic stroke at the "top." Obviously, there is a plain, fine, ball-to-ball cannon presented from white to red, and the stroke as a scoring effort by itself is well within the powers of thousands of ordinary players. But Stevenson plays it with plenty of running side on the cue-ball, which just clips the edges of both object-balls, and then runs on as shown by the dotted line in the diagram until, after contact with the top and side cushions, it comes to rest at the spot indicated by a cross in the drawing. This leaves the balls in an ideal position, as a plain, gentle cannon will drive the object white over towards the billiard spot and drop the red close to the top pocket. But how different it would have been if the champion had struck either of the two balls a little too thick or too hard, or if he had not imparted just the right amount of side and pace to the cue-ball to gain the desired position *viâ* two cushions. He had to think of all these things when apparently playing for a stroke which seems quite straightforward and free from guile, and when I explain that the same combination of thought and execution is demanded by numerous other positions at the top of the table, my readers will understand why this side of billiards is so deceptive to watch. They should practise the stroke; it will improve their control of the balls—a weak spot, indeed, in the game of so many amateurs.

It must not be hastily concluded that because Stevenson is so adept at nursing the balls in the lucrative spot area he is averse to playing a brilliant all-round stroke when occasion demands it. This is not the case by a long way, but the champion's supreme skill controls the balls so exquisitely that he seldom has occasion to bring out the big stroke he holds in reserve to cope with exceptional difficulties. But when he has to make a full call on his billiard powers to master an individual stroke, he may be depended upon to exhibit daring and brilliant cuemanship of the highest order.

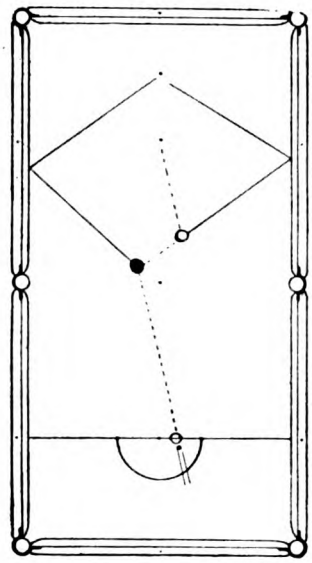
His abilities in this direction are shown in the stroke depicted in our second illustration.



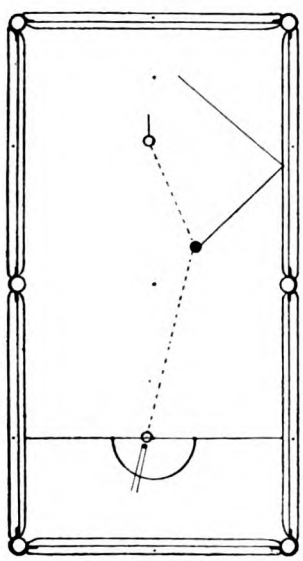
2.—ALL-ROUND CANNON BY THE CHAMPION.

The balls are in a well-nigh hopeless position. They are covered, the cue-ball is almost touching the red, and, although there may be possibilities about a tremendous *massé* cannon, there is a distinct risk that even if such a stroke is made the second object-ball will be either pocketed or driven into dangerous proximity to the top pocket. This would only make bad worse, and would be a sorry reward for such a magnificent stroke. So Stevenson ignored the *massé*, and went out for the dashing all-round cannon limned by our artist. The red was struck quite fine with an abundance of running side on the cue-ball, and the cannon was made off four cushions, as shown by the dotted line in the diagram. While the cue-ball was speeding round the table, the red crept gently along near the top cushion, and as the strength was gauged with the utmost nicety the completed cannon left the balls all together and as well placed as could be desired.

Before quitting Stevenson's game I really must describe the manner in which he so frequently brings the balls into position at the head of the table by means of a cannon played from balk. As a rule, the familiar "drop" cannon is utilized for this purpose, but there is a certain cannon much favoured by Stevenson which scarcely comes under this heading. The red is almost in the centre of the table, slightly above the middle pocket, the white ball is farther still up the table, and well to the right of the red. And as the cue-ball is in hand, an almost limitless vista of scoring possibilities is opened up. But Stevenson plays the cannon shown in our third diagram, a clever stroke which sends the cue-ball off the second object on towards the billiard spot, and steers the red and white balls in the same direction *viâ* the side cushions, thus opening up the top of the table game by one well-thought-out stroke. This is very characteristic of the champion, as he always takes the shortest available route to his happy hunting-ground for points in the vicinity of the billiard spot.



3.—A POSITIONAL CANNON.



4.—STEERING THE BALLS TO THE "TOP."

Another very pretty positional cannon frequently exploited by Stevenson is shown in our fourth diagram. The cue-ball is in hand, and a glance at the drawing shows the two object-balls placed so that a ball-to-ball cannon off the red is as simple a stroke as the veriest tyro could desire. The actual score is nothing; it is the positional potentialities of the stroke that count. Stevenson shows his appreciation of this circumstance by playing rather full on the red ball and directing it towards the billiard spot, as indicated by the continuous line in the diagram. The cue-ball travels on to complete the cannon by means of a nicely gauged contact with the object white, which drives that ball towards the red, thus leaving a typical top of the table position; again, be it noted, in one stroke.

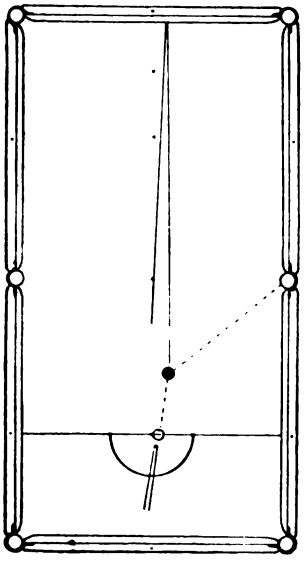
This is another example of Stevenson at his best, of his masterful cuemanship which attains its objective with the effortless ease of a truly great player. As the balls lie they present quite a number of scoring possibilities. There is a losing hazard off either ball, or the cannon can be well handled in a variety of ways. But Stevenson wants to get the balls together without wasting a stroke or a moment, so he makes the cannon in the manner described, and as soon as the balls have ceased to roll he is manœuvring them in the spot area and rattling up one of his delightful top of the table compilations in his own quick and incisive style.

George Gray.

George Gray is the next player on my list, and I may say at once that the gifted young Australian is the greatest exponent of plain-ball striking the game of billiards has ever seen. He has wrought billiard miracles without ever striking the cue-ball outside its centre, and what a lesson this is to the thousands of players who are so anxious to know which side to put on a ball when they really ought to strike it in the middle and score by means of a correct contact with the object-ball. But although plain-ball striking may justly be called the foundation of Gray's game, yet the edifice of imposing breaks he has built up owes its monumental dimensions to a continuity of accuracy greater, in my opinion, than anything we have ever seen before on a billiard-table, including the big runs off the red ball made before the spot

stroke was barred. Gray's game is more difficult and wonderful than the spot stroke ever was. I could write an article in support of this statement, and may do so on some future occasion; but at present I must leave the bare assertion to be dealt with by my critics and readers according to their own ideas on the point.

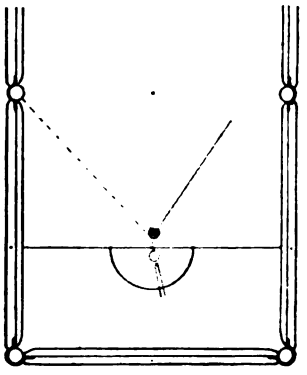
Gray's playing attitude is the first characteristic of his billiards which strikes even the most casual observer. His method doubtless has its merits, but it is not everyone who can hope to bring his chin down almost on the cue for stroke after stroke. For instance, I do not see how a man my build could adapt himself to the Gray pose without the finer parts of his billiards suffering. However, I will not labour the point. The stance suits Gray very well, and there is no gainsaying the fact that when we see George Gray at the table we behold a veritable billiard marvel. His scoring methods are so familiar, in a broad sense, that everybody has come to regard him as an irresistible manipulator of losing hazards off the red ball. So he is, but he is also an exceptionally good winning-hazard striker, and he makes many grand strokes with marvellous precision when he has to pocket the red to gain position for his favourite game. In addition, he plays plain-ball strokes off several cushions with unerring judgment, and even that fine exponent of all-round cannons, Fred Weiss (another Australian, by the way), has no greater knowledge of the angles of a billiard-table than that possessed by Gray. But the unique feature of Gray's all-round strokes is that he plays them without imparting any side to the cue-ball. He depends solely on accurate ball-striking working in unison with supreme judgment of the course of a ball after contact with several cushions. His ability in this direction was great enough to break down Inman's safety-play time after time in their match. His magnificent winning hazards I have already mentioned, and I have purposely emphasized these points in an endeavour to eradicate the popular idea that Gray is only a one-stroke player.



5. — GRAY'S THREE-QUARTER RUN-THROUGH.

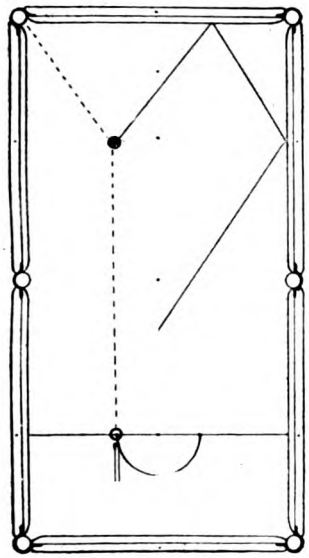
Yet it cannot be wondered that the lad is regarded as an exponent of the same stroke over and over again, and that an attempt to describe his scoring methods might seem like a bold effort to write about the swing of a pendulum. The average spectator cannot see the minute difference which means so much, and Gray himself is very often the only person who can appreciate to the full the points of difference in a series of strokes apparently as alike as a row of peas in a pod. But the differences exist, and there are also plainer variations which I propose to deal with.

Gray's natural-angle half-ball loser into the middle pocket is too familiar to require any detailed description, but the run-through loser which he makes so often and so well merits a diagram. It is shown in our fifth illustration, and is made simply by accurate ball-striking—the least side on the cue-ball spoils the stroke. When the red is brought farther still down the table, Gray employs the fine losing hazard drawn by our artist in diagram six. This pretty and effective stroke is yet another plain-ball score; Gray does it by striking the red in exactly the right place, and always handles it so well that one of his favourite middle-pocket losers is left for a certainty. But Gray is seldom faulty in strength to an extent which necessitates this stroke, and when playing well he would make hundred after hundred off the red without playing this thin loser once.



6. —A FINE LOSER BY GRAY.

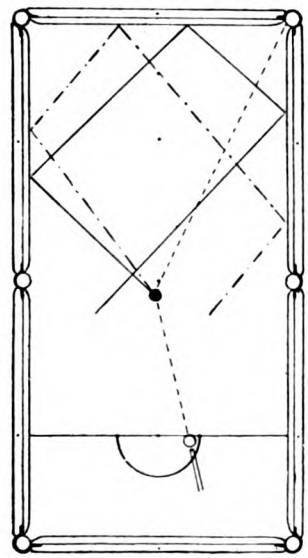
Another rather rare stroke for Gray to play is the top-pocket loser shown in our seventh illustration. He might bring the red there after a stroke or two at the commencement of a break, but however the position occurred



7.—GRAY PLAYS THE TOP POCKET.

Gray would handle it as shown in the diagram, thus obtaining position for his strongest game in one stroke, exactly as Stevenson goes for the top of the table without delay.

Our eighth diagram depicts a stroke Gray plays fairly often, as it is the key-stroke which opens the middle-pocket game when it is temporarily lost through striking the red with insufficient force. It is the long loser into the top pocket well known to generations of billiard players, but Gray makes it differently to other leading players, who usually play it the merest shade thicker than a true half-ball and bring the red round off three cushions, as indicated by the intersected line in the diagram. But Gray plays an absolutely pure half-ball, which sends the red on the path shown by the continuous line. The difference in placing the cue-ball is too slight to be shown in a drawing of any practicable dimensions, but the stroke as Gray plays it is undoubtedly sounder and more scientific, as the angle the red ball makes off the last cushion increases the area in which an easy hazard may be left. Lindrum plays more of these long losers than anybody; he uses the top pockets as Gray does the middles, and when well set in a red ball break keeps on putting the cue-ball into either top pocket in very telling and attractive fashion.



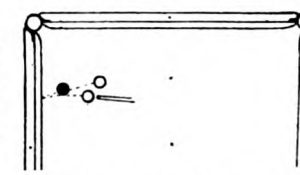
8.—HOW GRAY PLAYS THE LONG LOSER.

Edward Diggle.

Sport & General.

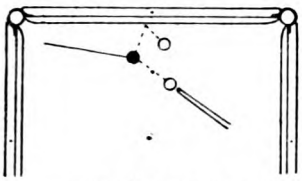
Edward Diggle now demands attention, and mention of his name calls to mind one of the best players that ever handled a cue — at times he is unbeatable. He has been described, not inaptly, as the billiard Sphinx. His style is his own, and cannot be called good. This makes his strokes appear laboured at times, and gives onlookers wrong impressions concerning a truly great billiardist. But there can be no doubt about Diggle's most marked characteristic. It is touch, a touch so exquisite that when Diggle is playing really well he holds the balls as if he were placing them with his fingers just where they ought to be. In this respect Diggle reigns supreme among living players, and recalls the marvellously delicate ball-manipulation of the late William Cook, senr.

Diggle does not unduly favour runs of close cannons of the nursery type; his forte lies in beautifully-judged positional play at the top of the table, and our ninth diagram shows a typical stroke of his. It is a cannon off the red on to the side cushion and back on to the white, and Diggle gauges the side, strength, and contact with both balls with such exquisite nicety that the red is cut over towards the top pocket and the white driven in the direction of the spot. It is very easy to make the cannon without accomplishing these things to anything like perfection, but when in form Diggle never makes the least mistake with a stroke of this type—he is sure to leave the balls exactly where a first-class judge of the game would place them.



9.—A ONE-CUSHION CANNON BY DIGGLE.

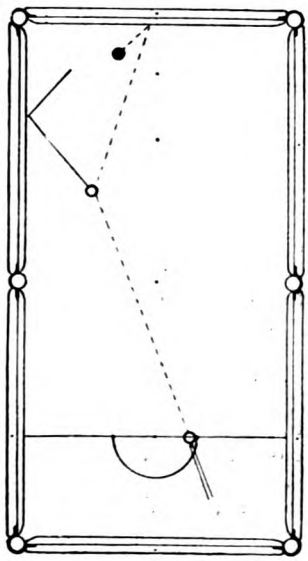
Our tenth diagram sets up another close-cannon off one cushion at the head of the



10.—DIGGLE'S CANNON FOR POSITION.

table, but here Diggle is seen controlling the red ball in characteristic style. It would be injudicious to pocket the ball, and top of the table position is lost if a losing hazard is left. But Diggle would never fall into either of these errors. He would dip his cue-tip towards the cloth, give the red a tap with that indescribable cue delivery of his, and the red would assuredly stop to a fractional part of an inch exactly where it was intended to halt, just as though it were a living thing obeying a word of command. And when the balls are farther apart Diggle is constantly playing clever strokes to bring the spheres into ideal position.

One of these is illustrated in our eleventh diagram. The cue-ball is in hand, and the object white is just on that awkward spot where a losing hazard is not playable, while the red is too far over for a plain ball-to-ball cannon to present a good opening. It can be made without much difficulty by hitting the white rather fine, but a leave is somewhat lucky if the stroke is thus played. The semi-run-through with side direct on to the red has its merits, but again the element of chance enters into the question of after-position to no inconsiderable extent. Diggle reduces this element to its absolute minimum by playing the cannon in the manner indicated in the diagram. Utilizing a good deal of left side on the cue-ball, he misses the red direct, completes the cannon off the top cushion, and brings the balls together. Taking him altogether, Edward Diggle may safely be written down as the greatest master of three-ball positional billiards pure and simple now before the public, and this is why he is apt to break down at what appear to be exceedingly easy strokes. The fact is that he often prefers to risk a non-score rather than leave perfect position to chance, and with this ideal constantly before him it is not surprising that he controls the balls so supremely well.



11.—DIGGLE'S "GATHERING" CANNON.

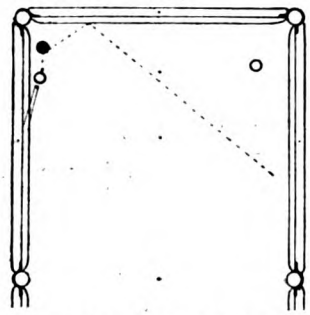
Melbourne Inman.

Sport & General.

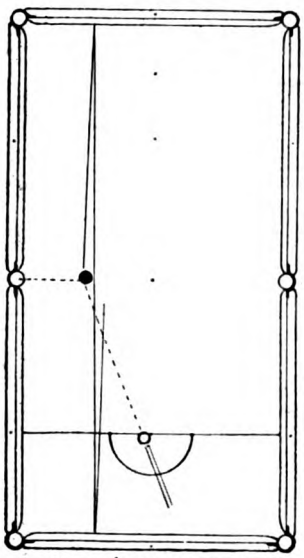
By way of contrast, I propose to deal with Melbourne Inman next. Here we have a player who has literally forced himself into the front rank by sheer grit and pertinacity. Inman is a made player if ever there was one. He has neither the inborn gift for the game Stevenson possesses, the genius of Gray, nor the touch of Diggle. But he is a great player for all that, and plays match-winning billiards of the highest class. His style is rather crude, and a critic who saw him for the first time would never credit him with a tithe of his real ability. But when all is said and done, he keeps on scoring, especially when there is anything tangible on the result of the match. Game as a pebble, ever cool and resourceful, he is never beaten until the last point is scored; and, as might be expected from one who has hewed out his billiard career in face of every obstacle, he plays a game full of individuality. But this quality is difficult to set out in print as it dominates the whole of his game, and is more a matter of general tactics than particular strokes.

Speaking broadly, Inman frames his game on simple lines full of rugged strength. He is not the man to get into a tangle through trying to solve some intricate positional problem. The plain, certain stroke is good enough for him, and he is never afraid to risk position to make sure of a difficult stroke. But this characteristic does not stop him from being very clever at controlling the run of the balls for the open game; the close game does not display Inman at his best. He is never daunted when the balls run a little out of perfect position, and scores with amazing consistency any number of those awkward shots which are so easily missed by the merest shade even by first class players.

Our first Inman stroke (12) shows how he eliminates the last atom of positional risk. The red ball is about ten inches from the left top pocket, with the cue-ball near the side cushion which the red clears nicely. On the opposite side of the table the white ball lies a foot from the top cushion, and just far enough from the side cushion to render a losing hazard from hand too difficult to attempt if it can avoided. Several positional strokes can be played, as the cue-ball is close enough to the red to make the winning hazard into the top pocket a certainty. A stab stroke might lead up to top of the table position after a stroke or two. A following stroke on to the top cushion would leave the easy stereotyped loser off the red into the opposite top pocket. But neither of these appealed to Inman; he was anxious to free the badly-placed white without delay, so he pocketed the red with a free stroke played with left side on the cue-ball and obtained the leave indicated by the dotted line in the diagram. This enabled him to make a simple loser off the white and bring all three balls into the game.



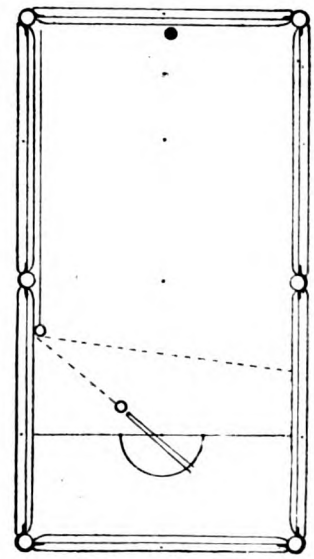
12.—POSITIONAL WINNER BY INMAN.



13.—INMAN'S FORCING LOSER.

Inman is a skilled exponent of forcing losing hazards into either the middle or top pockets, and he gets them with commendable accuracy when screw, in addition to force, has to be called into requisition. One of these strokes is shown in our thirteenth diagram, and one would have to watch Inman play for a very long time before one saw him miss any stroke of this character. No mention of Inman's game would be complete without an allusion to his safety play, a department of billiards in which he admittedly excels. Even Bennett himself could not have given Inman lessons in safety tactics, and as cramping the game most skilfully once gave Bennett the championship, this is saying a very great deal.

Of the many safety strokes Inman exploits so well I have selected the specimen illustrated in our fourteenth diagram. The red is tight against the top cushion, the object white is too near the side cushion to offer anything very inviting to go out at, especially as the cue-ball lies at an awkward angle towards the centre of the table. Inman plays to cut the white along the side cushion towards the top pocket, bringing his own ball back across the table to the opposite side rail. This leaves his opponent in a very awkward position. Even a miss must be played well to get out of trouble, and in the stress of a hard-fought game Inman is very likely to get an opening from this astute safety move.



14.—SAFETY STROKE BY INMAN.

T. Reece.

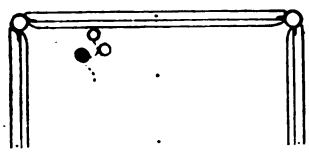
Sport & General.

Last, but by no means least, I have to deal with billiards as played by T. Reece. He possesses a nice free style, and is indeed a versatile and gifted cueman. Cannons at close quarters are decidedly his forte, and the clever manner in which he controls the balls when you could cover all three with a dinner-plate is delightful to behold. His touch and judgment when manipulating these

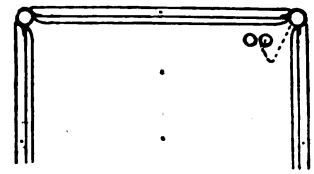
strokes must be seen to be properly appreciated. It would need a billiard poet to do them justice in words. I have often seen him play to hit a ball without moving it in the least from its position on the cloth, just shaking it, so to speak—the kind of thing often seen in an ordinary game when a cannon is as near missed as it can be without actually failing to score. To make this tremorous contact with the first object-ball deliberately and with set purpose is, in my opinion, as difficult a feat as any cueman can be asked to perform if the target-ball is less than a foot from the cue-ball. The possible range of the shot is very short, but whenever it is on and it is the game to play it, Reece handles it with inimitable delicacy and precision.

As might be expected from one so fond of close cannons, Reece frequently finds the balls in a position which demands the *massé* stroke. He plays these beautiful curling strokes with great effect, and when it comes to showing what can be done with the up-lifted cue-butt Reece is the man I should pick to represent British billiardists. It is admitted that the American and Continental cannon-players are in a class by themselves as regards *massé* and *piqué* strokes, but their bigger cues and larger balls make it difficult to set up a fair standard of comparison.

But Reece is not only good at *massé* strokes to extricate himself from difficulties. He has taken to using the stroke for positional purposes—quite a novelty in English billiards, and a development which may have a far-reaching influence on the top of the table game. Diagram fifteen illustrates a stroke of this description played by Reece a short time ago against me in an exhibition game at a private house. The balls are so placed that it is difficult indeed to miss the cannon, but Reece makes the cue-ball curl between both object-balls and leaves ideal top of the table position unobtainable in any other manner. During the same evening he brought off the charming *massé* losing hazard depicted in our sixteenth diagram. As shown by the artist, the balls are so close to each other that the hazard seems out of the game. Reece manipulated a wonderful *massé*, playing rather full, a little to the right on the object-ball, which caused it to rebound from the cushion and avoid the kiss, the cue-ball describing a loop, as shown in the diagram. The curve of the ball has to be judged with the utmost exactitude, and the strength must be perfect or the contact would not produce the desired effect.

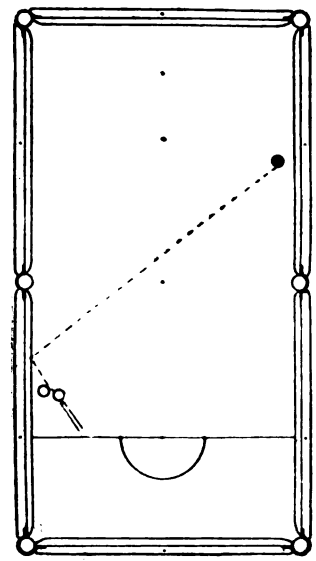


15.—POSITIONAL MASSÉ CANNON BY REECE.



16.—MASSÉ LOSER BY REECE.

I should be inclined to place Reece in a class by himself among English players as regards knowing how to produce extraordinary cannon strokes on a billiard-table. I saw him make a stroke which was new to me, and I have been playing billiards for more than fifty years. The balls were as shown in our final diagram, and it seems absolutely impossible to make the cannon off the side cushion in the manner depicted. The angle appears utterly impossible, and so it is in the ordinary way. But Reece made the cannon as shown by imparting plenty of screw and strong check side on the cue-ball, and at first I thought it was an accident. But he afterwards showed that it was played on purpose, and a little experimenting soon proved to me the wonderful possibilities of this stroke. Well handled, it brings the cue-ball off the cushion at angles bordering on the miraculous, and is a stroke full of interesting possibilities. This and the two other strokes I have described reveal Reece in the light of a creative artist at billiards, and when he reaches the zenith of his powers in this respect he may introduce scoring methods which will revolutionize English billiards to a desirable extent.



17.—AN EXTRAORDINARY CANNON.

A Prolific Chess Problem

By T. B. ROWLAND.

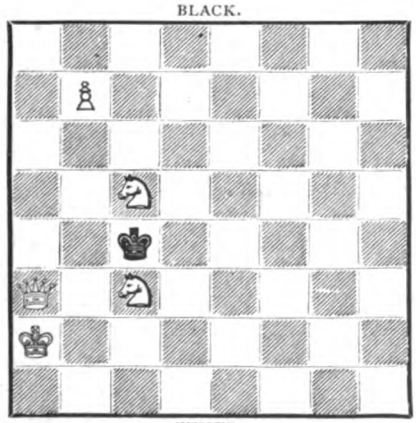
THE problem given is connected with so many curious coincidences that it is worthy of attention in the pages of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. There is no doubt that chess problem composers, like most music composers, have their peculiarities, and oftentimes display in their work such a disregard of the work of others as to cause similarity of idea, unconscious imitation, or unintended plagiarism. Such, however, is not to be wondered at, considering that all work with the one medium. As far as we know, no charge of direct copying has been made, as, when a resemblance occurs, it is passed over as a mere coincident or accidental likeness. At the same time some problems are so alike in both construction and idea as to make one believe in telepathy or thought-transference. Mr. Alain C. White, of New York, is doing much to detect such similarities. He classifies all available problems, and then compares new productions with those in the class each belongs to. By this means many a problem has been disqualified or debarred in competitions, justice is done, and honour goes to whom honour is due.

The ways of arranging chessmen are unlimited, ideas are unlimited, and mating positions are unlimited, yet it is curious to note that there are cases in which as many as a score of different composers claim to be the originator of the one problem. In the following examples the problems with mottoes are by myself.

Here is a case in point :—

No. 1.—PRIMA FACIE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

It is a simple two-mover, but, if it had a tongue, it "could a tale unfold." It is so far curious that it becomes a three-mover (as, please note, all we are about to give now are) on being turned to the right, the left, or upside down. Further, it embodies all the coincidences we are about to show. Having set it up, give the board a quarter turn to the left—that is, turn the side of the board which faces you to the left, and then play from the side facing you, as you would from White's side. We have :—

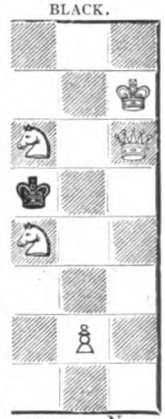
No. 2.—IPSO FACTO.

The various phases of the problem could be followed clearly if the solver made a diagram of each position and then placed them in their order. Having solved the problem before us, give the board another quarter turn to the left, and we get :—

No. 3.—PASSE-PARTOUT.

It would be well to give this a little study, as the key-move will reveal the solutions of all that follow. When done with it, give the board another quarter turn to the left, then remove the White king to Q R 2, and we introduce :—

BLACK.



WHITE. No. 3.

No. 4.—ALTER IDEM.

Move this position one square up, and we produce :—

No. 5.—À LA P. T. DUFFY.

Now replace the White king on K Kt 2, give the board a quarter turn to the right, and we get :—

No. 6.—R. SCHOSCHIN.

Here, without in any way moving the position or turning the board, we have :—

No. 7.—KOHTZ AND KOCKEKORN.

Reverse this position—that is, turn it over to the other side of the board, and, hey, presto! we get :—

No. 8.—H. VON GOTTSCHALL.

BLACK.

No. 8. WHITE.

It looks to be quite a different problem in this position. Now remove the White king to Q R 5, and we present :—

No. 9.—J. A. CONROY.

In this the main variation, which may be aptly termed the *cul-de-sac*, remains intact, but the second, or minor, variation is changed, as in No. 4. Reverse this position as we did with No. 7, and we find :—

No. 10.—S. LOYD.

The great resemblance of one problem to another is all the more unaccountable considering that the authors are all noted composers. A removal of the pawn to Q 2 in the position we now have gives :—

No. 11.—LA MÊME CHOSE.

And, still more surprising, by giving the board a quarter turn to the right we get :—

No. 12.—P. H. WILLIAMS.

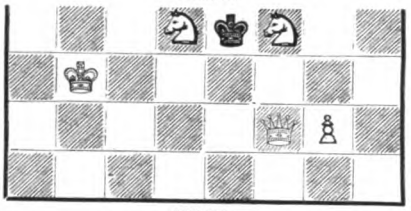
Here reverse positions of queen and pawn—that is, place queen at K 7 and pawn at Q R 4, and we have :—

No. 13.—GEMINI.

This has also appeared with the White king on Q B 8, Q Kt 8, and other squares—other composers having worked on the idea. Place the White king on K Kt 6, replace Q on Q B 7, and put the pawn on Q Kt 7, then give the board a half turn round, and we have :—

No. 14.—À LA F. M. TEED.

BLACK.

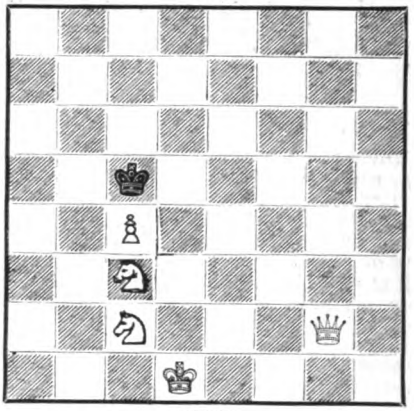


WHITE.

This, it will be seen, is our initial problem with the White king and pawn transposed, and, like it, it may be turned to the right, the left, or upside down, moved, reversed, transposed, or changed in as many ways, one of the finest productions being :—

No. 15.—MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

This is a beautiful conception, and distinctly marked with originality. The fair authoress is gifted in this way. *Elle à de la grâce dans tout ce qu'elle fait.* In one variation his sable majesty has three, and in another four, flight squares out of the hitherto *cul-de-sac*.

The solutions will duly appear in next issue, in which we hope to give even a more curious problem having the same construction.

Solutions to Last Month's Chess Curiosities.

No.	White.	Black.	White.
1.—1.	B—R 4, ch,	K moves ;	2. P moves, etc.
2.—1.	Q—Kt 1, ch,	K moves ;	2. Q takes P, etc.
3.—1.	K—Kt 2,	K—B 5 ;	2. B—B 6, etc.
		if P—Kt 6 ;	2 K—B 3, etc.
4.—1.	K—B 2,	K—K 5 ;	2 B—K 6, etc.
5.—1.	B—B 8,	K—K 4 ;	2. P—Kt 4, etc.
6.—1.	B—Kt 8,	K—B 4 ;	2. P—R 4, etc.
7.—1.	Q—Q 3,	K—Kt 5 ;	2. Q—K Kt 3,ch,etc.
8.—1.	Q—Q 4,	K—Kt 4 ;	2. Q—K Kt 4,ch,etc.
9.—1.	Q—Q 5,	K—Kt 3 ;	2. Q—K Kt 5,ch,etc.
10.—1.	B—Q 7, ch,	K—B 2 ;	2. P—R 6, P—K 4 ; 3. Q takes P, etc.
11.—1.	B—B 7, ch,	K—K 2 ;	2. P—Kt 6, etc.
12.—1.	K—Q 4,	P—Kt 5 ;	2. Q—K 5, mate.
13.—1.	K—Q 5,	P—B 6 ;	2. Q—K 4, mate.
14.—1.	P queens,	P moves ;	2. Q takes P, etc.

Solutions to Last Month's Bridge Problem.

A	Y	B	Z
Spades 10	Spades 5	Spades 9	Spades 3
Spades 4	Spades 2	Hearts 4	Spades 7
Hearts king	Hearts 2	Hearts 6	Hearts 10
Spades 6	Diamonds 2	Hearts ace !	Spades 8
Hearts queen	Hearts 7	Hearts 8	Hearts knave
Hearts 9	Clubs 2	Clubs 4	Clubs 3
Hearts 5	Diamonds 5	Diamonds 3	Diamonds ace?
Diamonds kve.	Diamonds qn.	Diamonds 6 !	Diamonds 9
Clubs 10	Clubs 5	Clubs ace	Clubs 9
Hearts 3	Clubs 6	Clubs 8	Clubs knave
Spades ace	Clubs 7	Clubs queen	Spades knave
Diamonds 4	Diamonds 10	Diamonds king	Clubs king
Spades queen	Diamonds 7	Diamonds 8	Spades king

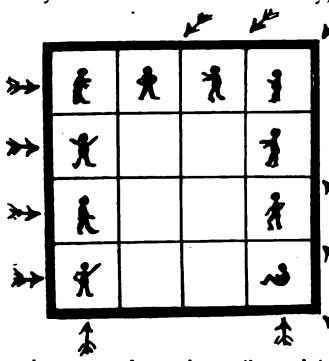
The winning card in each trick is underlined.

PERPLEXITIES.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

82.—THE TEN PRISONERS.

If prisons had no other use they might still be preserved for the special benefit of puzzle-makers. They appear to be an inexhaustible mine of perplexing ideas. Here is a little poser that will perhaps interest the reader for a short period. We have in the illustration a prison of sixteen cells. The locations of the ten prisoners will be seen. The jailer has queer superstitions about odd and even numbers, and he wants to rearrange the ten prisoners so that there shall be as many even rows of men vertically, horizontally, and diagonally as possible. At present it will be seen, as indicated by the arrows, that there are only twelve such rows of 2 and 4. I will state at once that the greatest number of such rows that is possible is sixteen. But the jailer only allows four men to be removed to other cells, and informs me that, as the man who is seated in the bottom right-hand corner is infirm, he must not be moved. Now, how are we to get those sixteen rows of even numbers under such conditions?

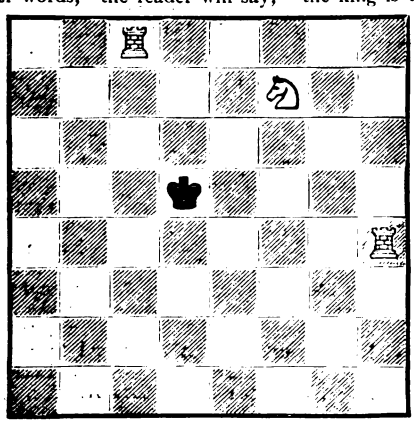


83.—A PRINTER'S ERROR.

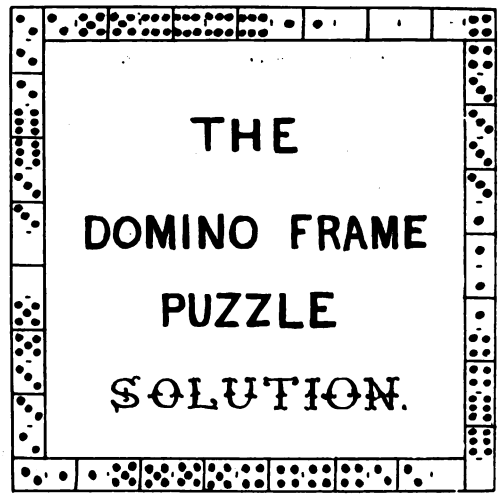
In a certain article a printer had to set up the figures $5^1.2^3$, which, of course, means that the fourth power of 5 (625) is to be multiplied by the cube of 2 (8), the product of which is 5,000. But he printed $5^1.2^3$ as 5 4 2 3, which is not correct. Can you place four digits in the manner shown so that it will be equally correct if the printer sets it up aright or makes the same blunder?

84.—A CHESS PUZZLE.

It will be seen in the diagram that the Black king has only one move—towards the knight. Can you rearrange the three White pieces so that the king (who must not be moved from his present square) shall be in check with no possible move open to him? "In other words," the reader will say, "the king is to be shown checkmated." Well, you can use the term if you wish, though I intentionally do not employ it myself. The mere fact that there is no White king on the board would alone be a sufficient reason for my not doing so.



Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.



78.—THE DOMINO FRAME PUZZLE.

The illustration is a solution. It will be found that all four sides of the frame add up 44. The sum of the pips on all the dominoes is 168, and if we wish to make the sides sum to 44 we must take care that the four corners sum to 8, because these corners are counted twice, and 168 added to 8 will equal 4 times 44, which is necessary. There are many different solutions. Even in the example given certain interchanges are possible to produce different arrangements. For example, on the left-hand side the string of dominoes from 2—2 down to 3—2 may be reversed, or from 2—6 to 3—2, or from 3—0 to 5—3. Also, on the right-hand side we may reverse from 4—3 to 1—4. These changes will not affect the correctness of the solution.

79.—THE CARDBOARD BOX.

The areas of the top and side multiplied together and divided by the area of the end give the square of the length. Similarly, the product of top and end divided by side gives the square of the breadth; and the product of side and end divided by the top gives the square of the depth. But we only need one of these operations. Let us take the first. Thus, 120 × 96 divided by 80 equals 144, the square of 12. Therefore the length is 12 inches, from which we can, of course, at once get the breadth and depth—10in. and 8in. respectively.

80.—PLAYING FOR COUNTERS.

Each player must have had exactly one hundred counters at the commencement of play.

81.—MATE IN TWO MOVES.

The key-move is 1. Q to Q Kt 4, but although the queen is thus placed *en prise* of no fewer than three of Black's pieces, there is no escape from the checkmate next move.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

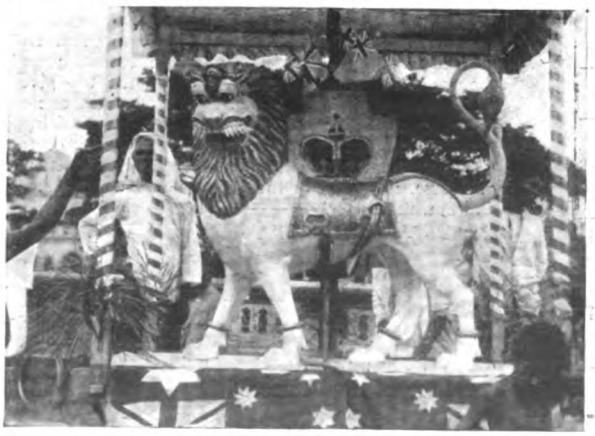
A DETECTIVE PIPE.

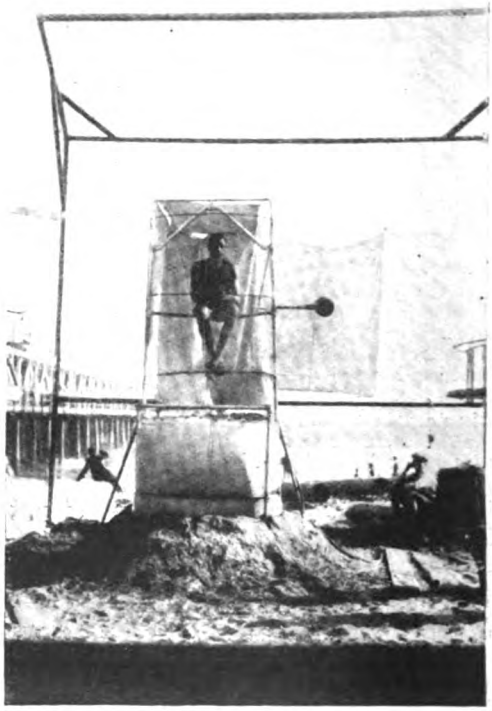
ONE often hears the expression, "eyes in the back of one's head." Here is another way of seeing behind you. The pipe shown is called the "Detective," and the obvious use of the mirrors is to enable the sleuth-hound of the law to watch the movements

of those behind or at the side of him. Sir A. Conan Doyle's hero, Sherlock Holmes, is seldom without a pipe, but I have yet to see him depicted smoking a "Detective."—Mr. Hal. Jones, 99, Russell Avenue, Wood Green, N.

THE BRITISH LION UP TO DATE.

IT is difficult to recognize our friend, the British Lion, in the accompanying photograph. This effigy formed part of the Coronation procession at Kuala Lumpur, and the Tamil's idea of the British Lion is certainly quaint. Note especially the anklets, which give the finishing touch to this work of art. The photograph was taken by my friend, Mr. R. E. Morris.—Mr. F. H. Goodwin, 27, Alresford Road, Irlams o' th' Height, Manchester.





THE AFRICAN DIP.

THIS is a new amusement device, known as the African Dip, which is installed at a beach resort in Southern California. The negro sits on a board above a canvas cistern full of water, and the pleasure-seekers stand about twenty feet away and throw base-balls at the disc beside him. When this is hit it springs a trigger, and the board on which the negro sits falls from under him and he drops into the water with a great splash. He enjoys the fun as much as anybody, however, and comes up with a flash of white teeth and rolling eyes, and, taking his seat again, urges the crowd to repeat the performance. — Mr. C. L. Edholm, 4,624, Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

AN UNSOLVED ENIGMA.

CAN any readers of THE STRAND supply the answer to this enigma? It is by Lord Thurlow, and the answer, although it undoubtedly has one, is not easily found.

Although you boast, thro' ages dark,
Your pedigree from Noah's Ark,
Painted on parchment nice;
I'm older yet—for I was there—
Than that, because I did appear
With Eve in Paradise.

For I was Adam, Adam I,
I was Eve, and Eve was I,
In spite of wind and weather;
But mark me, Adam was *not* I,
Neither was Mrs. Adam I,
Unless we were together!

Suppose, then, Eve and Adam talking,
With all my heart, but if they're walking
There ends all simile;
Tho' I've a tongue, and often talk,
And tho' I've legs, yet when I walk
It puts an end to me.

Not such an end but that I've breath;
Therefore to such a kind of death
I've not the least objection;
For soon I rise again to view,
And tho' a Christian, yet 'tis true
I die by resurrection!

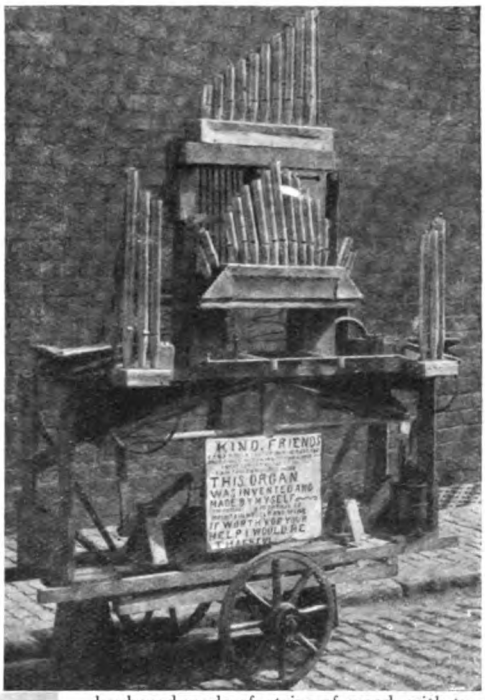
—Mrs. M. Elton, Christchurch Rd., Winchester, Hants.

THE FIRST SAVINGS BANK.

IT was in this cottage in the little village of Ruthwell, half-way between Annan and Dumfries, that the first savings bank was instituted in 1810 by the Rev. Henry Duncan, D.D., minister of the parish. At first he experienced great difficulty through the reluctance of the people to trust their money to him, they evidently fearing that he had some private end of his own to serve in taking possession of their savings. To overcome this difficulty a box was provided with three padlocks, which could only be opened in the presence of the three different holders of the keys.—Mr. John Crail, High Street, Annan.

A HOME-MADE ORGAN.

I AM sending you a photograph, taken by myself, of an organ which was played in the streets of Leicester. It was constructed and played by Mr. J. Dayton, a bootmaker, of Leeds, in his spare time, out of zinc tubing and old boxes. It has a keyboard made of strips of wood, with two complete octaves. Mr. Dayton was out of work last summer, and travelled through the Midlands playing this organ in order to earn his living.—Mr. W. A. Larrad, 124, Willow Street, Leicester.



FOSSILIZED FISH.

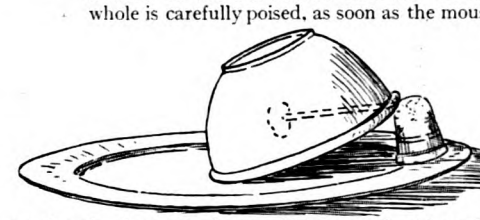
THERE recently came into my possession the extraordinary fossil here shown. The stone measures twenty-one by nineteen inches, and was taken from a reef two hundred feet up a mountain in the Orange River Colony. The stone from where it was taken was four feet thick, and when split the fossil fish were found in the centre. I am having it reproduced as a trade mark, as it is particularly applicable to the name of the firm of which I am the head: "Fish's have stood the test of ages."—Mr. W. F. Fish, the Cash Stores, "Cheapside," Dordrecht, South Africa.

A "CAMELEPHANTELOPELICANTEATER-MINEWT."

IN the "Curiosities" pages of a recent number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE Mr. Mandeville B. Phillips challenged artists to depict the animal (?) named above. The last time I was in the country where these monsters abound—namely, "Khan-tel-e-ware"—I was fortunate enough to get the opportunity of making the accompanying sketch of a very fine specimen indeed, which I think will satisfy Mr. Phillips that such a creature is possible, though highly improbable. This remarkable hybrid is formed as follows: The hump and hind-quarters of a camel, the head of an elephant, with the horns and front legs of an antelope, while the lower jaw, pouch, and back legs are those of a pelican. The snout and tongue of an ant-eater, the fur of an ermine, and the tail of a newt complete the picture. I am informed on good authority that one little "wag" of this monster's tail is sufficient to shatter even such an immense structure as St. Paul's Cathedral!—Mr. R. J. Brothers, Woodcote, Ashford, Kent.

AN EASILY-MADE MOUSE-TRAP.

A SIMPLE and effective mouse-trap is easily and quickly made as follows: Stick a match into a piece of cheese, pare the other end of the match, and place the tip on a thimble on the rim of a plate. Place a basin on the match and thimble. If the whole is carefully poised, as soon as the mouse



touches the cheese the basin will fall and imprison the mouse.—Mr. Thomas E. Maw, Public Library, Luton.

In Our Next Number will commence

CONAN DOYLE'S

Great New Adventure Story,

guaranteed to give a thrill to the most jaded reader of fiction:

"The Lost World"

Being an account of the recent amazing adventures of Professor George E. Challenger, Lord John Roxton, Professor Summerlee, and Mr. E. D. Malone of the *London Gazette*.

Good judges who have read this eventful chronicle are of opinion that in Professor Challenger, as in Sherlock Holmes, Conan Doyle has added a new, original, and permanent type to the portrait gallery of British fiction.

"THE LOST WORLD."

The Leader of the Explorers, with some of their Adventures.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xliii. APRIL, 1912. No. 256.

THE LOST WORLD.

Being an account of the recent amazing adventures of Professor George E. Challenger, Lord John Roxton, Professor Summerlee, and Mr. E. D. Malone of the "Daily Gazette."

BY

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by

Harry Rountree and the late Maple White.

I have wrought my simple plan
If I give one hour of joy
To the boy who's half a man,
Or the man who's half a boy.

FOREWORD.—Mr. E. D. Malone desires to state that both the injunction for restraint and the libel action have been withdrawn unreservedly by Professor G. E. Challenger, who, being satisfied that no criticism or comment in this book is meant in an offensive spirit, has guaranteed that he will place no impediment to its publication and circulation. Mr. E. D. Malone would wish also to express his gratitude to Mr. Patrick L. Forbes, of Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, for the skill and sympathy with which he has worked up the sketches which were brought from South America, and also to Mr. W. Ransford, of Elm Row, Hampstead, for his valuable expert help in dealing with the photographs.—Streatham, 1912.

CHAPTER I.

"THERE ARE HEROISMS ALL ROUND US."

MR. HUNGERTON, her father, really was the most tactless person upon earth—a fluffy, feathery, untidy cockatoo of a man, perfectly good-natured, but absolutely centred upon his own silly self. If anything could have driven me from Gladys, it would have been the thought of such a father-in-law. I am convinced that he really believed in his heart that I came round to the Chestnuts three days a week for the pleasure of his company, and very especially to hear his views upon bimetallism—a subject upon which he was by way of being an authority.

For an hour or more that evening I listened to his monotonous chirrup about bad money

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driving out good, the token value of silver, the depreciation of the rupee, and the true standards of exchange.

"Suppose," he cried, with feeble violence, "that all the debts in the world were called up simultaneously and immediate payment insisted upon. What, under our present conditions, would happen then?"

I gave the self-evident answer that I should be a ruined man, upon which he jumped from his chair, reproved me for my habitual levity, which made it impossible for him to discuss any reasonable subject in my presence, and bounced off out of the room to dress for a Masonic meeting.

At last I was alone with Gladys, and the moment of fate had come! All that evening I had felt like the soldier who awaits the signal which will send him on a forlorn hope, hope of victory and fear of repulse alternating in his mind.

She sat with that proud, delicate profile of hers outlined against the red curtain. How beautiful she was! And yet how aloof! We had been friends, quite good friends; but never could I get beyond the same comradeship which I might have established with one of my fellow-reporters upon the *Gazette*—perfectly frank, perfectly kindly, and perfectly unsexual. My instincts are all against a woman being too frank and at her ease with me. It is no compliment to a man. Where the real sex feeling begins, timidity and distrust are its companions, heritage from old wicked days when love and violence went often hand in hand. The bent head, the averted eye, the faltering voice, the wincing figure—these, and not the unshrinking gaze and frank reply, are the true signals of passion. Even in my short life I had learned as much as that—or had inherited it in that race-memory which we call instinct.

E. D. MALONE, THE REPRESENTATIVE OF "THE DAILY GAZETTE" ON THE EXPEDITION.
From a Photograph by William Ransford, Hampstead.

Gladys was full of every womanly quality. Some judged her to be cold and hard, but such a thought was treason. That delicately-bronzed skin, almost Oriental in its colouring, that raven hair, the large liquid eyes, the full but exquisite lips—all the stigmata of passion were there. But I was sadly conscious that up to now I had never found the secret of drawing it forth. However, come what might, I should have done with suspense and bring matters to a head to-night. She could but refuse me, and better be a repulsed lover than an accepted brother.

So far my thoughts had carried me, and I was about to break the long and uneasy silence when two critical dark eyes looked round at me, and the proud head was shaken in smiling reproof.

"I have a presentiment that you are going to propose, Ned. I do wish you wouldn't, for things are so much nicer as they are."

I drew my chair a little nearer.

"Now, how did you know that I was going to propose?" I asked, in genuine wonder.

"Don't women always know? Do you suppose any woman in the world was ever taken unawares? But, oh, Ned, our friendship has been so good and so pleasant! What a pity to spoil it! Don't you feel how splendid it is that a young man and a young woman should be able to talk face to face as we have talked?"

"I don't know, Gladys. You see, I can talk face to face with — with the station-master." I can't imagine how that official came into the matter, but in he trotted and set us both laughing. "That does not satisfy me in the least. I want my arms round you and your head on my breast, and, oh, Gladys, I want——"

She had sprung from her chair as she saw signs that I proposed to demonstrate some of my wants.

"You've spoiled everything, Ned," she said. "It's all so beautiful and natural until this kind of thing comes in. It is such a pity. Why can't you control yourself?"

"I didn't invent it," I pleaded. "It's nature. It's love."

"Well, perhaps if both love it may be different. I have never felt it."

"But you must—you, with your beauty, with your soul! Oh, Gladys, you were made for love! You must love!"

"One must wait till it comes."

"But why can't you love me, Gladys? Is it my appearance, or what?"

She did unbend a little. She put forward a hand—such a gracious, stooping attitude it was—and she pressed back my head. Then she looked into my upturned face with a very wistful smile.

"No, it isn't that," she said at last. "You're not a conceited boy by nature, and so I can safely tell you that it is not that. It's deeper."

"My character?"

She nodded severely.

"What can I do to mend it? Do sit down and talk it over. No, really I won't, if you'll only sit down!"

She looked at me with a wondering distrust which was much more to my mind than her whole-hearted confidence. How primitive and bestial it looks when you put it down in black and white! And perhaps after all it is only a feeling peculiar to myself. Anyhow, she sat down.

"BUT WHY CAN'T YOU LOVE ME, GLADYS?"

"Now tell me what's amiss with me."

"I'm in love with somebody else," said she.

It was my turn to jump out of my chair.

"It's nobody in particular," she explained, laughing at the expression of my face, "only an ideal. I've never met the kind of man I mean."

"Tell me about him. What does he look like?"

"Oh, he might look very much like you."

"How dear of you to say that! Well, what is it that he does that I don't do? Just say the word—teetotal, vegetarian,

aeronaut, Theosophist, Superman—I'll have a try at it, Gladys, if you will only give me an idea what would please you."

She laughed at the elasticity of my character. "Well, in the first place, I don't think my ideal would speak like that," said she. "He would be a harder, sterner man, not so ready to adapt himself to a silly girl's whim. But above all he must be a man who could do, who could act, who would look Death in the face and have no fear of him—a man of great deeds and strange experiences. It is never a man that I should love, but always the glories he had won, for they would be reflected upon me. Think of Richard Burton! When I read his wife's life of him I could so understand her love. And Lady Stanley! Did you ever read the wonderful last chapter of that book about her husband? These are the sort of men that a woman could worship with all her soul and yet be the greater, not the less, on account of her love, honoured by all the world as the inspirer of noble deeds."

She looked so beautiful in her enthusiasm that I nearly brought down the whole level of the interview. I gripped myself hard, and went on with the argument.

"We can't all be Stanleys and Burtons," said I. "Besides, we don't get the chance—at least, I never had the chance. If I did I should try to take it."

"But chances are all around you. It is the mark of the kind of man I mean that he makes his own chances. You can't hold him back. I've never met him, and yet I seem to know him so well. There are heroisms all round us waiting to be done. It's for men to do them, and for women to reserve their love as a reward for such men. Look at that young Frenchman who went up last week in a balloon. It was blowing a gale of wind, but because he was announced to go he insisted on starting. The wind blew him one thousand five hundred miles in twenty-four hours, and he fell in the middle of Russia. That was the kind of man I mean. Think of the woman he loved, and how other women must have envied her! That's what I should like—to be envied for my man."

"I'd have done it to please you."

"But you shouldn't do it merely to please me. You should do it because you can't help it, because it's natural to you—because the man in you is crying out for heroic expression. Now, when you described the Wigan coal explosion last month, could you not have gone down and helped those people, in spite of the choke-damp?"

"I did."

"You never said so."

"There was nothing worth bucking about."

"I didn't know." She looked at me with rather more interest. "That was brave of you."

"I had to. If you want to write good copy you must be where the things are."

"What a prosaic motive! It seems to take all the romance out of it. But still, whatever your motive, I am glad that you went down that mine." She gave me her hand, but with such sweetness and dignity that I could only stoop and kiss it. "I dare say I am merely a foolish woman with a young girl's fancies. And yet it is so real with me, so entirely part of my very self, that I cannot help acting upon it. If I marry, I do want to marry a famous man."

"Why should you not?" I cried. "It is women like you who brace men up. You've braced me up. Give me a chance and see if I will take it! Besides, as you say, men ought to *make* their own chances, and not wait until they are given. Look at Clive—just a clerk, and he conquered India. By George! I'll do something in the world yet!"

She laughed at my sudden Irish effervescence.

"Why not?" she said. "You have everything a man could have—youth, health, strength, education, energy. I was sorry you spoke. And now I am glad—so glad—if it wakens these thoughts in you."

"And if I do——?"

Her hand rested like warm velvet upon my lips.

"Not another word, sir. You should have been at the office for evening duty half an hour ago, only I hadn't the heart to remind you. Some day, perhaps, when you have won your place in the world, we shall talk it over again."

And so it was that I found myself that foggy November evening pursuing the Camberwell tram with my heart glowing within me, and with the eager determination that not another day should elapse before I should find some deed which was worthy of my lady. But who in all this wide world could ever have imagined the incredible shape which that deed was to take, or the strange steps by which I was led to the doing of it?

And, after all, this opening chapter will seem to the reader to have nothing to do with my narrative; and yet there would have been no narrative without it, for it is only when a man goes out into the world with the thought that there are heroisms all round him, and with the desire all alive in his heart to follow

any which may come within sight of him, that he breaks away as I did from the life that he knows, and ventures forth into the wonderful mystic twilight land where lie the great adventures and the great rewards. Behold me, then, at the office of the *Daily Gazette*, on the staff of which I was a most insignificant unit, with the settled determination that very night, if possible, to find the quest which should be worthy of my Gladys! Was it hardness, was it selfishness, that she should ask me to risk my life for her own glorification? Such thoughts may come to middle age, but never to ardent three-and-twenty in the fever of his first love.

CHAPTER II.

"TRY YOUR LUCK WITH PROFESSOR CHALLENGER."

I ALWAYS liked McArdle, the crabbed old, round-backed, red-headed news editor, and I rather hoped that he liked me. Of course, Beaumont was the real boss, but he lived in the rarefied atmosphere of some Olympian height from which he could distinguish nothing smaller than an international crisis or a split in the Cabinet. Sometimes we saw him passing in lonely majesty to his inner sanctum with his eyes staring vaguely and his mind hovering over the Balkans or the Persian Gulf. He was above and beyond us. But McArdle was his first lieutenant, and it was he that we knew. The old man nodded as I entered the room, and he pushed his spectacles far up on his bald forehead.

"Well, Mr. Malone, from all I hear, you seem to be doing very well," said he, in his kindly Scotch accent.

I thanked him.

"The colliery explosion was excellent. So was the Southwark fire. You have the true descreeptive touch. What did you want to see me about?"

"To ask a favour."

He looked alarmed and his eyes shunned mine.

"Tut! tut! What is it?"

"Do you think, sir, that you could possibly send me on some mission for the paper? I would do my best to put it through and get you some good copy."

"What sort of a meesion had you in your mind, Mr. Malone?"

"Well, sir, anything that had adventure and danger in it. I really would do my very best. The more difficult it was the better it would suit me."

"You seem very anxious to lose your life."

"To justify my life, sir."

"Dear me, Mr. Malone, this is very—very exalted. I'm afraid the day for this sort of thing is rather past. The expense of the 'special meesion' business hardly justifies the result, and, of course, in any case it would only be an experienced man with a name that would command public confidence who would get such an order. The big blank spaces in the map are all being filled in, and there's no room for romance anywhere. Wait a bit, though!" he added, with a sudden smile upon his face. "Talking of the blank spaces of the map gives me an idea. What about exposing a fraud—a modern Munchausen—and making him rideeculous? You could show him up as the liar that he is! Eh, man, it would be fine. How does it appeal to you?"

"Anything—anywhere—I care nothing."

McArdle was plunged in thought for some minutes.

"I wonder whether you could get on friendly—or at least on talking terms with the fellow," he said, at last. "You seem to have a sort of genius for establishing relations with people—seempathy, I suppose, or animal magnetism, or youthful vitality, or something. I am conscious of it myself."

"You are very good, sir."

"So why should you not try your luck with Professor Challenger, of Enmore Park?"

I dare say I looked a little startled.

"Challenger!" I cried. "Professor Challenger, the famous zoologist! Wasn't he the man who broke the skull of Blundell, of the *Telegraph?*"

The news editor smiled grimly.

"Do you mind? Didn't you say it was adventures you were after?"

"It is all in the way of business, sir," I answered.

"Exactly. I don't suppose he can always be so violent as that. I'm thinking that Blundell got him at the wrong moment, maybe, or in the wrong fashion. You may have better luck, or more tact in handling him. There's something in your line there, I am sure, and the *Gazette* should work it."

"I really know nothing about him," said I. "I only remember his name in connection with the police-court proceedings, for striking Blundell."

"I have a few notes for your guidance, Mr. Malone. I've had my eye on the Professor for some little time." He took a paper from a drawer. "Here is a summary of his record. I give it you briefly:—

"'Challenger, George Edward. *Born:* Largs, N.B., 1863. *Educ.:* Largs Academy; Edinburgh University. British Museum

Assistant, 1892. Assistant-Keeper of Comparative Anthropology Department, 1893. Resigned after acrimonious correspondence same year. Winner of Crayston Medal for Zoological Research. Foreign Member of'—well, quite a lot of things, about two inches of small type—'Société Belge, American Academy of Sciences, La Plata, etc., etc. Ex-President Palæontological Society. Section H, British Association'—so on, so on!—'*Publications:* "Some Observations Upon a Series of Kalmuck Skulls"; "Outlines of Vertebrate Evolution"; and numerous papers, including "The Underlying Fallacy of Weissmannism," which caused heated discussion at the Zoological Congress of Vienna. *Recreations:* Walking, Alpine climbing. *Address:* Enmore Park, Kensington, W.'

"There, take it with you. I've nothing more for you to-night."

I pocketed the slip of paper.

"One moment, sir," I said, as I realized that it was a pink bald head, and not a red face, which was fronting me. "I am not very clear yet why I am to interview this gentleman. What has he done?"

The face flashed back again.

"Went to South America on a solitary expedeetion two years ago. Came back last year. Had undoubtedly been to South America, but refused to say exactly where. Began to tell his adventures in a vague way, but somebody started to pick holes, and he just shut up like an oyster. Something wonderful happened—or the man's a champion liar, which is the more probable supposeetion. Had some damaged photographs, said to be fakes. Got so touchy that he assaults anyone who asks questions, and heaves reporters doun the stairs. In my opinion he's just a homicidal megalomaniac with a turn for science. That's your man, Mr. Malone. Now, off you run, and see what you can make of him. You're big enough to look after yourself. Anyway, you are all safe. Employers' Liability Act, you know."

A grinning red face turned once more into a pink oval, fringed with gingery fluff; the interview was at an end.

I walked across to the Savage Club, but instead of turning into it I leaned upon the railings of Adelphi Terrace and gazed thoughtfully for a long time at the brown, oily river. I can always think most sanely and clearly in the open air. I took out the list of Professor Challenger's exploits, and I read it over under the electric lamp. Then I had what I can only regard as an inspiration. As a Pressman, I felt sure from what I had been told that I could never hope to get into touch with this cantankerous Professor. But these recriminations, twice mentioned in his skeleton biography, could only mean that he was a fanatic in science. Was there not an exposed margin there upon which he might be accessible? I would try.

I entered the club. It was just after eleven, and the big room was fairly full, though the rush had not yet set in. I noticed a tall, thin, angular man seated in an arm-chair by the fire. He turned as I drew my chair up to him. It was the man of all others whom I should have chosen—Tarp Henry, of the staff of *Nature*, a thin, dry, leathery creature, who was full, to those who knew him, of kindly humanity. I plunged instantly into my subject.

"What do you know of Professor Challenger?"

"Challenger?" He gathered his brows in scientific disapproval. "Challenger was the man who came with some cock-and-bull story from South America."

"What story?"

"Oh, it was rank nonsense about some queer animals he had discovered. I believe he has retracted since. Anyhow, he has suppressed it all. He gave an interview to Reuter's, and there was such a howl that he saw it wouldn't do. It was a discreditable business. There were one or two folk who were inclined to take him seriously, but he soon choked them off."

"How?"

"Well, by his insufferable rudeness and impossible behaviour. There was poor old Wadley, of the Zoological Institute. Wadley sent a message: 'The President of the Zoological Institute presents his compliments to Professor Challenger, and would take it as a personal favour if he would do them the honour to come to their next meeting.' The answer was unprintable."

"You don't say?"

"Well, a bowdlerized version of it would run: 'Professor Challenger presents his compliments to the President of the Zoological Institute, and would take it as a personal favour if he would go to the devil.'"

"Good Lord!"

"Yes, I expect that's what old Wadley said. I remember his wail at the meeting, which began: 'In fifty years' experience of scientific intercourse——' It quite broke the old man up."

"Anything more about Challenger?"

"Well, I'm a bacteriologist, you know. I live in a nine-hundred-diameter microscope.

I can hardly claim to take serious notice of anything that I can see with my naked eye. I'm a frontiersman from the extreme edge of the Knowable, and I feel quite out of place when I leave my study and come into touch with all you great, rough, hulking creatures. I'm too detached to talk scandal, and yet at scientific conversaziones I *have* heard something of Challenger, for he is one of those men whom nobody can ignore. He's as clever as they make 'em—a full-charged battery of force and vitality, but a quarrelsome, ill-conditioned faddist, and unscrupulous at that. He had gone the length of faking some photographs over the South American business."

"You say he is a faddist. What is his particular fad?"

"He has a thousand, but the latest is something about Weissmann and Evolution. He had a fearful row about it in Vienna, I believe."

"Can't you tell me the point?"

"Not at the moment, but a translation of the proceedings exists. We have it filed at the office. Would you care to come?"

"It's just what I want. I have to interview the fellow, and I need some lead up to him. It's really awfully good of you to give me a lift. I'll go with you now, if it is not too late."

Half an hour later I was seated in the newspaper office with a huge tome in front of me, which had been opened at the article "Weissmann *versus* Darwin," with the subheading, "Spirited Protest at Vienna. Lively Proceedings." My scientific education having been somewhat neglected, I was unable to follow the whole argument, but it was evident that the English Professor had handled his subject in a very aggressive fashion, and had thoroughly annoyed his Continental colleagues. "Protests," "Uproar," and "General appeal to the Chairman" were three of the first brackets which caught my eye. Most of the matter might have been written in Chinese for any definite meaning that it conveyed to my brain.

"I wish you could translate it into English for me," I said, pathetically, to my helpmate.

"Well, it is a translation."

"Then I'd better try my luck with the original."

"It is certainly rather deep for a layman."

"If I could only get a single good, meaty sentence which seemed to convey some sort of definite human idea, it would serve my turn. Ah, yes, this one will do. I seem in a vague way almost to understand it. I'll copy it out. This shall be my link with the terrible Professor."

"Nothing else I can do?"

"Well, yes; I propose to write to him. If I could frame the letter here, and use your address, it would give atmosphere."

"We'll have the fellow round here making a row and breaking the furniture."

"No, no; you'll see the letter—nothing contentious, I assure you."

"Well, that's my chair and desk. You'll find paper there. I'd like to censor it before it goes."

It took some doing, but I flatter myself that it wasn't such a bad job when it was finished. I read it aloud to the critical bacteriologist with some pride in my handiwork.

"DEAR PROFESSOR CHALLENGER," it said. "As a humble student of Nature, I have always taken the most profound interest in your speculations as to the differences between Darwin and Weissmann. I have recently had occasion to refresh my memory by re-reading——"

"You infernal liar!" murmured Tarp Henry.

——"by re-reading your masterly address at Vienna. That lucid and admirable statement seems to be the last word in the matter. There is one sentence in it, however—namely: 'I protest strongly against the insufferable and entirely dogmatic assertion that each separate *id* is a microcosm possessed of an historical architecture elaborated slowly through the series of generations.' Have you no desire, in view of later research, to modify this statement? Do you not think that it is over-accentuated? With your permission, I would ask the favour of an interview, as I feel strongly upon the subject, and have certain suggestions which I could only elaborate in a personal conversation. With your consent, I trust to have the honour of calling at eleven o'clock the day after to-morrow (Wednesday) morning.

"I remain, Sir, with assurances of profound respect, yours very truly,

"EDWARD D. MALONE."

"How's that?" I asked, triumphantly.

"Well, if your conscience can stand it——"

"It has never failed me yet."

"But what do you mean to do?"

"To get there. Once I am in his room I may see some opening. I may even go the length of open confession. If he is a sportsman he will be tickled."

"Tickled, indeed! He's much more likely to do the tickling. Chain mail, or an American football suit—that's what you'll want. Well, good-bye. I'll have the answer for you here on Wednesday morning—if he ever deigns to answer you. He is a violent, dangerous, cantankerous character, hated by everyone who comes across him, and the butt of the students, so far as they dare take a liberty with him. Perhaps it would be best for you if you never heard from the fellow at all."

CHAPTER III.

"HE IS A PERFECTLY IMPOSSIBLE PERSON."

My friend's fear or hope was not destined to be realized. When I called on Wednesday there was a letter with the West Kensington postmark upon it, and my name scrawled across the envelope in a handwriting which looked like a barbed-wire railing. The contents were as follows:—

"Enmore Park, W.

"SIR,—I have duly received your note, in which you claim to endorse my views, although I am not aware that they are dependent upon endorsement either from you or anyone else. You have ventured to use the word 'speculation' with regard to my statement upon the subject of Darwinism, and I would call your attention to the fact that such a word in such a connection is offensive to a degree. The context convinces me, however, that you have sinned rather through ignorance and tactlessness than through malice, so I am content to pass the matter by. You quote an isolated sentence from my lecture, and appear to have some difficulty in understanding it. I should have thought that only a sub-human intelligence could have failed to grasp the point, but if it really needs amplification I shall consent to see you at the hour named, though visits and visitors of every sort are exceedingly distasteful to me. As to your suggestion that I may modify my opinion, I would have you know that it is not my habit to do so after a deliberate expression of my mature views. You will kindly show the envelope of this letter to my man, Austin, when you call, as he has to take every precaution to shield me from the intrusive rascals who call themselves 'journalists.'

"Yours faithfully,

"GEORGE EDWARD CHALLENGER."

This was the letter that I read aloud to Tarp Henry, who had come down early to hear the result of my venture. His only remark was, "There's some new stuff, cuticura or something, which is better than arnica." Some people have such extraordinary notions of humour.

It was nearly half-past ten before I had received my message, but a taxicab took me round in good time for my appointment. It was an imposing porticoed house at which we stopped, and the heavily-curtained windows gave every indication of wealth upon the part of this formidable Professor. The door was opened by an odd, swarthy, dried-up person of uncertain age, with a dark pilot jacket and brown leather gaiters. I found afterwards that he was the chauffeur, who filled the gaps left by a succession of fugitive butlers. He looked me up and down with a searching, light blue eye.

"Expected?" he asked.

"An appointment."

"Got your letter?"

I produced the envelope.

"Right!" He seemed to be a person of few words. Following him down the passage I was suddenly interrupted by a small woman, who stepped out from what proved to be the dining-room door. She was a bright, vivacious, dark-eyed lady, more French than English in her type.

"One moment," she said. "You can wait, Austin. Step in here, sir. May I ask if you have met my husband before?"

"No, madam, I have not had the honour."

"Then I apologize to you in advance. I must tell you that he is a perfectly impossible person—absolutely impossible. If you are forewarned you will be the more ready to make allowances."

"It is most considerate of you, madam."

"Get quickly out of the room if he seems inclined to be violent. Don't wait to argue with him. Several people have been injured through doing that. Afterwards there is a public scandal, and it reflects upon me and all of us. I suppose it wasn't about South America you wanted to see him?"

I could not lie to a lady.

"Dear me! That is his most dangerous subject. You won't believe a word he says—I'm sure I don't wonder. But don't tell him so, for it makes him very violent. Pretend to believe him, and you may get through all right. Remember he believes it himself. Of that you may be assured. A more honest man never lived. Don't wait any longer or he may suspect. If you find him dangerous—really dangerous—ring the bell and hold him off until I come. Even at his worst I can usually control him."

With these encouraging words the lady handed me over to the taciturn Austin, who had waited like a bronze statue of discretion during our short interview, and I was conducted to the end of the passage. There was a tap at a door, a bull's bellow from within, and I was face to face with the Professor.

He sat in a rotating chair behind a broad table, which was covered with books, maps, and diagrams. As I entered, his seat spun round to face me. His appearance made me gasp. I was prepared for something strange, but not for so overpowering a personality as this. It was his size which took one's breath away—his size and his imposing presence. His head was enormous, the largest I have ever seen upon a human being. I am sure that his top-hat, had I ever ventured to don it, would have slipped over me entirely and rested on my shoulders. He had the face and beard which I associate with an Assyrian bull; the former florid, the latter so black as almost to have a suspicion of blue, spade-shaped and rippling down over his chest. The hair was peculiar, plastered down in front in a long, curving wisp over his massive forehead. The eyes were blue-grey under great black tufts, very clear, very critical, and very masterful. A huge spread of shoulders and a chest like a barrel were the other parts of him which appeared above the table, save for two enormous hands covered with long black hair. This and a bellowing, roaring, rumbling voice made up my first impression of the notorious Professor Challenger.

"Well?" said he, with a most insolent stare. "What now?"

I must keep up my deception for at least a little time longer, otherwise here was evidently an end of the interview.

"You were good enough to give me an appointment, sir," said I, humbly, producing his envelope.

He took my letter from his desk and laid it out before him.

"Oh, you are the young person who cannot understand plain English, are you? My general conclusions you are good enough to approve, as I understand?"

"Entirely, sir—entirely!" I was very emphatic.

"Dear me! That strengthens my position very much, does it not? Your age and appearance make your support doubly valuable. Well, at least you are better than that herd of swine in Vienna, whose gregarious

PROFESSOR CHALLENGER IN HIS STUDY.

From a Photograph by William Ransford, Hampstead.

grunt is, however, not more offensive than the isolated effort of the British hog." He glared at me as the present representative of the beast.

"They seem to have behaved abominably," said I.

"I assure you that I can fight my own battles, and that I have no possible need of your sympathy. Put me alone, sir, and with my back to the wall. G. E. C. is happiest then. Well, sir, let us do what we can to curtail this visit, which can hardly be agreeable to you, and is inexpressibly irksome to me. You had, as I have been led to believe, some comments to make upon the proposition which I advanced in my thesis."

There was a brutal directness about his methods which made evasion difficult. I must still make play and wait for a better opening. It had seemed simple enough at a distance. Oh, my Irish wits, could they not help me now, when I needed help so sorely? He transfixed me with two sharp, steely eyes. "Come, come!" he rumbled.

"I am, of course, a mere student," said I, with a fatuous smile, "hardly more, I might say, than an earnest inquirer. At the same time, it seemed to me that you were a little severe upon Weissmann in this matter. Has not the general evidence since that date tended to—well, to strengthen his position?"

"What evidence?" He spoke with a menacing calm.

"Well, of course, I am aware that there is not any what you might call *definite* evidence. I alluded merely to the trend of modern thought and the general scientific point of view, if I might so express it."

He leaned forward with great earnestness.

"I suppose you are aware," said he, checking off points upon his fingers, "that the cranial index is a constant factor?"

"Naturally," said I.

"And that telegony is still *sub judice?*"

"Undoubtedly."

"And that the germ plasm is different from the parthenogenetic egg?"

"Why, surely!" I cried, and gloried in my own audacity.

"But what does that prove?" he asked, in a gentle, persuasive voice.

"Ah, what indeed?" I murmured. "What does it prove?"

"Shall I tell you?" he cooed.

"Pray do."

"It proves," he roared, with a sudden blast of fury, "that you are the damnedest impostor in London—a vile, crawling journalist, who has no more science than he has decency in his composition!"

He had sprung to his feet with a mad rage in his eyes. Even at that moment of tension I found time for amazement at the discovery that he was quite a short man, his head not higher than my shoulder—a stunted Hercules whose tremendous vitality had all run to depth, breadth, and brain.

"Gibberish!" he cried, leaning forward, with his fingers on the table and his face projecting. "That's what I have been talking to you, sir—scientific gibberish! Did you think you could match cunning with me—you with your walnut of a brain? You think you are omnipotent, you infernal scribblers, don't you? That your praise can make a man and your blame can break him? We must all bow to you, and try to get a favourable word, must we? This man shall have a leg up, and this man shall have a dressing down! Creeping vermin, I know you! You've got out of your station. Time was when your ears were clipped. You've lost your sense of proportion. Swollen gasbags! I'll keep you in your proper place. Yes, sir, you haven't got over G. E. C. There's one man who is still your master. He warned you off, but if you *will* come, by the Lord you do it at your own risk. Forfeit, my good Mr. Malone, I claim forfeit! You have played a rather dangerous game, and it strikes me that you have lost it."

"Look here, sir," said I, backing to the door and opening it; "you can be as abusive as you like. But there is a limit. You shall not assault me."

"Shall I not?" He was slowly advancing in a peculiarly menacing way, but he stopped now and put his big hands into the side-pockets of a rather boyish short jacket which he wore. "I have thrown several of you out of the house. You will be the fourth or fifth. Three pound fifteen each—that is how it averaged. Expensive, but very necessary. Now, sir, why should you not follow your brethren? I rather think you must." He resumed his unpleasant and stealthy advance, pointing his toes as he walked, like a dancing-master.

I could have bolted for the hall door, but it would have been too ignominious. Besides, a little glow of righteous anger was springing up within me. I had been hopelessly in the wrong before, but this man's menaces were putting me in the right.

"I'll trouble you to keep your hands off, sir. I'll not stand it."

"Dear me!" His black moustache lifted

and a white fang twinkled in a sneer. "You won't stand it, eh?"

"Don't be such a fool, Professor!" I cried. "What can you hope for? I'm fifteen stone,

It was at that moment that he rushed me. It was lucky that I had opened the door, or we should have gone through it. We did a Catharine-wheel together down the passage.

"WE WENT WITH A BACK SOMERSAULT DOWN THE FRONT STEPS."

as hard as nails, and play centre three-quarter every Saturday for the London Irish. I'm not the man——"

Somehow we gathered up a chair upon our way, and bounded on with it towards the street. My mouth was full of his beard, our

arms were locked, our bodies intertwined, and that infernal chair radiated its legs all round us. The watchful Austin had thrown open the hall door. We went with a back somersault down the front steps. I have seen the two Macs attempt something of the kind at the halls, but it appears to take some practice to do it without hurting oneself. The chair went to matchwood at the bottom, and we rolled apart into the gutter. He sprang to his feet, waving his fists and wheezing like an asthmatic.

"Had enough?" he panted.

"You infernal bully!" I cried, as I gathered myself together.

Then and there we should have tried the thing out, for he was effervescing with fight, but fortunately I was rescued from an odious situation. A policeman was beside us, his notebook in his hand.

"What's all this? You ought to be ashamed," said the policeman. It was the most rational remark which I had heard in Enmore Park. "Well," he insisted, turning to me, "what is it, then?"

"This man attacked me," said I.

"Did you attack him?" asked the policeman.

The Professor breathed hard and said nothing.

"It's not the first time, either," said the policeman, severely, shaking his head. "You were in trouble last month for the same thing. You've blackened this young man's eye. Do you give him in charge, sir?"

I relented.

"No," said I, "I do not."

"What's that?" said the policeman.

"I was to blame myself. I intruded upon him. He gave me fair warning."

The policeman snapped up his notebook.

"Don't let us have any more such goings-on," said he. "Now, then! Move on, there, move on!" This to a butcher's boy, a maid, and one or two loafers who had collected. He clumped heavily down the street, driving this little flock before him. The Professor looked at me, and there was something humorous at the back of his eyes.

"Come in!" said he. "I've not done with you yet."

The speech had a sinister sound, but I followed him none the less into the house. The man-servant, Austin, like a wooden image, closed the door behind us.

CHAPTER IV.

"IT'S JUST THE VERY BIGGEST THING IN THE WORLD."

HARDLY was it shut when Mrs. Challenger darted out from the dining-room. The small woman was in a furious temper. She barred her husband's way like an enraged chicken in front of a bulldog. It was evident that she had seen my exit, but had not observed my return.

"You brute, George!" she screamed. "You've hurt that nice young man."

He jerked backwards with his thumb.

"Here he is, safe and sound behind me."

She was confused, but not unduly so.

"I am so sorry, I didn't see you."

"I assure you, madam, that it is all right."

"He has marked your poor face! Oh, George, what a brute you are! Nothing but scandals from one end of the week to the other. Everyone hating and making fun of you. You've finished my patience. This ends it."

"Dirty linen," he rumbled.

"It's not a secret," she cried. "Do you suppose that the whole street—the whole of London, for that matter—— Get away, Austin, we don't want you here. Do you suppose they don't all talk about you? Where is your dignity? You, a man who should have been Regius Professor at a great University with a thousand students all revering you. Where is your dignity, George?"

"How about yours, my dear?"

"You try me too much. A ruffian—a common brawling ruffian—that's what you have become."

"Be good, Jessie."

"A roaring, raging bully!"

"That's done it! Stool of penance!" said he.

To my amazement he stooped, picked her up, and placed her sitting upon a high pedestal of black marble in the angle of the hall. It was at least seven feet high, and so thin that she could hardly balance upon it. A more absurd object than she presented cocked up there with her face convulsed with anger, her feet dangling, and her body rigid for fear of an upset, I could not imagine.

"Let me down!" she wailed.

"Say 'please.'"

"You brute, George! Let me down this instant!"

"Come into the study, Mr. Malone."

"Really, sir——!" said I, looking at the lady.

"Here's Mr. Malone pleading for you, Jessie. Say 'please,' and down you come."

"Oh, you brute! Please! please!"

He took her down as if she had been a canary.

"You must behave yourself, dear. Mr. Malone is a Pressman. He will have it all in his rag to-morrow, and sell an extra dozen among our neighbours. 'Strange story of high life'—you felt fairly high on that pedestal, did you not? Then a sub-title, 'Glimpse of a singular ménage.' He's a foul feeder, is Mr. Malone, a carrion eater, like all of his kind—*porcus ex grege diaboli*—a swine from the devil's herd. That's it, Malone—what?"

"You really are intolerable!" said I, hotly.

He bellowed with laughter.

"We shall have a coalition presently," he boomed, looking from his wife to me and puffing out his enormous chest. Then, suddenly altering his tone, "Excuse this frivolous family badinage, Mr. Malone. I called you back for some more serious purpose than to mix you up with our little domestic pleasantries. Run away, little woman, and don't fret." He placed a huge hand upon each of her shoulders. "All that you say is perfectly true. I should be a better man if I did what you advise, but I shouldn't be quite George Edward Challenger. There are plenty of better men, my dear, but only one G. E. C. So make the best of him." He suddenly gave her a resounding kiss, which embarrassed me even more than his violence had done. "Now, Mr. Malone," he continued, with a great accession of dignity, "this way, if *you* please."

We re-entered the room which we had left so tumultuously ten minutes before. The Professor closed the door carefully behind us, motioned me into an arm-chair, and pushed a cigar-box under my nose.

"Real San Juan Colorado," he said. "Excitable people like you are the better for narcotics. Heavens! don't bite it! Cut—and cut with reverence! Now lean back, and listen attentively to whatever I may care to say to you. If any remark should occur to you, you can reserve it for some more opportune time.

"First of all, as to your return to my house after your most justifiable expulsion"—he protruded his beard, and stared at me as one who challenges and invites contradiction—"after, as I say, your well-merited expulsion. The reason lay in your answer to that most officious policeman, in which I seemed to discern some glimmering of good feeling upon your part—more, at any rate, than I am accustomed to associate with your profession. In admitting that the fault of the incident lay with you, you gave some evidence of a certain mental detachment and breadth of view which attracted my favourable notice. The sub-species of the human race to which you unfortunately belong has always been below my mental horizon. Your words brought you suddenly above it. You swam up into my serious notice. For this reason I asked you to return with me, as I was minded to make your further acquaintance. You will kindly deposit your ash in the small Japanese tray on the bamboo table which stands at your left elbow."

All this he boomed forth like a professor addressing his class. He had swung round his revolving-chair so as to face me, and he sat all puffed out like an enormous bull-frog, his head laid back, and his eyes half-covered by supercilious lids. Now he suddenly turned himself sideways, and all I could see of him was tangled hair with a red, protruding ear. He was scratching about among the litter of papers upon his desk. He faced me presently with what looked like a very tattered sketch-book in his hand.

"I am going to talk to you about South America," said he. "No comments, if you please. First of all, I wish you to understand that nothing I tell you now is to be repeated in any public way unless you have my express permission. That permission will, in all human probability, never be given. Is that clear?"

"It is very hard," said I. "Surely a judicious account——"

He replaced the notebook upon the table.

"That ends it," said he. "I wish you a very good morning."

"No, no!" I cried. "I submit to any conditions! So far as I can see, I have no choice."

"None in the world," said he.

"Well, then, I promise."

"Word of honour?"

"Word of honour."

He looked at me with doubt in his insolent eyes.

"After all, what do I know about your honour?" said he.

"Upon my word, sir," I cried, angrily, "you take very great liberties! I have never been so insulted in my life."

He seemed more interested than annoyed at my outbreak.

"Round-headed," he muttered. "Brachycephalic, grey-eyed, black-haired, with suggestion of the negroid. Celtic, I presume?"

"I am an Irishman, sir."

"Irish Irish?"

"Yes, sir."

"That, of course, explains it. Let me see;

you have given me your promise that my confidence will be respected? That confidence, I may say, will be far from complete. But I am prepared to give you a few indications which will be of interest. In the first place, you are probably aware that two years ago I made a journey to South America—one which will be classical in the scientific history of the world? The object of my journey was to verify some conclusions of Wallace and of Bates, which could only be done by observing their reported facts under the same conditions in which they had themselves noted them. If my expedition had no other results it would still have been noteworthy, but a curious incident occurred to me while there which opened up an entirely fresh line of inquiry.

"You are aware—or probably, in this half-educated age, you are not aware—that the country round some parts of the Amazon is still only partially explored, and that a great number of tributaries, some of them entirely uncharted, run into the main river. It was my business to visit this little-known back-country and to examine its fauna, which furnished me with the materials for several chapters for that great and monumental work upon zoology which will be my life's justification. I was returning, my work accomplished, when I had occasion to spend a night at a small Indian village at a point where a certain tributary—the name and position of which I withhold—opens into the main river. The natives were Cucama Indians, an amiable but degraded race, with mental powers hardly superior to the average Londoner. I had effected some cures among them upon my way up the river, and had impressed them considerably with my personality, so that I was not surprised to find myself eagerly awaited upon my return. I gathered from their signs that someone had urgent need of my medical services, and I followed the chief to one of his huts. When I entered I found that the sufferer to whose aid I had been summoned had that instant expired. He was, to my surprise, no Indian, but a white man; indeed, I may say a very white man, for he was flaxen-haired and had some characteristics of an albino. He was clad in rags, was very emaciated, and bore every trace of prolonged hardship. So far as I could understand the account of the natives, he was a complete stranger to them, and had come upon their village through the woods alone and in the last stage of exhaustion.

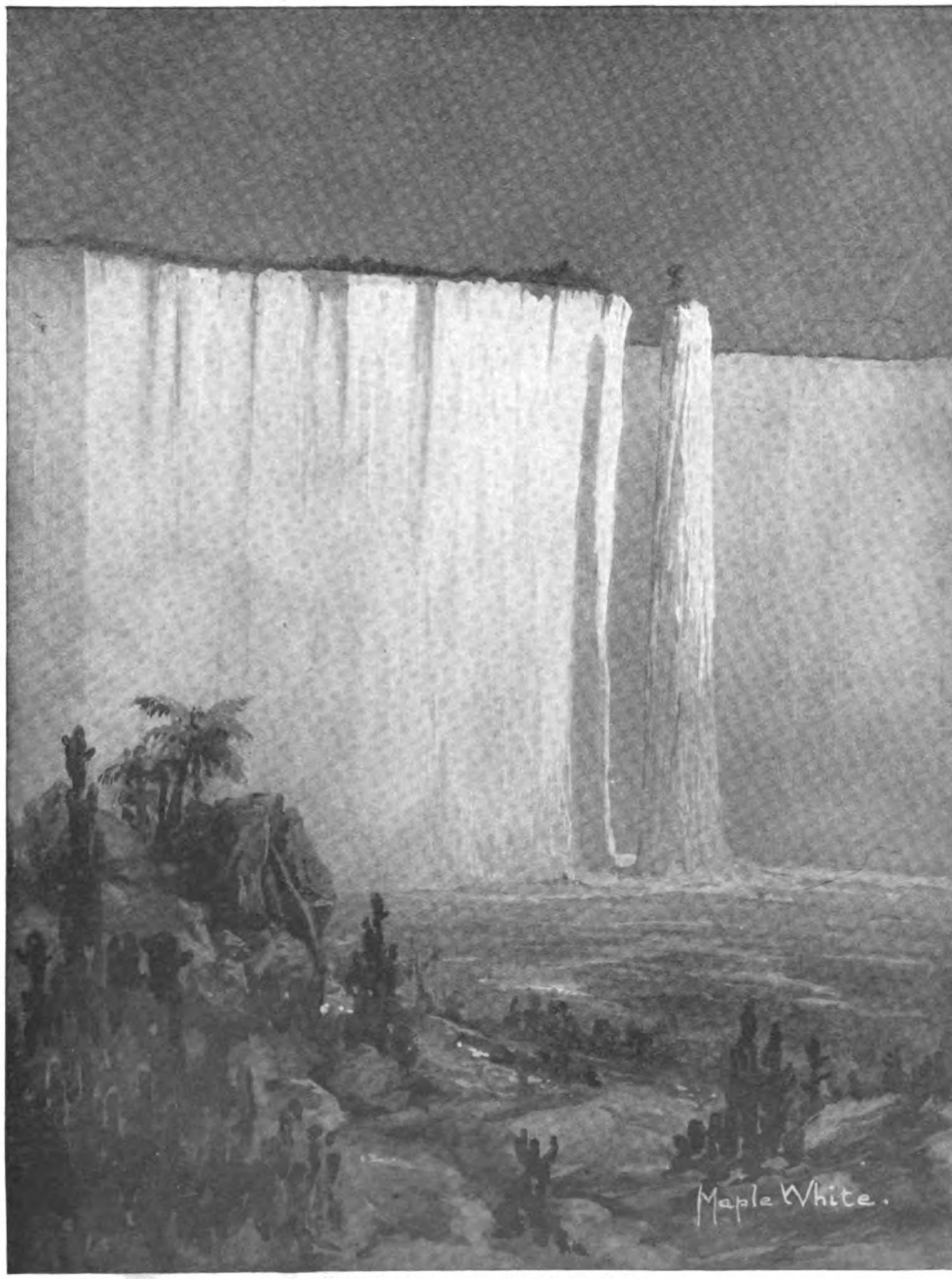
"The man's knapsack lay beside the couch, and I examined the contents. His name was written upon a tab within it—Maple White, Lake Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. It is a name to which I am prepared always to lift my hat. It is not too much to say that it will rank level with my own when the final credit of this business comes to be apportioned.

"From the contents of the knapsack it was evident that this man had been an artist and poet in search of effects. There were scraps of verse. I do not profess to be a judge of such things, but they appeared to me to be singularly wanting in merit. There were also some rather commonplace pictures of river scenery, a paint-box, a box of coloured chalks, some brushes, that curved bone which lies upon my inkstand, a volume of Baxter's 'Moths and Butterflies,' a cheap revolver, and a few cartridges. Of personal equipment he either had none or he had lost it in his journey. Such were the total effects of this strange American Bohemian.

"I was turning away from him when I observed that something projected from the front of his ragged jacket. It was this sketch-book, which was as dilapidated then as you see it now. Indeed, I can assure you that a first folio of Shakespeare could not be treated with greater reverence than this relic has been since it came into my possession. I hand it to you now, and I ask you to take it page by page and to examine the contents."

He helped himself to a cigar and leaned back with a fiercely critical pair of eyes, taking note of the effect which this document would produce.

I had opened the volume with some expectation of a revelation, though of what nature I could not imagine. The first page was disappointing, however, as it contained nothing but the picture of a very fat man in a pea-jacket, with the legend, "Jimmy Colver on the Mail-boat," written beneath it. There followed several pages which were filled with small sketches of Indians and their ways. Then came a picture of a cheerful and corpulent ecclesiastic in a shovel hat, sitting opposite a very thin European, and the inscription: "Lunch with Fra Cristofero at Rosario." Studies of women and babies accounted for several more pages, and then there was an unbroken series of animal drawings with such explanations as "Manatee upon Sand-bank," "Turtles and Their Eggs," "Black Ajouti under a Miriti Palm"—the matter disclosing some sort of pig-like animal; and finally came a double page of studies of long-snouted and very unpleasant saurians. I could make nothing of it, and said so to the Professor.



THE PLATEAU AND THE PINNACLE.
From a Sketch by Maple White.

"Surely these are only crocodiles?"

"Alligators! Alligators! There is hardly such a thing as a true crocodile in South America. The distinction between them——"

"I meant that I could see nothing unusual—nothing to justify what you have said."

He smiled serenely.

"Try the next page," said he.

I was still unable to sympathize. It was a full-page sketch of a landscape roughly tinted in colour—the kind of painting which an open-air artist takes as a guide to a future more

elaborate effort. There was a pale-green foreground of feathery vegetation, which sloped upwards and ended in a line of cliffs dark red in colour, and curiously ribbed like some basaltic formations which I have seen. They extended in an unbroken wall right across the background. At one point was an isolated pyramidal rock, crowned by a great tree, which appeared to be separated by a cleft from the main crag. Behind it all, a blue tropical sky. A thin green line of vegetation fringed the summit of the ruddy cliff.

"Well?" he asked.

"It is no doubt a curious formation," said I, "but I am not geologist enough to say that it is wonderful."

"Wonderful!" he repeated. "It is unique. It is incredible. No one on earth has ever dreamed of such a possibility. Now the next."

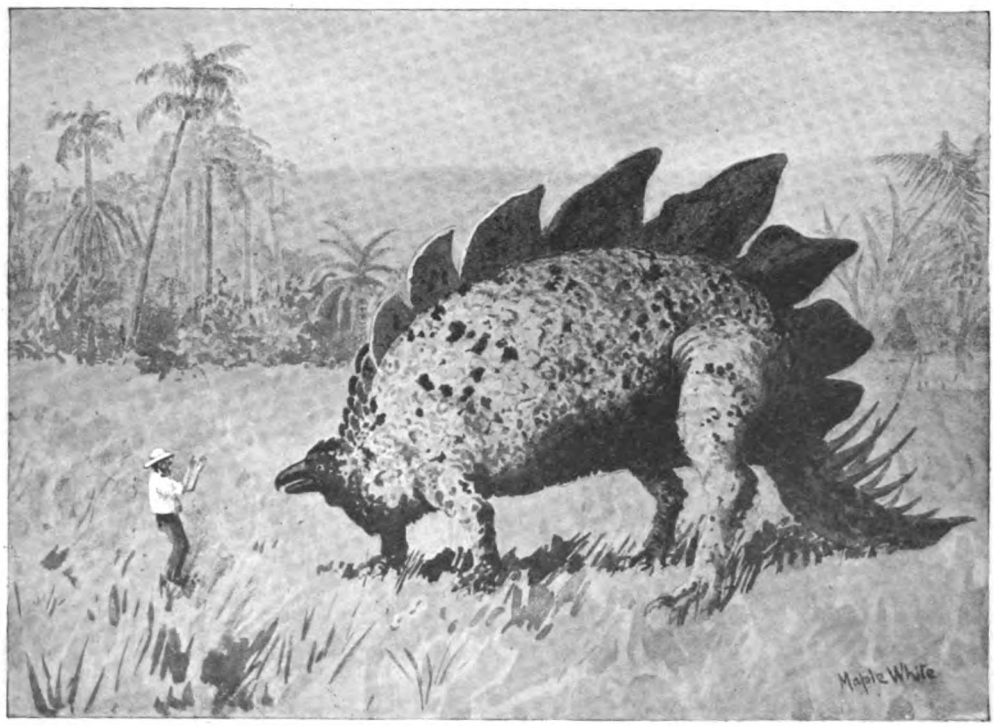
I turned it over, and gave an exclamation of surprise. There was a full-page picture of the most extraordinary creature that I had ever seen. It was the wild dream of an opium smoker, a vision of delirium. The head was like that of a fowl, the body that of a bloated lizard, the trailing tail was furnished with upward-turned spikes, and the curved back was edged with a high serrated fringe, which looked like a dozen cocks' wattles placed behind each other. In front of this creature was an absurd mannikin, or dwarf in the human form, who stood staring at it.

"Well, what do you think of that?" cried the Professor, rubbing his hands with an air of triumph.

"It is monstrous—grotesque."

"But what made him draw such an animal?"

"Trade gin, I should think."



THE MONSTER.

From Maple White's Sketch-book.

"Oh, that's the best explanation you can give, is it?"

"Well, sir, what is yours?"

"The obvious one that the creature exists. That it is actually sketched from the life."

I should have laughed only that I had a vision of our doing another Catharine-wheel down the passage.

"No doubt," said I, "no doubt," as one humours an imbecile. "I confess, however," I added, "that this tiny human figure puzzles me. If it were an Indian we could set it

down as evidence of some pigmy race in America, but it appears to be a European in a sun-hat."

The Professor snorted like an angry buffalo.

"You really touch the limit," said he. "You enlarge my view of the possible. Cerebral paresis! Mental inertia! Wonderful!"

He was too absurd to make me angry. Indeed, it was a waste of energy, for if you were going to be angry with this man you would be angry all the time. I contented myself with smiling wearily. "It struck me that the man was small," said I.

"Look here!" he cried, leaning forward and dabbing a great hairy sausage of a finger on to the picture. "You see that plant behind the animal; I suppose you thought it was a dandelion or a Brussels sprout—what? Well, it is a vegetable ivory palm, and they run to about fifty or sixty feet. Don't you see that the man is put in for a purpose? He couldn't really have stood in front of that brute and lived to draw it. He sketched himself in to give a scale of heights. He was, we will say, over five feet high. The tree is ten times bigger, which is what one would expect."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Then you think the beast was—— Why, Charing Cross station would hardly make a kennel for such a brute!"

"Apart from exaggeration, he is certainly a well-grown specimen," said the Professor, complacently.

"But," I cried, "surely the whole experience of the human race is not to be set aside on account of a single sketch"—I had turned over the leaves and ascertained that there was nothing more in the book—"a single sketch by a wandering American artist who may have done it under hashish, or in the delirium of fever, or simply in order to gratify a freakish imagination. You can't, as a man of science, defend such a position as that."

For answer the Professor took a book down from a shelf.

"This is an excellent monograph by my gifted friend, Ray Lankester," said he. "There is an illustration here which would interest you. Ah, yes, here it is! The inscription beneath it runs: 'Probable appearance in life of the Jurassic Dinosaur Stegosaurus. The hind leg alone is twice as tall as a full-grown man.' Well, what do you make of that?"

He handed me the open book. I started as I looked at the picture. In this reconstructed animal of a dead world there was certainly a very great resemblance to the sketch of the unknown artist.

"That is certainly remarkable," said I.

"But you won't admit that it is final?"

"Surely it might be a coincidence, or this American may have seen a picture of the kind and carried it in his memory. It would be likely to recur to a man in a delirium."

"Very good," said the Professor, indulgently; "we leave it at that. I will now ask you to look at this bone." He handed over the one which he had already described as part of the dead man's possessions. It was about six inches long, and thicker than my thumb, with some indications of dried cartilage at one end of it.

"To what known creature does that bone belong?" asked the Professor.

I examined it with care, and tried to recall some half-forgotten knowledge.

"It might be a very thick human collar-bone," I said.

My companion waved his hand in contemptuous deprecation.

"The human collar-bone is curved. This is straight. There is a groove upon its surface showing that a great tendon played across it, which could not be the case with a clavicle."

"Then I must confess that I don't know what it is."

"You need not be ashamed to expose your ignorance, for I don't suppose the whole South Kensington staff could give a name to it." He took a little bone the size of a bean out of a pill-box. "So far as I am a judge this human bone is the analogue of the one which you hold in your hand. That will give you some idea of the size of the creature. You will observe from the cartilage that this is no fossil specimen, but recent. What do you say to that?"

"Surely in an elephant——"

He winced as if in pain.

"Don't! Don't talk of elephants in South America. Even in these days of Board schools——"

"Well," I interrupted, "any large South American animal—a tapir, for example."

"You may take it, young man, that I am versed in the elements of my business. This is not a conceivable bone either of a tapir or of any other creature known to zoology. It belongs to a very large, a very strong, and, by all analogy, a very fierce animal which exists upon the face of the earth, but has not yet come under the notice of science. You are still unconvinced?"

"I am at least deeply interested."

"Then your case is not hopeless. I feel that there is reason lurking in you somewhere,

so we will patiently grope round for it. We will now leave the dead American and proceed with my narrative. You can imagine that I could hardly come away from the Amazon without probing deeper into the matter. There were indications as to the direction from which the dead traveller had come. Indian legends would alone have been my guide, for I found that rumours of a strange land were common among all the riverine tribes. You have heard, no doubt, of Curupuri?"

"Never."

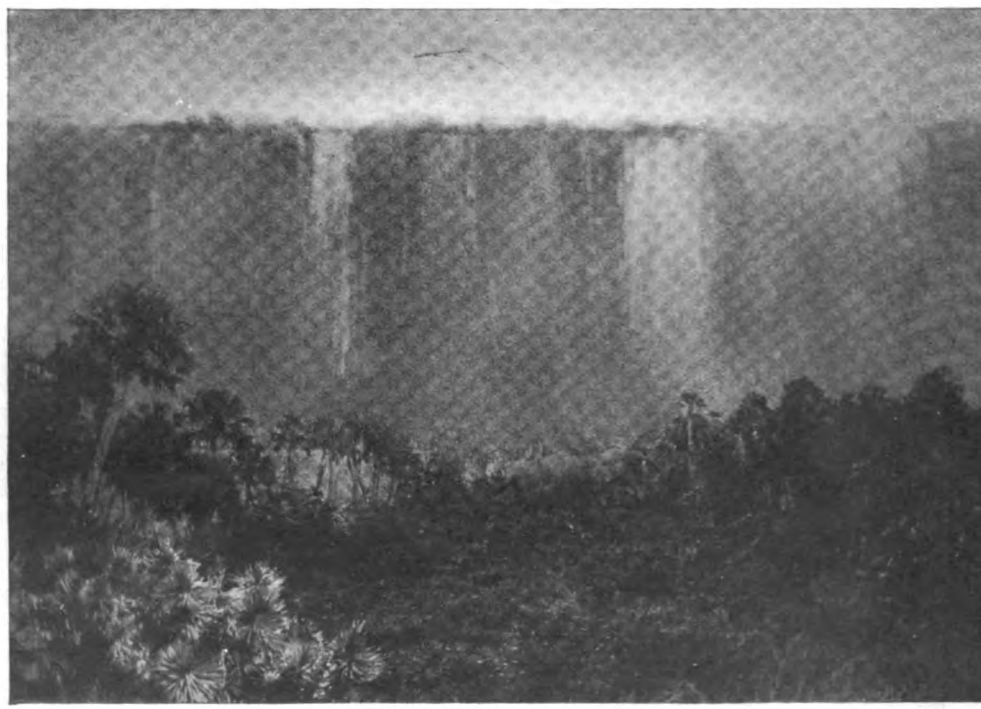
"Curupuri is the spirit of the woods, something terrible, something malevolent, something to be avoided. None can describe its shape or nature, but it is a word of terror along the Amazon. Now all tribes agree as to the direction in which Curupuri lives. It was the same direction from which the American had come. Something terrible lay that way. It was my business to find out what it was."

"What did you do?" My flippancy was all gone. This massive man compelled one's attention and respect.

"I overcame the extreme reluctance of the natives—a reluctance which extends even to talk upon the subject—and by judicious persuasion and gifts, aided, I will admit, by some threats of coercion, I got two of them to act as guides. After many adventures which I need not describe, and after travelling a distance which I will not mention, in a direction which I withhold, we came at last to a tract of country which has never been described, nor, indeed, visited save by my unfortunate predecessor. Would you kindly look at this?"

He handed me a photograph—half-plate size.

"The unsatisfactory appearance of it is due to the fact," said he, "that on descending the river the boat was upset and the case which contained the undeveloped films was broken, with disastrous results. Nearly all of them were totally ruined—an irreparable loss. This is one of the few which partially escaped. This explanation of deficiencies or abnormalities you will kindly accept. There was talk of faking. I am not in a mood to argue such a point."



A DISTANT VIEW OF THE PLATEAU.
From a Photograph by Professor Challenger.

The photograph was certainly very off-coloured. An unkind critic might easily have misinterpreted that dim surface. It was a dull grey landscape, and as I gradually

deciphered the details of it I realized that it represented a long and enormously high line of cliffs exactly like an immense cataract seen in the distance, with a sloping, tree-clad plain in the foreground.

"I believe it is the same place as the painted picture," said I.

"It *is* the same place," the Professor answered. "I found traces of the fellow's camp. Now look at this."

It was a nearer view of the same scene, though the photograph was extremely defective. I could distinctly see the isolated, tree-crowned pinnacle of rock which was detached from the crag.

"I have no doubt of it at all," said I.

"Well, that is something gained," said he. "We progress, do we not? Now, will you please look at the top of that rocky pinnacle? Do you observe something there?"

"An enormous tree."

"But on the tree?"

"A large bird," said I.

He handed me a lens.

"Yes," I said, peering through it, "a large bird stands on the tree. It appears to have a considerable beak. I should say it was a pelican."

"I cannot congratulate you upon your eyesight," said the Professor. "It is not a pelican, nor, indeed, is it a bird. It may interest you to know that I succeeded in shooting that particular specimen. It was the only absolute proof of my experiences which I was able to bring away with me."

"You have it, then?" Here at last was tangible corroboration.

"I had it. It was unfortunately lost with so much else in the same boat accident which ruined my photographs. I clutched at it as it disappeared in the swirl of the rapids, and part of its wing was left in my hand. I was insensible when washed ashore, but the miserable remnant of my superb specimen was still intact; I now lay it before you."

From a drawer he produced what seemed to me to be the upper portion of the wing of a large bat. It was at least two feet in length, a curved bone, with a membranous veil beneath it.

"A monstrous bat!" I suggested.

"Nothing of the sort," said the Professor, severely. "Living, as I do, in an educated and scientific atmosphere, I could not have conceived that the first principles of zoology were so little known. Is it possible that you do not know the elementary fact in comparative anatomy, that the wing of a bird is really the forearm, while the wing of a bat consists of three elongated fingers with membranes between? Now, in this case, the bone is certainly not the forearm, and you can see for yourself that this is a single membrane hanging upon a single bone, and therefore that it cannot belong to a bat. But if it is neither bird nor bat, what is it?"

My small stock of knowledge was exhausted.

"I really do not know," said I.

He opened the standard work to which he had already referred me.

"Here," said he, pointing to the picture of an extraordinary flying monster, "is an excellent reproduction of the dimorphodon, or pterodactyl, a flying reptile of the Jurassic period. On the next page is a diagram of the mechanism of its wing. Kindly compare it with the specimen in your hand."

A wave of amazement passed over me as I looked. I was convinced. There could be no getting away from it. The cumulative proof was overwhelming. The sketch, the photographs, the narrative, and now the actual specimen—the evidence was complete. I said so—I said so warmly, for I felt that the Professor was an ill-used man. He leaned back in his chair with drooping eyelids and a tolerant smile, basking in this sudden gleam of sunshine.

"It's just the very biggest thing that I ever heard of!" said I, though it was my journalistic rather than my scientific enthusiasm that was roused. "It is colossal. You are a Columbus of science who has discovered a lost world. I'm really awfully sorry if I seemed to doubt you. It was all so unthinkable. But I understand evidence when I see it, and this should be good enough for anyone."

The Professor purred with satisfaction.

"And then, sir, what did you do next?"

"It was the wet season, Mr. Malone, and my stores were exhausted. I explored some portion of this huge cliff, but I was unable to find any way to scale it. The pyramidal rock upon which I saw and shot the pterodactyl was more accessible. Being something of a cragsman, I did manage to get to the top of that. From the summit I had a better idea of the plateau upon the top of the crags. It appeared to be very large; neither to east nor to west could I see any end to the vista of green-capped cliffs. Below, it is a swampy, jungly region, full of snakes, insects, and fever. It is a natural protection to this singular country."

"Did you see any other trace of life?"

"No, sir, I did not; but during the week that we lay encamped at the base of the cliff

we heard some very strange noises from above."

"But the creature that the American drew? How do you account for that?"

"We can only suppose that he must have made his way to the summit and seen it there. We know, therefore, that there *is* a way up. We know equally that it must be a very difficult one, otherwise the creatures would have come down and overrun the surrounding country. Surely that is clear?"

"But how do they come to be there?"

"I do not think that the problem is a very obscure one," said the Professor; "there can only be the one explanation. South America is, as you may have heard, a granite continent. At this single point in the interior there has been, in some far distant age, a great, sudden volcanic upheaval. These cliffs, I may remark, are basaltic, and therefore plutonic. An area, as large perhaps as Sussex, has been lifted up *en bloc* with all its living contents, and cut off by perpendicular precipices of a hardness which defies erosion from all the rest of the continent. What is the result? Why, the ordinary laws of Nature are suspended. The various checks which influence the struggle for existence in the world at large are all neutralized or altered. Creatures survive which would otherwise disappear. You will observe that both the pterodactyl and the stegosaurus are Jurassic, and therefore of a great age in the order of life. They have been artificially conserved by those strange accidental conditions."

"But surely your evidence is conclusive. You have only to lay it before the proper authorities."

"So, in my simplicity, I had imagined," said the Professor, bitterly. "I can only tell you that it was not so, that I was met at every turn by incredulity, born partly of stupidity and partly of jealousy. It is not my nature, sir, to cringe to any man, or to seek to prove a fact if my word has been doubted. After the first I have not condescended to show such corroborative proofs as I possess. The subject became hateful to me—I would not speak of it. When men like yourself, who represent the foolish curiosity of the public, came to disturb my privacy I was unable to meet them with dignified reserve. By nature I am, I admit, somewhat fiery, and under provocation I am inclined to be violent. I fear you may have remarked it."

I nursed my eye and was silent.

"My wife has frequently remonstrated with me upon the subject, and yet I fancy that any man of honour would feel the same. To-night, however, I propose to give an extreme example of the control of the will over the emotions. I invite you to be present at the exhibition." He handed me a card from his desk. "You will perceive that Mr. Percival Waldron, a naturalist of some popular repute, is announced to lecture at eight-thirty at the Zoological Institute's Hall upon 'The Record of the Ages.' I have been specially invited to be present upon the platform, and to move a vote of thanks to the lecturer. While doing so, I shall make it my business, with infinite tact and delicacy, to throw out a few remarks which may arouse the interest of the audience and cause some of them to desire to go more deeply into the matter. Nothing contentious, you understand, but only an indication that there are greater deeps beyond. I shall hold myself strongly in leash, and see whether by this self-restraint I attain a more favourable result."

"And I may come?" I asked, eagerly.

"Why, surely," he answered, cordially. He had an enormously massive genial manner, which was almost as overpowering as his violence. His smile of benevolence was a wonderful thing, when his cheeks would suddenly bunch into two red apples, between his half-closed eyes and his great black beard. "By all means, come. It will be a comfort to me to know that I have one ally in the hall, however inefficient and ignorant of the subject he may be. I fancy there will be a large audience, for Waldron, though an absolute charlatan, has a considerable popular following. Now, Mr. Malone, I have given you rather more of my time than I had intended. The individual must not monopolize what is meant for the world. I shall be pleased to see you at the lecture to-night. In the meantime, you will understand that no public use is to be made of any of the material that I have given you."

"But Mr. McArdle—my news editor, you know—will want to know what I have done."

"Tell him what you like. You can say, among other things, that if he sends anyone else to intrude upon me I shall call upon him with a riding-whip. But I leave it to you that nothing of all this appears in print. Very good. Then the Zoological Institute's Hall at eight-thirty to-night." I had a last impression of red cheeks, blue rippling beard, and intolerant eyes, as he waved me out of the room.

(To be continued.)

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

VIEWED BY SIR HENRY LUCY.

(NEW SERIES.)

Illustrated by E. T. Reed.

"CROSSING THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE."

AS far as the Second Parliament of King George has sped on its way, it has not witnessed the incident known in consecrated phrase as "crossing the floor of the House." Put more briefly, if less delicately, this describes the changing of sides. Such an event invariably excites comment, naturally not friendly in the camp deserted. After all, it is not uncommon and has the highest precedent. By strange coincidence, the life-long rivalry of Disraeli and Gladstone was made possible by each in turn crossing the floor of the House. One began his political career a boisterous Radical. The other, as every schoolboy knows, was, for some years after he entered Parliament, "the rising hope of stern unbending Toryism."

Mr. Gladstone once told me he was seated on a bench immediately behind Disraeli when delivering the historic speech with its courageous prophecy: "The time will come when you *shall* hear me." That, of course, meant they were at that period in the same political camp. Disraeli never had occasion to literally cross the floor of the House. He expended his stock of flamboyant Radicalism on the hustings. Finding it did not lead the way to Westminster, he changed his colours and brought them in flying. There was a time when members who had seen Gladstone sitting on the Treasury Bench with Peel found him on the other side, the chief colleague of Palmerston. Doubtless there was elicited scornful and acrimonious comment. In later years, when more familiar with the scene and the actors, I heard Gladstone accused of many alleged iniquities, but I never heard him reproached as one who had turned his political coat. Indeed, if that field of personal controversy were traversed it was by members of the Radical wing of his supporters who, at various stages of his surprising career, discovered influence of the original sin of Toryism.

"DELIVERING THE HISTORIC SPEECH WITH ITS PROPHECY: 'THE TIME WILL COME WHEN YOU SHALL HEAR ME.'"

MR. "TOMMY" BOWLES—A SKILLED YACHTSMAN.

MR. "TOMMY" BOWLES.

The immediate predecessor of the present Parliament witnessed two cases of "crossing the floor of the House." Neither individually nor in the aggregate was the result such as to encourage emulation. Mr. "Tommy" Bowles, capturing a seat at the General Election of 1910, renounced Mr. Arthur Balfour and all his works. When previously he sat in the House his place on the bench immediately behind that on which Ministers muster was under the Unionist flag. It was now draped in Liberal colours, and Mr. Bowles returning to it could not be said to have crossed the floor of the House. Everything comes to the man who waits. He had not joined the Liberal Party. The Liberal Party, crossing over in a body, flocked round him. During the Parliamentary recess Mr. Bowles, ever open to conviction, has again altered his course. A skilled yachtsman, accustomed to tacking, he now offers himself as a desirable candidate for a Unionist constituency in search of one.

SIR JOHN REES.

The other member of the late Parliament who crossed over was Sir John Rees. He had the advantage lacking to Mr. Bowles of effecting the movement in full view of the House, still in Session. Yesterday he was popping up from benches to the right of the Speaker's Chair with supplementary questions designed to correct the constitutional inaccuracy of the Irish members, or to rebuke the unpatriotic innuendoes of the friends of India who sat below the Gangway on the Ministerial side. To-day he was seated among the Unionist hierarchy, in company with those arch-priests of the order, Lord Winterton and Captain Craig. Somehow or other the squib proved damp. No one took notice of its going off, the only difference being that thereafter, when the member for Montgomery interposed with one of his pointed supplementary questions, it was the Liberals who jeered instead of the newly-found friends among whom he now sat. On the whole the process did not recommend itself to the constituencies, who, on the dissolution of the 1910 Parliament, twice rejected his advances, leaving him out in the cold with Mr. "Tommy" Bowles.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Strangely enough, the crossing over of Mr. Winston Churchill did not at the moment excite more turmoil than did the

transference of Sir John Rees. This was directly due to the artless manner in which the manœuvre was effected. One afternoon in June, in the Session of 1904, the member for Oldham was observed standing at the Bar of the House regarding the scene. His accustomed seat was on the front bench below the Gangway, to the right of the Speaker, whither he had drifted from the bench immediately behind Ministers, whence he delivered his maiden speech. A few weeks earlier, rising from the corner seat below the Gangway to take part in current debate, he became aware of a notable movement. With one accord his colleagues in the Ministerial ranks rose to their feet and quitted the House.

He took no notice of a deliberate insult publicly administered for which no parallel can be found in Parliamentary history. It had, however, determinate effect important not only to the individual but to the country. On this particular afternoon in June, after standing at the Bar a few minutes, a habit common enough to members entering the House, he, instead of turning to the left and finding himself in his old quarters, lounged casually to the right and seated himself on the front bench below the Gangway, a quarter occupied by the Labour members.

LORD WINTERTON AND CAPTAIN CRAIG, THE ARCH-PRIESTS OF UNIONISM.

The movement seemed so casual that no notice was taken of it by the House. Meeting him in the Lobby later in the evening, I mentioned the circumstance, and was assured that it did not import political intention. He had observed that there was more room on that bench than on his own, and he accordingly filled it.

As he averred it, that was doubtless the

fact. As things turned out, he found his new quarters so conformable to his taste that he remained a permanent tenant. That saunter from the Bar to the Radical bench was the first step on the way to the headship of a Department in the State, a seat in a Liberal Cabinet, and the possibility of even greater things to come.

A FAR-SEEING JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL.

In the House of Lords the crossing of the floor is, at least on the part of one political party, as natural and as habitual as going off in good time for dinner. Years ago the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table affirmed that "Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris." It is less of a paradox, more strictly true, that good Liberal M.P.'s, when they are made Peers, go over to the Tory side. In the Commons we have had the Great Pass-over following on the disruption of the Liberal Party on the introduction of the first Home Rule Bill of 1886. That was a distinctive movement, result of a break-up of party more complete than any that has taken place since the introduction of Free Trade by Sir Robert Peel. Individual cases are rare.

One of the earliest in modern times is found in the gyrations of Sir William Marriott. Returned as a Liberal member for Brighton, he, after a few Sessions, "found salvation," joining the Conservatives, at the time in office. He was rewarded by a knighthood and the post of Judge-Advocate-General. This opportunity led to a little scene which greatly delighted a crowded House. When, in 1892, the Liberals were returned to power under Mr. Gladstone with a new Home Rule Bill in his breast coat-pocket, Campbell-Bannerman, then plain Mr., was appointed Secretary of State for War. One evening in Committee on the Army Estimates, inquiry was made as to how it came to pass that there was no Judge-Advocate-General in the Ministry. C.-B., with dangerous twinkle in his eye, rose to explain. The salary pertaining to the office was, he said, fixed at the moderate sum of five hundred pounds a year. There was in supplement another five hundred pounds in the form of fees for professional work. In the preceding year, the position of the Government being obviously shaky, Sir William Marriott got up early on the morning of April 1st (the opening day of the new financial year) and drew his salary in a lump sum. Pocketing it, he proceeded to attack the business of his office with such amazing energy that when, in August, the Government went out, there was not a penny left to the credit of his office. No pay, no Judge-Advocate-General. Accordingly the post remained unoccupied till, at the turn of the new financial year, the annual allowance again accrued.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL — "AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS."

"TEAR 'EM."

For dramatic effect the crossing over of John Arthur Roebuck excelled. After long absence from the Parliamentary scene, he was returned to the Parliament elected in 1874 and seated himself among the Liberals. Infrequent in attendance, and not caring to observe the regulation which necessitates presence at prayer-time as preliminary to appropriation of a particular seat, he, on arriving, found himself without one. However, there was the corner seat below the Gangway, habitually occupied by Mr. Dillwyn, a sturdy Radical who earned for himself a peculiar place in the party game of the day. His *métier* was that of the Candid Friend. A confirmed Liberal, he was not blind to the faults of his leaders, and occasionally, to the delight of the Ministerialists, dilated upon them. A shrewd Parliamentary hand on the Front Opposition Bench observed the potential advantage of such an ally. Whenever the Leaders—a composite party with Lord Hartington nominally at the head—got into a mess which necessitated retraction or a lateral move, Dillwyn was put up to submit a resolution or to throw out a suggestion, which, coming from an impregnably impartial quarter, usually had the desired effect of saving the face of his Leaders.

In deference to the position thus gained, the prized corner seat below the Gangway was reserved for him. Roebuck, entering midway through Questions or at the close of them, formed a pretty habit of standing mutely by the corner seat. In courtesy to old age and in deference to an ancient Parliamentary reputation, Dillwyn at first vacated his seat and "Tear 'em" settled himself in it comfortably for the night. A preliminary to this movement was the arrangement of the walking-stick. An ordinary man would have placed it between his knees or beside him. "Tear 'em," truculent as ever, insisted upon laying it full length at the back of the seat, an end accomplished only by mercilessly prodding the two members seated to his left.

THE WORM TURNS.

Looking with autobiographical intent over some old letters, I find one from Dillwyn enclosing copy of another written by him to Roebuck which tells how the crisis was approached. Here it is:—

"May 23rd, 1878,
"House of Commons.

"MY DEAR MR. ROEBUCK,—Some time ago I mentioned to you that although I wished to accommodate you by giving up to you the seat which I usually occupy in the House, when you come here, I would ask you to let me know when you intend to come, as otherwise I am left without a place; and as I take rather an active part in the business of the House this often occasions me considerable inconvenience. I understood you to assent to the reasonableness of this request, and upon one occasion you did so inform me. Of late, however, you have not done so, and consequently I have several times during recent debates been without a place, although I had secured my usual one, as I did not like to prevent you from occupying it. Under these circumstances I hope you will excuse me if I consider the arrangement at an end, and that I shall decline to give you my usual seat should I have secured it.

"I may say that several members who sit on the Opposition side of the House do not like to hear speeches directed against the Opposition and in praise of the Government, such as you almost invariably make, emanating from their own side of the House, and they are surprised that you should like to make them from that side, and that I should make way for you on it. Very many representations to this effect have been made to me since your speech this evening, and I cannot say that I am surprised at it. Wishing to act with courtesy to you, I think it right to inform you before you come next to the House that I shall in future decline to vacate for you any place which I may have secured.

"Believe me, yours truly,
"L. DILLWYN."

CRISIS.

Two nights later Roebuck came in, dragging his leaden footsteps in the direction of the corner seat occupied by its rightful tenant. He stopped before it as usual, saying nothing, but expectant that Dillwyn would make way. The member for Swansea had, however, discovered something in the glass-lit roof that absorbed his attention. The crowded House looked intently on. This was one of those personal questions that appeal to it even more strongly than the introduction of a new Reform Bill or the defeat of a project of Home Rule. After waiting for what seemed a full minute, Roebuck turned about, and amid a thunderous cheer of welcome crossed over to the Conservative Camp. Half-a-dozen members seated on the front bench below the Gangway leaped to their feet to make room for him, and there to the end of his days, not far distant, he remained.

A WITTY JUDGE.

A phrase on a preceding page, "the Great Passover," reminds me of a flash of wit by the late Mr. Justice Mathew, who shared with Lord Justice Bowen the reputation of being the wittiest judge on the Bench. It happened under the Lord Chancellorship of Herschell that, a vacancy occurring on the Bench, the claims of Mr. Cohen, Q.C., established by long Parliamentary service, were, not for the first time, overlooked.

"What can you expect from a Jew but a Passover?" asked Sir James Mathew of one who commented upon the slight.

Like Mr. Cohen, Lord Herschell belonged by birth to an ancient race.

SCOUT LAW.

By MARY TENNYSON.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.

MALCOLM ERICSON paced the room restlessly from end to end—a short distance, after all, for the room was at the back of a house in an unfashionable quarter of London, and was meagrely and shabbily furnished.

The man was quite young, under five-and-twenty, and his pale face showed obvious traces of recent severe illness. Presently he began to cough, and then, removing his pipe from his lips, he seated himself by the side of the cheerless, empty grate, and with an involuntary shiver, hunching up his thin, square shoulders, rubbed his chilly hands together.

"It's not really cold," he muttered; "it's normal May weather, and it's bright enough outside. I'm altogether pulled down, that's what it is."

Then once more he rose and commenced his monotonous pacing to and fro.

"My legs ache with this idiotic tramping up and down," he went on, querulously, "and yet I can't sit still. He said I should hear by five. It's that now. Spence couldn't have been pulling my leg, surely? But he's a practical joker. Great Scot, that would be cruel, and he's my oldest friend! No, no; it's impossible! Still, he doesn't know how bad things are with me; no one knows. Cleaned out, cleaned out entirely. Half a crown in my pocket; watch gone; doctor and nurse had to be paid. Up against a wall."

With a stifled groan he sat down again. Then, leaning his weary head on the padded back of the chair, he closed his eyes, and for the twentieth time went through the scene of the morning, and weighed the words of Noel Spence, his friend and companion from early boyhood.

He had found the walk to Spence's office, in Exeter Street, try his strength severely. He had risen from his bed scarcely a week, and the climb to the top of the dingy house had caused his heart to beat suffocatingly.

It was an instinct with Malcolm Ericson to hide his wounds, and even Noel Spence had no inkling of his friend's desperate circumstances.

The dramatic agent received him with a warm shake of the hand.

"Ericson!" he cried. "By George, I'm glad to see you on end again, old chap! Looking so fit, too!"

Noel Spence was a good man of business, but only superficially observant, and certainly Malcolm's face was flushed and his eyes feverishly bright.

"You've not heard anything, I suppose, Spence?" Ericson commenced.

"Heard anything, old chap?" the other answered, with a queer, whimsical smile. "Heard anything about what?"

"Why, about the play, of course," Ericson rejoined, irritably.

"Oh, yes. Well, I've not heard anything definite——"

"You've heard something more, then?" Ericson interrupted.

"Yes, I've heard something more," the other responded, with a grin, "and so will you by about five o'clock this afternoon."

A curious sensation of faintness compelled Ericson to silence for a minute, but he struggled to conceal his weakness, and his manner was almost rough as he continued, curtly:—

"Good or bad, Noel?"

"Oh, that's telling; and I'm not sure, either, though I have a shrewd suspicion. However, you'll know more than I at five o'clock or thereabouts. And now, dear old fellow, I'm sorry, but I must get rid of you. I am expecting a chap here on business every minute. Ah, that's he, knocking now."

Ericson felt no fatigue in walking back to his lodgings. The sun shone brilliantly. Until now the spring had been cold and cheerless, and Malcolm revelled in the warmth and in the unfamiliar glow of definite hope which filled his heart.

Three years ago his widowed mother had died in a motor accident, leaving him utterly alone in the world. Mrs. Ericson had been under forty, a robust, beautiful woman, at the

time of her death, and with her came to an end the ample annuity on which they had both subsisted. The boy had adopted literature as his profession, with gratifying success at the commencement of his career, but the shock of his mother's death seemed to paralyze his powers for a time, and when he recovered he found the greatest difficulty in earning sufficient to live upon, even in the very poorest manner.

His beautiful and popular mother had been lavish in her hospitality, and Malcolm had benefited professionally by being brought into personal contact with publishers and artistic celebrities of all sorts, but he was still on the threshold of what promised to be a brilliant career when she died; and when, after a year, he was able to resume his labours, he discovered that he had been forgotten.

He worked with a will, however, sustained by the perception that the stories and plays he submitted now with no success were in reality superior to those he produced in his novice days. He denied himself almost necessaries, and laboured from morning till night, with the result that, having finished a three-act comedy which he felt to be far and away better than anything he had done previously, he succumbed to the acute illness from which he had still scarcely recovered.

Ericson had a poor, insufficient meal on returning from Spence's office, and then he sat down to await the five o'clock post. And as the slow hours dragged away his confident spirit waxed fainter and fainter.

And there was Ella, too. Ella, to whom he had been engaged since before the death of his mother three years ago, and who had waited so patiently and had believed in him so loyally. Lately her father had shown distinct signs of irritation at the vague prospects of his beloved daughter, and Ericson, in his heart, could not blame the old man.

Then, with a hissing indrawing of the breath, he started forward in his chair. He had heard the double knock of the postman repeated smartly. Almost every author in his day has known and dreaded the sound, signifying as it does, nineteen times out of twenty, the return of some rejected MS. and the shattering of some air-built castle.

The door opened noisily and the slovenly maid-servant entered.

"A letter and a parcel for you, Mr. Ericson. I brought 'em to save you the stairs."

"Thanks," he responded, curtly, instinctively averting his face. "Put them on the table."

She did so, and he heard the door close after her. For a moment he sat unable to move, and then, setting his teeth grimly, he turned, and uttered a cry of relief. The parcel on the table was obviously not that which he had dreaded to see; it was apparently an oblong box, and was addressed to him in writing which he recognized at once as that of Colonel Brewer, Ella's father.

The letter was from him also, and a smile lighted up Ericson's face as he opened it.

"A good omen. What's the Colonel sending me?" he said. "It looks almost like a box of cigars. Well, they'd be uncommonly acceptable."

"Dear Malcolm," he read. "I am glad to hear you are better and have been able to get out. That being so, I feel it would be wrong to delay any longer what it has been on my mind to say to you for a long time now."

Again Malcolm Ericson's hand began to shake, and, a mist coming over his eyes, he laid the paper down for a minute, while he stared piteously at the enigmatical parcel, which now assumed a curiously familiar as well as ominous appearance.

With a smothered groan he resumed reading.

"I am sorry to seem harsh, but this engagement between you and Ella must come to an end. It will probably be years before you can offer her a home, if ever. And it is not fair to the girl. I have pointed this out to her, and she has agreed with my decision. Therefore I now return the presents you gave her during your lamented mother's lifetime. Ella and I hope that you will soon recover strength, and that your luck in the future may improve. If I might offer you a piece of advice it would be, give up writing, for which it would seem you have no real vocation, and try to get something in the way of a clerkship. Ella tells me she has put your other little gifts into the leather case containing your mother's turquoise necklace.—Yours very sincerely, CHARLES BREWER."

For a few minutes Malcolm Ericson sat without moving, staring blankly in front of him, overwhelmed by the shock he had received; and then the fighting quality which existed in him, but which protracted anxiety and ill-health had reduced to the lowest ebb, asserted itself.

"The old man is an autocrat," he muttered. "He has terrorized her into this. And yet—and yet—to send them back through him without a word——"

Starting to his feet again, he recommenced his distracted walking up and down.

"If she doesn't care for me, what is life

worth ?" he continued, breathlessly. "But she must ; surely she *must !* But why didn't she write herself ? I shall go mad if I don't hear about the play to-night. But I shall—I must—by the last post. It all depends on that. The old man has lost faith in me, and I can't blame him ; but if they take the play and it succeeds, I can make it right with him. As for my darling, if in her fear of him she has been almost disloyal to me, I shall forgive her. I must do that. I cannot live without her."

Again there came the maid's knock at his door, followed at once by her noisy entry.

"Here's another parcel for you, Mr. Ericson," she said, with a grin. "You're in luck to-day. It's addressed No. 4, instead of 14 ; but my sister is general at No. 4, so she brought it."

The girl hurried out, and, staggering to the chair, Ericson fell into it. On the table lay the fatal large square envelope, and across the top of it, in staring characters, was the name of the theatre at which his play had been under consideration for many weeks.

He turned icy cold, and a sickening sense of numbness oppressed his brain. The play had failed, then ; it had come back, as all his other works had come back, for twelve months and more. This, then, was the meaning of Noel Spence's roguish, mischievous smile. He knew it was rejected. No love, no success, no money, no friend ; and weak, so weak that tears filled his eyes.

He shuddered, and then a wave of overpowering dizziness descended upon him and he fell back in a faint.

The sky was glowing with the setting of the sun when Malcolm came to himself and rose to his feet. His cheeks were now flushed

"A LETTER AND A PARCEL FOR YOU, MR. ERICSON. I BROUGHT 'EM TO SAVE YOU THE STAIRS."

and his eyes gleamed with a feverish light. It would appear that he had dreamed during his period of unconsciousness, for he now spoke aloud in low, decided tones.

"Yes, I'm beaten. There's nothing else for it. 'Only in the world I fill up a place which may be the better supplied when I have made it empty.' Ah, I never thought to apply those words to myself. The world, the world! I've done with it. It's full of cruelty, chock-full of it, and treachery. Two people I loved; both are false. And I'm tired of it all."

Afterwards Malcolm Ericson had no recollection of leaving the house, or whether he walked or rode to gain the goal on which he had fixed his distraught brain. This was a quiet, deep pool, surrounded by trees, on an open common on the outskirts of London.

But he knew that throughout the intangible journey his seething brain had been obsessed by one thought—the harshness, the incredible callousness of the world in connection with himself. While his mother lived, and sustained by her proud appreciation, he had required neither encouragement nor help; he had received both in lavish measure. But now he seemed to be a target set up for all to shoot at.

The men who had enthused over his boyish efforts would not listen to him now; even these people at the theatre had buoyed him up with hopes that his disappointment might be the more crushing. His friend made sport of his sufferings, and the girl he idolized had thrown him over without a word. There was no place for him in such a heartless world as this. He would be better out of it.

His mother had believed in a reunion of loving souls, in a blessed hereafter, and had died happy in that belief. If that were so, surely he would not be shut out because he had anticipated by a few days the inevitable. He was ill, too weak to fight against such outrageous odds; he was practically penniless, and he had no true friend in the world.

Presently he found himself crossing the green sward which led directly to the pond; here and there grew great clumps of flowering gorse and fresh green bracken, and, walking becoming less mechanical, he was forced to rouse himself in order to avoid falling; but still he progressed slowly and surely.

The glow of the sunset had faded, and a placid greyness lay over sky and heath; through the trees he saw the glint of light upon the gleaming water, and his tired eyes rested thankfully upon it. For a moment he waited, and then, with a sigh—for his strength was nearly exhausted—he moved forward again.

But ere he had taken a dozen steps he caught his foot in a tuft of bracken and came to a sudden stop, and as he stopped the sound of subdued sobbing caught his ear.

It came from a clump of gorse a few feet to his left, and involuntarily, without conscious intention, directing his steps that way, almost immediately he discovered the cause of the sound.

On the ground lay a little lad of about ten years of age, his curly head uncovered. Near to him was a shabby grey felt hat, which had been pulled into a shape resembling that worn by the Boy Scouts. His clothes, too, poor and patched, presented a travesty of the Scout smartness, and by the side of him lay a long piece of dirty wood, in place of the neat white wand.

Malcolm Ericson's nature was of a keenly sensitive order, and the sufferings of those weaker than himself, of children or animals, never appealed to him in vain. Even now, bent on such a terrible purpose, his instinct prompted him to pause and question the child.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Have you hurt yourself?"

"No, I ain't hurt myself," came the choking reply.

"What is it, then?"

"It's—it's—I ain't done—nothin'—for nobody—to-day."

Ericson put his hand to his aching brow. He was confused; the sobbing boy's words were utterly incomprehensible to him.

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

"Scout law," the boy went on. "I ain't done nothin' to help nobody to-day, and it's the first day."

"The first day?" Ericson repeated.

"Yes, the first day. I started on the twenty-fifth of April—I was ten years old then—and this is my very first bad day, and I've broken the Scout law."

"But are you a Scout?" Ericson inquired.

The child raised his tear-stained face and looked up at the young man who stood gazing down upon him; then a quick gleam of sympathy flashed into his intelligent eyes. Drawing his coat-sleeve hastily across them, he scrambled to his feet and stood upright at attention.

"Won't you sit down, sir?" he said. "You look very tired."

"I am tired," Ericson replied, with a wan smile.

"ON THE GROUND LAY A LITTLE LAD OF ABOUT TEN YEARS OF AGE, HIS CURLY HEAD UNCOVERED."

"Then sit down, sir. The grass is soft here; or you can rest on my stick, Scout-fashion, if you like."

Ericson smiled again at the eager little face.

"I prefer the grass," he said, quietly. "I will rest a minute. My legs seem to have given out."

The lad assisted him to reach the ground, for he found himself tottering suddenly, and when he looked up he discovered that his little companion was regarding him with the utmost solicitude.

"Have you been ill, sir?" he asked.

To his sore heart there was something soothing in the unspoken sympathy even of this shabby waif, and Malcolm patted the ground by his side.

"Sit by me," he said, "and tell me again. I'm stupid this evening."

The lad's countenance crumpled up into a smile.

"You stupid, sir! Oh, that won't wash! You stupid, with such eyes as yours. Not much."

"Well, anyway, I don't understand your trouble. You're not a Scout, are you?"

"No; that's a big part of my trouble," the boy responded, his lips beginning to quiver again.

"Why?"

"Why, it's this way. I'm not a regular Scout, 'cos mother can't afford to buy the uniform; but I made up my mind to start Scout's work as soon as ever I was ten, and I've obeyed Scout law ever since, until to-day. I ain't told no lies, I ain't cheeked father when he's drunk, or teacher, or anyone."

"And what have you done to-day?"

"Nothin'," the child responded, opening his eyes in astonishment at his companion's density. "I tell you straight, I've done just *nothin'*, and I've been up since before five, too."

Interested in spite of himself, Ericson clasped his thin hands round his knees and regarded the boy steadily.

"Why did you get up so early?" he asked.

"Oh, that ain't early. I help a man to take round the milk from five to seven."

"Isn't that doing something?"

"Bless you, no; that's earning money. He pays me two shillings a week."

"Then what did you do next?"

"I took baby out on the heath till school time."

"And that's nothing?"

"Lord, no; she's our own baby, you see. That don't count."

"Oh! And then you went home and had your breakfast, I suppose?"

The boy hesitated, and his tear-stained cheeks grew crimson.

"Tell me," Ericson persisted.

"Well, sir, I didn't have no exact breakfast this morning."

"Why was that?"

Again the child hesitated, and then he blurted out:—

"I can't tell you a lie, sir. There wasn't scarcely enough for mother, so I let her think master had given me something."

"And had he?"

"Well, no, he hadn't, sir; but, honour bright, I didn't tell mother no lie."

"And after that what did you do?"

"After school I scrubbed out the kitchen, and helped mother with the week's washin'."

"And that doesn't count, either?"

"No, sir, of course not—not what one does for one's own people. Why should it? And then I came out here to look for a bit of Scout's work, but nothin' has come my way. You see, I can't go far afield; that's our cottage just off the road there, and mother might want me if father come in obstreperlous."

"But if to-day has been what you ca a bad day, what did you do yesterday?" Malcolm inquired, a strange sense of comfort warming his empty heart.

"Well, yesterday I was lucky. I happened to see the blind man's dog off on his own for a spree. I caught him and I took him back to his master, but I give him a good round hisself first. You see, he do get a bit cramped sitting on that organ all the blessed day. And the blind man he did swear at me a caution, but that didn't hurt me. And then I happened to pull a little tot out of the way of a motor."

"And the day before yesterday?"

"Oh, that was walking to Highgate to take a message from a sick woman to her daughter who's in service there. That wasn't much, but this is the first quite empty day."

The childish voice broke again, and Ericson patted his companion's shoulder kindly. "My boy," he said, gently, "if you knew what real trouble was——"

"It don't seem real trouble to you, sir," the boy interrupted, "of course it don't.

"ERICSON CLASPED HIS THIN HANDS ROUND HIS KNEES AND REGARDED THE BOY STEADILY."

You're a man; you can help people every day of your life. You don't get cast down if things go wrong with you. You're a clever man, but I'm only a little chap, and I've broken the Scout law. It must be my own fault, or the Chief Scout wouldn't have made it a law. He knows we can all do some good to someone every day of our lives if we try hard enough. That's just what I haven't done, I suppose, so I've failed in my duty."

And then suddenly there came a rush of blinding tears to Ericson's burning eyes.

"My lad," he said, tenderly, "go home and sleep at peace. You have done your bravest work to-day. You have saved me body and soul. The world cannot be so bad while such as you exist. Now give me your hand and help me up."

The child stretched out his eager little hand, and Ericson stooped and kissed him.

"You have set me on my feet, laddie," he said. "God bless you."

He walked a few steps, and then he turned again. The boy stood watching him with awestruck, wondering eyes.

"You live in that cottage," he said; "what's your name?"

"Charles Hunt."

"Charles Hunt. I shall not forget."

Gaining the high road, Malcolm waited for a motor-bus. Physically he was worn out, but the black cloud which had shadowed his brain had lifted.

"I have learnt my lesson," he muttered. "I have been self-absorbed; I have shirked the Scout law every day of my life. And this lad breaks his heart over one day's failure. If I can do no good, at least I need not bring extra sorrow upon those I still love. I'll fight it out, and if I go under it shall not be my fault."

It was close on nine o'clock when Malcolm, entering his room, turned on the gas and, throwing his cloth cap on the shabby sofa, sat down in his chair. On the table was his unappetizing supper of cold meat, bottled beer, and dry cheese, and by the side of his plate were the two parcels.

He set his jaw at the sight of them. And then, squaring his shoulders resolutely, he took up the box which lay on the top of the big envelope, and, cutting the string, removed the paper.

His mouth twitched as, pressing the spring, the case opened; and then he caught his breath with a quick gasp. Some white cotton-wool, which protected the trinkets, had been caught up by the spring, and on the top of the turquoise necklet lay a letter in Ella's handwriting.

With a stifled cry of joy he seized upon it.

"Dear Love," he read. "I hope you will open the parcel before father's letter. Malcolm, dearest, I have not sent back the ring. I am as much engaged to you as I ever was, but I think it best not to argue with dad. He loves me, and when he sees he is making me unhappy he is certain to give in. But I am not going to deceive him any further than about the ring, so I shall not write to you again until he gives me leave. We must wait, dear heart; we must be patient till brighter days come. They are sure to do so. I have entire faith in you. But my love does not depend upon fortune, Malcolm; it is yours as long as you claim it; yours to the very end.—Your wife that *is* to be, ELLA."

Malcolm pressed his lips to the paper, and his voice shook as he said aloud:—

"And I doubted her! God forgive me. I can fight now."

His eyes were dim, but there was no sign of weakness in them as he slit up the big square envelope.

"I'll see what the brute has to say, anyway," he murmured. "Great Scot! There's a lot of it."

But when he had read a dozen words only he swerved in his chair and closed his eyes.

"A sudden snap of giddiness," he gasped; "a bit empty, I expect."

He poured out a glass of stout and forced a piece of bread down his throat, and then he took up the letter again.

"Dear Sir," it ran. "After very careful consideration we have come to the conclusion to put your comedy on at the Phœnix at the commencement of the autumn season. Probable date, September 22nd. Rehearsals to start the second week in August. I have just sent the preliminary cheque to your agent, Mr. Noel Spence. Of course, we hope that royalties will follow. Meanwhile we want you to pay some attention to the final act; overleaf you will see a few trifling suggestions, which Mr. Spence tells us he feels sure you will find no difficulty in carrying out. Meanwhile, with best wishes for your speedy and complete recovery, —Faithfully yours, JOHN WENTWORTH.

"P.S.—Spence has the agreement, which please sign at your convenience."

Malcolm's eyes were still wet with tears of joy, which his weakness forced from him, when his door was flung open and Noel Spence entered; and when he tried to speak he broke down entirely.

"There, there, old man!" the other cried. "I know. I know, it's bowled you over. Well, your luck has been infernally bad hitherto and you're pulled down. I ought to have prepared you this morning, though, of course, you guessed things were going to hum. Now, just you buck up. I've brought a bottle of cham, ten pounds in gold, and a cheque for the rest. Oh, hang my commission! I don't feed on my best friend. What do you take me for? Now, then, fill up your glass, my boy! Here's your health, and a ripping success with—we won't give it a name, that's unlucky; we'll say *the* comedy."

At a quarter-past seven the next morning Charles Hunt was astonished to find an open taxi standing outside his home when he returned from delivering the milk-cans. In it was seated his companion of the evening before.

At the sight of the child Malcolm sprang out, and the lad marvelled at the extraordinary alteration in him.

"Charlie," he cried, extending his hand, "I've only a few minutes to spare, but I had to see you first. Boy, you've got to get that Scout's uniform—here's the money."

He pressed a sovereign into the little hand, and the child's face crimsoned with delight.

"Is it enough, laddie?"

"Oh, yes, sir, more than enough; but why?"

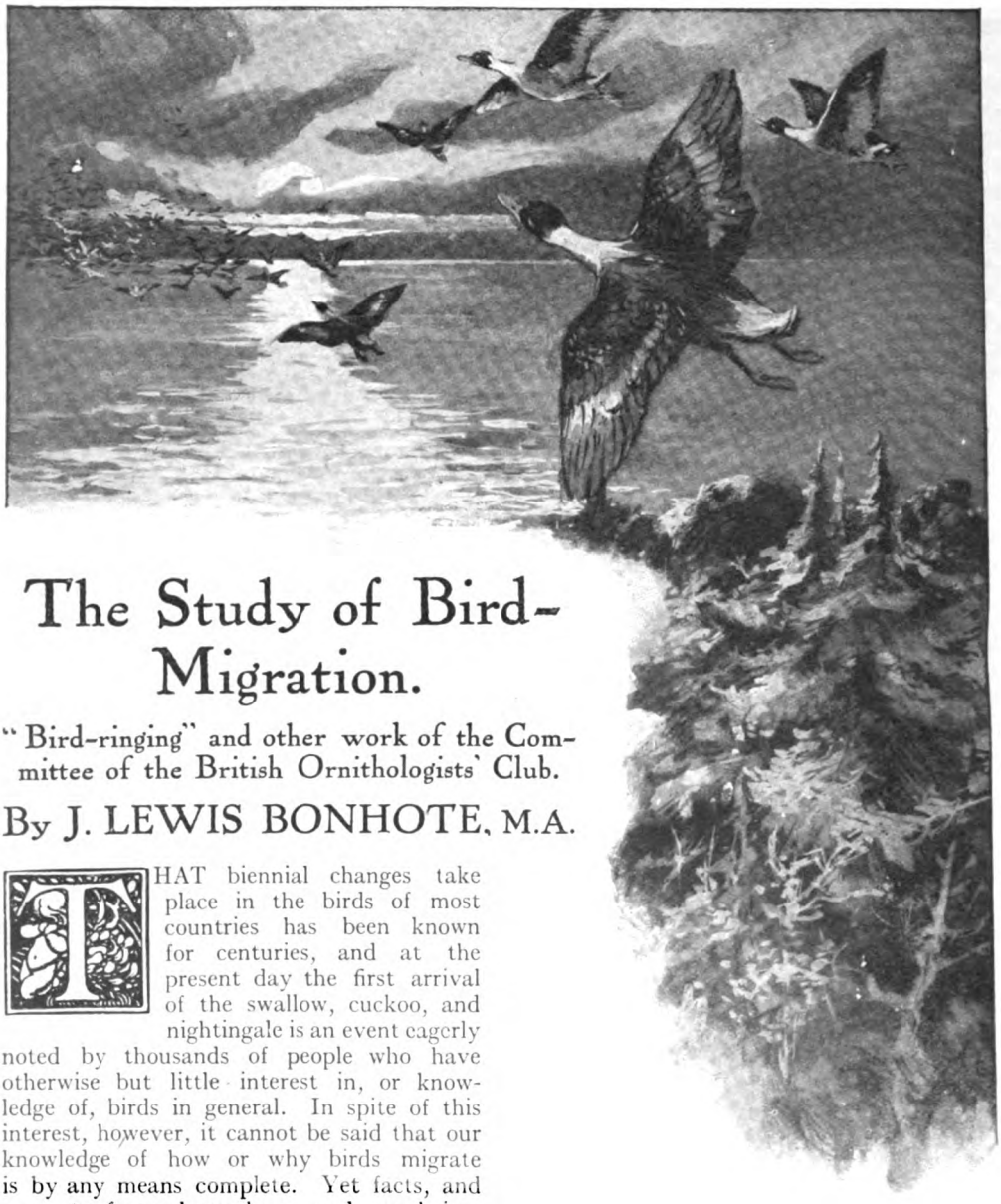
"You saved me last night, Charlie, that's why."

The boy pressed his lips tightly together for an instant, and the tears rushed to his eyes, but he spoke firmly enough as he held out the coin.

"I don't rightly understand you, sir," he said. "I done nothin' for you except helping you to your feet, and what's that? But even if I had, it's breaking the Scout law to receive payment for our services. Take it back, please, sir."

"It's not payment," Malcolm cried, unsteadily. "I wouldn't insult you, Charlie. It's a present from a friend. And when you're enrolled and properly rigged out, dear lad, you must come and see me. There's my address, and you shall teach me the rest of the Scout law."

"HERE'S YOUR HEALTH, AND A RIPPING SUCCESS WITH THE COMEDY."



The Study of Bird-Migration.

"Bird-ringing" and other work of the Committee of the British Ornithologists' Club.

By J. LEWIS BONHOTE, M.A.

THAT biennial changes take place in the birds of most countries has been known for centuries, and at the present day the first arrival of the swallow, cuckoo, and nightingale is an event eagerly noted by thousands of people who have otherwise but little interest in, or knowledge of, birds in general. In spite of this interest, however, it cannot be said that our knowledge of how or why birds migrate is by any means complete. Yet facts, and accurate facts, have been, and are being, accumulated by observers in all parts of the world.

The swallow seems to have aroused more curiosity as to its winter habits than any other bird, and we read of no startling statement about other migrants, excepting, perhaps, the cuckoo, which was supposed to simply change its species and become a hawk as winter drew on! But evidently the problem of how little birds were able to manage long flights from other countries exercised the minds of naturalists considerably, and about 1740 an ingenious theory was brought forward that possibly the larger birds carried the smaller ones on their backs!

To come to the time when bird migration was first studied seriously—and we can date this as lately as the last quarter of the nineteenth century—the first, and perhaps still the foremost, authority on the subject is the late Herr Gätke, and his large volume, published in 1890, stirred up a lively interest in migration, and directed the energies

of many naturalists towards the solution of the questions he raised. These naturalists have since published many theories and suggestions, but it cannot be said that any of them are entirely proven, and no one has improved to any extent on Gätke's ideas. Gätke's opportunities for observation were unique. Living on the little island of Heligoland—in the direct route of migration—and entirely devoted to his subject, he was able to verify for himself many facts which had until then escaped notice.

For instance, he pointed out that birds on migration often flew very high—probably as much as twelve thousand feet (over two miles) above the ground. That they do fly at a great height has been corroborated by astronomers, who have seen birds flying across the face of the moon at a height of not less than one mile.

Gätke's ideas on speed were probably exaggerated, but only by a theory of a tremendously swift flight at a high altitude could he account for the fact that certain birds were never, or rarely, seen in the countries between their winter and summer quarters. For instance, he pointed out that the blue-throat, which winters in Africa and breeds in Scandinavia, is but rarely met with in any of the countries on the line of route—viz., Italy, Greece, or Southern Germany; and when they arrived in Heligoland they came in large flocks and were tired and exhausted; also they always arrived at the same hour—somewhat late in the morning. He thought it probable that they had left Africa at dusk the previous evening, and by flying at the rate of one hundred and eighty miles an hour would be able to reach Heligoland in the one flight.

Between 1880 and 1887 the British Association granted some money to a special committee for the study of migration, and by means of schedules much information was collected about the birds that are killed annually at our coast-lights; and although many facts were thus obtained, the observations in this respect are almost entirely dependent on weather conditions, and, in fact, generally speaking, it may truthfully be said that the only migration that can be actually seen is that which has partially failed, for it is only when delayed or held back by storms or fog that birds obviously on passage are met with, and become stranded along the coast or in other places where they are not usually found.

At the present time we have in England a committee of the British Ornithologists' Club which has been working for the past seven years. This committee receives weekly reports from numerous observers throughout the country during the chief migration seasons, the results of which are published annually.

We may now consider the subject of migration itself, what causes it, and how it is accomplished. Generally speaking, there is an accepted idea that birds migrate to escape the cold of winter and return again as soon as the weather permits them to find their food in more northern latitudes. This, however, though holding good for some of our native birds, such as the skylark and plover, which are not usually considered as migrants, does not hold good for our well-known and regular migrants. The cuckoo and swift, for instance, are well known to leave us in July and August, long before any sign of winter or scarcity of food has become apparent, and on the return spring migration many species, such as the turtle-dove, swift, and spotted flycatcher, do not arrive till well on in May, when food and weather have been suitable for some time. On the other hand, in backward springs many of our earlier arrivals perish from cold and starvation, nor could it by any means be argued that food, in the more genial southern regions where these birds winter, had become scarce.

The accumulated facts tend to show that birds arrive and depart with extreme regularity, independently of food and seasons—sudden storms and cold only delay them for a day or two. This is further well shown by what we may term weather migrants—larks, plovers, and many others; for these birds come south at any time during the winter in the face of spells of cold, and return again north irrespective of the time of year as soon as milder conditions recur. Did the migration among most species arise, therefore, from exigencies of climate and food we should expect in mild springs to find our summer birds arriving weeks before their accustomed time, while others would stop in mild winters till well after Christmas. This, however, is not the case. Regularly every year to date within a few days we may expect the swallow, and as regularly do the swifts, as soon as their young are fledged, leave for the tropics.

Another popular fallacy with regard to migration is that birds travel due north and south.

Although the general trend may be in that direction, the actual line is very seldom so exact, especially in autumn. At this time

of the year there is a large movement due east to west, the birds continually arriving on our east coasts. The hooded or Royston crow is one of the best examples of this, and, having reached our shores, continues on its westerly course till it reaches the Midlands or farther west, when it turns and continues its journey south, and it is seldom that these migrants cross the Irish Sea into Ireland.

In the annual reports published by the Migration Committee of the British Ornithologists' Club, our commoner summer migrants are subdivided into four groups, according to the coastal area on which they arrive. Roughly speaking, the birds seem to be travelling in two main directions, north-west or north-east. As most of these species are widely distributed across Africa in winter and across Europe in summer, it becomes impossible to state with any certainty where any particular bird has come from. Thus, among those arriving on the westerly route we find the wheatear, whitethroat, chiffchaff, willow warbler, swallow, martin, sand-martin, and swift; while on the east we find the nightingale, yellow wagtail, tree pipit, red-backed shrike, wryneck, turtle-dove, etc., and it may be noted that these eastern arrivals are all common spring migrants in Egypt.

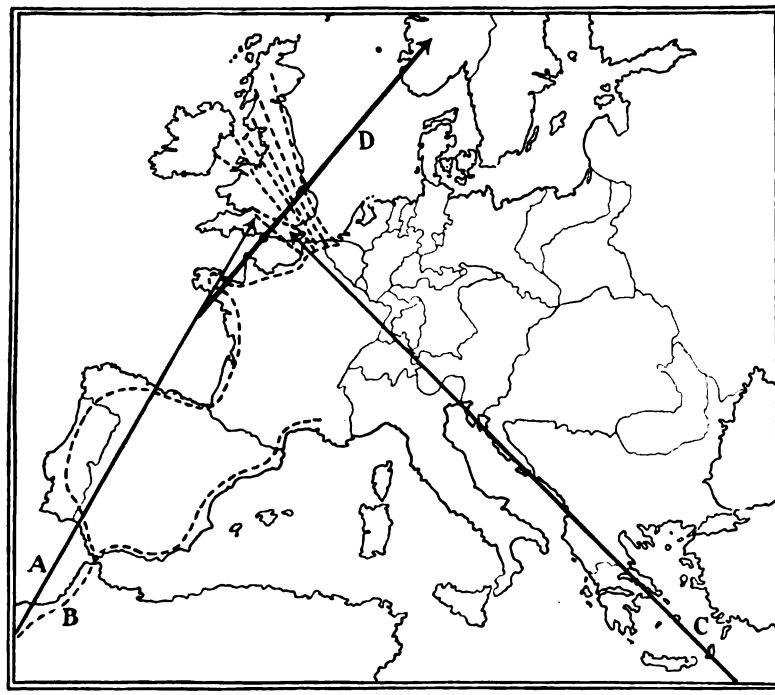
The actual track of our yellow wagtail is now, however, well known. The breeding range of this species is restricted to the British Isles and the north-west coast of France, so that when this species is met with on the spring migration we know that its ultimate destination must be the United Kingdom. In winter it is found along the shores of West Africa; on its way north it appears to follow the coast, and, crossing the Mediterranean near Gibraltar, continues its journey along both sides of the Spanish Peninsula. Those that have taken the easterly route reach the South of France, and there all further trace of them is lost. Those on the west follow the coast closely till between Dieppe and Belgium they turn at right angles and cross the Channel. Once on this side, the sea apparently attracts them no longer, but, spreading out fanwise, they continue in a north-westerly direction till they reach their breeding haunts.

This leads us to the question of definite migration routes. Do birds travel in a broad front, or do they follow comparatively narrow aerial highways, and do they follow coast-lines when they reach them? Do they cross the sea on the lines of former continents? Do they follow river-valleys, and so on? Advocates of all these various suggestions are to be found, and our only answer is that at present "we don't know."

Such knowledge as we possess certainly seems to show that the majority of species travel usually on a broad front. It has also been shown fairly conclusively that river-valleys often contain individuals of many species long after the higher ground has become depopulated; but this does not prove that such valleys form high roads for migration. Insects, flies, etc., are always more abundant in such places, owing to the more sheltered position, and any passing migrant in need of food would be more likely to rest there on his way. The sea-coast may possibly form a route, owing to the reluctance of species to start on a voyage over an unaccustomed element; but, on the other hand, from such knowledge as we possess, the shortest sea-route is by no means the one most often adopted. The difficulty of observing and following birds on tracts of cultivated country is very great; whereas on the sea-coast, which in most cases is public and fairly destitute of cover, birds, especially if arriving tired from an oversea flight, are much more easily seen, and valleys, from their sheltered positions, offer attractions to many species wearied by a long journey, so that probably the greater number of migrants found in these places is probably due rather to these causes than from any general attempt on the part of the birds to follow definite highways.

With the object of attempting to get positive knowledge of the movements of individual birds, a system of ringing wild birds was instituted by Mr. C. C. Mortensen at Viborg, in Denmark. Four years later Dr. Thienemann, of Rossiten, in North-East Germany, started, under the auspices of the German Ornithological Society, a comprehensive scheme from which certain tangible results have been forthcoming. Other schemes in Hungary and America have also been undertaken, and in this country we have two schemes at present in operation, the one managed by Mr. A. L. Thompson from the Aberdeen University, and the other by Mr. H. F. Witherby, proprietor of *British Birds*.

All these schemes in aims and methods are identical. They issue aluminium bands bearing a distinctive number and address; these are fastened to the legs of any bird that may be caught either as a nestling or otherwise, the particulars being entered on a schedule which is filed at headquarters. Of the birds so far ringed in England or Scotland, some have been recovered from



MAP SHOWING THE MIGRATION ROUTES TAKEN BY WELL-KNOWN BRITISH BIRDS.

The line A shows the track of the wheatear, whitethroat, chiffchaff, willow warbler, swallow, sand-martin, house-martin, and swift. B, the dotted lines, is the track of the yellow wagtail. C that of the nightingale, tree pipit, red-backed shrike, wryneck, and turtle-dove. D shows the track of migrants passing through to the Continent.

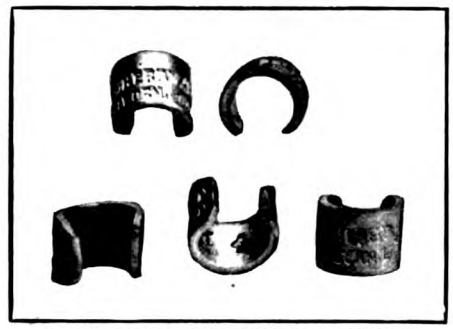
Portugal, France, Germany, and Norway, but as yet no attempt has been made to deduce any definite theories from these facts. Mr. Thienemann, so far, is the only person who has published any definite account of his results. He deals in three species—the hooded crow, the black-headed gull, and the stork. Of the first-mentioned bird nine hundred and nine were ringed and one hundred and eleven have been returned, and these birds have all been recovered round the eastern and southern shores of the Baltic, facts which show very clearly the eastern trend of the autumn movements of this species. One of these birds was recovered after five and a half years; it was marked on its autumn migration at Rossiten in 1903, and recovered at its breeding quarters near St. Petersburg in 1909.

In the case of the black-headed gull, of which forty examples out of six hundred and sixteen have been recovered, we find a totally different state of things. They were all ringed at their breeding-place at Rossiten. They have been recovered at various places along the Baltic and North Sea coast, as far south as the Loire in France, and along the valleys of the Rhine and Rhone, but the majority have been procured due south of Rossiten across Germany, irrespective of mountains, valleys, or rivers, and along the north end of the Adriatic, and following on that line one was procured at Tunis, some thirteen hundred miles from its birthplace.

The storks, however, give perhaps the most striking results from ringing. Without exception all storks that have been recovered in the first autumn after ringing had travelled in a due south-easterly direction. From Hungary to Palestine no ringed birds have been procured, but from Palestine four have been returned, from Alexandria one, Blue Nile one, Victoria Nyanza one, and no fewer than seven from the Transvaal, Natal, Basutoland, etc.; while of the Hungarian storks (marked by the Hungarian office) no fewer than seventeen have been recorded from the various localities in South Africa. We may therefore take it as practically certain that North German and Hungarian storks travel south-east to Palestine, and thence due south to South Africa. It has further been proved that the majority of those obtained in spring on the return journey returned to within a few miles of their home.

Although this seems fairly conclusive

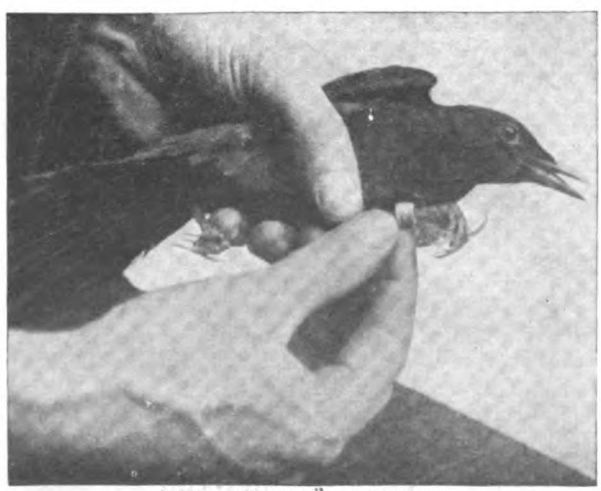
evidence, our knowledge is not yet sufficient. One stork, for instance, during the breeding season was got after two years at a spot four hundred miles east of its home, and in 1910 a fresh inquiry started by the German Government in Heligoland ringed many Holland and West German storks, and the only one of these which has as yet been recovered came from Spain, from which it would appear that these birds have another and distinct line of migration. As regards the actual distance and age of some of these ringed birds, two of them, when nine months old, were shot about six thousand miles from their birthplace, and one young one in autumn travelled over four hundred miles in two days.



RINGS READY FOR CLIPPING ROUND A BIRD'S LEG.

Such, then, are some of the facts that have come to light in the short time that this inquiry has been going on. Every year more birds are marked and every year as the schemes are better known more returns come in, so that from this most useful form of inquiry we may soon hope to have accurate information not only on the actual lines of migration, but also on such cognate questions as the rate of flight and the age to which birds may attain.

There is still one point left to be further investigated. How do birds find their way? So far as we are aware, only one experiment has been made on these lines. This was carried out by Dr. Watson, an American, who took some terns from their nests on a rocky islet near Florida, and, having marked them, released them at sea some eight hundred miles to the north of their home and several hundred miles north of their normal range, so that the birds were liberated at a spot right out at sea, where neither they nor their ancestors had ever been. None the less, in the course of a few days a fair proportion had returned to their island home. This experience is certainly conclusive as showing that some birds have the power of orientation and of finding their way without the aid of any landmarks or inherited knowledge. By the ringing of birds, therefore, a wide field of discovery is opened up, and before many years are over we may hope by this means to learn more about migration than has been accomplished by all previous work.



"BIRD-RINGING" A STARLING.

The following story, taken from "The Land and the Book," by W. M. Thompson, D.D., is an account of probably the first attempt at ringing a bird on record.

He recounts how, in the year 1846, a stork was captured on a mountain near Acre, which had suspended from its neck a silver locket. The astonished capturer forwarded the locket to the authorities, and eventually it reached our Consul at Beirut. On opening it he found a letter from "Octavia," a young Countess of Gotzen, in Germany, to the effect that this stork had for several years built its nest on an old turret of her castle. During this year the turret fell and injured the bird. She had it kindly cared for, and when well enough to follow its companions let it go with the locket on its neck. The letter contained a request that whoever found the locket should send the writer word at all cost, as she had a great curiosity to trace the stork in its wanderings. The Consul complied with the request, and received a handsome acknowledgment for assisting in a somewhat naive and certainly expensive method of migrant-ringing.

The Prince and Betty.

PART III.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy, R.I.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

BENJAMIN SCOBELL, a wealthy American, who holds a gambling concession from the Republic of Mervo. A few years back Mervo had expelled its ruler, Prince Charles, and turned itself into a Republic.

PRINCE JOHN OF MERVO, the late ruler's son, who, quite unaware of his rank, has been living in England under the name of John Maude, is summoned to Mervo by Mr. Scobell, who thinks that the restoration of Royalty will increase the attractions of his Casino.

BETTY SILVER, Scobell's stepdaughter, who has already met Prince John (as John Maude) in England, is also summoned to Mervo, but learning John Maude's real name, and also that Scobell's object in sending for her is to bring about a marriage between them, she leaves Mervo, but is followed by Prince John. Betty becomes companion to some American tourists named Morrison, and through them again meets an old acquaintance, Lord Arthur Hayling. On reaching England the Morrisons meet John Maude, a friend of Della Morrison, and invite him to join them at Norworth Court. Here John learns from Betty further details of Scobell's Casino scheme, and returns at once to Mervo.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ULTIMATUM FROM THE THRONE.

WHILE John, in the little steamer from Marseilles, was nearing the end of his impulsive dash across Europe, Mr. Scobell was breakfasting with his sister Marion in the morning-room of their villa on the Mervo hillside.

A frown of displeasure furrowed Mr. Scobell's brow.

"Marion," he was saying, "who was the fellow with the Jewish name who made an automaton and got into trouble all round through it? It's on the tip of my tongue."

"You mean Frankenstein, dear. He was the hero of a novel by Mrs. Shelley. According to the story——"

"All right, all right," interrupted her brother, rudely. "I know all that. I only wanted to remember the name. Well, I'm Frankenstein, and this Prince is the monster."

"I don't know why you should say that, Bennie," protested his sister. "I'm sure he's a very nice young man."

"He's such a nice young man," said Mr. Scobell, "that I'd feel much easier in my mind if I had him tied to a tree by a string, instead of having let him go off all alone to wander around with money enough to buy suppers for all the chorus-girls in London for about ten years."

Miss Scobell murmured something, which, fortunately, the financier did not hear, about boys being boys.

"People are beginning to ask questions," went on Mr. Scobell. "Old d'Orby didn't dare make a fuss when I worked the abolition of the Republic, but he didn't like it. He wants to be President again, and he's beginning to get the people stirred up. They're getting ready to start trouble. If the Prince doesn't come back soon and take off his coat and show them that he's there, it'll be the end of him, that's all."

He smoked his cigar-stump fiercely.

"I'm sure——" began Miss Scobell, when the door opened and a footman appeared.

"His Highness the Prince of Mervo desires to speak to you, sir. He is walking up and down the road before the villa, sir. He declined to enter. He said that he desired to see you alone, sir."

"All right," said Mr. Scobell. The footman retired. He turned to his sister. "There," he said. "You see! Guilty conscience! Daren't come in. He's come to the end of his money, and is wondering how he can touch me for more. By George, I'll talk to him!"

"Don't be too hard on him, Bennie. He's very young."

"He won't feel young by the time I've finished," said Mr. Scobell, truculently. "He'll feel about a million."

During the past forty-eight hours John had had the maximum of mental unrest and the minimum of sleep. His eyes were red and his chin covered with a day's stubble. His clothes were creased and wrinkled. In other words, he looked like a young man who

had just completed the concluding exercises of a prolonged debauch, and Mr. Scobell, coming face to face with him, saw in his appearance the confirmation of his worst suspicions.

"So you've come back!" he growled.

John stopped.

"I wanted to see you," he said.

"Wanted to see me? I *bet* you wanted to see me. Where have you been? Why isn't Betty with you?"

John flushed.

"We won't discuss that, if you don't mind," he said.

Mr. Scobell gasped for utterance.

"Won't——?" he stammered. "Well, I'm hanged! Won't discuss it!"

He gulped. Then he found connected speech. "Well!" he cried. "Here, you and I have got to have a talk, young man! You were to find Betty and bring her back and marry her, weren't you? Well, why haven't you done it?"

John stared. Understanding was coming slowly to him.

"I fixed this thing up," continued Mr. Scobell, "and it's got to go through. I fetched Betty over here to marry you, and she's got to marry you. I explained the whole thing to her, but, being a fool girl, she tried to get out of it. But she's got to come back, and I was chump enough to think that, when you went away, you meant to find her and fetch her back. Instead of which you go running loose all over London with my money, and——"

John cut through his explanations with a sudden sharp cry. A blinding blaze of understanding had flashed upon him. He understood everything now. Every word that Betty had spoken, every gesture that she had made, had become amazingly clear.

Suddenly his mind began to work quietly and coolly. He looked at the heated financier.

"Wait!" he said, and Mr. Scobell stopped in mid-sentence. "I found Miss Silver," he went on.

"You found her?" The wrath died out of Mr. Scobell's face. "Good boy! Forget anything I may have said in the heat of the moment, Prince! I thought you'd been on the toot in London. So you found her?"

"Yes. And she told me some of the things you said to her about me. They opened my eyes. Until I heard them I had not quite understood my position. I do now. You said that I was your employé."

"It wasn't intended for you to hear," said Mr. Scobell, handsomely, "and Betty shouldn't have handed it to you. I don't wonder you feel hurt."

"Don't apologize. You were quite right. I was a fool not to see it before. You might have added that I was nothing more than a decoy for a gambling-hell."

"Oh, come, Prince!" He felt in his vest-pocket. "Have a good cigar," he said.

John waved aside the olive-branch.

"I object to being your employé," he said. "And I object to being a decoy for a gambling-hell."

"Why——"

"And I'm going to clear you out of this place, Mr. Scobell."

"Eh? What? What's that?"

John met his astonished eye coolly.

"There's going to be a cleaning-up," he said. "There will be no more gambling in Mervo."

"You're crazy," gasped Mr. Scobell. "Abolish gambling? You can't."

"I can. That concession of yours isn't worth the paper it's written on. The Republic gave it to you. The Republic's finished. If you want to conduct a Casino in Mervo, there's only one man who can give you permission, and that's myself. Do you understand?"

"But, Prince, talk sense." Mr. Scobell's voice was almost tearful. "It's you who don't understand. Do, for goodness' sake, come down to earth and talk sense. Do you know how long you'd stay Prince of this place if you started to play the fool with my Casino? Just about long enough to let you pack a collar-stud and a tooth-brush into your portmanteau. And after that there wouldn't be any more Prince."

John shrugged his shoulders.

"I've said all I have to say. You've had your notice to leave. After to-day the Casino is closed."

"But I tell you the people won't stand it."

"That's for them to decide. They may have some self-respect."

"They'll turn you out."

"Very well. That will prove that they have not."

"But——"

John strode off down the road. He had been out of sight for several minutes before the financier recovered full possession of his faculties.

In after years John was wont to look back with amusement on the revolution which ejected him from the throne of his ancestors. But at the time its mirthfulness did not appeal to him. He was in a frenzy of

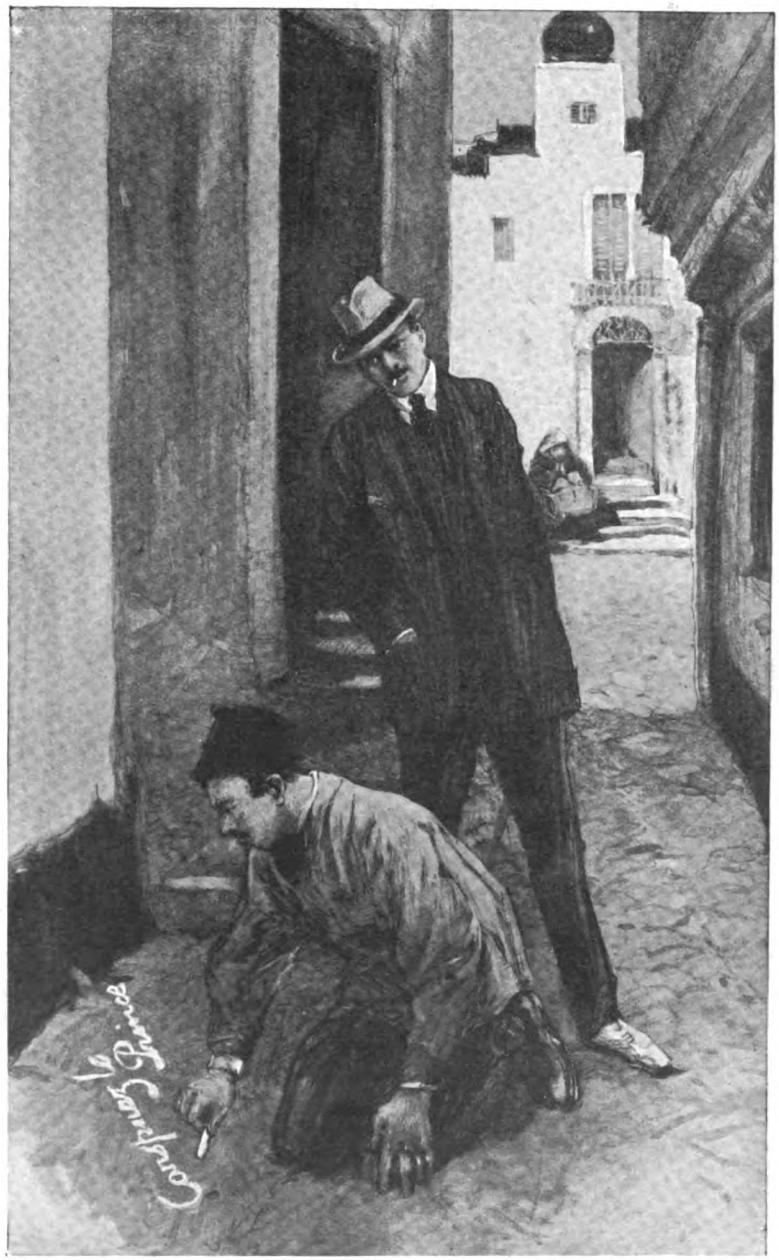
restlessness. Mervo had become a prison. But he must stay in it till the Casino business should be settled.

Presently there came a note from Mr. Scobell. It was brief. "Be sensible," it ran. John tore it up.

It was on the same evening that definite hostilities may be said to have begun.

Between the palace and the market-place there was a narrow street of flagged stone, which was busy during the early part of the day, but deserted after sundown. Along this street, at about seven o'clock, John was strolling with a cigarette, when he was aware of a man crouching, with his back towards him.

So absorbed was the man in something which he was writing on the stones that he did not hear John's approach, and the latter, coming up from behind, was enabled to see over his shoulder. In large letters of chalk he read the words, "*Conspuez le Prince.*"



"IN LARGE LETTERS OF CHALK HE READ THE WORDS, 'CONSPUEZ LE PRINCE.'"

John's knowledge of French was not profound, but he could understand this, and it annoyed him.

As he looked the man, squatting on his heels, bent forward.

John had been a footballer before he was a Prince. The temptation was too much for him. He drew back his foot.

There was a howl and a thud, and John resumed his stroll. The first gun had been fired.

Early next morning a window at the rear of the palace was broken by a stone, and towards noon one of the soldiers on guard in front of the Casino was narrowly missed by an anonymous orange. For Mervo this was practically equivalent to the attack on the Bastille, and John, when the report of

the atrocities was brought to him, became hopeful.

After breakfast on the following morning Mr. Crump paid a visit to the palace.

He was the bearer of another note from Mr. Scobell. This time John tore it up unread, and, turning to the secretary, invited him to sit down and make himself at home.

Sipping a whisky and soda and smoking one of John's cigars, Mr. Crump became confidential.

"This is a queer business," he said. "Old Ben is chewing pieces out of the furniture up there. He's pretty well fed up. He's losing money all the while the people are making up their minds about this thing, and it beats him why they're so slow."

"It beats me, too. I don't believe these hook-worm victims ever turned my father out. Or, if they did, somebody must have injected radium into them first. I'll give them another couple of days, and—— Halloa! What's this?"

He rose to his feet as the sound of agitated voices came from the other side of the door. The next moment it flew open, revealing General Poineau and an assorted group of footmen and other domestics.

General Poineau rushed forward into the room, and flung his arms above his head.

"Mon prince!" he moaned.

A perfect avalanche of French burst from the group outside the door.

"Crump!" cried John. "Stand by me, Crump! Look alive! This is where you come out strong. Never mind the chorus gentlemen in the passage. Concentrate yourself on old General Dingbat."

The General had begun to speak rapidly, with a wealth of gestures. It astonished John that Mr. Crump could follow the harangue as apparently he did.

Mr. Crump looked grave.

"He says there is a large mob in the market-place. They are talking of moving in force on the palace. The Palace Guards have gone over to the people. General Poineau urges you to disguise yourself and escape while there is time. You will be safe at his villa till the excitement subsides, when you can be smuggled over to France to-night."

"Not for me," said John, shaking his head. "It's very good of you, General, and I appreciate it, but I can't wait till night. The boat leaves for Marseilles in another hour. I catch that. I'll go up and pack my bag."

But as he left the room there came through the open window the mutter of a crowd. He stopped. General Poineau whipped out his sword and brought it to the salute. John patted him on the shoulder.

"You're a stout fellow, General," he said, "but we sha'n't want it. Come along, Crump, and help me address the multitude."

The window of the room looked out on to a square. There was a small balcony with a stone parapet. As John stepped out a howl of rage burst from the mob.

John walked on to the balcony and stood looking down on them, resting his arms on the parapet. The howl was repeated, and from somewhere at the back of the crowd came the sharp crack of a rifle, and a shot—the first and last of the campaign—clipped a strip of flannel from the collar of his coat.

John beckoned to Crump, who came on to the balcony with some reluctance, being mistrustful of the unseen sportsman.

"Tell 'em it's all right, Crump, and that there's no need for any fuss. From their manner I gather that I am no longer wanted on this throne. Ask them if that's right."

A small man, who appeared to be in command of the crowd, stepped forward as the secretary finished speaking and shouted some words which drew a murmur of approval from his followers.

"He wants to know," interrupted Mr. Crump, "if you will allow the Casino to open again."

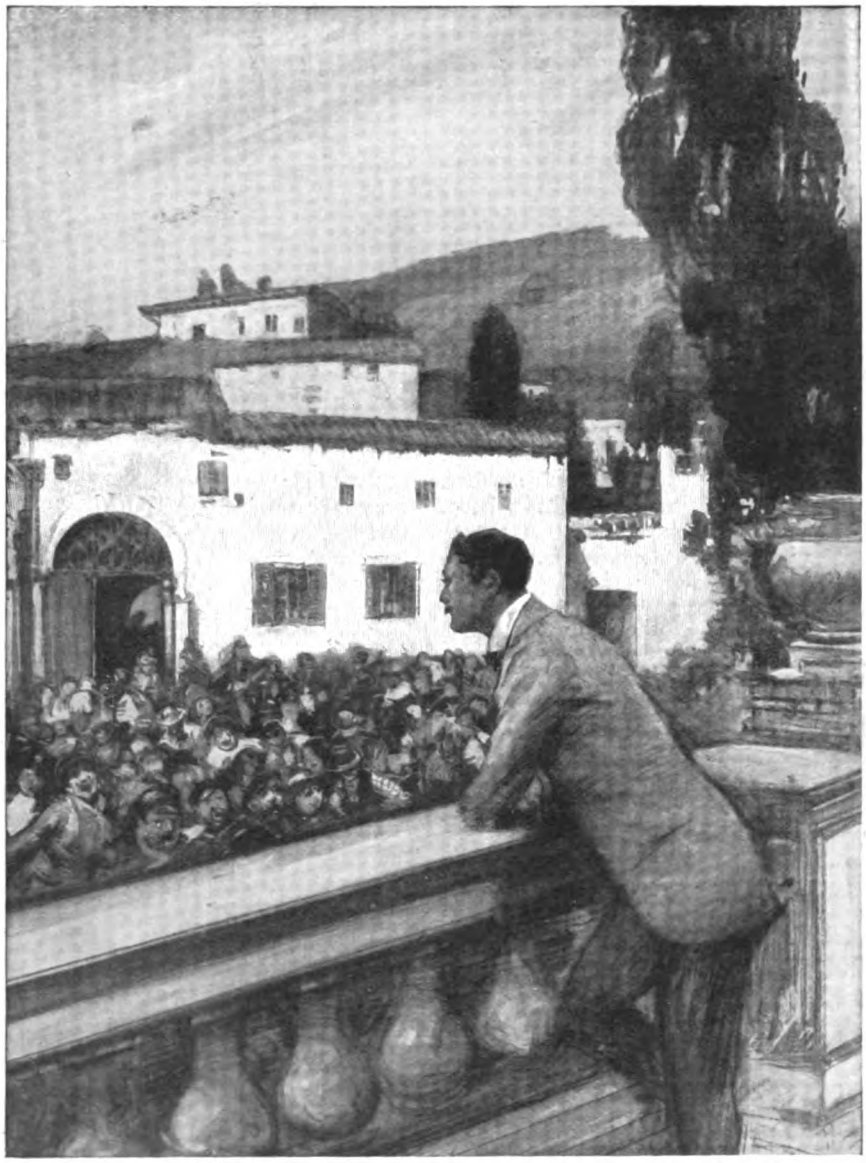
"Tell him no, but add that I shall be delighted to abdicate, if that's what they want. Bustle them, old man. Tell them to make up their minds quick, because I want to catch that boat."

There was a moment's surprised silence when Mr. Crump had spoken. The Mervian mind was unused to being hustled in this way. Then a voice shouted, as it were tentatively, "Vive la République!" and at once the cry was taken up on all sides.

John beamed down on them.

"That's right," he said. "Fine! But I shall be missing the boat. Will you tell them, Crump, that any citizen who cares for a drink and a cigar will find it in the palace? Tell the household staff to stand by to pull corks. It's dry work revolutionizing. And now I really must be going. Give one of those fellows down there half a crown and send him to fetch a cab. I must rush."

Five minutes later the revolutionists, obviously embarrassed and ill at ease, were sheepishly gulping down their refreshment beneath the stony eye of the major-domo and his assistants, while upstairs in the state bedroom the deposed Prince was packing the Royal pyjamas into his suit-case.



"AS JOHN STEPPED OUT A HOWL OF RAGE BURST FROM THE MOB."

CHAPTER XII.

JOHN RETURNS TO NORWORTH.

In moments of emotion man has an unfortunate tendency to forget the conventionalities, especially if he be a man of John's temperament. John's mind, when he left Norworth Court, had been so full of the idea that he must go back to Mervo and abolish the gaming tables there that there had been no room in it for the realization of what was due to his host and hostess. And he had nearly completed his return journey before he began to consider his position. When he did so it was borne in upon him with some vividness that he had fallen a little short in the performance of those courtesies which etiquette demands of the departing guest.

He regretted his absent-mindedness. By the time he reached London he perceived quite clearly that, unless Mr. and Mrs. Morrison happened to be of an angelically forgiving disposition, Norworth Court was barred to him, and his chances of again meeting Betty remote.

Della seemed to him his one hope. Her friendship would probably have remained intact even under the trying conditions. He determined to take up a position at the village inn and see her before attempting anything else.

Accordingly, having arrived at the village, he sent off a messenger to her with a note; and presently he saw her approaching briskly, her face one note of interrogation.

"I'll explain everything later," he said, in answer to her rush of inquiries. "First, how do I stand—with your father and mother, I mean?"

"You're in mighty bad with ma. Say, why did you want to rush off——"

"Della," interrupted John, "I've just got to get into that house. I've got to see Betty. I've something to tell her. I must see her. Della, be a pal, as you always have been. Smuggle me into the house and see that I have five minutes with Betty alone."

Della regarded him open-eyed.

"Are you in love with Betty, John Maude?"

"Of course I am."

"Well, I guess you know your own business," said Della, doubtfully. "But if I was a man in love with a girl, you wouldn't catch me going off and leaving her alone with Lord Arthur to prowl around and——"

"What do you mean?" cried John.

"Well, I may be wrong, but the way it looks to me is that you aren't the only rubber-plant in Brooklyn. I can't understand it, though. I don't see his lordship's game. He's out to marry for money, but—well, you ought to see him when Betty's around. He's Assiduous Willie all right."

"Della, can you get me into the house this afternoon?"

Della considered. "I guess I could," she said. "We're giving our first garden-party this afternoon. His lordship has gathered in a bunch of his special pals. If we make good with them, as far as I can figure it, the rest of the swells in these parts will O.K. us and come flocking in. Everybody will be out helping to whoop things up in the garden, and you can just slip in. You know my little room next to the drawing-room? Sneak in there, and when I see a chance I'll ask Betty to fetch something from the drawing-room. Then you can go in and talk to her. And all I say is, if you butt into trouble, keep me out of it."

Under other conditions there might have been romance in John's stealthy entry into Norworth Court that afternoon. He found himself in Della's sitting-room, hot, uncomfortable, and with much the same emotions as he would have felt if he had managed to elude the conductor on a tramcar and escape paying his fare. Nothing could make such a situation romantic.

The room he was in was on the second floor. The window looked out on to the lake, and through it, as John stood there, came the sounds of aristocratic revels on the terrace below. Peeping cautiously round the curtain, he had a view of the select company which Lord Arthur Hayling had gathered together to mingle with the invaders. Tea was in progress. The terrace, dotted with summer frocks, presented a gay and animated appearance. So did Mrs. Morrison, seated in the centre of it; but John, watching her, doubted the genuineness of her gaiety. She was going through an ordeal such as she had never, he imagined, gone through before.

Official news from the front was brought, a few moments later, by Della. She looked cool and fresh in her light dress as she burst into the room, but her eyes were weary.

"I just came up to cry for a few minutes," she announced, simply, sinking into a chair.

After a while she looked up, smiling contentedly.

"I'm all right now. I feel as if I'd had a Turkish bath."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Just nerves. Why did we ever start this fool game? It's all right for Betty. She's used to mingling with this kind of bunch. Didn't I always tell you so? She's handling those duchesses and earls like an animal-tamer. Gee, I admire that kid!"

"And, talking of Betty——" suggested John.

"All right, I've not forgotten. I just looked in on my way to the drawing-room to leave my handkerchief on the piano. In about five minutes, when I'm too busy to leave the tea-table, I'll ask Betty if she'd mind running up and——"

"Della, you're a jewel. Isn't there anything I can do for you?"

"Sure. If I freeze to death out there, tell Tom I died thinking of him. Good-bye."

John resumed his watch from behind the curtain. He saw Della go out on the terrace and return to the tea-table. And then, for the first time, he distinguished Betty in the crowd below. She was talking to a woman in mauve. Close at hand hovered Lord Arthur Hayling.

John could follow all that went on, though

no word reached him. Della, busy at the tea-table, spoke to Betty, who looked up at the drawing-room window and began to move towards the house.

She had reached the front door when Lord Arthur, detaching himself from the throng, moved off in the same direction. It might be that his lordship was going about some private business of his own, but in John's mind there was no doubt that he was following Betty.

Voices became audible on the stairs, and the two passed the door behind which John stood and went on into the drawing-room. John opened the door cautiously and listened.

The drawing-room door was ajar, and in the silence of the house his lordship's voice was plainly audible, apparently delivering a monologue. A single word gave John the clue, and then all that had been mysterious grew clear. In that cool drawing-room, not twelve feet from where he stood, his lordship was offering Betty his hand and title.

He clung to the door-handle. In the drawing-room the monologue proceeded on its rhythmical way.

In moments of emotion, it has been pointed out, John had a certain bias towards the impetuous. He was a little apt to treat any situation that had in it the elements of delicacy and embarrassment as if it were the enemy's line in a football match.

Getting swiftly off the mark, he covered the distance to the drawing-room in three rapid bounds, and burst in.

When John, full of admirable resolutions, had set out under cover of the night to put an end to gambling in Mervo, his abrupt departure had not only offended his hostess, but had been entirely misinterpreted by Betty. She had regarded it as a sign on his part that, if there had ever been any struggle in his mind between wealth and self-respect, he had decided it in favour of the former.

The silent devotion of Lord Arthur Hayling, at first a trial, became gradually, as the days went by, something of a consolation. She was lonely to her very soul, and he was a friend. He was sympathetic. He could talk well. He had seen much of the world, and conveyed the idea of having read widely. Talking with him, she could check the pain that was always with her.

Sometimes a sudden and vivid memory of John would sweep over her mind, and she would see clearly the impossibility of what she contemplated; but the thought would return, and she would weaken once more.

It was in one of these moods of weakness that Lord Arthur had found her as she was setting out in quest of Della's handkerchief. His lordship's practised eye perceived it, and he knew that the moment was ripe for which he had been preparing, when he should put into words what till now had been mere hints.

He felt no trepidation. Words of the kind he intended to speak were his specialty. He was no raw novice at proposing marriage. He did it often, and he did it well.

He embarked gracefully on his declaration. Words proceeded from him in an easy, musical flow.

And then, at the very climax of his speech, the door flew open, revealing John. Lord Arthur stared at the intruder dumbly.

Betty rose to her feet, white and startled.

"Betty!" said John.

He stopped, and in the pause his lordship found speech.

"What—what the devil——? What the devil are you doing here?"

"I want to speak to you, Betty," said John. His lordship did not move. His immobility maddened John.

"Get out," he said, tersely.

Still his lordship made no movement. And John gave way to that impetuosity to which he was such a victim. He sprang forward and picked his lordship up in his arms.

The window of the drawing-room, like most of the windows at Norworth Court, was broad and massive and set well back in the thick wall, leaving outside a ledge some two feet in width. At present it was open, to allow the evening breeze to cool the room. The sight inspired John. He moved towards it.

Betty uttered a little cry of horror. For a moment the thing had taken on the aspect of tragedy.

John's designs, however, were not homicidal. Holding his lordship, now in a sitting position on the ledge, he reached up a hand, and began to draw down the heavy sash.

"I shouldn't struggle," he advised. "You won't fall. At least, you'll have to get out of your coat to do it," he added.

And, pulling the tails of his lordship's coat into the room, he wedged the sash down tightly upon them.

From outside the window, curiously muffled, came the voice of his lordship, raising itself in a general appeal for help.

John crossed to the door and locked it. Then he turned to Betty. She did not move as he approached her.

"They'll be coming in a moment," he said, "so I must talk quick. Betty, I've come back to explain. All those things you said to me that night were true. But there was one thing you thought of me then, though you didn't say it, which wasn't true. I may have been a steerer for a gambling-hell, but I wasn't *that!*"

He stopped.

"I had no suspicion," he went on. "Perhaps I ought to have seen, but I didn't. It never occurred to me. When I followed you from Mervo I hadn't a notion what was wrong. Then you told me, and I saw. I had never thought of my position in that way before. But I knew you were right, and I knew I couldn't see you again till I had squared myself. I went straight back to Mervo, and there I saw your stepfather, and he told me—what he had told you. . . . And then I shut down the Casino."

Betty looked at him without speaking. Her heart was beating quickly. As yet she did not fully comprehend.

"I abolished the gaming tables," he went on. Then she understood, and she trembled with the sudden rush of happiness that filled her.

She made an impulsive movement towards him. She was conscious of a passionate longing to feel his arms round her.

She could not speak, but there was no need for words. She saw his face light up. And then he had gathered her into his arms and was holding her there, clutching her to him fiercely. Her own about his neck tightened convulsively, forcing his head down until his face rested against hers.

"AND THEN HE GATHERED HER INTO HIS ARMS."

She raised a small, cool hand to his face and gently stroked his cheek. She performed it almost unconsciously, this half-formal gesture with which woman, from the days of Eve, has taken possession of the man she loves.

"I want you," she said.

She pressed more closely against his arms. They were strong arms, restful to lean against at the journey's end.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST STRAW.

MEANWHILE the sudden appearance of

Lord Arthur Hayling on a second-storey window-sill had had a marked effect on the dignified revellers on the terrace. His frantic demands for help disposed of the idea that he had assumed the position for his own amusement, and the phenomenon occasioned, in consequence, considerable mystification.

But Mrs. Morrison's guests quickly recovered their poise. The well-bred Briton has two methods of coping with the unusual, and if one fails the other is always successful. His first step, when faced with any situation that promises to be embarrassing, is to ignore it. If it will not be ignored, he simply goes away.

The guests at the garden-party adopted the latter method. The air became full of polite farewells.

The advance-guard of the rescue party, which had arrived almost immediately after his lordship had been sighted, consisted of Della, Mr. Briggs, the butler, and Henry, one of the footmen.

At first Della had had that leaden sense of irretrievable disaster which oppresses the soul when matters have passed out of our hands and are running amok.

She did not blame John. In the same circumstances she would have wished her Tom to behave in the same way. But that did not alter the fact that he had completely spoiled the party. The polite self-effacement of the guests was merely temporary. When they had gone they would discuss the matter. It would be talked about at fifty dinner-tables. The story would permeate the county like an epidemic. And that the victim should have been Lord Arthur Hayling was the final tragedy.

Mr. Briggs, the butler, was hammering experimentally on one panel of the door.

There came the sound of the key turning in the lock. The door opened, and John appeared.

"John Maude," cried Della, "what, in the name of goodness, have you been doing? What's his lordship—— ?"

"By George! I'd completely forgotten him! Della," he said, ruefully, "I'm awfully sorry this should have happened."

"You aren't the only one! Aren't you going to pull him in?"

"I suppose I'd better."

John turned to the window.

There are moments in life too poignant for speech. Such a moment occurred when John, raising the sash, pulled Lord Arthur off his perch and deposited him on the drawing-room carpet. It was a situation to which no words could have done justice, and his lordship did not attempt any. Under considerable disadvantages, for his face was red and his clothes soiled, he maintained an impressive dignity. Ignoring John, who had begun in friendly fashion to dust him down, he stood, stiffly erect, pulling his moustache.

It was one of those situations to which it seems at first sight impossible to add any further touch of embarrassment. This, however, Della contrived to do.

His lordship had not observed her presence for a moment, but now, catching sight of her, he turned sharply, and prepared to speak. Such, however, was the overwrought state of his mind that he hesitated, marshalling his thoughts, for an instant. And it was in that instant that Della did the unforgivable thing. She laughed!

Lord Arthur started; and then, with a stiff bow, he walked abruptly out of the room.

"Oh, Della!" said Betty.

Della leaned against the piano, giggling helplessly.

"I didn't mean to! I couldn't help it! Honest, I didn't mean to!"

She dried her eyes.

"I guess that's put the lid on it," she said. "It's too bad of me! Making that kind of a break! Oh, well!"

Further sounds of movement came from the passage outside. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison entered. There was a strained look on the latter's face. She sank down in a chair and covered her eyes with her hands.

Della crossed quickly to her side and put an arm affectionately round her.

"We met his lordship on the stairs," explained Mr. Morrison, briefly. "He's madder than a hornet. He's beaten it. Never coming back."

Della gave her mother a remorseful hug. Mrs. Morrison was sobbing quietly. She put out a hand and patted Della's arm.

"Yes, honey. I know it's hard on you. I know how disappointed you'll be. I'd go on if I could, but I can't. I've tried and tried not to hate it, but I can't help it. It's killing me. I can't stand it. I knew I couldn't the moment the folks began to arrive for this party, and when I saw Lord Arthur s-sitting on the w-w-window——"

Della sprang to her feet.

"Ma! Do you mean to say you want to quit—to go back to America?"

Mrs. Morrison nodded miserably.

"I know it's a disappointment for you, honey, but——"

She broke off. Della had flung herself upon her and was hugging her rapturously.

"You dear! You darling!" she cried.

Mr. Morrison had begun to execute a species of dance. He revolved slowly, snapping his fingers and uttering weird cries. And Betty and John, skirting round him, passed unnoticed from the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

ON the following day John wrote to Mr. Scobell, informing him of his engagement to Betty. It was a curt letter, and contained no suggestion that the writer regarded the financier's approval or disapproval as in any way affecting the matter in hand.

An era of the deepest peace had now set in at Norworth Court. Lord Arthur was in London at his club. The servants had left in a body, as requested on the day after the garden-party, and the little band of survivors were living, with vast content, a picnic life, supporting themselves, when they did not go to the village inn, on meals cooked by Mrs. Morrison.

It was a peaceful, happy time. With the departure of the guests the depressing spell of the Court seemed to have vanished.

Mrs. Morrison, relieved of the burden of her social duties, had become a different woman. And Della was radiant. She had broken the facts in the case of Tom to her parents during the first moments of the revolution, and Mr. Morrison, having pointed out the various ways in which the American young man was superior to every other known variety of young man, had given his approval without a murmur of dissent.

John and Betty spent the days wandering about the grounds or exploring the little lake in the punt, for which another pole had been provided in place of that which had broken.

Betty, happy though she was in the present, was inclined to touch on the future more frequently than John liked. His views were unvaryingly optimistic.

"Leave it to me," he said. "I've got about thirty pounds. What more do we want? Rockefeller and all those fellows started with about twopence. We'll go to America with the Morrisons. I'll get a job of some sort, if it's blacking boots."

But Fate had arranged a different destiny for him. Towards the end of the week he was strolling back along the main street of the village, whither he had been to buy tobacco, when from a window on the ground floor of the inn a voice spoke.

"Hey!" said the voice of Mr. Scobell.

John had wondered sometimes what Mr. Scobell's move would be on receipt of his letter. He had been a little surprised at not hearing from him. That he would come to Norworth he had not anticipated.

"Come along in, Prince," said Mr. Scobell, smiling amiably. "I want to have a talk with you."

John found the financier seated amidst the remains of a late breakfast, smiling benignly and plainly resolved to let bygones be bygones.

"First," he began, "about you and Betty. Go right ahead. I've no objection."

"That's very good of you," said John. "I thought that, after what had happened——"

"Oh, pshaw!" interrupted the other. "That's all a thing of the past. There's no hard feelings about that. Why, Prince, do you know that fool game of yours, stopping the tables and all that, was the best thing that could possibly have happened? If we'd tried for a million years we couldn't have thought of a better advertisement. The tables are booming. Why, if it goes on like this, we shall have to hang out the Standing Room Only signs."

John laughed.

"Well, if the world's so full of fools," he said, "I don't see why you shouldn't have your share of them. So long as I'm not mixed up in it, you can do all the business you please."

Mr. Scobell regarded him curiously.

"Prince," he said, leaning forward, "you've got no fixed ideas about what you're going to do from now on, have you?"

"I've thought of one or two things. Blacking boots was the last. But I've settled nothing."

"Good! Then this is where we talk business. Did you ever hear the story of the fellows who were making a bet and the fellow who offered to hold the money, and then they wanted to know who was going to hold *him?*"

"When I was a baby I kicked my nurse for telling me that story."

"Well, it's that way with me. You know I've got a heap of interests over in America? Well, I've got a heap of fellows watching those interests for me. What I want now is someone to watch those fellows. See what I mean? I want someone honest, someone I can trust. He needn't be a financial genius; all he wants to be is honest, and I'm going to offer the job to you. And I'll pay you well."

"What?" said John. "You're going to do that?"

He drew in his breath slowly.

"This sounds pretty good to me," he added.

"It's yours if you'll take it."

John leaned across the table and extended his hand.

"I will," he said. "And thanks for saving my life. I never did think much of that boot-black scheme."

He sat back and looked at Mr. Scobell.

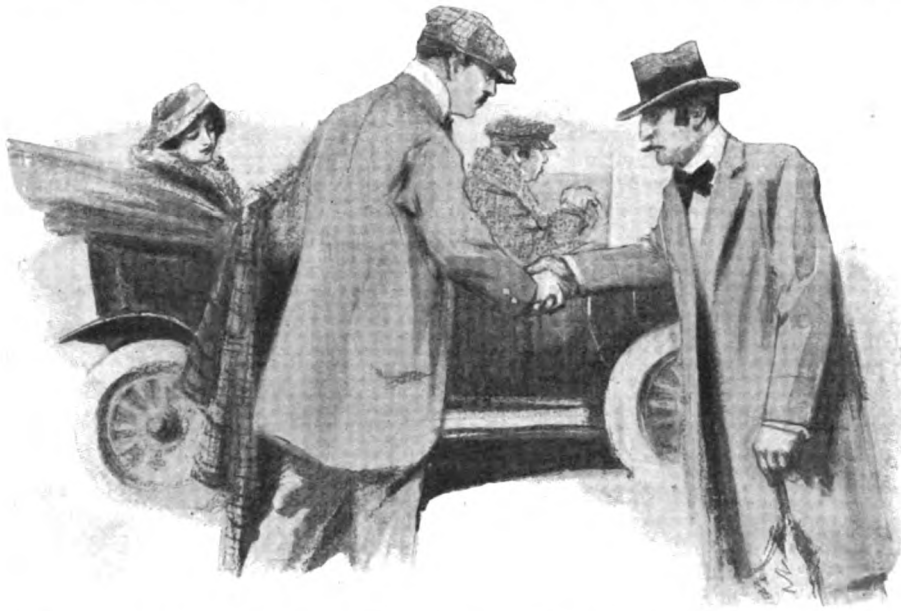
exhibited the only trace of sentiment with which history credits him.

Betty was already in the car, and John, buttoning his motor-coat, was about to follow her, when the financier drew him aside.

"Hi!" he said. "Jest a moment, Prince."

John bent an attentive ear.

"Prince," said Mr. Scobell, puffing earnestly at his cigar and keeping his eyes



"HE LOOKED FIXEDLY AT THE FINANCIER. HIS FACE WORE A SOMEWHAT DAZED EXPRESSION."

"What you've done with your wings and harp, I can't think," he said, meditatively. "It's a wonderful disguise."

John and Betty were married quietly—or as quietly as the village organist, a lusty performer, would permit—two weeks later at Norworth Church. The bride was given away by Mr. Scobell, who, with a delicacy of feeling of which few who knew him would have deemed him capable, refrained from smoking during the ceremony. The wedding breakfast was held at the Court, after which the newly-married pair set off in a motor-car, the gift of the bride's stepfather, for their honeymoon tour.

It was while the chauffeur was cranking up the machine that Mr. Benjamin Scobell fixed on the distant hills. "I've got something I want you to do for me."

"Yes?" said John. "What's that?"

Mr. Scobell continued to inspect the distant hills.

"I wish you'd name him Benjamin," he said, softly.

"*Him?*" said John, puzzled. "Who? . . . Great Scot!"

He looked fixedly at the financier. His face wore a somewhat dazed expression.

"The papers call you Hustler Scobell, don't they?" he said, at last.

Mr. Scobell blushed with pleasure.

"Why, yes. That's so. They do."

John nodded thoughtfully.

"I don't wonder," he said. "I don't wonder. Good-bye."

THE END.

If Britain Disarmed

What Would the Nation Gain and Lose?

Illustrated by George Morrow.

[The following remarkable article contains the opposing views of a number of eminent journalists and others who have devoted time to a subject of paramount importance to every citizen. Is the disarmament of the British Army and Navy for home purposes, even if practicable, desirable? Would permanent peace be purchased at too dear a price in the loss to national character and to art and literature? That is the question.]

IN the good old days, when warfare, even organized warfare, was simply an affair of generalship, and the commissariat usually looked after itself as it went along, a man had only to shoulder his arquebus or his pike and be off to the wars. As long as fighting lasted the man's family were deprived of his services as a wage-earner; when peace came all was on its old footing; the soldiers went back to work and all expenses ceased for King and people.

We are a long way off, in this twentieth century, from the good old days. Peace, once the cheapest of commodities, has now grown into a most expensive one. We have now had ten years of it, and it has cost John Bull more than seven hundred million pounds sterling! Think of what ten years of peace would have meant even in Queen Anne's day — what it actually did mean in the reign of George I. —what economy, what retrenchment!—when the small standing army was set to road-making and bridge-building, and virtually nothing was spent on armaments. As to the cost of a peace establishment to Europe to-day, the figures are positively staggering.

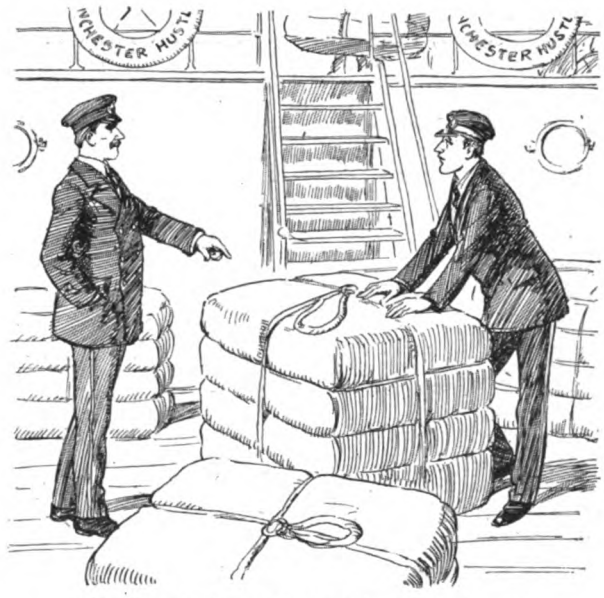
One year of disarmament could mean one million free allotments of garden ground of two acres apiece at £25 an acre, with £20,000,000 for tools, seeds, etc. That would abolish starvation at once.

Nowadays, on some quiet, secluded country road you may see a squad of uniformed men, mounted, in charge of a file of gun-carriages. On these carriages you may distinguish powerful engines of destruction—cannons, mortars, and howitzers. Such weapons would have struck terror to the hearts of our own fathers—to-day amongst the initiated they excite only a smile. For though they cost a great deal of money and are as good as they ever were, military science has decreed that they are obsolete and therefore useless. They are bound for the scrap-heap, to be sold as old junk, or to fulfil some peaceful purpose at home.

Or it may be that in some pleasant harbour a cruiser or destroyer is seen, still young, still powerful, but now superannuated, dismissed from the Navy, and regarded by even the most callow subaltern with contempt. Tens of thousands of pounds went to its building, but now as an active asset it has all but been wiped off the Admiralty lists of our fighting force.

Seventy millions a year! Seven hundred millions in a single decade! That seems an enormous sum of money to throw away on the off-chance of some other country wishing to fight us. But is it an off-chance? Everybody

knows that the possibility of war is by no means so remote as the peace party would occasionally have us believe; and, considering the great wealth of Britain at stake, even so large a sum as seventy millions is not too large a price to pay, not to ensure peace—that is impossible—but to ensure that we should meet our antagonists on more or less even terms. We might not prevent his bombarding London and sacking the Bank of England and the Royal Palaces, but at least the way would not be made as smooth for him as was that of the Dutch fleet in 1666, or the German army through France in 1870. No; the only way it could be saved would be by inducing other nations to stop spending. If, by virtue of some brilliant stroke of statesmanship, each of the six great Powers could be induced to agree to a suspension of naval and military preparations for a period of ten years, merely maintaining the ships now afloat, disbanding every regiment not actually necessary in maintaining order, then, and not till then, would the present terrific burden of armaments disappear from the shoulders of John Bull.



"Dreadnoughts" might be turned into merchantmen.

"I believe," writes Lord Weardale, "that such a consummation is not only possible, but imminent. The men and the women of Europe are growing heartily sick of the sacrifice, and disbandment and disarmament may come sooner than many of us imagine."

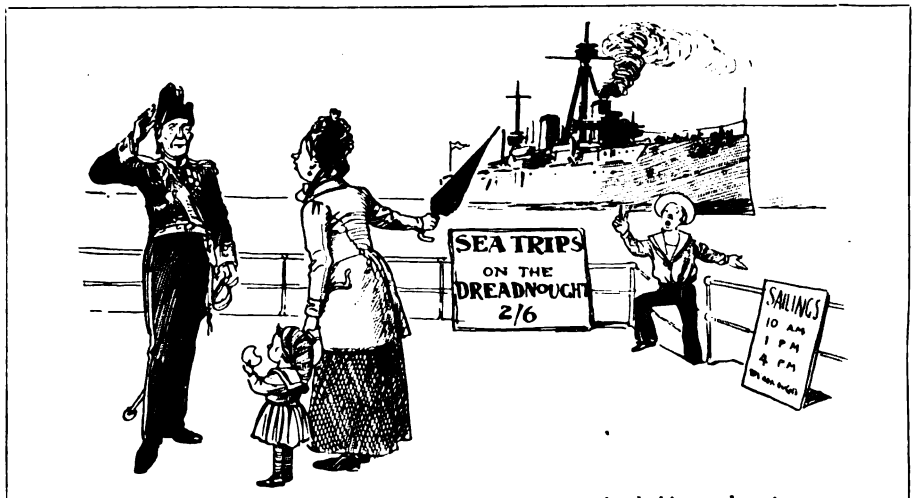
But is it thrown away—this huge portion of the nation's pecuniary resources? Is war an unmitigated evil? Is the maintenance of gigantic armaments without a corresponding advantage to the community? Able historians have alleged, indeed, that war is as necessary to a high type of civilization as religion or literature, that it exerts an ennobling and stimulating influence upon society, that it fosters chivalry, and is an outlet for the spirit of adventure.

Everybody knows that there are a number of keen observers, chiefly literary men and journalists, who are especially interested in this question of peace and disarmament. One of them has lauded war in heroic verse as the noblest of human institutions, the fountain of all the blessings of society. Another declares that it is an unmitigated curse, and that the heroism and manliness of the race, as well as art and literature, would get on just as well without it. The consequence is that, hearing these profoundly differing views daily expressed in this quarter and that, the bulk of the nation becomes sadly puzzled with regard to the merits of the question. It occurred to us, therefore, to ask ten or a dozen of these gentlemen who have taken the most lively interest in this most important matter to tell us briefly what advantages or disadvantages they expected would flow from universal peace and disarmament.

But before we give their views it is well to emphasize certain benefits which would acrue, and certain profound social changes which would happen, to the nation from a general disarmament, and we have entrusted this part of the task to Mr. George Morrow, whose pictures are at once diagrammatic and epigrammatic. The inscriptions beneath the illustrations speak for themselves.

For, supposing it came—this era of peace, of universal disarmament and disbandment. It is well to look at both sides of the question. Abolish the Army and Navy, and you would throw at least a hundred and seventy thousand soldiers and a hundred and thirty thousand sailors out of employment; that is to say, if you let the Army in India alone, its cost to be borne by the Indian taxpayer. But you

would throw a far greater number of men loose upon society than that. You would have to add another fifty thousand workmen—shipbuilders, tailors, artisans of every description, who flourish along with the King's forces. In other words, you would have not less than three hundred and fifty thousand men to provide employment for, with a minimum pay-roll of, say, twenty-five million pounds. Naturally the State would be bound to employ this vast force, and the question is, how would the nation benefit by having all these men and all this money placed at its disposal? For this is not a fanciful idea, like that of a man who gives up cigar-smoking and, as a result of his economy, has more to spend on whisky or other pleasure. Here is an actual material waste, a destructive factor suddenly converted into a constructive one. For, however much we save out of the seventy million pounds, it is clear that twenty-five millions must be spent—for the present, at least—on the personnel of the ex-Army and the ex-Navy.



Sea-trips on the "Dreadnought"—Another use for our battleships and cruisers.

For instance, we could with seventy million pounds build seventy "garden cities," or model towns, each containing a thousand houses each of the average value of a thousand pounds. We could build five thousand cottage hospitals at ten thousand pounds apiece, and give them each four thousand pounds for a start. We could build two thousand polytechnic institutions at twenty-five thousand pounds each and equip them with a staff. Or we could turn two hundred thousand men on to the Scottish moors and plant a million acres with trees, which would be of incalculable value in the future. Or we could make a million free allotments of garden ground of two acres apiece, and have enough left over to purchase fertilizers, tools, and seed.

There are few men who have taken a more vivid part in the modern movement for peace than Mr. Norman Angell, the author of "The Great Illusion." Mr. Angell writes to deprecate any idea on his part of a universal peace and general military disarmament propaganda:—

About one-third of the world's surface is still occupied by semi-civilized peoples, among whom police work must probably for many years take the form of military force. The phrase "Universal Peace" suggests the cessation of competition, elections, strikes, political differences, Suffragette raids, Home Rule oratory, and many other things that nobody outside a lunatic asylum ever expects to see cease.

But all this has nothing whatever to do with what the European Pacifist movement aims at: the cessation of the futile military rivalry of the great civilized European States. What have vague problems of "Universal Peace" to do with the very practical, insistent fact that England and Germany are in danger of going to war over nothing at all? That if they went to war it would be a disaster to both; that the war would settle nothing, whichever won; and that the whole conflict is a ridiculous and artificial one due to the survival of obsolete ideas concerning what one civilized nation can accomplish by the domination of another? What has this outrageously ridiculous matter of the "inevitable" conflict with Germany to do with problems like the maintenance of order in India or Asia? We do not need to maintain order in Germany, and Germany does not need to maintain order in England. To put the two problems on the same plane is to be guilty of the muddle-headed generalizations which we usually associate with savages or children.

We shall avoid these senseless conflicts in Europe

and the absurd burden to which they give rise when European opinion understands a little more what it is all about; when it is capable of avoiding just the sort of confusion at which I have hinted. And that is the work which some of us in the three principal countries of Europe—England, Germany, and France—are trying to bring about, a political reformation which will do for the problem of useless armaments what the religious and intellectual reform of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did for the problem of religious oppression.

As to whether the total abolition of the Navy and Army would be favourable to literature, the arts, and culture generally, or the reverse, their total abolition, as I have explained, does not come into any problem which need concern us. That their very considerable reduction—say to about one-tenth of their present scale—would adversely affect general culture I do not suppose any man in his senses would urge for an instant. I am aware that there is a type of militarist who urges that a society without war would be a rotten one. But this same militarist will tell you that the object of these huge armaments is to *prevent* war. Is he dishonest when he urges that the object of his huge Army and Navy is to preserve peace? (a thing which, according to him, is the worst thing that can happen to society!) Or is he merely addle-pated? The argument that society without war will be a worse society will be worth considering when those who oppose our views are honest enough to declare that their real object in raising these enormous armies and navies is *not* to preserve peace, but, if possible, to bring about war. Until then we must assume that they are honest; and when they tell us that their object is the maintenance of peace we must assume that they have opted for peace whatever its disadvantages may be, and, with us, are prepared to accept those disadvantages.

Personally I do not believe that a warlike society is superior to a peaceful one. Venezuela is never six months without a war; Canada has not had one for one hundred years. I do not believe Venezuela is superior to Canada, or that a highly militarized nation like Turkey is superior to an industrial one like England or Germany, the latter country, by the way, being the only considerable country in the world which has had no war for forty years.

Mr. A. H. Burgoyne, M.P., the prominent naval authority, scouts the idea of the possibility of disarmament or its desirability:—

Until national competition in commerce, manhood, or, at any rate, universal expansion, comes to an end,

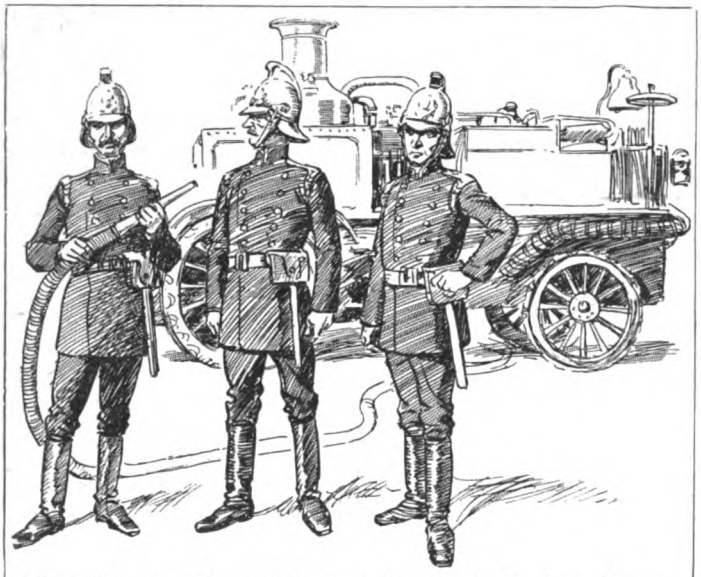
A well-known general might become a railway official.

or has been placed beyond all question within bounds acceptable to every nation, the suggestion that all weapons of conflict, whether for use on sea or on land, can be done away with is obviously *pour rire*. Need I say that this remark in no wise militates against the arguments to be brought up in favour of the abolition of war, if such be possible? This is naturally desired by all of us, since it would be preventing for ever that which none like—an infinity of human suffering. In the circumstances of to-day, however, where nations present an unequal civilization, and the thoughts and national characteristics of each severally differ almost as much as does frost from summer heat, the Navy and the Army, rather than being the means of provoking warfare, are, if kept at their proper standard with a view to maintaining the balance of world-power, the greatest preventives of conflict.

To us the Navy is our national insurance. I go farther, and I say that a study of the arts of war through history teaches us that where a nation has allowed itself to lose the knowledge of militarism and to devote itself to that which you include under the general term "culture," it has promptly become a prey to the stronger Powers, which have taken advantage of its declining strength to add to their own possessions.

Before the problem can effectually be presented, however, I should like this question to be answered: Is it within the bounds of human possibility to fix a certain date in a certain year upon which every ship of war could simultaneously be destroyed and sunk and every weapon of terrestrial conflict at that identical moment cast on the scrap-heap? Obviously, to leave any Power still in the possession of a fleet and army, or even of a single naval unit of battle value,

would reduce the problem to a farce. Your questions might with advantage, for instance, be put (1) to the Japanese, (2) to the Germans, (3) to the Tibetans. It is not for me to prophesy the answer to these three cases, but my memory still recalls races I have met in the Southern Seas who would refuse, except at the cost of a battle—which it is intended should cease!—to throw down those clubs and spears which have proved such doughty weapons in generations past, and to which the walking-stick or book of verse of the "cultured" man would prove but feeble answers.



Fire might almost be effectively stamped out in the kingdom. Twenty thousand squads of fire brigadiers stationed throughout the kingdom, of ten men each squad, would cost only £10,000,000. If fully equipped with stations and appliances of the latest and the most expensive pattern, the total cost would be under £70,000,000.

To Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, as indeed to many artists and literary men, the idea of disarmament is repugnant:—

I do not for a moment believe in the practical possibilities of disarmament or its problematic advantages. So long as human nature remains what it is to-day—and during the last two thousand years it has changed remarkably little—so long will force be the natural, wholesome, and inevitable solution of international difficulties. The nation which ceases to breed warriors and sailors will be a nation without vital impulses. The fighting impulse proper is entirely healthy. Any attempt to crush it by unnatural legislation is, in my opinion, foredoomed to failure. I must confess that, putting aside sentimental prejudices and looking at this matter from the broad, humanitarian point of view, I find nothing terrible in war. It is one of those scourges which visit the world and for which the world afterwards is purified and better. The history of warfare from the earliest ages has been the history of civilization itself. From each great campaign succeeding generations have reaped benefit. War has generated, developed, and kept alive many of the finest qualities possessed by the human race. War has been the subjective inspiration of art, simply because it has thrown on to the great canvas of life living examples of chivalry, heroism, patriotism, and endurance. War has been the wholesome and stimulating corrective to a stultifying and narrowing commercialism. The history of the world teaches us that whenever a nation has neglected the arts of war she has fallen from her place, not on account of the rapine and plundering of her neighbours, but because her own internal state has become slothful and vicious.

I am unhesitatingly against any movement in favour of disarmament, although I would rather hear more of the citizen soldier, trained from his school-days to look upon it as his duty to protect his country in case of need; and less of the military unit, embracing the profession of arms for so much a day and a pension.

It is a somewhat noteworthy coincidence—appreciated, without a doubt, by our Continental neighbours—that the chief supporters of this disarmament movement are the United States of America and Great Britain, countries pre-eminent commercially, and yet, alas! of all the countries in the world the most slothful and lethargic as regards their preparedness for war, and the least imbued to-day with the true military spirit.

Mr. Israel Zangwill laughs at the fears of his brother scribes:—

As it is impossible that the Army and Navy should be abolished, except very gradually, it is futile to contrast the new situation with that of the existing order of society; but the Navy will always remain, in the sense of a commercial Navy, and thus the hardihood that comes from the struggle with the sea would not be impaired. On land and in air the fight with Nature would still be maintained by miners and aviators. The saving in war taxes would improve the condition of all classes.

Mr. Harold Bindloss writes:—

Presuming a general disarmament of the civilized Powers, the result, on the whole, would appear likely to be beneficial. Militant nations often have developed a highly cultured society, but this was only when they had destroyed or crippled their rivals; their progress implied the retrogression of their enemies. A spirit of high adventure may be a valuable effort to materialistic commercialism, and warfare might provide it with an outlet. Military service possibly induces salutary discipline, encourages self-sacrifice, and welds the soldier units into an organic body with a high patriotic purpose. These benefits, however, might be secured by less costly means, and history shows that fighting strength is apt to degenerate into brutality, and that a nation's defenders have become its oppressors.

A very clever writer, Mr. Edwin Pugh,

who has given a good deal of thought to the matter, thus puts the situation before STRAND readers :—

Roughly the Navy and Army cost us about seventy millions a year. We should save that. But we should save much more than that, since we should be releasing from useless service more than a quarter of a million of men, all young, strong, and healthy. The labour of these men is at present wasted. And it is to be remembered that all wealth is created by labour. Therefore, by setting these men free and putting them to profitable toil we should be adding enormously to the wealth of the country. And it would be true wealth ; not great wealth for a fortunate few and abject poverty for the unfortunate many, as it is now, but wealth more evenly and equitably distributed among all classes.

It might be thought that, as labour became more plentiful, it would become proportionally cheaper. And so it would become cheaper if we had still a Navy and an Army to support out of the national resources. But, relieved of that burden, we should have increased our annual revenue by at least a hundred millions, and all this money could be devoted to domestic reform. Old Age Pensions might begin at sixty and be increased to ten shillings a week. National Insurance might cease to be contributory. The Workman's Compensation Act would tend to become more stringent. Thus the average margin of profits would be reduced, and, the independence of the men being strengthened by drastic legislation in their behalf, they, and not the masters, would hold the advantage in any strike or lockout. The way would be clear for the nationalization of all means of production, distribution, and exchange, and private capital, with private monopoly, would disappear. All things would be held by the State in trust and for the use and advantage of all the people in common.

Then, having also rid ourselves of the burden of our colonies and India and Egypt, we should be no longer diplomatic careers would be open to them or their sons.

Then, emigration being checked, land would be in such urgent demand that the State would be forced by public opinion to take it over from the great landlords and throw it open to cultivation. So we should get nationalization of the land, and inevitably nationalization of the railways, mines, canals, docks, etc.

But would that be good for literature and the arts and culture generally ? It would certainly be good, in a sense, for literary men and artists. They would take the place of soldiers and sailors and politicians as our national heroes. They would be the idols, not only of society, but of the whole populace. They would everywhere be courted and honoured. They might, some of them, become as rich as the new conditions would permit any individual to become. And inevitably, since they were the most admired of all men, all men would strive to be like them. Thus, I imagine, we should get a very high standard of general culture indeed.

Still, I am doubtful if, in the long run, that would be good for literature and the arts. "Men learn in suffering what they sing in song." The finest poets, the most inspired painters and musicians, the mightiest philosophers and teachers and scientists, have all been born or have lived in strenuous, troublous times. It is not from among the nations that have attained to a high, dead level of refinement, but from among those that struggle in gloom and pain, in wrath and tears, in poverty and defeat, that genius springs. Peace and prosperity, security and ease, foster and encourage mediocrity, so that its delicate talent shines forth with a rosy faint glow of artificial radiance ; but greatness is born of the storm and the tempest, of travail and thunder ; it is as the lightning in the darkness.

Mr. St. John Adcock writes :—

No doubt art and literature owe a great deal to war, as they owe a great deal to poverty, crime, sorrow,

What would become of the Guards ?

vexed by those intricate international complications whose perpetual recurrence has brought into being the great usurers of the world. It would not be so easy for great financiers to juggle with the world's markets and bleed this country white by levying a toll of interest and profit on the values created by labour.

Moreover, Jingoism being dead, our aristocracy and plutocracy would be deprived of the last excuse for their existence as drones in the hive of industry by the circumstance that no naval or military or and all manner of sin and injustice. But who will say we should encourage the continuance of pain, privation, and villainy in the interests of art and literature ? You might as well advocate the preservation of dunghills because you are able to grow flowers on them. Art and literature could get along very well without the services of the recruiting sergeant.

A famous painter, Mr. Arthur Hacker, R.A., writes to say that he thinks—

The total abolition of armaments is unimaginable. If man ceased to be a fighting creature he would cease to be virile, and could produce neither art, literature, nor anything else.

Similarly, another Associate of the Royal Academy, Mr. Reginald Blomfield, A.R.A., writes :—

My impression is that if the Army and Navy were abolished the opportunities for the practice of the arts in this country would be exceedingly small.

Mr. W. J. Locke does not mince matters. He goes farther than the others. He writes :—

Until every human being, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the howling savage in Central Africa, is certified as a wingless angel, the total abolition of the Navy and Army would result in the total abolition of society.

Although a professional humorist, even Mr. F. Anstey, of *Punch*, seriously takes alarm :—

It is just within the limits of possibility that an extremely Socialist and peace-loving Government might decide to disband the Army and dispose of the Navy, and, if this were done, I am of opinion that the results would not be favourable to our national literature, arts, culture, or society, because I think it unlikely that, as a nation, we should continue to exist for long.

Speaking for the great Labour Party, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., writes, throwing down the gauntlet to those artists and literary men who think peace will make the world "deadly dull" :—

It is quite impossible to forecast with any certainty what is to be the intellectual effect of any social change, beyond saying, in a general way, that, on the whole it will be good, or, on the whole, it will be bad. I am absolutely convinced that the advantages of universal peace will be favourable to literature, the arts, and culture generally. In so far as it is necessary to stir the imagination by patriotic sentiments, the historical sense will still remain to us, and will do that work in purer and higher ways than the contemporaneous display of navies and armies. Artistic imagination would then be driven on to that rich field of sheer human interest from which some of the best artistic work has received inspiration—"In Memoriam," for instance, or Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Thousands of expensive busbies, useless for the Army, would be enthusiastically taken up by the ladies as headgear.

Mr. A. C. Benson writes :—

I suppose that the immediate result would be an acute crisis of unemployment. Many great industries would come to an end. The other side of the affair would be a great relief in taxation. The question is how that money would be spent. The Government would have, I suppose, for a time, at all events, to maintain taxation to deal with the unemployment that would for some period prevail. But if the crisis were to be successfully surmounted a great deal of the money set free would be saved and invested. It is impossible to predict what the general economic effect would be; but I suppose that it would only tend to enrich the capitalist classes. I do not see how this would affect the arts and culture generally. The problem is how to create a demand for art and culture, and I do not feel that the enrichment of the capitalist class would effect this. The enrichment of these classes would not create a larger demand for culture than at present exists. I believe that the only thing which would create a wider demand for artistic things generally would be an equable enrichment of all classes. Increase all round, coupled with the effect of education, might possibly create a demand; but I am not very hopeful about this. A widespread demand for culture, using the word in its broadest sense, seems to me to have been, whenever it has occurred in the world's history, the result of very obscure and mysterious forces, and to have been, as a rule, independent of material conditions. I do not think that the Anglo-Saxon race has a very marked tendency in that direction. Its aims have generally been too concrete and material; and I should anticipate that a general enrichment of the country, such as would probably result from a removal of the waste inseparable from the production of the materials of war, would at first only result in an increase of bourgeois comfort. Moreover, some employment would have to be found for all the energies at present employed in the personnel of the Army and Navy: and thus I believe that a sudden disarmament would be more likely to upset economic conditions generally than to have any immediate intellectual results

Blanchard's Passenger.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

Illustrated by L. Daviel.

KID CLARKE, otherwise known as the Kid, on account of his apparent youth and his reckless disposition, sat on the fence at Beulahsberg and watched the two remaining aeroplanes making ready for the flight to Nelson. Beatson's machine had been scrapped at Henderson Creek; Simcox was a wreck at Biglow's Sidings; and only Chinnery, on his old hay-wagon of a biplane, and Lieutenant Blanchard, on his Hawk No. 2, a monoplane with a Gnome engine, had got as far as Beulahsberg.

"I've half a mind to speak to the lieutenant," said the Kid, who knew nearly everybody in sight. "I should love to do a fly; and I ain't seen him since he took to the game."

Both of them came from Raynesborough, and he and Blanchard, fifteen years before, had robbed orchards together, though the Kid was the offspring of a wandering railroadman and Blanchard the son of a judge.

"And both of us sweet on Raynesborough girls," said the Kid, almost mournfully, to his neighbour on the fence.

"Aye, he's marrying Senator Curtiss's daughter, isn't he?" asked his partner in the easy job of being out of work and not caring much whether he found it.

"That's so," nodded the Kid, "and he's a sight more likely to get her than I am to rope in Mary Dexter, the way I'm shaping."

"Aye, the manner you get fired time after time is surprisin'," said his friend. "It's that gay tongue of yours does it, Kid. But I've no opinion of this flyin' game. It's a fool's game. I don't hanker to fall out of the sky, and I don't aim to be shovelled up looking like raspberry pie. Halloa! what's that?"

"By gosh," said the Kid, jumping from the fence. Being as quick as any chipmunk he was one of the first to pick up Winter, Blanchard's mechanic, who had come to sudden and surprising grief. He ought to have known better, for he had been working with 'planes all the summer, than to step backwards into the sphere of influence of Chinnery's propeller, then buzzing like a sawmill. A blade caught him a chip on the left deltoid and cut him to the bone, and they picked him up, all blood, dust, and blasphemy, and took him to the hospital. And there was Blanchard stuck without his passenger to complete the last stage to Nelson, one hundred and twenty miles east by south from Beulahsberg. Even Chinnery, when he found that by some miracle his propeller was not damaged, could hardly help smiling to think that this disposed of his only competitor. They were due to start in a few minutes, and according to Chinnery, who knew the boys, they were not likely to crowd Blanchard in their eagerness to take Winter's place.

"It takes a bull to make one run here," said Chinnery, "and it's long odds they won't fly. Bet you ten dollars to fifty cents you don't rope one in, Blanchard."

The lieutenant took the bet and asked one of the crowd to volunteer. His suggestion of a fifty-dollar fee was received in solemn silence, and he rose to a hundred for the star-spangled hero who would board the Hawk and go to Nelson. Even at that rate there were no takers, and one half-drunken clod-hopper who began to consider the question was led away indignantly by two shrill-voiced women, who denounced Blanchard as a murderer.

And then Kid Clarke touched him on the arm. The lieutenant turned and faced someone of whom it was not easy to say whether he was a man or a boy. But the Kid looked hard and earnest, and in spite of his wild and rackety disposition he had a good mouth and jaw which the aviator noticed at once.

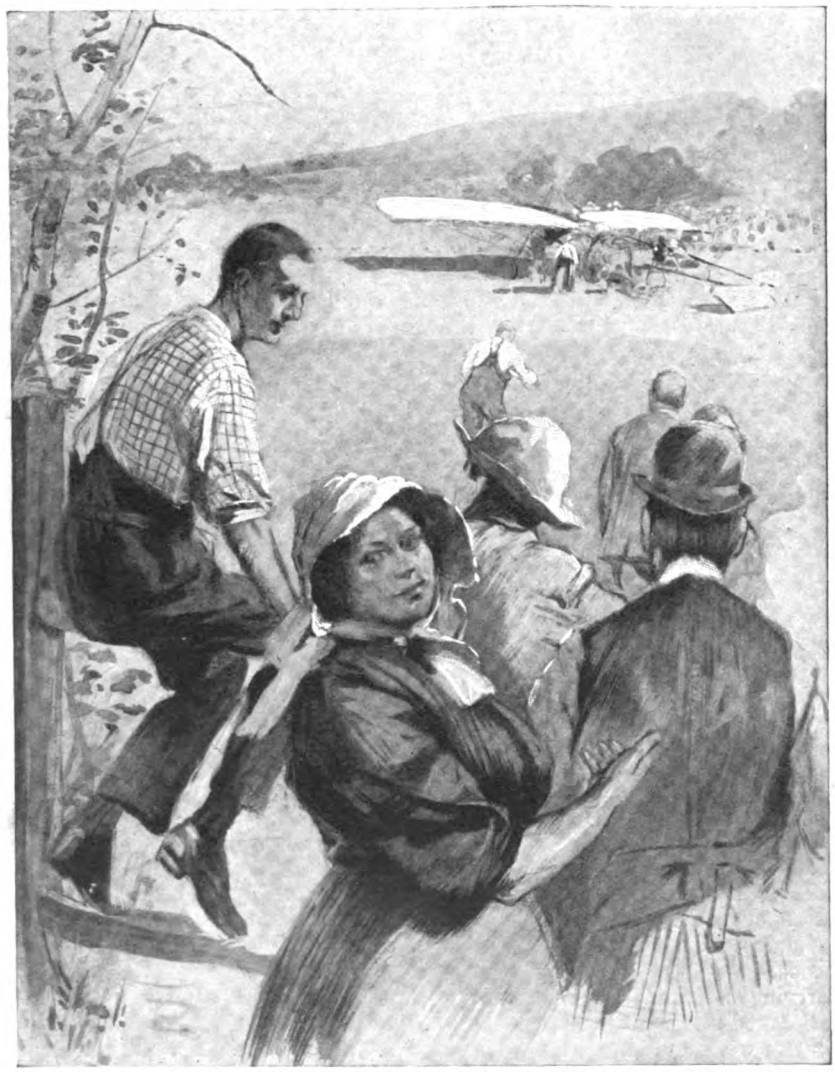
"I'll go, sir," said the Kid.

"What are you?" asked Blanchard.

"Been railroading all my life," said Kid Clarke, as if he was sixty. "Now I'm an operator lookin' for a job."

"And you think you can stand this, eh?" asked the lieutenant.

"I reckon so," said the Kid, simply.



"HE SAT ON THE FENCE AND WATCHED THE TWO REMAINING AEROPLANES MAKING READY FOR FLIGHT."

"Don't you go, Kid," urged one of the crowd.

"Can't be worse than braking on the M., T., and W.," said the Kid, and such of them as knew the road-bed of that celebrated bit of railroad might have agreed with him.

"Haven't I seen you before?" asked Blanchard.

"Sure, lieutenant," said the Kid, blandly. "I'm Kid Clarke, of Raynesborough."

And Blanchard laughed and held out his hand.

"Shake, Kid," he said, genially. "I felt sure I'd seen you. Well, we sha'n't steal apples together any more, but if you like to come——"

"Oh, I'm coming," said the Kid. "The last time I saw you was over at Senator Curtiss's, but I didn't like to speak, Miss Curtiss being with you."

By the twinkle in Clarke's eye Blanchard saw that he knew how things stood between him and Adelaide Curtiss. And he remembered that Adelaide had told him something about Mary Dexter and her lover.

"Why, she always liked you," said the lieutenant.

"Maybe," replied Clarke, rather dryly, "but she didn't encourage me lately owing to Mary Dexter, old Dexter being down on me."

"Because Mary liked you?"

"That's so," said the Kid. "It was Dexter got me sacked from the dispatcher's office at Raynesborough. And Miss Curtiss, being awful set on my working steady, was kind of discouraged."

"And are you working steadily?" asked Blanchard.

"I reckon to begin soon," said Clarke. "I'll *have* to. Mary said so."

"If you come with me you'll most likely see her to-day," said the lieutenant. "She and Miss Curtiss are coming to Nelson on the ten-forty."

"Gosh, you don't say so?" said Clarke. "Oh, I'm on, you bet, sir."

"Let it go at that, then," said Blanchard. "And you're not scared to tackle this?"

"With you?" asked Clarke, carelessly. "Oh, no, not with you, sir. Mary told me what Miss Curtiss thinks of you. That's all right."

But Blanchard laid his hand on his shoulder.

"It's a lot different from anything else, Clarke."

"I always was one for experience," said the Kid; "that's why Dexter let on that I was no account. You tell me what to do and I'll do it."

"You'll sit tight and do nothing," said Blanchard, walking towards his machine, that looked like a big dragon-fly with a greasy tail. And as the Kid followed him he was the recipient of encouragement, advice, and last good-byes from the earth-loving inhabitants of Beulahsberg. But the Kid was equal to anything.

Till that day he had never set eyes on an aeroplane, but he had something of the engineer's eye, and he recognized instinctively that the Hawk was adequate to her task. Engineers on the Quinton and Nelson said he ought to be an engineer, and as a boy he had often made a trip with them on a locomotive. He was generally loved all over the road, though he held the record for the number of times he had been dismissed and taken on again. He knew the Q. and N. from end to end, though for the matter of that it was a very short railroad and only had two divisions. However, both divisional superintendents had sacked him a score of times, and the chief dispatcher had discharged him and taken him on pretty nearly as often. He had been a call-boy in the dispatcher's offices at Quinton and Raynesborough, a brakesman, and a fireman, and had worked in the round-house at Nelson. As he said, he was a railroadman from A to Z, and ought to be manager if he could only run steady. He had a heavenly and ingratiating smile and a natural gift for discovering the soft places in the hearts of men; but that gift was counterbalanced by another, that of getting everyone mad in the shortest time by doing other people's work and neglecting his own. The last thing he did was to fall in love with Mary Dexter, the daughter of the dispatcher at Raynesborough; and although Dexter couldn't exactly sack him because Mary responded to the Kid's advances, he did sack him when Clarke coolly robbed the Divisional Superintendent's garden to send his sweetheart flowers. He was at the moment operator to the second dispatcher, and begged hard to be allowed to stay, offering to work in Mr. Taylor's garden to make up for what he had taken. But Dexter didn't want him.

"Find another road, young feller, and run steady, or you'll be in the pen before you know it," said the chief dispatcher; and after one tearful interview with Mary the Kid got as far as Beulahsberg. And now he was going back to Nelson with Lieutenant Blanchard.

"Seems 's if I can't get away from the old road," said the Kid, with a happy smile. He took every disaster smiling, and if it led to anything new he was perfectly happy. And after all there was nothing quite so new in the world as flying. He looked at the Hawk almost joyfully, and, though he knew no more of it than Choctaw, when the devilish and surprising little Gnome engine started he was ready to believe he could fly to New York.

"Holy Mackinaw," said Kid Clarke. "She's a daisy, lieutenant!"

And Blanchard showed him where he was to sit.

"All you have to do is to lay hold, sit tight, and not get scared," said the aviator. "Sure you won't, Clarke?"

Clarke shook his head.

"No, I ain't sure, but I won't squeal even if I am," he replied. Under his tan he was perhaps a little pale, but Blanchard was a soldier and knew men.

At Blanchard's nod he climbed into his place, and the aviator gave him some goggles, saying that he would want them presently. Then Blanchard followed him.

"All right, Clarke?" he asked.

"Sure, lieutenant," said the Kid.

Then the people behind let go, the Hawk leapt forward on the grass, and as the Kid said "Halloa," she rose lightly.

"Gosh," said Clarke, when the earth moved beneath him. The sight of it, sliding away, made him catch his breath. But the higher the Hawk rose the less its speed seemed to be. Yet the little black running men beneath them, with uplifted white faces, disappeared rapidly, though he heard their shouts. With their cries there came up to him the "hoot-hoot-hoot!" of half-a-dozen locomotives in the yard. And suddenly he wished he was by the side of one of the engineers down below. He became curiously angry with Blanchard, and was much surprised to find that he felt so.

"Well, I'm blamed, fetching me up here! What did I come for? What'll poor Mary say when I land somewhere, looking like pie?"

His mind worked oddly; he saw himself in the old railroad boarding-house, eating pie.

"Oh, let her rip! Maybe I shall eat no more pie," he said, sadly. And then the cheerful and fantastic devil of a Gnome motor, after the wasteful and extravagant manner of her kind, spat a nice little bubble of castor-oil in his teeth.

"Ugh," said Clarke; "that's her way, is it? I like pie better."

The blast of air from the propeller and the hot fumes of the Gnome's exhaust came full in his face. It seemed strange to him, as his mind cleared, that he could not see the propeller. It was not even a vague mist like an electric fan. And yet the blurred racing Gnome seemed wonderfully alive, and communicated its energy strangely to every spar and stay of the machine. It was intense, vibrant, urgent, much more a creature of breathing energy than any locomotive.

Curiously enough, the higher they went the safer the Kid felt, for the whole earth seemed something less and less relevant. He could not judge the height, but everything below him was curiously small and very flat. Roads were like little footpaths; a dust-raising car on one of them looked like a child's toy. It appeared that someone far below them was flying a big box-kite. And suddenly he recognized that what he thought a kite was Chinnery's biplane, which they were fast overtaking.

"Thundering old hay-wagon!" said the Kid. Then he added, "Looks safer than this, though."

And again he loathed Blanchard and wished he had never been born. His mind swung between a sense of safety and panic, of hatred and admiration of the figure in front of him.

And yet he loved Blanchard. He would have followed him into battle or into any of the common dangers of life without a quiver. He was made, it seemed, of bronze and whip-cord. There was that in him which men will die for. Blanchard's blue eyes and courageous voice would have drawn them on to any high encounter. They knew, and Clarke knew, that he had a fine record in Cuba and the Philippines, and now he sprang to the front in another order of combat and rose high.

"Too high, by gosh!" said the Kid, almost weeping, and yet with a grin. "Where's the old earth?"

He knew now that the wind from the north-east was very strong. It drifted them to leeward away from the double railroad track which pointed straight to Nelson. The Hawk kept pointing up into the wind, but sagged away towards Raynesborough, lying beyond green hills which looked like rounded grass hummocks. Clarke wanted to speak to Blanchard. The aviator's back irritated him in some extraordinary way. He bent forward, holding on with a powerful grip. By now he had lost the feeling that any motion of his would destroy the balance of the machine and send it headlong like a wounded bird.

"Lieutenant!" said Clarke.

His high-pitched voice came like a whisper to Blanchard.

"Well?"

"Ain't we tolerable high?" asked Clarke.

And Blanchard laughed. His laugh angered the Kid and then comforted him.

"Well, he's got a life of his own, I guess," said the Kid. "I suppose he knows this game."

Now he saw Raynesborough far ahead and to the right. Mary Dexter was there, thinking of starting for Nelson. If she only knew where he was! He began to feel very proud of himself.

He knew it was a mighty fine game, and as easy as going to sleep. An odd feeling of sleepiness came over him, and he shook himself clear of it with difficulty.

Chinnery's biplane was far behind them. The world below was like a map in colour. It was misty green, dark and light. The dark patches were forests; the light ones pasture. Then there were wheat-paddocks shining. The wind rippled them; they shone like silk. A long belt of tasselling corn bowed and stood up again. The farm-house looked like a toy.

"White's farm, I reckon," said the Kid. "Never thought I'd fly over it! Old Mr. Curtiss owns it."

Blanchard recognized it, too, or thought he did. He saw now that, owing to the wind, they would come right over Raynesborough.

"Wonder if they'll see us?" thought Blanchard. He looked at the watch on his wrist and saw that it was past ten o'clock. "Adelaide wants me on the earth. This is a great game, though. The poor Kid doesn't like it a bit. If his girl is at Nelson when we land she'll have something to say to me."

Both the girls would be at Nelson, sure enough, for, though one was the senator's daughter and the other only the child of a dispatcher on the Q. and N. Railroad, they had been nursed by the same mother and were like sisters. Adelaide's father was in California then, and her brother in Europe. It was an odd chance that he should have picked up the Kid.

"Mary will let me have it," said Blanchard. "But we're all right."

He had uncommon faith in the Hawk. He had tried and tested every spar and wire in her. In France he had seen Gnome engines made. He knew the song of the Gnome, its song of easy work or its complaint of wearing parts, as every engineer must. It went splendidly, and so his heart went. And if death was beneath them always, to ride over death was great. The touch of the nipping wind was a tonic. It braced him till he vibrated like a wire and sang. The Kid heard him whistle.

"Good old Blanchard!" said Clarke. "Wonder if Mary would let me do this sort of thing?"

That was the way his mind worked now. Fear went out of him as they topped the hill and ravines which lay between them and Raynesborough. The Kid looked down on them and shook his head solemnly.

The round-topped, bare-headed hill showed beneath them like a metal boss to a huge green shield. And now on the right he saw the single-line track from Quinton to Raynesborough and on to Nelson, where the road joined the M., T., and W. The smoke and smoulder of Raynesborough showed in a green space. Glass glittered in the southing sun and jewelled the smoky haze of the town. He looked away to the railroad track and remembered every cut and culvert, every curve and tangent of it from Quinton to Nelson.

He felt, what he had never felt before in any risk, that life was a wonder and a miracle, a sparkling dewdrop gemming a swinging bough. He had no words for his thought, but life's strange rapidity and evanescence came to him and made him thrill. He trembled, yet rejoiced, over the abyss, and a sense of power grew in him. He found very odd words for what he felt.

"Wouldn't have missed it for a nail-keg of dollars," said the Kid.

Now, swiftly coming towards them in the green and moulded flat of the world below, Raynesborough glowed and glittered. It held the eyes like a big star among clouds, a dusky rose among cypresses. It was an opal, ruddy and miraculous, secret, deep, as any city is when seen from a height. Kid Clarke loved it; his heart opened to it; he saw great beauty for the first time. And some never see it and never offer thanks to the lucid air or the wrinkled sea or the secret forests and the stars. A tear ran down Clarke's cheek. He wiped it away and said it came of the wind, the swiftness of the Hawk sliding in the miracle path of air. But he knew better as the green and gold and silver earth moved beneath them.

Then he looked at his watch. They were but an hour from Beulahsberg and Raynesborough opened out to his eyes like a big gem under a glass. One hour!

The town crept and crawled towards them; it and the world slid and ran. Beneath them woods grew and died; ravines opened and shut like great crevasses; rivers were scrolls of silver. That was Homing Creek; that the St. John River. They dried up and passed away as the definition of the town came out like a plate in the developer. From far off it shone like a jewel with sparks of fire and flame in it, and dull maculæ of smoke, but now it became a strange encrustation of the earth. The Kid had no speculative mind; he held on to what he called reality in the evanescent world, and a town to him was bricks and mortar, stone and steel.

He knew every street in the town and every house. There was the boarding-house where he had lived. Mary Dexter's home was yonder. Could she live in that brown speck with little plants of trees about? The trees were moss, the house a toy one. That was the Court-house! Men judged other men there. Death was there and liberty, and the loss of liberty.

"Death's very little," said Kid Clarke, as he looked down on the railroad depot and its shining pattern of interlacing rails. Now he could see, as he had never seen before, its large and powerful complexity, beginning to outgrow the single line of rails. They would double-track it soon if Raynesborough grew and flourished. He thought of Jack Dexter, Mary's father, and of Thompson, the chief dispatcher.

The Kid knew the line well, but knew how much better Dexter and the other dispatchers knew it. He knew where each train should be when things went easy, but if one dropped out through some accident or mere slackness in making steam the aspect of the game changed, and one mistake might be wild confusion. The failure of a brain-cell to make its due connection spelt disaster, for a man's brain is like a dispatcher's office. And in any game there's the highest possible error. In the great railroad game of dispatching trains there's the lap order. That's the player's nightmare, for some day it may come to him, and in one moment of brain lapse he may send an order for death. At night he sometimes wakes sweating to think of it, wakes out of a dream in which two trains speed to meet each other on a single track, when they

should have passed at some wayside station, one side-tracked to let the other go by. The thought of it is a terror to the dispatcher's friends. But he will not often talk of it.

"Better being here," said the Kid. "And yet it's a great game." He looked down through the lucid air on the puzzle of the rails in the yard, an etched drawing spread out clearly. Smoke and steam rose; a toy came out of the round-house; he saw where he had worked with Dexter when he was learning the game.

Now they swept a little lower. The wind was not so powerful. But the sun was strong; he saw it shine upon the polished rails where they curved at the base of the hills and pointed straight for Nelson. The Kid felt very proud of himself, of Blanchard, of the strenuous Hawk, so keen, so adequate, and forgot that he himself was but a necessary deadhead, needed merely to fulfil a condition that the Hawk should carry a passenger. Then he remembered it and shook his head.

He grunted to think of it. He lost himself again and looked down, taking in everything and consciously noting nothing. Dexter was down there; and Thompson buzzed about with the line on his shoulders, and here he was, high in the air. They were safe. But suddenly he remembered that someone had said of Dexter, "If he ever makes a bad break, he'll not survive it." Some dispatchers didn't. Some went mad and made an end of things before the horror they had caused cried up to Heaven. The Kid hoped old Dexter never would make that bad break. After all he was a good sort, and Mary's father.

No one saw them from below, but the Kid could see everything, Raynesborough now behind them and Barton five miles out. The rails ran to a vanishing point away beyond Neville's Siding. From Barton to Neville's Siding was fifteen miles. There was a train, looking like a brown centipede, just coming up to Barton, where a slow freight train was tracked to let the passenger pass.

"Jerusalem, their train!" said the Kid. "Mary and Miss Curtiss will be in it."

He knew Blanchard would not notice it, and the fact that he himself saw everything below and understood it gave him for a moment a feeling of compensation for all Blanchard did know. He leant forward and spoke loudly.

"That's the ten-forty out of Raynesborough, sir," he shouted, and Blanchard heard him; he nodded. But Adelaide Curtiss then was not in the forefront of his mind. It worked at a point, on an edge, as if it spread out to cover the planes of the Hawk and went no farther. He had to attend to the matter in hand—its immediate urgency. So long as he was balanced, so long the machine kept its equilibrium. The sense of power in him was sweet, but he was no more than adequate to the big call on him. He almost resented the Kid bringing her to his mind.

Kid Clarke sighed and, clutching the stays, looked down again upon the track of the old road and stared along the line as if he were hypnotized. He heard the train out of Raynesborough salute them. The engine-driver had looked up. Faint yet sharp cries came through the air; then the whistle screamed joyously. But the Kid shook his head and looked down the track towards Neville's Siding. The train below them wasn't quite on time. There should be the fast freight-train from Nelson side-tracked at Neville's. This was the fast freight from Chicago through to Quinton, for the A. C. Road had running powers over the Q. and N. He looked for the freight and didn't see her. One part of his mind said she was late. He settled that she was at Nelson still. Something had gone wrong. Old Dexter would be cursing a little. Yet in the Kid's mind trouble grew, a fine, thin thought he could not yet grasp. He was aware of an acute sense of discomfort, of sudden worry before he knew why. And then he knew. Above the woods far in front of him there came a puff of steam!

Had Blanchard seen this his mind would have signalled nothing to him. His knowledge of railroads was little more than that of any citizen who uses them. But Clarke had been bred on them, and knew the place of everything and its nature. Blanchard heard him call out suddenly behind him.

"Oh, my God!" screamed Clarke.

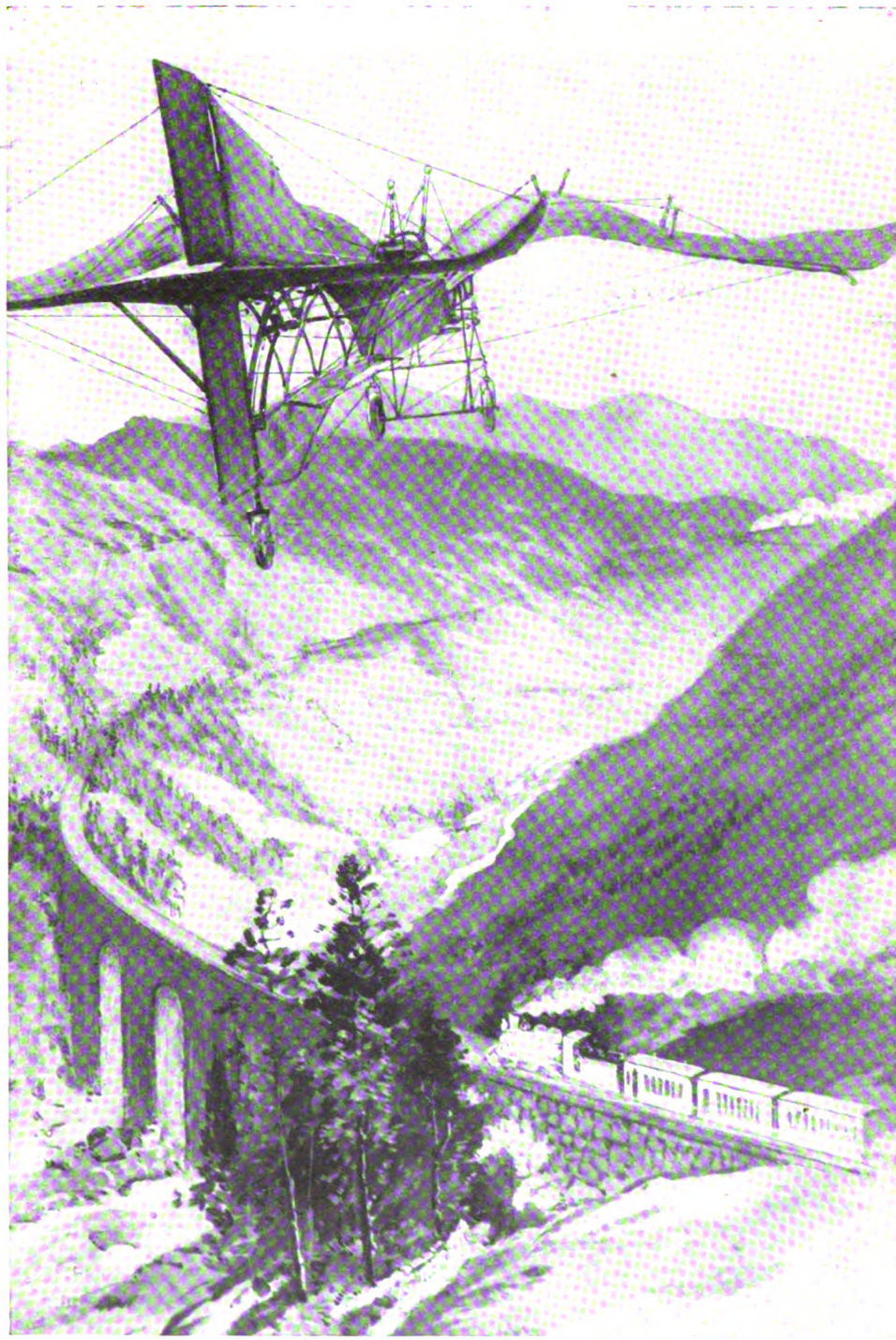
Blanchard had seen panic, and had touched it near enough to comprehend its strange workings. He knew how delicately the mind was balanced. And all the time the Kid spoke incomprehensively.

"A lap order, a lap order! Oh, Dexter's done it!" cried Clarke, lamentably.

The words meant nothing to Blanchard, though he seemed to have heard them. What was a lap order? And what had Dexter done? And then Blanchard heard Clarke speak at his very ear. His voice was suddenly cold and clear and urgent.

"Sir, listen, listen," said Clarke.

"I hear you," replied Blanchard.



"THERE WAS A TRAIN, LOOKING LIKE A BROWN CENTIPEDE, JUST COMING UP TO BARTON."

"The fast freight train has left Neville's Siding," said Clarke, rapidly. "You understand, it should have stayed side-tracked there to let the passenger pass. Dexter's given a lap order. In ten minutes there will be a bad collision!"

It was a wrench for Blanchard to get his mind away from the machine he drove. But he grasped the urgency of all Clarke said; the meaning of a lap order was clear to him. Looking down, he saw the little train in which Adelaide sat, thinking of his risks and unconscious of her own. He glanced round and saw Clarke's face, white where the goggles did not hide the skin, white and yellow and pasty. The young fellow looked awful. His mouth opened and shut. He said, "My God, get down to them—get down to them!"

Two thousand felt below lay the scene of the drama. Nelson, on the far horizon, with its first great sky-scraper, shone and shivered in refracting air-currents. Its windows glittered and went out again, like working heliographs. Where the Hawk sailed the wind was solid, favourable, and easy. Down below there were air-holes, sudden wind-slides, crevasses, boiling squalls, irregular and fierce. A thousand feet of danger lay below them, and Blanchard knew it. He gathered his mind together with what seemed amazing slowness; he seemed to draw it into himself from the spread-vans of the Hawk.

"Oh, sir, sir!" screamed Clarke. He swung forward and saw the horizon tilt up. For Blanchard shut off the engine, and the roar of the Gnome's exhaust ceased; the tail-plane dipped and the Hawk dived. The vast carven hollow of the earth seemed to swing. Nelson's tower stood on the edge of it.

"Hold on," said Blanchard, and Clarke shut his eyes. His brain swam; there was a feeling of sickness in him, a sense of dire emptiness. And then the Hawk seemed to strike a solid layer of wind; she groaned, the spars and stays twanged. He felt that Blanchard struggled hard, knew he had overcome, and, opening his eyes, saw the green earth again, rising to them like a lifting sea. He saw the freight ahead running down a steepish bit of grade he knew. He had worked in a section there. Behind them was the passenger train. He seemed to see the dispatcher's room and Dexter there sitting at his table white as paper and shaking.

"He'll kill himself," said Kid Clarke.

Then the aeroplane fell into an air-hole and struck a whirlwind. He shut his eyes again and lost the vision. The Hawk was pulled here and there; it tilted and was nearly lost. But Blanchard was a master and knew the game.

"We're dead! We're dead!" cried Clarke.

And then Blanchard shouted to himself in triumph. He wrenched the plane level till the Kid heard the stays twang like harp-strings and the strong wood complain. The machine, suddenly arrested in its downward flight, seemed to rise up and strike him. He sat hunched up, wondering as the engine started again.

"Oh!" said Clarke. And not two hundred feet below him were the woods, the grade cutting through them, the polished, shining rails. Sickness went away from him; he seemed no longer empty. And at that level, in the shelter of the hills, the air was nearly still. They had come through the storm into shelter.

"In time! in time!" shouted Clarke. And at that very moment he saw the freight train coming fast down the steepest part of the grade on the entire road. She, too, saw them, and the engine-driver greeted them with his whistle; he saw the man's uplifted face and that of his companion, with a full shovel in his grip. Then she paused beneath them and the brakesman on the box-cars shouted.

"Oh, sir!" said Clarke. And Blanchard, making a short left-hand turn, sailed again over the train. Those in it wondered, and were to wonder more.

"Look out, Clarke!" said Blanchard. "Hold on! I'm going to land ahead of her."

He played on the minds of those in the train, and he knew it.

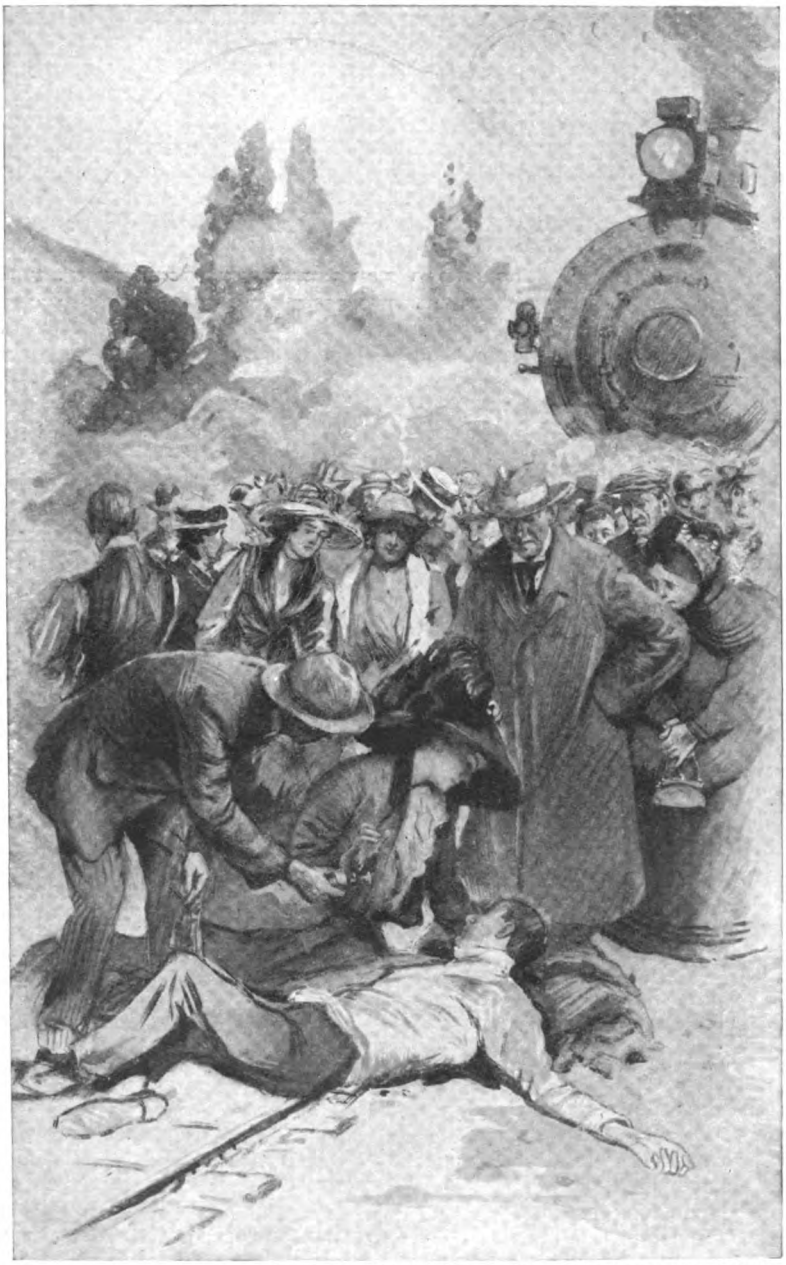
"Lord!" said the engineer to the fireman. "Here's that air-shoot coming again; she'll be on the track!"

He pulled over the lever and whistled for brakes. And the brakesmen ran and set them, so that the blocks ground hard and the wheels made sparks as the train slid forward. And the Hawk rose a little and then came down as lightly, it seemed, as a thistle-down. But she tilted, and Clarke, jumping, missed his footing and struck his head and lay insensible as the train stopped with less than ten yards between it and the Hawk just as Blanchard got his feet upon the earth. When the engine-driver of the train looked out he saw Blanchard turn and look at him with a white face. Then the strangest thing happened, for, just as the engine-driver called to him, Blanchard turned and ran from him—ran hard along the track.

"The poor chap has gone crazy," said the fireman. He leapt to the ground and went to Clarke, and knew him, for there was no

one on the Q. and N. who did not. But the Kid lay quiet, with his scalp bleeding a little.

And still Blanchard ran along the straight tangent of the line. And as he came to where the next curve began he heard the vibration of the passenger train on the rails. For that, on a still day, can be heard very far off. As he ran he stripped off his coat, and at the curve he came on her and she on him. He stopped and waved his coat and shouted like a madman, and knew the train-men saw him. Then he leapt aside, shouting madly as he heard the brake-blocks grinding and saw sparks from the rails. The whole world wavered for a moment and he fell and rose again, walking after the train soberly. It pulled up within ten yards of the white-winged Hawk, lying upon the rails like a wounded bird.



"THEY FOUND MARY DEXTER ON HER KNEES BY THE KID, WHO WAS STILL DAZED."

The passengers, alarmed by the sudden application of the brakes, looked out of the windows. Many leapt hastily from the train. They saw the Hawk and wondered; and then seeing the freight train the other side of it, knew that some miracle had happened. Some ran to where the train-men of the freight stood about Kid Clarke, and others looked where Blanchard came along the rails. Dan Fisher, the conductor of the passenger train, ran to him and took him by the arm. Blanchard looked at him and took off his goggles.

"You saved a wreck, sir," said Dan.

"Is Miss Curtiss aboard?" asked Blanchard. "And is Clarke all right?"

Fisher hadn't seen the Kid, but he knew

Miss Curtiss. He saw her then, coming towards them. There were passengers and train-men all about them, but Blanchard took her in his arms and kissed her.

"How did it happen?" she asked, and he told her rapidly what the Kid had seen. The others listened, and they cheered him. Some looked white and trembled. It had been a close call—the very closest. Dan Fisher could hardly speak. But he kept his head, and sent brakesmen out to stop the wrecking outfit if it came too fast.

"By the Lord, you're both heroes!" he said. "Heroes!"

"I want to see Clarke," said Blanchard. Adelaide went with him. They found Mary Dexter on her knees by the Kid, who was still dazed. Mary cried as she held him, and he said, half foolishly:—

"Don't cry, Mary; I'm all right! There's nothing the matter with me."

But suddenly he leapt to his feet and cried out:—

"Mary, your father!"

The train-men understood and some turned away. Old Dexter would know now what he had done. He was not the man to endure it.

"He always said when he gave a lap order it would be his last," said Dan Fisher.

But Kid Clarke broke from Mary and ran to the tool-box of the Hawk. They wondered what he was doing, what he meant to do. He took nippers and wire from the box and came back running.

"THE KID STARTED TO CLIMB A TELEGRAPH-POLE."

"Dan, you've got a pocket-instrument aboard, haven't you?" he cried.

"I—I can't use it," said Dan.

"I can," said the Kid. "Get it, Dan; get it!"

By now they all understood, and when the Kid started to climb a telegraph-pole they cheered him. He cut in on the dispatcher's wire and, hanging with a leg over the cross-arm, called "D.S., D.S." on the instrument for all he was worth. Mary Dexter sat on the ground crying, with Adelaide's arm about her. The others stood in absolute silence. They knew he was calling the dispatcher's office, and wondered if Dexter was still there. But the moment the wire opened the Kid knew that Dexter wasn't sending nor the operator, but Thompson, the chief dispatcher. He knew his touch upon the key. Down below in the crowd an operator from Quinton heard part of what the Kid sent:—

"There's no wreck, no wreck," said the Kid. "Tell Dexter! Is he dead?"

"He's asking if the dispatcher is dead," said the man from Quinton.

"Hurrah, he's all right, Mary," said the Kid suddenly.

And Mary fainted as the crowd cheered. And the Kid held a conversation with Thompson and got orders for the trains. Then he came down.

"The freight will back to Neville's Siding," he said to the conductors. "The passenger will follow. The wrecking outfit is countermanded. They'll send a special to take us into Raynesborough."

They shook hands with the Kid and with Blanchard.

"All aboard," said the conductor to the passengers. But before they did so the passengers shook hands with both the men who had saved them. The trains went at last, all cheering. But Mary and Adelaide stayed where they were.

"What did Thompson say to you?" asked Blanchard.

"He said I could ask him or anyone else on the road for what I pleased," said Clarke, grinning.

"And you said——"

"I said, tell Mr. Dexter I'll take Mary to begin with," said Kid Clarke.

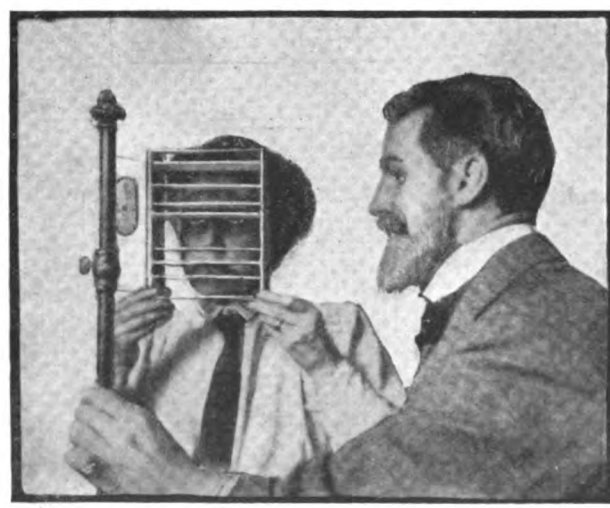
The Beauty-Meter.

By E. S. VALENTINE.

[The following article describes for the first time a brand-new science, which, in spite of its importance to all who are interested in mankind, matrons, maids (and mirrors), has up to now been strangely neglected.]

HOW often one hears the expression, "Oh, I make a study of faces," or "I just love to study faces." Yet such phrases literally mean nothing at all—at least, in any scientific sense. If the utterer of them were suddenly asked merely to give the correct dimensions of a normal human face, he would be floored at the outset. Has the reader ever measured his or her own face?

With such a man as Professor William Barnes Fotheringham the expression has a very definite meaning and expresses a literal truth. For years he has studied the faces of men and women as a botanist studies a plant or a geologist measures and classifies a specimen. He cares nothing about physiognomy as Lavater understood the term; his concern is not with moral or mental characters as denoted by features or expression. To Professor Fotheringham a face is a mask, separate and distinct from the particular personality of the wearer; a mask composed of cartilage and adipose tissue assuming certain forms which it is the business of his life to classify. He has already classified them into families and sub-families, groups and sub-groups, to each of which he has given a distinctive name; and when the Professor's work is fulfilled it will be possible to name in a single word the sort of face you carry, so that everybody all over the world will recognize it. It is astonishing that this has never been done before. He has even invented a machine, which he calls a "Kallometer," or Beauty-meter, for measuring faces, based on the standard of the Greek statues.



PROFESSOR FOTHERINGHAM APPLYING HIS "KALLOMETER," OR "BEAUTY-METER."

In his Beauty-meter, the nature of which will be clear from the accompanying photograph, it should be said that Professor Fotheringham always starts from a horizontal line drawn through the pupils of the eyes (which should be exactly two and a half inches apart) when the gaze is directed level immediately in front. From this point to a line drawn below the opening of the nostril, the nose should be one and seven-eighth inches; the upper lip should measure three-quarters of an inch to the mean line of the mouth, and two inches from the mouth to the bottom of the chin. It may be remarked, in passing, as a curious circumstance that the width between the eyes is virtually the same in infants and adults.

The reader who wishes to construct a Beauty-meter for himself can very easily do so. A wooden or cardboard frame, with threads or wires stretched across it at the intervals here given, will answer every purpose.

"Upon investigation," says Professor Fotheringham, "it will be found that faces group themselves in certain easily-recognizable divisions. These divisions can be so minutely subdivided as to resolve themselves into a practical proof of the truth that there are no two human faces exactly alike. But any minute division

would defeat our purpose, and I have chosen rather to limit the types of faces to forty. This is not extravagant when one remembers that there are twelve hundred varieties of birds and nine hundred of fishes. There are even a hundred and ninety varieties of dogs, and yet the breeder has no difficulty in remembering them all."

"You will rarely find in real life," writes Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., "anything approaching the regularity of the classic figures. Still, underlying all our personal observations, there is a consciousness, more or less developed, of the 'perfect,' for when we talk of a man with a long nose, of a woman with a short, aristocratic upper-lip, we are, perhaps unconsciously, but no less certainly, comparing those features and characteristics with a set symmetrical standard of which we are conscious, and it is the variations from the standard that make for character."

As regards the scale of correct facial proportions, it is easy to establish one capable of universal application. It has been shown that no difficulty arises amongst the cultured and even the common people of the various modern races. Yet it was long supposed that the Eskimos, the Kalmucks, and the Hottentots actually regarded their facial type as a most satisfactory standard of human beauty. Volumes have been written on this assumption, which is now found to be completely erroneous. A beautiful white woman actually presented before an intelligent Hottentot chief was unhesitatingly declared to be the most perfect human creature he had ever seen. An Eskimo, being shown by Dr. Hubbard a cast of Pallas Athene, was struck silent with awe. He said afterwards that when he met a pretty woman of his own race he felt inclined to laugh. They were familiar to him, and he liked them for what they were. But he confessed that "the nearer an Eskimo girl came to the European standard of beauty the more beautiful she was considered." Even amongst the Chinese and Japanese, although a Chinese or a Japanese girl may engage the affections and attract the admiration of her own race, yet when compared with a beautiful European her inferiority is almost universally admitted. This disposes, then, of the legend of different standards of physical or featural perfection. As Professor Fotheringham puts it:—

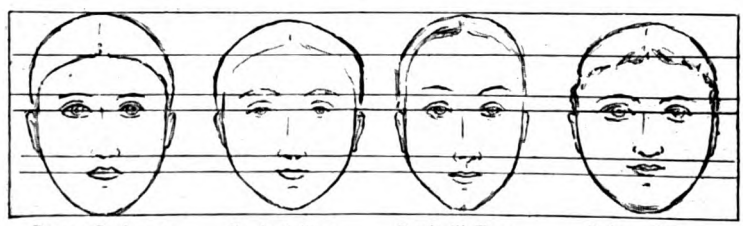
"A man may have his personal physical preference, unwittingly governed by the principles of natural selection. But this prepossession does not interfere with the existence of a loftier standard from which sensuality may be completely excluded. The highest type is that which expresses the greatest nobility and the least mobility."

By general consent of the artists and poets of all ages and all climes, this standard is to be found in the faces and forms of the Greek statues. This does not mean that an artist finds this type personally the most attractive, any more than the average man finds "Paradise Lost" more attractive than the latest comic opera. Raphael, Botticelli, and Rubens took delight in painting one sort of woman, while at the same time expressing their rapture at the perfection of the Greek

THE PERFECT FACE, ACCORDING TO THE UNIVERSAL GREEK STANDARD.

THE PERFECT HEAD IS NINE INCHES SQUARE, FROM CROWN TO CHIN, AND FROM NOSE-TIP TO BACK.

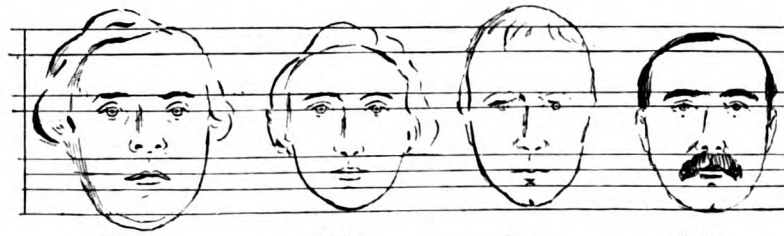
JULIUS CÆSAR, AS SEEN THROUGH THE KALLOMETER.



Roman Sculpture. Raphael Type. Botticelli Type. Rubens Type.

THE FEMALE FACE IN ART—FROM ACTUAL MEASUREMENTS OF THE ARTISTS' WORKS.

type. In a recent number of THE STRAND Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema expressed his preference for the beauty of modern Englishwomen, a type which has frequently figured on his canvases. Even when painting Greek and Roman subjects he, like the late Lord Leighton, but less closely, adheres to the classical standard of human beauty.



Thackeray. Dickens. Scott. Kipling.

SOME WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS "KALLOMETERED."

The real difficulty lies in reconciling the various measurements of the Greek sculptors, so as to obtain a metrically exact standard. There is the nose, for instance. In the Apollo Belvedere it measures one and seven-eighth inches, in the Hermes of Praxiteles it is two and one-eighth inches. In the Antinous it is two inches, and in Scopas's Apollo it is only one and three-quarter inches. If the Greek sculptors had an idiosyncrasy it was in making the nose too long. It is the one feature which has generally encountered criticism through the ages. The long, straight nose has less stood the test of time and world-acceptance than any other feature represented in Greek statuary, and exaggerations of it are far from pleasing.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON. SIR JOHN HARE.

How many men and women nowadays fulfil the canons of beauty? "One or two in a million," says Professor Fotheringham. Yet when they are fulfilled, what admiration their possession invokes! If this is indeed the perfect type, then it is gratifying to know that our race is capable of producing individuals of this stamp, who can face the test of the kallometer and emerge with credit.

If we pass the faces of certain celebrities through Professor Fotheringham's kallometer we become aware of some extraordinary varieties. For instance, William Makepeace Thackeray, besides being a famous novelist, possessed a head measuring nine and three-quarter inches long instead of eight and a half. Moreover, his nostrils were half an inch above the standard and his mouth a quarter of an inch below it. Charles Dickens could boast an almost beautiful mask. His great predecessor, Scott, was abnormal in the height of his brow and the length of his upper lip. If Scott belonged to the long-masked, Mr. Kipling belongs to the square-masked species. His chin, although somewhat squarer, is full Hellenic, but his forehead is lower and his nose shorter.

From the Professor's large collection of types we may select a number of contemporaries in order to submit them to the deadly kallometer. A pair offering a great contrast is that composed of the masks of Mr. William

MR. WILLIAM REDMOND. MR. F. E. SMITH.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. MR. WILL CROOKS.

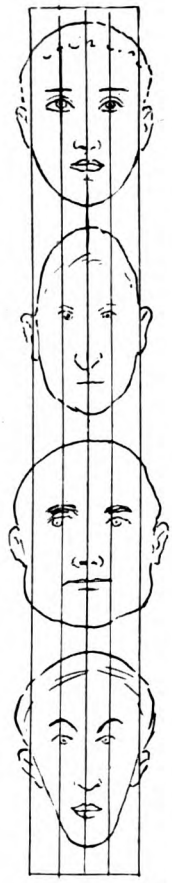
Redmond and Mr. F. E. Smith. These are labelled, not "politician," but *lufor* and *macror*. They belong to two separate species, these masks, as well differentiated as spaniel and greyhound.

Lepton is the Greek word for filbert—and there are faces which bear a certain resemblance in shape to filberts—*i.e.*, large at top and tapering downwards.

"A good example of this sort of face," says the Professor, "is represented by Mr. Winston Churchill's." Then there are the pear-shaped heads, of which King Louis Philippe was so famous an instance. Mr. W. Crooks, M.P., is also of this type.

Again, two sharply-separated divisions or families of faces are the *megopse* (the great masks) and the *micropse* (little masks). Broadly speaking, Mr. G. K. Chesterton is, one learns, a member of the one and Sir John Hare of the other, although they are also subdivisible into other divisions.

Besides the horizontal, as has already been noted, there is also the vertical index. The standard face, according to Professor Fotheringham, should be of a certain width—some five and a half inches across at a point just below the ear, and the eyes two and three-eighth inches apart. This would make the width of the head a full seven inches, yet there are heads only five and a half inches wide, and eyes less than two inches apart! Surely a mere glance at the accompanying diagram will reveal the fact that no animal offers so many striking differences of outline as man.



THE STANDARD FACE SHOULD BE FIVE AND A HALF INCHES WIDE—ANYTHING MORE OR LESS SHOWS CONTRARY INFLUENCES WHICH HAVE DESTROYED PROPORTION.

With regard to female masks, it is interesting to note the wide variety, not only that we see in real life, but in art. For, it may be remarked *en passant*, whereas in sculpture one canon is pretty faithfully observed, painters have always followed their own notions and tastes with regard to female facial conformation. Thus, if we compare Raphael, Botticelli, and Rubens with a typical mask of Roman sculpture, as shown in the illustration on page 430, we note some surprising variations.

"The fact is that the feminine countenance is more dependent than the masculine upon expression, colouring, and accessories. If these are ignored, and merely the proportions measured, we are presented with their exact anatomical value."

An entertaining comparison was made of the masks of two celebrated ladies—namely, "George Eliot" and Miss Maxine Elliott. The features of the actress are almost "standard," while those of the novelist betray a marked deflection from the standard, with her long nose and jaw. It is odd that Matthew Arnold and "Ouida" also belonged to this family—in so far as their masks were concerned.

The reader who constructs for his own use a Beauty-meter according to the instructions already given is now in a position to ascertain how far he himself, or any of his acquaintances, varies from the standard of the ideal form of face.

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT AND "GEORGE ELIOT."

The Photographs in this article were supplied by R. Haines, E. H. Mills, and Russell & Sons.

JUDITH LEE.

The Experiences of a Lip-Reader.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton.

VIII.—Was It by Chance Only?

IT is not easy to determine what part accident plays in the affairs of daily life. I have not been able to decide where, so far as I was concerned, it began, and where it ended, in what was known to the public as the Fulham Mystery. Who can say, for instance, that it was not by design—the design of a force beyond our ken—that I entered that tea-shop in the Brompton Road? Was it by chance that two persons were seated at the table next to mine? Anyhow, there they were—a dark-haired girl and a red-headed youth.

The girl was, after a fashion, good-looking. But her nose was too thin; her eyes, though undoubtedly fine ones, were to my mind too big—I have seldom seen larger ones. They were what I call roving eyes.

What first attracted my attention towards their table was not only the singularity of their appearance—and the fiery-headed youth, with his thin face, high cheek-bones, small eyes, deep set in a web of freckles, presented an even more remarkable appearance than the girl; what really, in the original instance, caught my eye was the pantomime the girl was going through. She had a handkerchief in her hand, with which she was going through some quite singular evolutions. Her lips, which were very red, were rather prominent; the sort of lips which, from my point of view, when she was speaking, were as easy to read as large print.

I saw her say to the red-headed youth, in a whisper which was so faint that I am sure it only just reached his ears:—

"There are all sorts of ways of signalling; you can signal with anything. Soldiers have found out that. You can signal with a blind. Almost any information can be conveyed to a passer-by by the way in which you draw it up. Now, take your case—it's impossible to meet you again. I'm only meeting you now by a tremendous risk."

The youth said something; he had his hand up to his face, so that I could not see what it was, but I guessed it was something tender. His whole attitude was that of an adoring lover. The girl went on:—

"Of course I care for you. You know I care for you. Should I ask you to do this for me if I didn't?"

The youth said something which I also lost—and again the girl went on:—

"My dear Dan, if you only knew how, when you talk like that, you make me quiver! But we mustn't speak of such things now—there really isn't time enough for me to try to make you understand—so pay particular attention. You want to know when the coast is clear, don't you?"

What he answered I could not say. She continued:—

"If you want to do this thing for me—and if you care for me as you say you do you must want to—it must be done at the first opportunity which offers. And as I may not be able to get at you in any other way——"

He took his hand away from his mouth, so that I could see what he said.

"Couldn't you write?" he asked.

"My dear Dan!" She looked shocked. "Think of the danger. Do you want me to place myself in your hands as I have done in

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his? Of course, I know I can trust you—you needn't fly out! But I shall never be easy in my mind again. No, no, no, writing is out of the question; we must try some other way, so pay attention to me. You know the window of my room?"

"I've looked at it often enough."

"Then look at it more carefully than ever each time you pass. If the blind is drawn right down or right up it will mean nothing; if it is half drawn, a little crooked, at an angle like this"—she demonstrated with her handkerchief—"it will mean, meet me here, at this tea-shop, this afternoon at four. If—now pay particular attention—if it's drawn up more than half-way, and is crooked on the other side, like this—that will mean that the coast will be clear, and the angle at which the blind is set will tell you the day and the hour. Now, just you notice very carefully."

She was going to manipulate her handkerchief, and I was watching with some curiosity to see how she was going to do it, when she changed the subject altogether, and said:—

"There's the girl at the table next to you staring at us in a way which I don't quite like. Of course she can't hear, but I think I ll just wait and see how long she's going to stay."

Clearly I had been staring at them more intently than I had supposed. So I called the waitress, paid for my tea, and went.

Two days afterwards I went to lunch with some friends near the Boltons. When I left them I walked to the Fulham Road. On my way I passed down a street of rather shabby-looking houses, in which there was only one other pedestrian. As he came nearer I recognized that it was the red-headed youth of the tea-shop in the Brompton Road. His glance was fixed on the houses on the other side of the way—there was something in his attitude and in the way he stared which suggested considerable agitation.

Immediately facing him was a house which was like its fellows, but rather less shabby, perhaps, as if it had been more recently painted. My eyes, passing over its front, rested on one of the windows of the upper floor, on the other side of which was a very crooked blind. That blind quite startled me. I thought of the girl with the handkerchief, and how she had explained how one could signal with a blind. Did she live in the house at which he was staring, or who did live there? Was someone signalling to him with that crooked blind?

He stood gazing, as if unwilling to credit his eyes. Then, as if conscious of my approach, he broke again into movement, and, quickening his pace, went past me at a speed which was very nearly a run.

The next day the papers were full of what came to be known as the Fulham Mystery.

George Ryder had been murdered in a house in Helena Grove, Fulham, not very far from the road in which I had met that red-headed youth. George Ryder was a young man of thirty-seven. Not long before he had been knocked down, at night, presumably by some sort of motor vehicle. He was picked up near Barnes Common insensible; he had concussion of the brain. When, several days afterwards, consciousness returned, he could only say that he had been crossing to the other side of the street at a point where four roads met, and that a car, coming round one of the corners, had knocked him down.

He had nearly recovered from the effects of this accident when he was murdered—at five o'clock on an April afternoon. He was alone in the house—by what really seemed to be a most curious chance. It was the servant's afternoon out; the nurse who had charge of his case had gone out to take tea with a friend; his wife and four-year-old child were left at home. Just before five a telegram was brought to his wife, informing her that her mother, who lived at Hampstead, was dying; if she wished to see her alive she must go at once. Mrs. Ryder showed the telegram to her husband. Both the maid and the nurse were to be back at six. He declared that he wished to rest, that he would be all right till they returned, and that she was to go without delay to see her mother. She left the house between a quarter and twenty past five, taking her little girl with her. The nurse, whose name was Verrion, returned before her appointed time. She entered the house with a latch-key at about a quarter to six. She was going into her bedroom when, struck by the silence of the house, she opened the door of Mr. Ryder's room to see how her patient was. He was lying on the floor, dead; someone had struck him a heavy blow on the temple with an electro-plated candlestick which lay beside him.

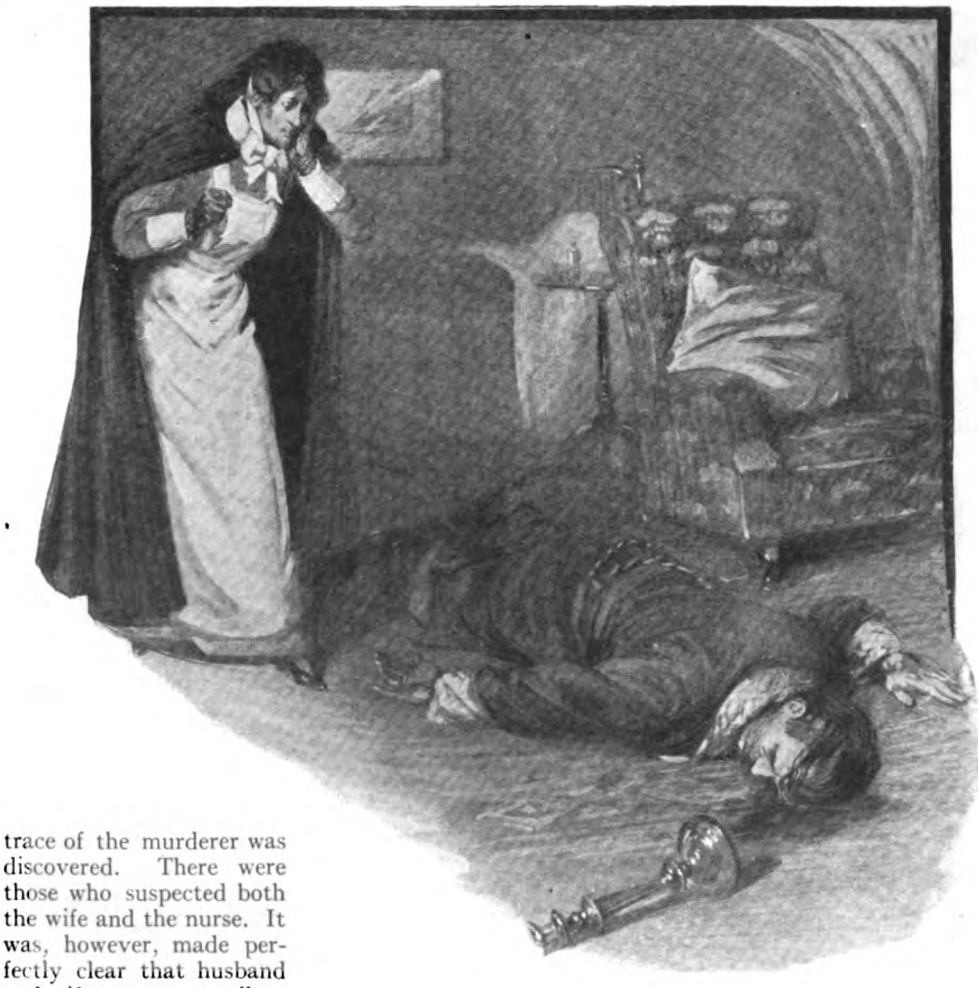
The whole tragedy had taken place inside twenty minutes—the twenty minutes which intervened between Mrs. Ryder's going out and Nurse Verrion's coming in. Nurse Verrion fetched in a doctor who lived on the other side of the street, who gave his opinion that Mr. Ryder had been dead about a quarter of an hour.

Just before seven a taxi-cab drew up in

front of the house, and Mrs. Ryder came rushing out of it; that telegram which had reached her just before five had been a hoax. She had found her mother, if anything, in better health than usual. Wondering what the thing meant she had rushed back home—to find her husband dead.

This, succinctly, was the Fulham Mystery as it was presented to the public. Not a trace of the murderer was discovered. There were those who suspected both the wife and the nurse. It was, however, made perfectly clear that husband and wife were on excellent terms; there was, besides, the almost unconscious testimony of the intelligent four-year-old child, who told how her father had gone to the door to see them off, and kissed her before she started; so that he must have been alive when his wife went out. Nurse Verrion, on her part, established two facts—that she was accompanied by a friend to the house, who only left her as she opened the door, and that within three minutes she was at the doctor's on the other side of the way.

For reasons which I can hardly define, I took more interest in the Fulham Mystery than I generally do in matters of the kind. Of course, it was the merest coincidence, but it did strike me as odd that I should have met the red-haired youth that same afternoon, and have been puzzled by the agitation he showed as he stared at the signalling blind. I suppose I met him, so far as I could judge, at about half-past three, some two hours before the murder took place within a quarter of a mile of where I saw him. I recalled what the girl had said at the tea-shop—that her object was to let him know, as I took it, by means of a signal conveyed by the blind



"HE WAS LYING ON THE FLOOR, DEAD."

in her room, when "the coast was clear." Two hours afterwards the coast had been cleared in Helena Grove in a truly singular manner.

Whether, again, the second chapter of this strange story owed its inception to mere chance, he would be a bold person who ventured positively to affirm. I was spending the week-end on the cliff at Boscombe. George Ryder had been dead two years; the Fulham Mystery, still unsolved, had practically slipped from the public mind. I arrived on the Friday, and had to leave on the Monday afternoon. On Monday morning I enjoyed the open air in the pretty, sheltered public gardens. I occupied a chair under a tree. On the other side of the path a lady was the sole occupant of a seat. We were both of us reading. An exclamation caused me to glance up from the page of my book. A lady, holding a child by each hand, had come along the path; at sight of her the occupant of the seat had sprung up; the two women were staring at each other, as if each saw in the other a ghost.

The woman with the two children seemed to be the more amazed; it was she who had uttered the exclamation. I judged her to be perhaps thirty years of age, but she looked so worn and worried that she might have been younger than she seemed. Her clothing was old and shabby.

The person who had risen from the seat was the first to speak; though I could not hear her, I could see distinctly what she said. Her expression was one of sheer bewilderment, as if she were still in doubt of the other's identity.

"Annie! It is you! Have you tumbled from the sky? Where have you been hiding? What are you doing here? And who are these—these two young people? Where is your own small daughter? Surely this is not she?"

The woman addressed as Annie seemed to be so overcome by the other's unexpected appearance as to be almost incapable of speech. When she spoke, although I heard nothing, I could see from the twitching of her lips that her voice was tremulous.

"Laura, I—I never expected to see you. I—I can't stop now, but I—I want to speak to you very much. I've got to take these two children to a friend's, just—just over there; but I'll be back in—in ten minutes, if you'll wait for me—here. Laura, say you'll wait for me."

Her friend's bewilderment seemed to be growing. The expression in her eyes showed clearly that she could not make the speaker out.

"Stay for you?" She smiled, as if to reassure her. "Of course I'll stay for you—ten minutes, or as long as you like."

The woman, with her two charges, hurried off.

I imagine that it was nearer twenty than ten minutes before the other returned; when she came she was nearly running.

"They—they kept me longer—than I thought they would. I—I'm not my own mistress, and—and when people want me to stay—I have to."

"But, my dear Annie, what do you mean by you're not your own mistress?"

"I'm—I'm a nursery governess. Didn't you know I was a nursery governess?"

"A nursery governess?" The speaker's surprise was so marked that she gave a little bound on her seat. "You! Annie! A nursery governess! But I thought that George Ryder——"

The other put her hand upon her arm, glancing about her as if in sudden terror.

"Hush! I'm not Mrs. Ryder now—at least, I don't call myself that. I—I call myself Mrs. Brown."

"You call yourself Mrs. Brown? Annie—I understand you less and less. Are you ashamed of your husband's name?"

"Indeed no. But when I told people that I was Mrs. Ryder they began to ask me questions; and when they found out that I was Mrs. George Ryder, and—and that it was my husband who was—murdered, they didn't want to have anything to do with me."

"But why ever not? It wasn't you who murdered him."

"Laura, I have to live. And when people found out who I was, they wouldn't give me a chance; so—I call myself Mrs. Brown."

"But what do you mean by you've got to live? Didn't your husband leave you plenty of money?"

"Not a penny—or, at least, only a few pounds. And shortly after my mother died, and she left nothing."

"But I thought that your husband not only had money of his own, but that he had excellent expectations?"

"He did; but nobody seems to have understood, and that has made it seem so much harder. His aunt, Mrs. Dawson, told him herself that she had left him all her money; and so she had, but her will was rather oddly worded. She left all her money to her nephew, George Ryder, but if he died before she did, then all her property was to go to

her other nephew, Athelstan Ward. She was ill when George was—killed. Someone, stupidly enough, went blundering into her bedroom, crying out that George had been murdered. The shock had such an effect on her that it brought on a paralytic seizure, from which she never recovered. In less than a month afterwards she was dead. By her will, as I have explained, she left nothing to George, who was dead, and nothing to me, or to Daisy either. Everything went to Mr. Ward."

"What a very unfortunate state of affairs for you! Did Mr. Ward do nothing? He must have seen the iniquity of such an arrangement."

"Athelstan Ward had never expected to inherit anything. He and his aunt did not get on at all; he had offended her in all sorts of ways; at the last upset they had she had told him that she would leave him nothing. He knew that everything was left to George, who was her favourite nephew. When she died he was a clerk in the City, at a salary of something over a hundred a year. He told me to my face—gratuitously— that I would never get a farthing out of him. He said that George would have stuck to the lot, and he meant to do the same."

"But what has become of the man? What a dreadful creature he must be!"

"He's married, that's all I know about him. He married Miss Lisle."

"What, Lily Lisle? The girl with the dreadful eyes, who acted as Mrs. Dawson's companion?"

"Mrs. Dawson liked her well enough, I believe; though in the end, in a sense, she was the actual cause of the old lady's death, because it was she who rushed into her bedroom screaming out that George Ryder was murdered. It turned out that she and Mr. Ward had been engaged, under the rose, for ages. After the will was read they were married—within a week or two. Everyone believed that the old lady was well off, but no one guessed how well off until things were gone into. I'm told that she left over two hundred thousand pounds. Think what even a little of it would have meant to Daisy and me. I'm getting twenty-five pounds a year, and out of that I have to clothe myself and keep my child."

"How long are you free now? I'm staying at the Burlington Hotel. Can't you come and lunch with me?"

"I'm free for this afternoon. If—if I'm not too shabby, I should like to come and lunch with you very much."

The two got up from their seat and walked away. I remained where I was, thinking. It did seem extraordinary that I should have been there when such things were being talked about—things which brought back such odd memories. The girl with the "dreadful eyes"—could she, by any chance, have had any connection with the young woman whose singular eyes had attracted my attention in the tea-shop in the Brompton Road? And Mr. Athelstan Ward—was he red-headed? I wondered.

Suppose that those two chance encounters, in the tea-shop, in the Boscombe public gardens, had put into my hands the key to the unsolved mystery—would that not be something very like a miracle? If I had had anything tangible to go upon, I would have spoken to those two women then and there. But I endeavoured to dismiss the whole subject from my mind, and went up to Waterloo by the afternoon train.

Nearly another two years elapsed, and I was at Eastbourne, staying with some friends at a big hotel on the front. My friends had gone up to town for a day or two, and I was left in sole possession of their apartments. One morning, as I was walking rapidly along the Parade, I was accosted by a woman selling flowers. Something about her method of address and manner caused me to look at her. Where, I asked myself, had I seen her before? Her face seemed familiar. I had gone past her perhaps half-a-dozen steps when it came back to me. The Boscombe public gardens; the two women on the seat —surely this was Mrs. George Ryder! And yet it seemed impossible.

I must have been mistaken; a chance resemblance had taken me in. I thought I would go back and, while buying some of her flowers, have a good look at her.

It was Mrs. Ryder—or the resemblance was supernatural. Of course, she had altered. She had grown so thin; her cheeks were hollow; her eyes cavernous, even hungry; her skin seemed to be all furrows; yet that she was the woman whom I had seen sitting on the seat, telling her friend the tragic story of the will which had passed her by, I was certain. What to say to her; what to do—these were points on which I could not make up my mind. I bought nearly all her flowers; her gratitude was piteous. Then I gave an order for more, and directed her to bring them to my hotel the next morning at a certain hour. I left her there, standing in the bitter east wind, which I hoped she did not feel to be quite so bitter as before, while

I walked away, wondering by what possible means she could have reached so dreadful a position.

I kept thinking of her, even when I got back to the hotel; she was with me all that day; when I was dressing for dinner, as I was going down to the great meal of the day. begin with, she was beautifully dressed—rather too well dressed, in fact, for such a place. Her hair was done in a way which was really an exaggeration of the latest fashion; she held herself as if she were a person of importance—she had filled out, grown plumper; in many respects she had

"I BOUGHT NEARLY ALL HER FLOWERS; HER GRATITUDE WAS PITEOUS."

In the absence of my friends I was the solitary occupant of their table. I was down early, and watched the people coming in. I had just finished my fish course when four or five persons came down the room, at the sight of one of whom I almost jumped.

It was the girl of the tea-shop—she of the dreadful eyes. I was sure it was she, though she was altered out of all conscience. To altered altogether. Yet it was she—surely no other woman in the world could have such eyes as she had. They seemed to have grown larger; they roved as much as ever.

I observed the other members of her party as they took their seats. One thing I saw at once—the red-headed youth was not there. There were three men and two other women. One of the men was her husband.

I was sure of it from the obvious way in which he was acting as host.

The man who I was convinced was her husband was the antipodes of the red-headed youth. He was rather undersized; his scanty brown hair was parted in the centre and plastered down at the sides; he wore glasses; his clothes did not seem to fit, and his shirt-front bulged.

The head waiter was coming down the room; he and I were old acquaintances.

"Can you tell me who those people are who have just come in?" I asked.

His manner as he answered was most discreet.

"It's a dinner-party. The lady and gentleman who are giving it are Mr. and Mrs. Athelstan Ward; they arrived this morning; old customers; this is their fifth or sixth visit."

So, actually, this was Mr. and Mrs. Athelstan Ward, and my wild surmise had been right. The crooked blind in the top window of the house in the street leading off the Fulham Road—the girl whom I had seen demonstrating with her handkerchief how one may signal with a blind had done it; it had been crooked because she had carefully arranged it at the precise and proper angle. In that house Mrs. Dawson had lived, the aunt of the man who had been murdered two hours after I saw that crooked blind. At that time, if what Mrs. George Ryder had told her friend in the public gardens at Boscombe was true, this girl was engaged to the other nephew, who, in a certain eventuality, of which he seemed to have been ignorant, was to benefit by his aunt's will; that eventuality, by which the girl was to benefit as much as Mr. Ward, occurred within two hours of that crooked blind having been seen by that red-headed youth, with whom she had arranged that particular signal. For what purpose?

A cold something stole up my spine as I groped about for an answer. She knew the delicate state of Mrs. Dawson's health, she was her companion; the physicians had laid on her a special charge; yet the moment the news of the tragedy reached her, well knowing that she ought to do nothing of the kind, she rushed into the presence of the aged invalid and struck her down by yelling out the news at her.

Things began to look very ugly. Was it by accident, or design, that I was stumbling on these things? What I still had to understand was the relation between the red-headed youth and the girl. That, when I saw them together in the tea-shop, he was her lover, I was convinced. Could she have used him as a tool and then thrown him over? Unless I erred, she was that sort of girl. What had become of the red-headed youth? The widow of the murdered man was selling flowers in the gutter.

A page came down the room with a telegram on a waiter. He handed it to Mrs. Athelstan Ward. I do not think I ever saw such a change take place on a woman's face in public as took place on hers as she read that telegram. What was the dominant expression on her countenance I could not say; fear and rage were two. She seemed unconscious that the boy was waiting, that her guests were looking at her, until her husband's voice recalled her to herself. He was facing me; and I saw clearly what he said.

"My dear Lily, from whom is your telegram? It appears to be of absorbing interest. Permit me to see it."

He held out his hand across the table; then she came back to herself, after a fashion. She looked, or rather she glared, at him. When she saw his outstretched hand and caught his meaning, she crushed the telegram up into a ball, thrust it into the bosom of her dress, and turned to the page, who instantly departed. She was sitting sideways to me, so that it was not easy for me to read the reply which she made to her husband.

I resolved to keep my eye on Mrs. Athelstan Ward. By way of a beginning, I thought it might be just as well to see if she would recognize me. To reach the private sitting-room which my friends had at the other end of the building it was necessary for me to pass her table, which I presently did, with something like ostentation. As I approached she looked at me, and I at her. I could see that she recognized me, and was aware that I did the same to her. Her face changed again, and a look came into her eyes which haunted me long after I had quitted the room.

The next morning I got up early. My window looked out across the garden. As I peeped to see what sort of weather it was I saw Mrs. Athelstan Ward come through the great front-door of the hotel. She was dressed for walking. Crossing the garden to the street, turning to the right, she moved quickly in the direction of Beachy Head. I had one of those intuitions to which I am subject, and was out in the street in I am afraid to say how few minutes. Mrs. Ward was out of sight, but I knew the direction in which she was going, and off I tore.

Presently I saw her. She was nearly at

the point where one begins to ascend the grassy slopes towards Beachy Head. That some special attraction was drawing her to Beachy Head at seven o'clock in the morning I felt convinced. The ascent at the part at which I took it was pretty steep. I was a little short of breath when I gained the ridge, and was sufficiently on the level to enable me to see what was ahead. There was Mrs. Ward some distance in front, striding rapidly along what I knew to be the better path. She was nearly out of sight when I gained the point from which one can see the top of the Head. A minute or two later someone came out of the little hotel which lies in the hollow on one side, and crossed to her. So this was it; she had an appointment with something masculine. It was a man who had joined her, on the top of Beachy Head, at an hour when they were likely to have it all to themselves.

I had with me a pair of those folding opera-glasses which lie down flat, so that they occupy scarcely any space at all. I focused them on to the pair in front. I was anxious to see who the man might be. Something within me gave quite a little jump as I recognized the red-headed youth of the tea-shop and the signalling blind. Their backs were towards me, so of course I could not see what they were saying; but one had only to observe the man's gestures to be able to form a very shrewd guess that the subject under discussion was of paramount interest to him. He was talking both with heat and volubility.

Presently they stopped on a little knoll which was just on the other side of the lighthouse. Down I dropped in a grassy dell which was just large enough to contain me as I lay full length, face downwards, and raised myself sufficiently on my elbows to permit me to have a view of the knoll in front.

I was particularly anxious that they should not see me. That the Fulham Mystery was going to be solved at last some instinct told me, and by that pair ahead. I did not intend to run any risk of losing what I had so long sought. With the aid of that pair of opera-glasses I watched their faces.

They were good glasses; the definition was excellent; the morning was clear. They were at a distance, as the crow flies, of perhaps under a hundred yards. When they turned my way I could see even the slightest movement of their lips as well as if they had been within a dozen feet.

It was some seconds, however, before they did turn my way. Then, suddenly the woman stood fronting the man and also me, and I saw her say, as distinctly as if she had been speaking within reach of my hand:—

"It's no use your ranting. What I've said I've said, and as I've no more to add, there's an end of it."

He was silent for an instant. Then he also turned slightly, occupying such a position that, while he faced across the sea, his mouth was as visible as if he had looked at me. I followed his answer through the glasses:—

"Lily, if ever there was a heartless devil in the shape of a woman, you are she."

She replied, with a little flick of the cane she was carrying:—

"You've told me so before. The remark is not in the least novel. Have you brought me here to make it again?"

"You have lied, and lied, and lied to me." His gesticulations recommenced. "You have fooled me practically my whole life long. I have stolen for you; you know how often you have induced me to steal for you——"

"You didn't need much inducement." Her air was contemptuous.

"I did not; you are right. There was nothing I would not have done for you at your wish. At last, at a word from you, I committed murder."

"Put it that way if you like. From my point of view you made a mess of the whole thing; I never wanted you to actually kill the man."

"No, you wanted me to play him some infernally clever trick which would result in his killing himself—as you afterwards killed that old woman. That was as much a murder as mine was. And then you denied me my reward."

"I never promised you anything."

"Not in so many words; you were much too clever. But you know what you wished me to understand that you had promised me, and how afterwards you robbed me of the price which you had made me believe I was to receive."

"Listen to me." Her attitude became all at once that of a person who was giving utterance to a final decision. "You have been to me a continual nuisance — not practically all your life, but actually all your life. There was a time when I tried to put up with you, though it wasn't easy. You've always been a penniless beggar, so that if you wanted to make me a present you had to steal it; now you throw it in my face. Afterwards—you know when—I explained that if a certain person were to die before a certain

"THE WOMAN SANK ON TO THE FLOOR."

detective is coming to Eastbourne by the first train which leaves London. If this matter is settled as I have suggested before he appears, so far well; if not, the matter will pass out of my hands into his. I have sent a message to a friend who is staying in the hotel, Mr. Arthur Stephens, a solicitor of high standing. He will probably be here in a minute or two, ready to draw up a formal assignment to Mrs. George Ryder of what ought to have been hers at the beginning. I must ask you to give your answer, Mr. Ward, at once. How is it to be?"

I could see that his lips were dry; with the tip of his tongue he moistened them. His voice was husky.

"I—I'm willing to do what you wish, Miss Lee. I am willing to do everything, and anything, if only you will say nothing to anyone else of what you have just now been saying to us."

Then I knew that my surmise had been correct, and that he had at least some sort of guilty knowledge of his wife's nefarious conduct. Arthur Stephens entered.

"I am very sorry to have disturbed you, Mr. Stephens, but I am in pressing need of your services. This is Mr. Athelstan Ward. He is in possession of certain property to which he has no title; at any rate, no moral title. Conscious of that fact, he wishes to assign it to the rightful owner. I want you to draw up a short form which shall give legal and valid expression to that wish of his. Afterwards, I may have to request you to go with him into matters of account; that you will be able to do later in the day. At present, all I ask you to do is to draw up a brief form which shall have the effect I have mentioned. Here are pen, ink, and paper."

Within a very few minutes that form was drawn up. As Mr. Ward was in the act of affixing his signature the door opened, and someone else I knew came in.

"This," I explained, "is Inspector Ellis, of Scotland Yard. Inspector, this is Mr. Athelstan Ward. He is about to sign a document; perhaps you wouldn't mind acting as one of the witnesses to his signature?"

The paper was signed and witnessed. Then I made certain other explanations; I kept within the letter of my bond, but I gave Mr. and Mrs. Athelstan Ward to understand that if they did not keep strictly within the letter of theirs, their trouble was only just beginning. After breakfast the inspector and Mr. Stephens went up to London with that undesirable husband and his still less desirable wife. In the evening they returned to Eastbourne. They rendered their report. Mr. and Mrs. Ward had been called to a strict account; in the course of the day they had been stripped of every farthing of their ill-gotten gains. Berths had been booked for them on a steamer which was leaving the very next day for a South American port. They were informed that a certain amount of money would be credited to their account when they landed; with that they would have to begin the world afresh. Whether they succeeded or failed, they would return to England at their peril. I do not think that either of them is ever likely to set foot on English soil again.

Soon after the quartet quitted the hotel on their way to London, I kept the appointment which I had made the day before. A woman who was carrying flowers was shown into the sitting-room. I met her on the threshold.

"Come in," I said. "I am very glad to see you."

She seemed alarmed, as if the way in which I tried to be friendly and treat her as an equal was a thing she was unused to.

"Please don't look so frightened; there's nothing to alarm you. I have asked you here because I want the flowers I see you have brought, and also because I wish to tell you something which I fancy you will think very wonderful, and also, I hope, very pleasant. I believe you are Mrs. George Ryder?"

At once she turned to flee, but I had her by the hand.

"Please—please don't call me by that name—please don't!"

"Why not, since it is your name? Is it not your name?"

"How do you know it's my name? Who told you it was my name? Is it written on my forehead?"

Her looks were so wild that she seemed almost like a person who was out of her senses. When I began to tell her, in her turn, my story—the change that took place in her! Many times have I been thankful for the gift which God gave me; never, I think, more thankful than I was then.

When I explained that she was to have the money which was meant for her husband after all, and laid before her Mr. Athelstan Ward's assignment, she broke into dry-eyed sobbing.

"Do you know"—the words broke from her between her sobs—"my child is dying for want of sufficient and proper nourishment? She is dying of starvation—and now—thank God!—thank God!"

Japanese Flower-Statuary.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

SOME time ago I gave an account of the *kiku ningyo*—the human figures built of growing chrysanthemums which make so striking a part of the autumn flower shows in Japan. At Tokio, the capital, the suburb of Dangozaka is the place most famous for exhibitions of chrysanthemums of extraordinary variety, size, training, and beauty, and at Dangozaka the finest shows of *kiku ningyo* in the capital are to be seen. But it is in the city of Nagoya, in Owari, on the railroad between Tokio and the ancient capital, Kyoto, that the art of flower-statuary is carried to its greatest perfection and most complete elaboration. At Nagoya much larger and more ambitious groups of figures, with far more complete settings and backgrounds, are carried out than anywhere else in Japan. Some photographs of such groups shown at Nagoya in the autumn of 1910 are used to illustrate this article; they are among the best ever exhibited.

I.—KOJIMA TAKANORI, THE CELEBRATED HERO, BUILT OF CHRYSANTHEMUM BLOSSOMS.
From a Photograph.

It must be remembered that these figures are not made up of cut flowers, or of chrysanthemum plants hacked into shape for the occasion. The plants are grown for the purpose from the beginning, and trained from their roots up and over wire frames, which map out the general forms of the figures and costumes. Every part of each figure is strikingly represented by the myriad flowers which build them up, except the faces and hands, which are modelled in wood and painted. Every detail of the gorgeous costumes and armour of the old days is reproduced faithfully in flowers in hundreds of brilliant colours, and each part, whether of costume or armour, is clearly formed and distinguished, the blossoms, with their appropriate hues, building them up as would the touches of a painter's brush in a picture.

Of course, as is well known, chrysanthemum blooms of enormous size and wonderful form are shown at the Japanese exhibitions, but these great flowers are not used in the *kiku ningyo*. For this purpose a variety with small, close, compact blossoms is far more suitable, for two important reasons; one being that the flowers of this smaller variety live unfaded for an especially long while, and the other that the small, close blossoms can be built into much more regular, clearly and accurately defined forms and patterns than the larger, looser flowers of other sorts. The groups so built represent sometimes scenes from popular plays, but in Nagoya far more commonly the scenes are from ancient history and legend. They are protected from the weather by sheds and overhanging roofs, just as were the miniature gardens which we so much admired at the Japan-British Exhibition.

The very qualities which distinguish the *kiku ningyo* of Nagoya above those seen in other parts of Japan—their completeness, minute elaboration, and the size of the groups—make it the more difficult to present them adequately by photography, since the proportionate reduction must be much greater, whereas the fine detail calls for a larger rather than a smaller scale photograph. For this reason readers may like to refer to the pictures in the previous article; but for the benefit of those unable to do so, the first photograph, with the figure of Kojima Takanori, is printed

on a larger scale. It will be seen that the whole figure of the warrior is built up of thousands of small growing blossoms of chrysanthemum, so ranged in their colours as to represent all the details of his armour; while the roots of the plants from which all these swarms of flowers spring are in the ground beneath his feet. Here, again, we feel the defect of the plain photograph, since the contrast of colours, on which the greater part of the effect depends, is absent. But the modelling of the skirt pieces of the armour is fairly clear. The armour of the old *samurai*, as most are aware, was built up of many light plates of overlapping steel, flexibly secured together with silken cords of varied colours. Here it is fairly easy to perceive the edges of the plates on the thigh and shoulder pieces, outlined with flowers of lighter tint than the rest. It may be noticed that Takanori, famous *samurai* as he was, wears but *one* sword; this, however, is merely testimony to the historical accuracy of the representation; for the practice of the wearing of two swords, for many centuries the distinguishing mark of the *samurai*, took its rise some years later than the date of the incident depicted, which was our year 1332.

This is the story. The Emperor Go-Daigo, helpless under the domination of the Hojo family—one of the succession of powerful clans who held the actual reins of power in Japan until the revolution not fifty years ago—attempted, by the aid of certain loyal nobles and their few followers, to overthrow the tyranny that kept himself, as well as his people, in subjection. But Hojo Takatoki, chief of the clan and virtual governor of the country, got wind of the plan, seized the Emperor, and banished him to the distant island of Oki. Helpless and defenceless, the luckless Emperor had no choice but to submit, and, with only two or three attendants, was sent off under a strong guard. Kojima Takanori, one of the nobles remaining faithful to the Emperor, hastily gathered a few companions and set out to intercept the party and effect a rescue. Takanori and his friends took up a position in a pass by the mountain Funasaka, on the road toward Oki; but Takatoki, either suspecting some such attempt or being secretly warned, made a detour and avoided the pass. When it became plain that the plan had miscarried, Takanori's companions, discouraged, melted away; but Takanori himself was a hero of sterner stuff. Entirely alone he went in pursuit of the party that was carrying off his Emperor to captivity, hoping desperately for some chance that might offer to aid Go-Daigo's escape. For days he followed, but saw that any actual attempt was impossible; the best he could hope for was to convey to the illustrious captive some message of encouragement, some assurance that he was not friendless, and that loyal *samurai* were ready to aid his cause to the last. But the guard kept their prisoner so closely that for long even this was impossible; till one night Takanori stole into the garden of an inn at which the party was resting, cut a wide strip of bark from the trunk of a flowering cherry tree, and on the white space thus exposed wrote a verse of two lines, carrying an allusion to ancient Chinese history: "Heaven will not destroy Kosen while Hanrei lives." Kosen was a Chinese Emperor of the fifth century B.C., who was dethroned and taken prisoner by his enemy Fuso, but rescued and restored to his dignities by his faithful Minister Hanrei.

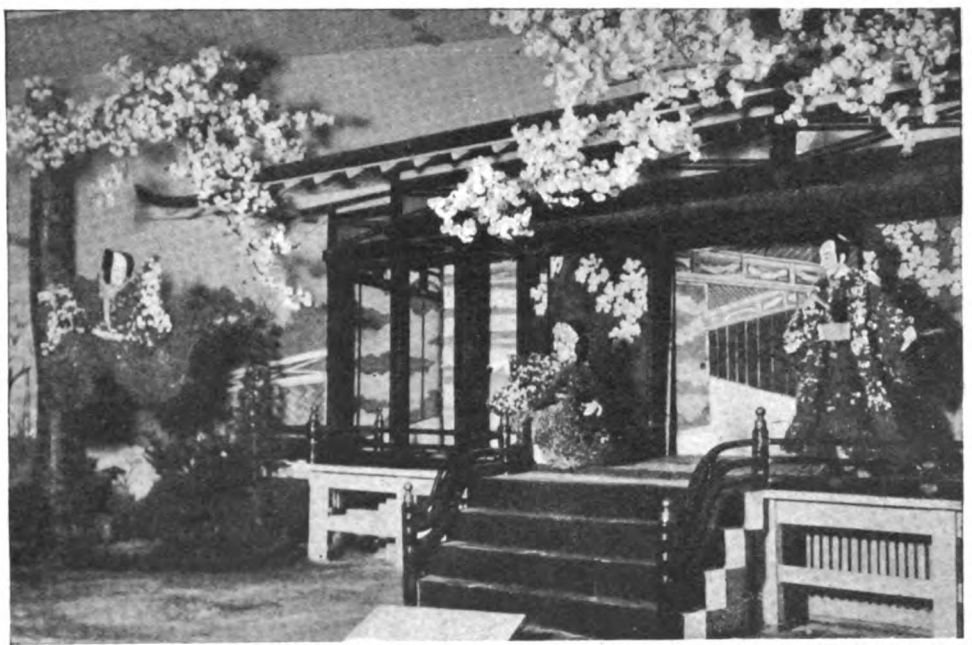
Rising in the morning, Go-Daigo saw and read the couplet, and understood the allusion. He knew that some vassal as faithful as Hanrei was not far away, and he took heart. Not without cause, for Kojima Takanori set himself to raise an army, and in the course of a year Hojo Takatoki was utterly defeated and Go-Daigo restored.

The story of Kojima Takanori is one of the most famous in Japanese history, and carries the mingled warlike and literary character which distinguishes so many others. Those who were fortunate enough to see the performance of the Japanese actors under Kawakami and Sada Yacco some years ago at the Coronet Theatre may remember seeing the story presented in a short play.

Chiushin—the loyal heart—was the greatest of the virtues in the code of old Japan, and filial piety was the next. Even a "fox-man" might be forgiven in consideration of a display of filial piety, as is illustrated in the next scene (2), representing a situation in the play "Sembon Zakura." This is an excellent example of the elaboration of scene and finish which characterizes the flower-statuary of Nagoya. The whole scene is fully "built up," and no detail is lacking. To the right, on the veranda of the pavilion, stands Yoshitsune, the Bayard of Japan, the darling of Japanese history and tradition, and type of gallant chivalry; farther along, by the head of the stairs, kneels Shizuka, his lady-love, grasping in her left hand the *tsuzumi*, or hand-drum, used in certain of the dances in which she was accomplished. Right across the picture a third figure is seen floating in

the air by the trunk of a blossoming cherry tree. This is the wizard-fox, which has taken the form of Yoshitsune's lieutenant, Sato Tadanobu, "and the same with intent to deceive." Each of the figures, like that of Takanori in the first *tableau*, is built of a mass of chrysanthemum blossoms on the plants growing from the earth below in the case of the two on the veranda, and from an artfully-concealed box of earth behind in the case of the one in the air.

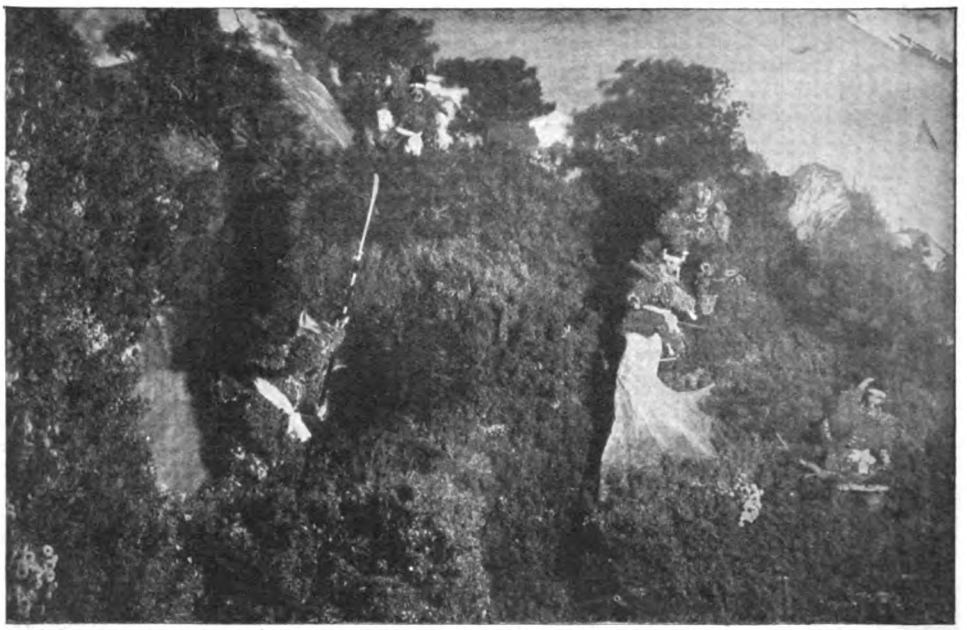
The fox, it must be understood, holds a place in Japanese legend much worse than that given him in the folk-lore of Europe, unenviable as that is. His attributes go far beyond mere cunning and inhuman guile; ancient fable. Yet here, in the story of "Sembon Zakura," we have Yoshitsune, the pattern of all knightly virtues, sparing a man-fox because of its display of filial piety. The fox, in the guise of Yoshitsune's loyal friend and henchman, Tadanobu, approaches the hero and the lady, and at first deceives both. But something arouses Yoshitsune's suspicion, and, with an astuteness outreaching the fox's own, he leads the conversation into channels involving matters known only to Tadanobu and himself. The fox is bowled out and blunders badly, spite of all his magic; and straightway he is seized and at the sword's point forced to confess the object of his stratagem. Then it is revealed that the fox's



2.—A SCENE FROM THE PLAY "SEMBON ZAKURA," SHOWING FLOWER-FIGURES OF YOSHITSUNE, HIS LADY-LOVE SHIZUKA, AND THE WIZARD-FOX. *From a Photograph.*

he is a wizard of the blackest type, wielding demoniac powers, master of all the evil magic that can do hurt to man. Foxes enter into demoniac possession of human beings, and work all the wickedness, and more, that was ascribed to the witches and warlocks of the Middle Ages in Europe. They live for many centuries, and at the age of a thousand years they become white, acquire nine tails, and have enormous powers. Every fox is to be dreaded, but the worst of all is the man-fox, which can assume the appearance, voice, and manner of any human being at a moment's notice. The extermination of all such creatures was a sacred duty of every knight-errant in object is the *tsuzumi* wielded by Shizuka in her dance; it has been headed with the skin of the fox's father, and the fox has followed the relic the world over, with the pious design of rescuing it from desecration and reverently restoring it to his father's tomb. The plea is all-sufficient; the fox, spite of all his supernatural wickedness, is pardoned because of his devotion to his father's memory, the skin is delivered up to him, and he flies away—for foxes can fly, like witches on broomsticks—with his mission accomplished.

Though legends innumerable have gathered about the name of Yoshitsune, nevertheless he was an historical character, and his exploits



3.—YOSHITSUNE'S CELEBRATED DESCENT ON THE ENEMY DOWN A PRECIPICE.
From a Photograph.

in the famous wars of "Gen and Hei" go to make some of the most stirring chapters in Japanese history. The next scene (3) depicts one of these exploits—his descent on the enemy at the battle of Ichi-no-tani. This is the finest of all the flower-statuary scenes here photographed, and possibly the best ever made; wherefore it is doubly unfortunate that its size and the fineness of the detail make a small photograph inadequate to represent it.

What are called the wars of Gen and Hei were waged between the two powerful clans of Minamoto and Taira. The character which stands for the name Minamoto can also be read Gen, and that standing for Taira has the alternative reading Hei; hence the name—sometimes contracted into Genpei—given this series of civil wars, which in many respects bear a striking resemblance to our own Wars of the Roses, even to the colours—red and white—of the badges used by the respective sides. At the battle of Ichi-no-tani, in 1184, a body of the Taira, under Taira no Tomomori, held a castle protected in front by the sea and at the rear by a precipitous mountain-side which was regarded as too steep for the descent of anything but a monkey. Nevertheless Yoshitsune did not hesitate to lead his men down the cliff and so fall on the castle from the rear, capturing it by surprise and the impetuosity of his attack.

4.—THE FIGURES OF YOSHITSUNE AND HIS LIEUTENANT, ENLARGED FROM THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH.

In the representation of this event the designer of *kiku ningyo*, for the greater picturesqueness of his scene, has chosen a spot in the descent where there is a break in the steepness of the cliff. Here Yoshitsune has paused before the final attack, and can be distinguished consulting with one of his lieutenants, who is seated on a protruding jag of rock a little to the right of the middle of the picture. Yoshitsune

himself, in horned helmet, is a little above, and both look down on the object of attack (seen enlarged in No. 4). Lower, and to the right, another member of the party signals with his hand; to the left, and much nearer the spectator, another warrior, whose face is hidden by his arm, is seen descending by aid of the shaft of his *naginata*—a weapon between a spear and a halberd; and a fifth *samurai* is above, a trifle to the right of where the weapon points. The unavoidable absence in the photograph of the colour of the bright blossoms that mark out the figures from the background makes the detail a little obscure; but the bushy part of the background itself, it must be remembered, is formed of a mass of chrysanthemums, properly graded and differentiated in colour and leaf to represent the scrub of the mountain-side. Groups of larger flowers may be seen at the extreme left of the picture. Many thousands of variegated blossoms, each trained exactly in its place, go to the building up of this large and striking scene.

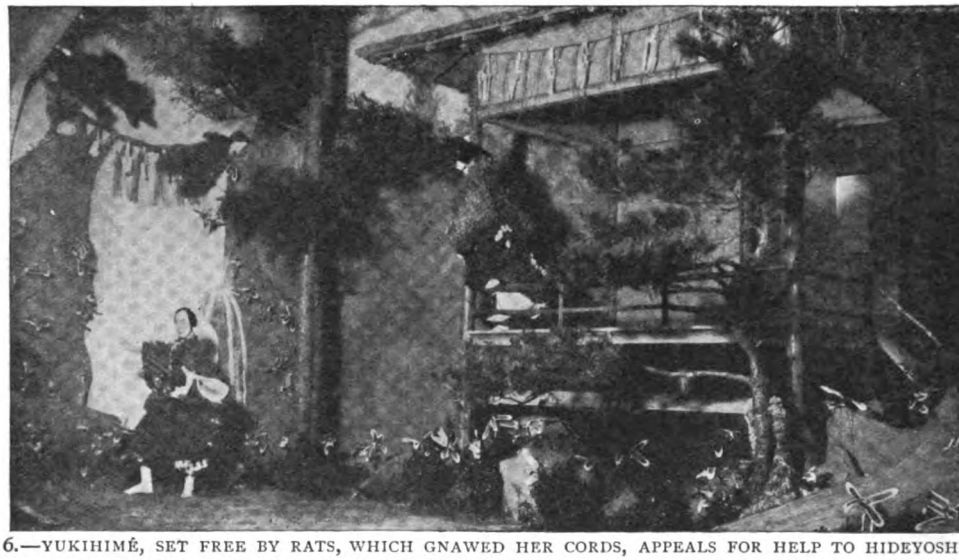
5.—TAMETOMO ATTACKED BY LADIES ARMED WITH FLOWERING BRANCHES.
From a Photograph.

Yoshitsune's life offers in any case a most remarkable and varied romance, even up to the time of his supposed violent death as a young man. But there is another and most extraordinary story which tells that he escaped and made his way to the mainland of Asia, where, as Genghis Khan, one of the most renowned conquerors in history, he brought most of Asia and much of Europe under his domination. The tale is far too long to tell here; but it may be said that a detailed examination makes clear either that there exists the most amazing series of coincidences in the careers, names, families, and circumstances of the two men, or that Yoshitsune's complete story is incomparably the strangest recorded in history.*

Yoshitsune had an uncle, Tametomo, a famous archer and a powerful athlete, who is also the hero of many tales. The next of the scenes represents an incident in a play founded on legends of his exploits. The play represents that on the occasion of Tametomo's visit to the nobleman Aso Tadakuni to demand the hand of his daughter, the prospective father-in-law arranged a little surprise for the visitor, to test his temper and readiness in defence. It should be mentioned that the science of self-defence in old Japan included not only the art of fencing, properly so called, but that of self-defence with any implement that might come handy; thus we read of a fencing-master disarming an assailant with a pot-lid. Further, fencing and the use of various weapons — particularly the *naginata* —were taught the ladies of noble families, to render them capable of defence in emergency. Tametomo, on his visit, having, in accordance with etiquette, left his weapons at the gate of the palace, was suddenly surprised by a furious attack of women armed with flowering branches (5). Such an assault was disconcerting enough, in the ceremonious atmosphere of a Japanese nobleman's household, and was only removed from deadly insult by the use of flowers in the attack—another curious illustration of the Japanese admiration of and delight in flowers. Needless to say, in the play Tametomo acquits himself with due dexterity, gallantry, and good humour under the test.

Yoshitsune's reputation as a warrior is unrivalled in Japanese history and legend; and in regard to *generalship* simply it is scarcely approached, except, perhaps, by that of Hideyoshi, a great commander of four hundred years later. Many plays and stories have been built round the career of Hideyoshi, some with a touch of the supernatural to help the interest. An incident in one such play is shown in the scene where Hideyoshi is seen standing by a waterfall and the lady Yukihimé is speaking to him from a veranda

* We have asked Mr. Arthur Morrison to write some account of this strange romance of history, and we hope to publish his article in next month's issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.



6.—YUKIHIMÉ, SET FREE BY RATS, WHICH GNAWED HER CORDS, APPEALS FOR HELP TO HIDEYOSHI.
From a Photograph.

(6). Yukihimé, made captive and bound by the villain Matsunaga Daizen, weeps bitterly, and with her tears draws the figures of rats on the floor of her prison. By the favour of Heaven these life-like rats become actually alive, and gnaw through the cords that bind the artist to whom they owe their being. Whereupon Yukihimé, free to escape, appeals for help to Hideyoshi, who rescues her from the clutches of her enemy, and the two proceed to further surprising adventures. Here one has an opportunity of perceiving how closely the lady's dress has been built up with innumerable flowers, and the *tableau* is very thoroughly completed with rocks, pines, and scene-painting.

A very striking *tableau*, in which four figures are seen in a snowy landscape, is drawn, not from Japanese, but from Chinese legend (7). Here are Kwanyu, Cho-hi, and Gentoku (to use the Japanese forms of the Chinese names), three famous companions in arms of the second and beginning of the third century A.D. Kwanyu, the formidable figure with the halberd on the bridge, has been deified as Chinese god of war. The figure on horseback is that of Cho-hi, while that between the two represents Gentoku, afterwards Emperor. The occasion is just before a great battle in which the three warriors took part, and to the right is the little son of Gentoku, begging to be allowed to accompany his father. Here the horse, as well as the human figures, is built with and trained from the plants growing up through its legs; and the whole scene made one of the most notable in the exhibition.

7.—KWANYU AND HIS COMPANIONS GOING TO WAR—A SCENE FROM CHINESE HISTORY.
From a Photograph.

Mr. Bodkin's Elephant.

By LEONARD LARKIN.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd.

MR. SAMUEL BODKIN'S beginning at natural history was no beginning at all, as I have already related. A bear in a London suburb might at least have been expected to give anybody a start—a serious start, so to speak; but in Mr. Bodkin's case the start was a false one. Mrs. Bodkin never heard about that bear; and now it doesn't matter, for she has learned to be prepared for anything.

Mr. Bodkin's serious start came with an elephant, and the elephant came—but this has to be explained.

A little way out from the respectable suburb of Surbledon, just over the country's edge, stood the headquarters of Walker's Circus. Walker's Circus walked about the country in the season, but out of the season it sat and recruited at headquarters, which was a farm thrown out of farming. Small accidents fashion men's lives. The bear on Surbledon Common started Mr. Bodkin on his zoological adventures, and now a casual stroll by Walker's headquarters and another up the Haymarket carried him to the next step.

The stroll by Walker's headquarters merely informed him that Walker's headquarters were there, and that elephants, camels, lions, and tigers were kept on the premises. The stroll up the Haymarket gave him a definite suggestion. There is a gunsmith's shop in the Haymarket, a celebrated gunsmith's shop, and in the window, besides the guns, an enormous pair of elephant's tusks is displayed, together with the announcement that their value is one thousand pounds. Mr. Bodkin had completely retired from business, but his business instincts remained. Here he saw a chance of plunging anew into his hobby and making it pay. Buy a young elephant and let its tusks grow into money!

It was the one excuse he needed, if he needed one at all. For when he came to think of it, an elephant would make a far better beginning for his amateur menagerie than any bear. There was nothing in the world so docile, amiable, intelligent, and even useful, as an elephant. By aid of that extraordinary trunk he could, with noble fidelity, pick up a pin or knock down a house. He could pile teak (as Mr. Kipling is witness), and although Mr. Bodkin had no teak, there was no doubt an elephant could pile something else equally useful. Just as Byron's example had justified Mr. Bodkin's purchase of a bear, so Rossetti's was ready to justify the elephant. Rossetti didn't actually keep an elephant, it is true, but he certainly meant to do so, in order that it might clean his windows, and so act as an advertisement. The inspirations of genius are apt to be a little startling, but we should be grateful for their guidance, nevertheless.

After all, some real beginning must be made if the amateur menagerie scheme was to be a reality; and though to begin with an elephant might seem extravagant to a small mind, a mind so large as Mr. Bodkin's saw the advantages of the scheme at a glance. The tusks were a great inducement, certainly; but then there was also the house and garden work. Nobody who had ever seen an elephant at a circus, dancing on a tub and ordering its own dinner, could doubt that it could equally well be trained to mow a lawn, roll a garden-path, turn a mangle, sweep a yard, mend a fence, or paint a gate. Nothing could be more profitable as a household investment, and nothing more interesting than the process of teaching the intelligent quadruped. Mr. Bodkin would also write letters to the scientific papers describing his progress, and gain much credit and renown thereby.

A large man with gaiters and a whip scowled interrogatively at Mr. Bodkin when that gentleman, on his next country stroll, fumbled at the gate of Walker's headquarters. With no excess of courtesy he demanded to know what Mr. Bodkin wanted; and Mr. Bodkin, with no excess of self-confidence, did *not* say, "An elephant, please." He

merely asked if any stock was for sale, but it was enough; the surly man's face became strangely amiable, and the gate was opened.

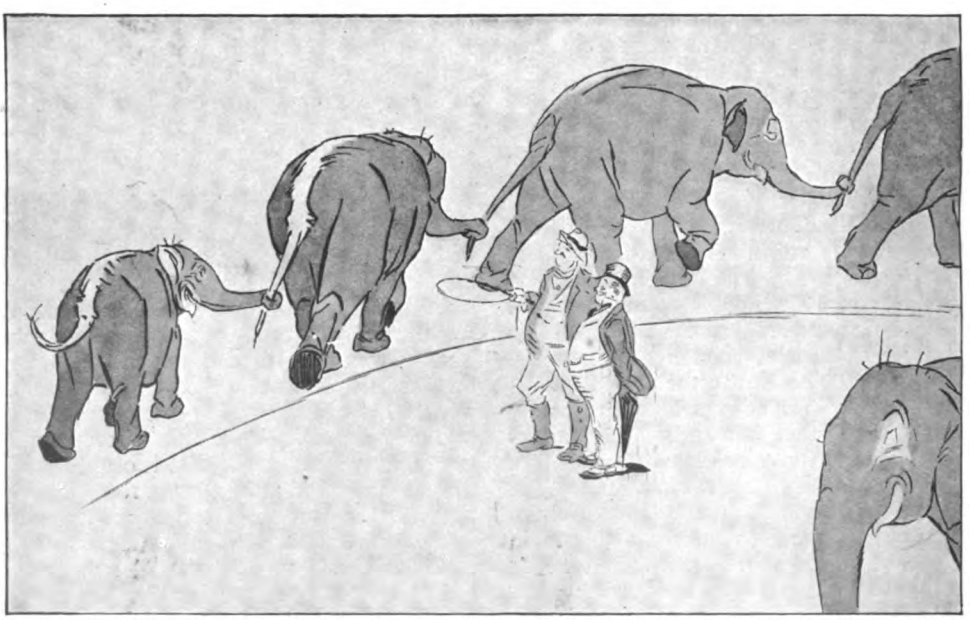
Anything in the place could be bought, it seemed—the sole question being one of price. "Anything from a cat to an elephant," the man said. "Then let's begin with the elephants," said Mr. Bodkin.

The man was a little surprised, but ready enough. The elephants were in a most enormous barn, and all Mr. Bodkin's zoological enthusiasm rose at the sight. He would have liked to buy the lot, but he restrained his ardour. Only one bore tusks, and he would probably be dear. Better buy the youngest and smallest, and let the tusks "grow into money."

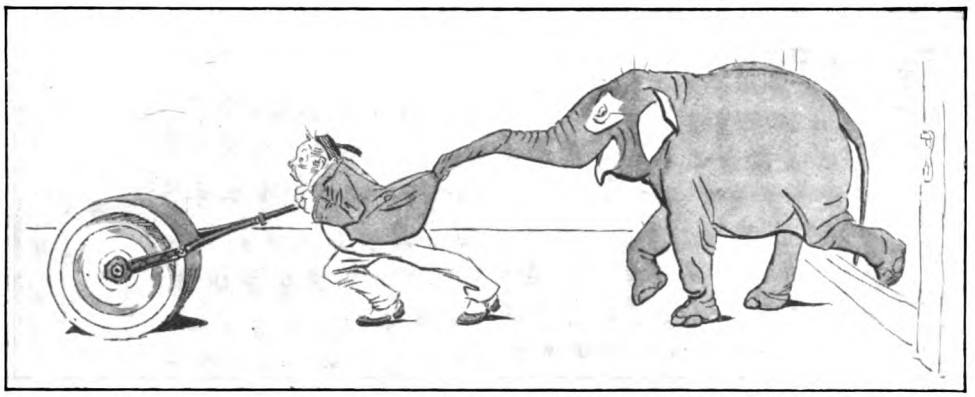
The elephants ambled out amiably into the farmyard, the tallest first, then the next, then the third in point of size, and so on, in an exact graduation that itself was a testimony to their sagacity. Each took the tail of the one in front, and the rear was brought up by the youngest and smallest, whose quiet docility took Mr. Bodkin's eye from the start. "He'll do," thought Mr. Bodkin; "all ready to grow into money."

The man with the whip wouldn't guarantee the tusks, however; some had 'em and some hadn't, he said. But of all the elephants he ever saw he never saw so promising a youngster for tusks as Dr. Johnson, which was the name of the junior elephant on which Mr. Bodkin's eye was longingly fixed. He couldn't explain exactly why, but if Mr. Bodkin was a judge of elephants at all—as, of course, he doubtless was—he must see for himself that there was never a more likely tusker. But guarantee them—no; they didn't do business like that at Walker's. No doubt a little stimulating embrocation, rubbed in at the roots, would bring them on quickly, but that was the purchaser's affair.

Mr. Bodkin was by now resolved to possess that elephant if the price was anywhere within the sum of his bank balance. But he was still a man of business, and when the large man asked a hundred pounds Mr. Bodkin said fifty. The large man looked pained, and said that such an offer was out of the question. If the gentleman really insisted on a reduction he would do his utmost, stretch a point, and take ninety-five—guineas. And when Mr. Bodkin pointed out that the proposed reduction was one of five shillings exactly the large man looked pained again, and surprised also. Would Mr. Bodkin make his own offer? Mr. Bodkin said sixty, now; and the large man, with grief in his tones, said ninety guineas. And so at last, by easy stages, marked by the increasing length of the large man's face and a deepening gloom in his voice, they settled it at eighty. Mr. Bodkin pulled out his cheque-book.



"EACH TOOK THE TAIL OF THE ONE IN FRONT, AND THE REAR WAS BROUGHT UP BY THE YOUNGEST AND SMALLEST, WHOSE QUIET DOCILITY TOOK MR. BODKIN'S EYE FROM THE START."



"HE STEPPED SOFTLY FORWARD AND SEIZED THE COAT-TAILS WITH HIS TRUNK."

"Guineas," said the large man, finally; and he got his way, this time.

When the news of the acquisition was broken to Mrs. Bodkin, slowly and with many extenuations, it took the promise of all Dr. Johnson's price in bonnets and frocks to quiet her down and get her to bed. Mr. Bodkin explained the cheapness of the thing. How Dr. Johnson's trunk by itself, according to the books of natural history, was provided with no less than fifty thousand muscles, which worked out at about five muscles for twopence, and this for the trunk alone. Also he expounded the surpassing domestic usefulness of the elephant; but all to no purpose. And when Dr. Johnson actually arrived, next day, she went straight off to her sister's at Tunbridge Wells. But that was a thing she had done before; and the pride of the new possession fully occupied the soul of Mr. Bodkin. The stable was not so tight a fit as he had expected, and Dr. Johnson, after a snack consisting of about the month's keep of a dray-horse, showed nimself perfectly amiable, with no more objectionable characteristics than a tendency to regard Mr. Bodkin's umbrella, his hat, or anything else he might be carrying, as a savoury meant for consumption after the snack.

Mr. Bodkin put his hat and umbrella away, and by easy stages approached the agreeable duty of fondling his new pet into a proper state of personal attachment. Dr. Johnson took little note of the fondlings, for his hide was insensitive, and presently Mr. Bodkin remembered that in India these endearments are practised with a brick.

The manager at Walker's had given Dr. Johnson's state of education high testimonials. He was young yet, he said, but was ready to do anything he was told, and had achieved a great musical success at the circus by turning a hand-organ. A little reward after obedience or success was the great thing, and as reward there was nothing cheaper or more acceptable to an elephant than brewer's grains—say a pailful—and grains with the swillings of the vats thrown in with them were more acceptable than any. So Mr. Bodkin sent an immediate order for a great supply of fresh brewer's grains, and brought out the garden-roller.

The garden-roller was a particularly large and heavy one, bitterly reviled by all the gardeners who had ever seen it. Mr. Bodkin dragged it thunderously over the stable-yard and introduced it to the notice of Dr. Johnson. Dr. Johnson did not seem vastly interested. He reached out his trunk, it is true, but it was toward Mr. Bodkin's nearest pocket, as he had learned to do after oranges, with a clown. Mr. Bodkin swung over the handle in a manner so unmistakable that Dr. Johnson, quite open-minded, even about a garden-roller, investigated it gently all over and all round, but evidently formed an unfavourable opinion. Nothing would persuade him that even an elephant could eat a thing like that. So Mr. Bodkin tried a little practical demonstration; he took the handle himself, turned his back to his pet, and began to push.

The roller thundered along in front, and Mr. Bodkin gradually receded, his coat-tails sticking out behind. A flash of intelligence crossed Dr. Johnson's mind at the sight of the receding coat-tails; he stepped softly forward and seized them with his trunk. This, he reflected, was nothing but the old game of the walk round, with a man's tail instead of an elephant's. Mr. Bodkin toiled out of the stable-yard and on to the garden-paths, with his elephant dutifully following; but that was all he would do. Mr. Bodkin stopped,

turned about, and confronted Dr. Johnson. Dr. Johnson beamed amiably, shuffled and snorted, but could not be induced to take an interest in the garden-roller, except through the medium of his proprietor's coat-tails. Mr. Bodkin expostulated, pulled his coat-tails away, slapped the handle of the roller, and insisted. Dr. Johnson turned away nonchalantly, swung his trunk round a large clump of delphiniums, tore it all up, and pitched it down his throat. Here ended the first lesson.

There was only one way to lead him back out of mischief, and that was to give him the coat-tails again and restart the procession, with the heavy roller in front. That was done, and Mr. Bodkin, not unconscious of the regards of grinning servants at certain windows, made the central figure of an ignominious retreat to the stable-yard.

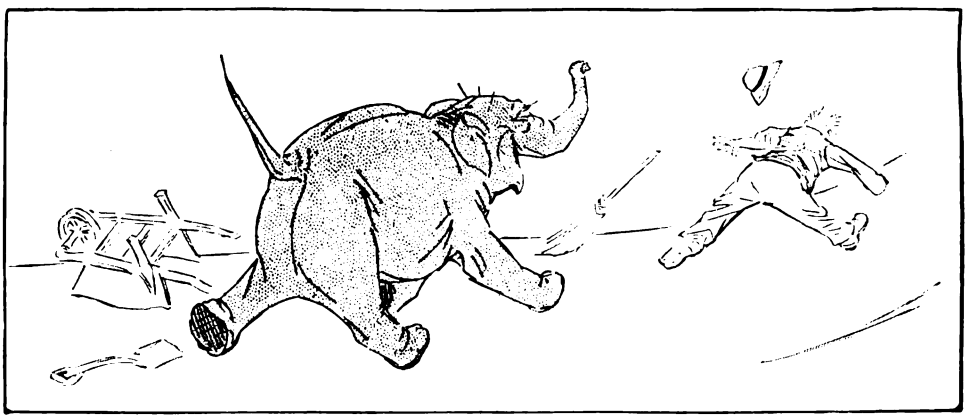
There was an interval for Mr. Bodkin's lunch. Dr. Johnson also took a small refection of some trusses of hay and a few gallons of mash ; and during the interval a wagon-load of brewer's grains arrived warm and reeking, and was pitched in a steaming pile in a convenient outhouse. A pailful of this provided Dr. Johnson with the elephantine substitute for a coffee and liqueur, and he brightened considerably. "Sir," he seemed to say, "let us take a walk round the premises."

At any rate, he started out, and the gardener, who had all the morning found urgent business as far away from Dr. Johnson as possible, took refuge in the shed where the brewer's grains were, and wedged the door with a log. Dr. Johnson followed, trumpeting.

"Sir," he seemed to continue, "you are evading the point of the argument. Allow me, in a spirit of inquiry, to investigate the contents of this shed." For the scent of the grains pervaded the air, and so aroused his affection that the gardener mistook the sentiment for personal hostility. He cried aloud for help, and Mr. Bodkin, running, had the presence of mind to snatch the pail as he went. The pail, passed through a convenient window and filled by the terrified gardener, proved a sufficient inducement to draw Dr. Johnson back into the stable-yard. Whereupon the gardener emerged, and fastened the gate of the stable-yard with very great care.

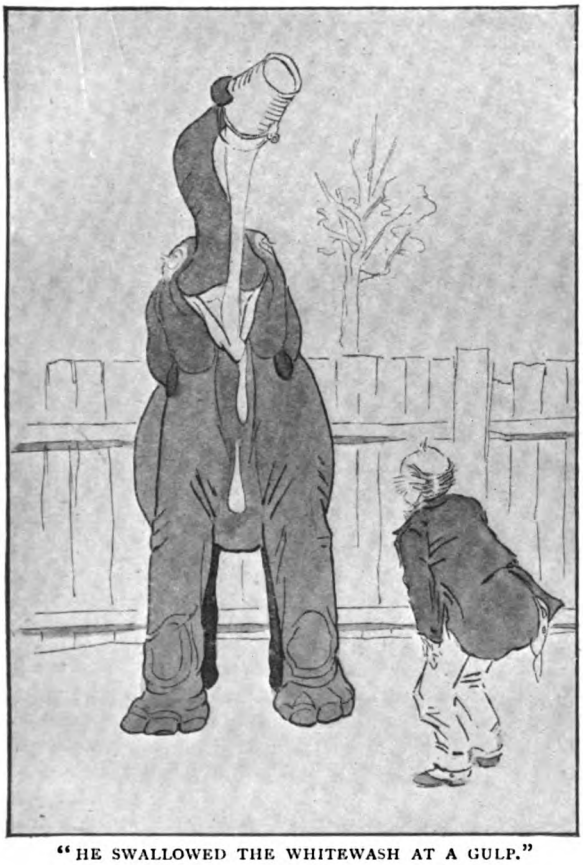
Plainly idleness was an undesirable state for any elephant. Mr. Bodkin thought for a moment, and decided on a simple lesson in whitewashing. A pail of whitewash and a brush was brought, accordingly, and as soon as Dr. Johnson's logical mind was satisfied that the grain-pail was absolutely empty, Mr. Bodkin directed his attention to a fence, and emphasized the direction by beginning the work with several long, steady stripes.

Dr. Johnson was not interested. He fidgeted, and cast a lickerish eye in the direction of the grain-shed. But Mr. Bodkin was not to be denied. After a few more strokes he walked round to the other side, so as to catch his pet's wandering eye, and offered the whitewash brush.



"DR. JOHNSON FOLLOWED, TRUMPETING."

Dr. Johnson took it good-humouredly enough, thought for a moment, and then hoisted the brush over his right ear and began to scratch his back with it. The whitewash spread broadly, ran in streaks, and mottled his flanks. Dr. Johnson rather liked it. He swung the brush across to the other side, narrowly missing Mr. Bodkin's head, and went on scratching. Mr. Bodkin ran back



"HE SWALLOWED THE WHITEWASH AT A GULP."

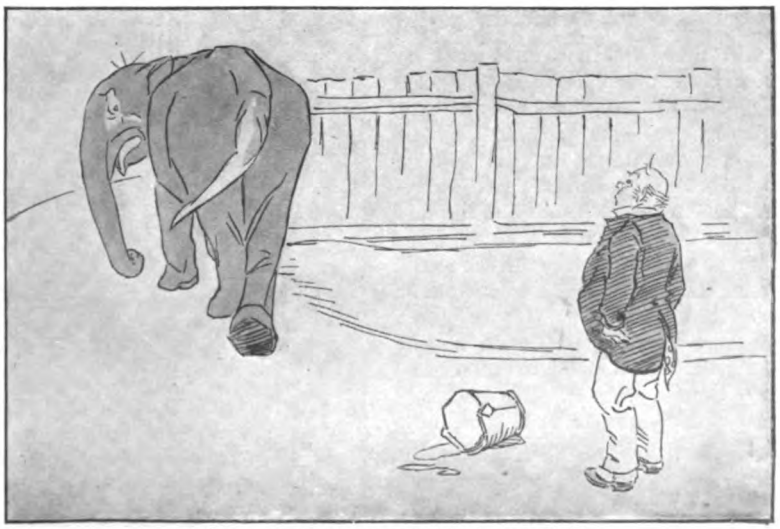
to the other side once more, picked up the whitewash pail, and put it down close before Dr. Johnson, pointing vigorously at it and the fence alternately. Dr. Johnson stopped scratching and considered deeply, wondering what was expected of him. Then he suddenly made up his mind. He flung the brush far over the stable buildings and swallowed the whitewash at a gulp.

He stood for a second considering the flavour, and then realized that he had been cruelly sold. The humiliation of it, not to speak of the taste, entered into his very soul. With one bitterly reproachful glance at Mr. Bodkin he gave a sorrowful snort, covering Mr. Bodkin with a fine shower of whitewash, heaved his shoulders and shuddered all along his sides, and slunk into the stable.

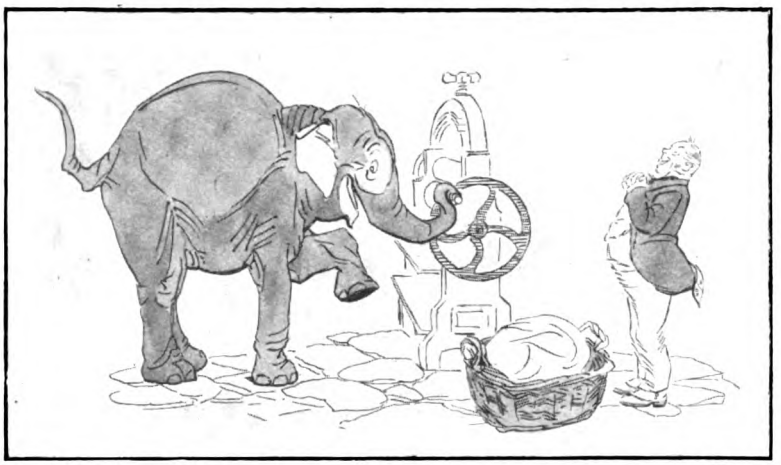
An angry and assertively democratic man came to restore the whitewash brush, after hammering on the side gate with it, and explained that it had fallen on his head. Mr. Bodkin bought the brush over again for twice its original price, and the democrat went away threatening the British Constitution.

This was a sad calamity. Dr. Johnson would brood, and take a dislike to his master. Mr. Bodkin remembered the tale of the tailor who pricked the elephant's trunk, and was much concerned. He got still another pailful of grains, poured a quart of beer over it, and essayed to make peace. Dr. Johnson was quite ready to agree to the terms. This was by far the best pailful he had had that day, and almost worth the pain of the whitewash.

The whitewash was a failure, and the garden-roller could not be called a success; but Mr. Bodkin was indomitable. There was the mangle. Dr. Johnson was warranted to have turned a hand-organ at the circus, and an elephant that could turn a hand-organ could obviously turn a mangle. The kitchen was



"A BITTERLY REPROACHFUL GLANCE."



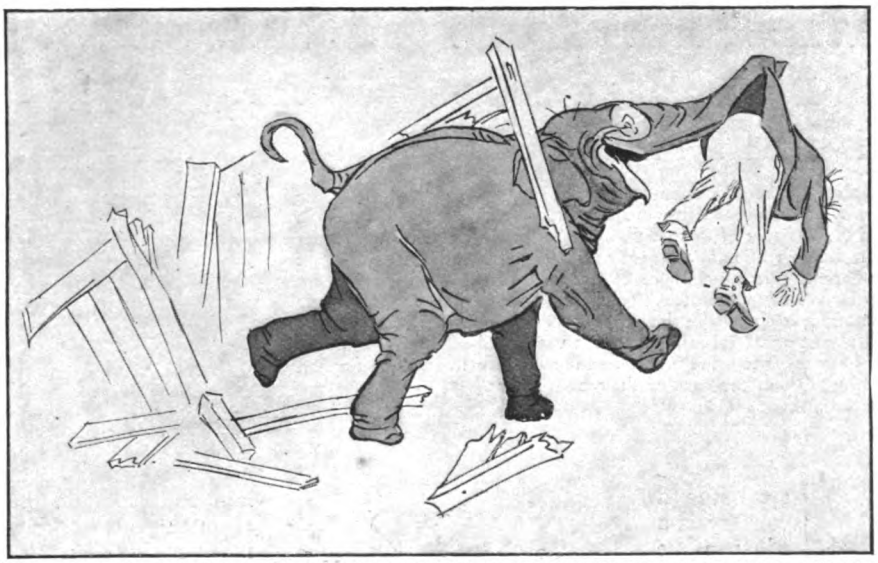
"HE FELT PROUD TO BE ABLE TO EXHIBIT HIS ABILITIES AT LAST."

invaded, and with the help of the boot-boy, and, for some part of the way, the gardener, the mangle was dragged and tilted and hauled and shoved till it stood in the stable-yard. Dr. Johnson, now as placable as ever, gladly took Mr. Bodkin's coat-tail and was led toward it. Mr. Bodkin twisted the handle vigorously, and this time Dr. Johnson understood. That movement was familiar enough and he felt proud to be able to exhibit his abilities at last. He took the handle in his trunk and wound it steadily for at least a dozen revolutions. Then it dawned on him that this was another sell—there was no music. He dropped the handle in disgust and turned his back on his master.

But there was enough success in the experiment to encourage the ever-sanguine Mr. Bodkin. His elephant had turned the mangle, and the little disappointment about the music would soon be got over. Mr. Bodkin decided to cease lessons for the day and rest on the success attained. Next time he would provide a little music to aid the experiment and encourage Dr. Johnson to go on. He was not a musician himself, but as a boy he had had a certain degree of success with the tin whistle. He had seen (and heard) the boot-boy whining abominably with a mouth-organ. The gardener, or Tibbs the warehouseman, or anybody with two arms could play the triangle or the cymbals, or even the big drum. There was really no insuperable obstacle to gathering a sufficient orchestra to start Dr. Johnson on the mangle, and once a real start was made it would be easy to shut off one instrument at a time till he learnt to mangle in silence. Mr. Bodkin resolved to think over this scheme, and sleep on it. Meantime Dr. Johnson was put away for the night, with some more trusses of hay and an extra pail of beery grains.

But this was a mistake, as the morning—the wild and furious morning—proved. For the dawn was heralded by sounds of rending timber, crashing fences, and a trumpeting

"HE STAGGERED THROUGH THE CUCUMBER-FRAMES."



"DR. JOHNSON, SWINGING HIS BELOVED MASTER TENDERLY BY THE COAT-TAILS, SET OFF DOWN THE ROAD."

elephant. Terrified domestics in scant attire ran along passages and called out of windows for the police. Mr. Bodkin dressed hurriedly and ran down to the stable-yard. The door of Dr. Johnson's lodging was broken from its hinges and lying ten yards away. The low gate that shut out the stable-yard from the shed where the brewer's grains were piled had vanished wholly. Hilarious trumpetings came from the garden, and as Mr. Bodkin rushed past the shed he saw it half demolished, and realized what had happened. Dr. Johnson, waking early, had remembered the shed with the beery grains in it, had broken out and in, and was now in the throes of a disgraceful beer-and-grain-fed jamboree in the garden. The distracted zoologist rushed through an arch of clematis and came in full view of Dr. Johnson, with the low gate round one leg and a rose-trellis round another, standing in the cucumber-frames and waving a laburnum tree over his head with songs of triumph.

Mr. Bodkin ran forward a few yards, and then hesitated. But Dr. Johnson was even more friendly than usual. He pitched the laburnum tree through a vine-house, trumpeted again, and staggered through the cucumber-frames toward his master, beaming benevolently and gurgling his gratitude for the whole entertainment. "Sir," he seemed to say, "you are in public—hic—a general benefactor and in private life—hic—a trump. Come and split another pailful of those malt-grains, and we will defy the world together."

Mr. Bodkin was sufficient of a hero to realize that the restoration of Dr. Johnson to sanity and virtue rested with him. Therefore he did not retreat, but made a tentative offer of his coat-tail with a view to leading the wanderer home. Dr. Johnson, with affection radiating from his whole countenance, seized the coat-tail so heartily that he jerked Mr. Bodkin off his feet, and so carried him, dangling and struggling, round the garden, till he reached the outer gate. The outer gate went the way of all other gates that glorious morning, and its fragments danced in the public road. Dr. Johnson, swinging his beloved master tenderly by the coat-tails, set off down the road at a surprising shuffle of about fifteen miles an hour, decked with gates and rose-trellis, and tagged with splinters of cucumber-frame.

The large manager of Walker's head-quarters was awakened by a charivari that astonished even him, with his life-long circus experience. He looked out of his bedroom window and perceived Dr. Johnson and Mr. Bodkin entering the gate without the formality of opening it first.

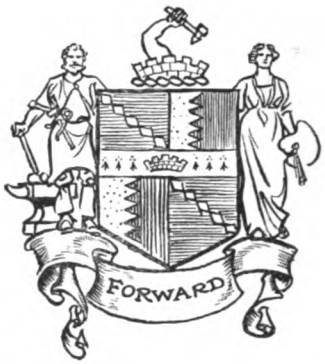
"If that old chap wants me to buy him back," the large manager mused, as he groped for his clothes, "I won't pay more than a tenner. He looks as though he'd take anything."

Mr. Bodkin has not yet begun his series of letters to the scientific papers on the training of elephants.

Cities Personified.

By R. S. PERRY.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.



[Mr. Joseph Chamberlain once stated that every great city should be personified by a symbolical figure in the same way as the Empire itself is personified in the figure of John Bull. The following article is an attempt to carry out this suggestion in the case of some of our largest cities. Next month we hope to give the opinions of persons of authority in these cities as to how far we have succeeded, or whether our designs could, in their opinion, be improved upon. We also hope to receive suggestions from residents in cities of almost equal importance, which we have been obliged to omit for want of space, as to what would be the most effective personification in the case of their own towns.]

EMPLOYING a human figure to symbolize a country is a picturesque practice dating back to classical times. Orators and poets found it extremely convenient to apostrophize Hellas, for example, as a beautiful matron, and this same stately dame, under the names of Roma, Italia, Venetia, Germania, Britannia, and the rest, became in process of time adopted by other countries, and in more formal compositions, whether of painting, sculpture, or poetry, she still enjoys a general popularity.

But after a time it was felt that a more intimate and homely prototype was desired, and that was how John Bull, Jacques Bonhomme, Marianne, Dutch Michael, Uncle Sam, and other famous national figures took their rise and were brought home to the minds and bosoms of the people by the caricaturists of the day. The idea is an excellent one; why, then, should it not be carried farther? Local patriotism is one of the leading characteristics of the age in which we live, and who can doubt that local patriotism would be greatly helped if the individuality of every city and town were to be represented by some pictorial figure recognizable by all? Nearly twenty years ago Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, addressing an audience of intelligent working men in his native city, said:—

JOE BRUMMAGEM.
(Birmingham.)

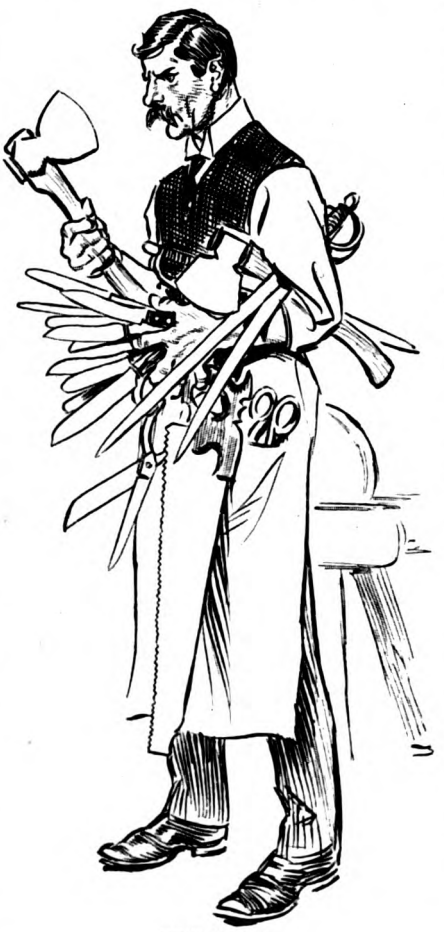
"You are all familiar with the typical figure of John Bull—a corpulent, somewhat indolent, downright fellow. Now, although John Bull may be typical of bucolic England, he is not typical of Birmingham. I have often wondered why our English cities have not evolved their own prototypes; and if I were an artist, and wanted to portray Birmingham, I should portray him as a keen, active, middle-aged fellow, always with his coat off, and with an implement—preferably a hammer—in his hand."

Now, London itself has long boasted a symbolical figure of some kind or another. There were, for instance, Gog and Magog, and Cockayne, and latterly the dignified young lady who began her career of impersonation somewhere towards the middle of the Victorian era. A similar figure, Mlle. Lutetia, is familiar to Parisians, while New York has long accepted old Diedrich Knickerbocker at the hands of its caricaturists. But why should other municipalities be left out? Why should our leading English cities go begging for appropriate representative characters?

Now, it can hardly be denied that not Birmingham only, but Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, Sheffield, and nearly a dozen other flourishing centres of population, possess a distinctive individuality of their own. The duty of the caricaturist—the creator of types—is to seize upon the salient peculiarity of each, and embody it in his representative figure. We may accept Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion as to the prototype for Birmingham. The only question for the artist is to what period Master "Joe Brummagem" should belong. If he were represented as of the present day, it would manifestly suggest that Birmingham is wholly new, with no past or traditions whatever. There are certain rules which guide the caricaturist in these matters. Thus the costume of the national figure of John Bull suggests the period of Waterloo, when England's national prestige was at its height, when England was more or less insulated from the world, and agriculture and the squirearchy flourished exceedingly. That was the time of England's greatest national individuality. Originally, as may be seen in the cartoons of Gillray and Rowlandson, John Bull was a somewhat uncouth, ignorant yokel, not unlike the German national prototype depicted by the German caricaturists of to-day, but he became toned down about the period we have mentioned, and has undergone very little change since.

Now, Birmingham's great and growing time—its most characteristic and most historic time—is, of course, connected with Watt and the great engineers. Mr. Smiles, in his "Lives of the Engineers," tells of the brilliant company which used to assemble in Birmingham about the end of the eighteenth century, when its population had leapt from fifteen thousand at the century's beginning to seventy-three thousand—Boulton, Wedgwood, Herschel, Priestley, Darwin, Parr, Banks, and Murdoch, the inventor of gas.

"In many respects," we are told, "Birmingham is a peculiar town, and in none more than the hold it has upon the affections of its people. A 'Birmingham man' is usually a man of strong individuality, independence of character, facility of resource, and with an enduring love for 'the old town.' These traits of character are the result of a variety of circumstances. Birmingham is peculiar in opening a career even to the humblest who are gifted with ingenuity and industry."



JACK STEEL.
(Sheffield.)

Albeit for centuries Birmingham was a town of cutlers, at the close of the eighteenth century steel gave place to brass and other metals, except in the case of certain specialities, such as steel pens, screws, wire, tools, etc. Birmingham is *the* great metal-worker, gun-maker, jeweller, toy-maker, and nailer, *par excellence*, and the hammer that "Joe Brummagem" wields is that of the handy man.

Everybody throughout the universe knows and esteems Jack Steel. He is, in truth, a sharp fellow, an active blade, and cuts a considerable figure in the world, in spite of the rivalry of those foreigners, Solingen and

Pittsburg. One of his favourite proverbs is "As true as steel," and jealous people pretend that Jack thinks Bessemer was a greater man than Shakespeare. Other people were fond of repeating a phrase: "I know that man—he comes from Sheffield" in a deprecating and derisive sort of way, but Jack Steel refused to see any fun in it, because he would rather come from Sheffield than any other place in the world. In fact, he *is* Sheffield. He has been at his present trade for centuries, and before he made pocket-knives and safety razors he made swords and rapiers which were passed in the Far East as the finest products of Damascus and Toledo; and in truth they were every whit as good, and, Jack thinks, better. He is very religious, and used to pass the plate in church, and a very fine old plate it was. Now he makes electro-plate—for the whole world to pass, and has grown rich at it.

For a good many centuries has that other sterling, downright Yorkshireman, Wat Weaver, been in his castle on Mill Hill. His godfather was an ancient British chief named Leod, or Leodis, and afterwards Wat took up with the Romans and dressed the legionaries out in woollen garments suitable to the climate, for even at that early time Master Leodis knew more than any of his brothers and sisters about woollens and weaving. As time went on honest Wat prospered so exceedingly with his looms that he took it into his head to try his hand at iron and steel, in imitation of his brother and neighbour, Jack Steel of Sheffield—so that between the two he managed

WAT WEAVER.
(Leeds.)

MASTER BEN BRIGSTOW.
(Bristol.)

to grow even bigger and richer. Yet for all that he never allowed himself to get out of condition, and still plays a capital game of football. He is also fond of music, and trains his choir of musicians with as much care as he trains his mill hands. Altogether Wat Weaver has a strong individual character of his own, and has made Leeds known all over the earth.

Of quite a different disposition is Master Ben Brigstow, a quaint old Gloucestershire sea-dog, who lives at Bristol Castle when he is at home. Ben belongs to the old school, and is always full of reminiscences of his old friends Drake, Raleigh, and Cabot, and the glories of the days of Queen Bess. At the same time Brigstow is not above taking up with modern ways, and will tell you that he was the first to establish regular steam communication with America, with the Bristol-built steamer *Great Western*, in 1838. Once, too, he was, after London, the most important member of Britannia's big family; but that was long, long ago, and half-a-dozen others and more have passed him in the race. But a fine old fellow is Ben, and a good sailor, who loves to roar a glee and still keeps up his historic connection with the Spanish Main.

NOLL HAMPTUNE.
(Northampton.)

Noll Hamptune (as his name is spelt in the *Saxon Chronicle*) is the master cobbler of the family, and a rare, whole-soled fellow he is at his trade. "Nothing like leather" is his motto, which he never tires of repeating to those foreigners who endeavour to oust him out of his business with paper and other substitutes. Once or

MASTER DON.
(Oxford.)

twice Noll has had a severe tussle to maintain his pre-eminence; but the effort was by no means bootless, and he has succeeded in giving his rivals a sound tanning. Noll is something of a politician, and never forgets that it was he who first gave his namesake, Noll Cromwell, a start in the world. He is hard-headed and practical, and entertains a slight jealousy of barbers and pedagogues, who, he thinks, waste so much time over one end of man which might properly be spent in attending to the other. Yet he, too, believes in a sound, and even a polished, understanding; and, although no poet himself, scans the feet of poets with professional interest.

Finally, there is Master Don, of Oxford—

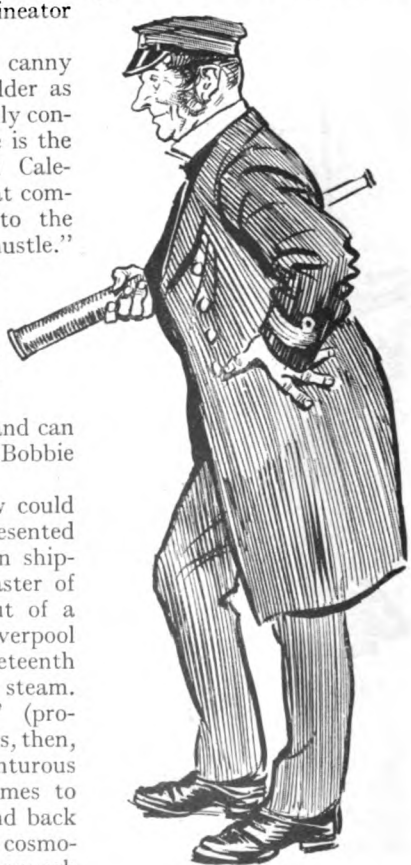
> Prim, trim, and erudite,
> And a most arrant Jacobite.

What a striking contrast he offers to the others, and yet what an outstanding individuality, which not even the dullest or least imaginative delineator could miss!

JOCK MCGLESGA.
(Glasgow.)

Jock McGlesga is a canny Scot, a famous shipbuilder as well as sailor, and is firmly convinced not only that he is the "brawest bairn of all Caledonia's brood," but that commerce herself dances to the sound of Jock's "whustle." Though sharp at driving a bargain, he is yet a most hospitable fellow on occasion; sets a good table, likes to be thought a patron of learning and the arts, and can sing all the songs of Bobbie Burns lustily.

As to Liverpool, how could Liverpool better be represented than by a mid-Victorian ship-captain? Not the master of an old sailing-ship, but of a modern steamer, for Liverpool is a child of the nineteenth century and sired by steam. Old "Captain Liver" (pronounced Lyver, please) is, then, a sharp, shrewd, adventurous fellow, ready at all times to sail round the world and back again, a good deal of a cosmopolitan, and yet a thorough Englishman at bottom. For



CAPTAIN LIVER.
(Liverpool.)

the rest the captain takes a proper pride in his own house as well as his own shipping, and is firmly convinced that there's plenty of life in the old dog yet. If he has a fault it is that he cannot bear being told, as he constantly is, of the superior shrewdness and prosperity of his neighbour, Jock McGlesga, who has a handsome estate on the Clyde and now boasts freely in the ear of all the world that he is a far bigger man than the captain.

A near neighbour of her brother, Captain Liver, Miss Cottonopolis has lately constructed a canal leading to his house and marine estate. She is a hard-working, good-hearted, simple-minded girl, with strong views of her own, nevertheless, which she wishes her old mother, Mrs. Britannia, to adopt. Indeed, she once set up the Manchester School to teach the world housekeeping, and at one time had a great many pupils. But her heart and soul were really given to King Cotton, a fair foreign potentate who, it must be confessed, has, with one or two fickle intermissions, treated her faithfully and well in return.

MISS COTTONOPOLIS.
(Manchester.)

Lastly, there is the world-famous "Dr. Brighton," whose prescriptions for health were so justly esteemed by W. E. Gladstone and other famous persons. The doctor himself rose from very humble beginnings, but he was gifted by Nature with such comeliness and with such an air as early to attract the attention of a certain Prince Regent, who placed himself unreservedly in his hands. The result was his practice grew, he waxed opulent, and became himself one of the beaux of the Regency. He cuts an affable, genteel, well-fed figure on Parade, spends his days promenading, dining, flirting, and attending concerts, and prescribes the same to his patients, asserting that this manner of life is better than all the medicine in the world.

DR. BRIGHTON.
(Brighton.)

The series of stories now appearing are specially translated by Mr. Post Wheeler for English-speaking boys and girls from a volume of the best Russian Wonder Tales selected by command of the Czar for the use of his own children.

WASSILY THE UNLUCKY

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

THERE lived in a certain town a merchant who was seven hundred times richer than anyone else, so that there was no wealth in the whole kingdom to be compared with his. Whatever business he embarked upon prospered exceedingly, and all that he handled seemed to turn to gold, so that people called him "Marko the Rich." God had granted him no sons and but one daughter, as sweet as sweet clover, who was named Anasthasia, and who was five years old.

For all his wealth, Marko the Rich was mean and flint-hearted. He gave as stingily as might be to the Church and to the poor.

One evening three little old men, huddled in rags, with white hair and long white beards, came to the house to beg a crust of bread and a place to sleep. The merchant saw them, and would have set the dogs upon them as usual, but Anasthasia, his little daughter, interceded

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for them, and besought her father to let them at least sleep in the stable with the horses. Marko the Rich grumblingly agreed to this, and she ran before them to the stalls, showed them where was clean hay to lie upon, and wished them a good night.

The little girl woke next morning before sunrise and, wondering how the beggars fared, jumped out of bed, dressed herself, and, saying her prayer, ran to the stable. To her surprise she saw that they seemed to be poor beggars no longer, but were clad in splendid robes of rich brocade, like bishops, wearing crowns, and reading strange books.

While she looked one of the old men said to the others: "Brothers, what do you read of that is befalling at this moment?"

The second answered: "Brother, in the next village to this, at the hut of the peasant called Ivan, a son is being born."

The first said: "We will give him the name of Wassily, and let him be called the Unlucky. But what inheritance shall we grant him?"

And the third replied: "Let him have for his own all the wealth of Marko the Rich, in whose stable we have spent the night."

Little Anasthasia, wondering at their strange words, ran back to the house, woke her father, and told him what she had seen and heard.

The merchant was troubled, and sent messengers after the three old men; but they could not be found, and at length, desiring to learn if by any possibility there could have been truth in their words, he ordered horses to be put to his gorgeous sledge and drove post-haste to the next village, where he went to the priest and inquired whether a child had been born there that morning.

"A son has indeed been born to the poorest serf in the village," answered the priest. "I myself named him Wassily, but I have not yet baptized him, since, on account of the father's poverty, no one is willing to be godfather to the poor child."

"I will be his godfather," said Marko the Rich, and went out and ordered food and drink and made a plenteous feast, and bade them bring the babe. So the parents brought him, and he was baptized, and all feasted and made merry to their hearts' content. On the next day Marko the Rich drove again to the village and, stopping at the hut of the poor peasant, spoke kindly to him.

"Peasant," he said, "you are a miserably poor man without stick or stone of your own, or wherewith to support your family, and you cannot properly care for this little son of yours. Why not give him to me? I will bring him up in a decent manner, and as for you, his father, I will give you for your living a thousand roubles."

The poor serf pondered the matter well, and at last allowed himself to be persuaded. The merchant accordingly gave him the one thousand roubles, took the babe, wrapped him warmly in his own coat of fox-fur, got into his sledge, and drove away.

Now, it was winter-time, the season of greatest cold, and the ground was covered deep with snow. After they had gone several miles from the village Marko the Rich stopped the sledge, gave the child to his trusty driver, and bade him throw him into a deep ravine whose steep brink they were passing. The man did as he was bidden, and the merchant, as he saw the helpless babe hurled into the depths, called after him, mockingly: "There, you beggarly brat! You are right welcome now to possess my wealth, and to dispose of it as you will!"

On the third day thereafter, as it happened, a company of tradesmen came driving along that same road, bringing to Marko the Rich a sum of money which they owed him. When they came opposite the ravine they thought they heard the cry of a child. They stopped their sledges while they listened attentively, and one of them sent his driver to search, and the man, climbing down the steep precipice, at the bottom, among the gloomy rocks, found the babe, wrapped in the fox-furs, alive and unhurt. He carried the child to his master, and the tradesman brought it to the town and to the house of Marko the Rich.

The merchant, seeing the babe, began to question them, and, when they had told how they had found him, knew at once that it was the little Wassily, his godchild. He took the infant in his arms and after holding it a while handed it to his daughter, saying: "There, Anasthasia, there is something for you to nurse and to play with."

So the waif was left with Marko the Rich, to the delight of Anasthasia, who at once fetched a cradle, hung it with new embroidered curtains, and began to care for the little boy, never parting from him by day or night.

One day passed, and two, and three. On the third night a tempest arose and the merchant, waiting till his little daughter was asleep, took the babe from her side, put him into an open boat, and pushed the boat into the sea. The storm, however, passed over and did not break, and the skiff swam safely with its burden till it neared a rocky island on which was a monastery.

It chanced that one of the monks, going in the morning to fetch a bucket of salt water,

saw the floating boat, brought it to shore, and took the babe to the Abbot. The Abbot named him Wassily. "And," said he, "since we find him in such an evil case, let us call him the Unlucky!" So from that day the boy was known as Wassily the Unlucky, and remained at the monastery, loved of all the monks, till he was eighteen years of age, and had learned to read and write and to be clever.

Now once each year Marko the Rich was accustomed to journey to another kingdom to collect money that was owed to him, and on one of these trips the vessel which carried him by chance cast anchor at the monastery, where the merchant spent the night. Noticing one young man who was more sturdy and comely than all his fellows, the visitor asked his name.

"We call him Wassily the Unlucky," replied the Abbot.

"A strange name," said the merchant. "Why is he so called?"

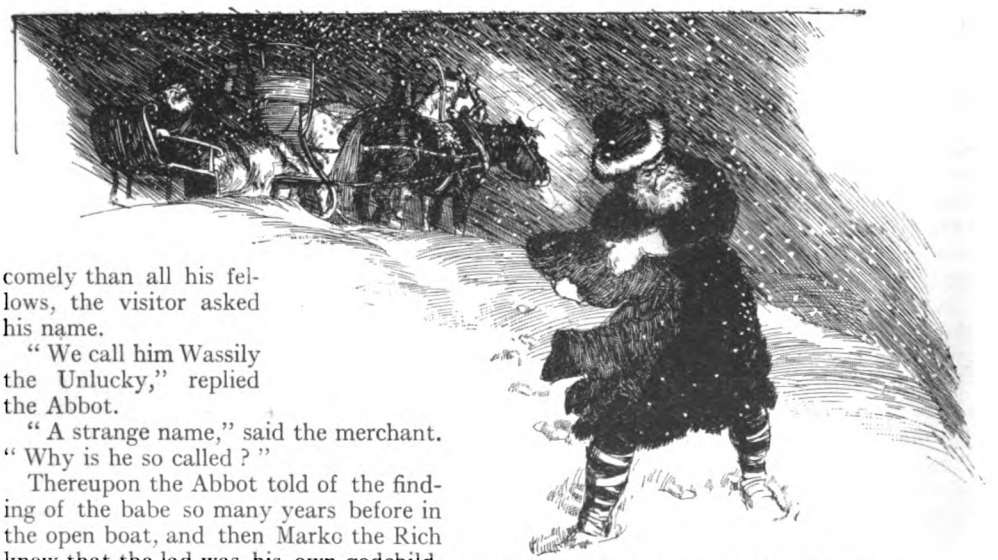
Thereupon the Abbot told of the finding of the babe so many years before in the open boat, and then Marko the Rich knew that the lad was his own godchild, whom twice he had tried to drive out of the world. He pondered deeply in his evil mood, thinking the matter over, when he said to the Abbot: "How much should I like to possess such a clever, handsome lad as yours! If I but had him I would appoint him at once my chief clerk, entrust all my affairs to his management, and make him a rich man."

The Abbot thought over this a long time, excusing himself on one pretext or another when the merchant pressed him to answer. Finally, however, Marko the Rich offered him a sum of twenty-five thousand roubles.

The Abbot consulted the monks, and at length it was agreed to let Wassily the Unlucky go. He called the lad accordingly, told him his decision, and gave him into the charge of the merchant, who bade him go to the town in which he lived and carry an important letter to his wife, while he himself continued his journey. And the sealed letter which Marko the Rich sent by his hand read thus:—

"Marko the Merchant to his wife: As soon as my messenger brings this letter, prepare at once in the kitchen a great cauldron of boiling lye. Call him then to you, and when he passes near the cauldron push him into it, so that he may die. Do this without fail, for this youth works evil against me. If you do not, beware my punishment."

Wassily the Unlucky took the letter, said farewell with tears to the Abbot and the monks, and, quitting the island, set out on his way. He came at length one night to a wood in which was a poor shed for cows. He



"HE GAVE THE CHILD TO HIS TRUSTY DRIVER, AND BADE HIM THROW HIM INTO A DEEP RAVINE."

entered this to sleep, and found within it three little old beggar-men with white hair and long white beards.

He shared his bread with them, and when they had conversed for some time all fell asleep, and as he slept Wassily dreamed a dream. The three little old men seemed to be beggar-men no longer, but were clad in robes of splendid brocade, with crowns on their heads and curious leathern books in their hands. As he wondered at this, he thought one of the old men said to the others: "Brothers, whither goes this youth?"

The second answered: "Brother, to the house of Marko the Rich, to carry a letter from the merchant to his wife."

"What saith the letter?" asked the first.

The second replied: "It bids his wife prepare a huge kettle of boiling lye and to push this youth into it, so that he may die. How shall we bring this evil to naught?"

"Brothers, I will alter the message," said the third, and, taking the letter, he blew upon it, saying: "Let him now carry it without fear, for God will not abandon him."

When Wassily woke he was glad to think it had been but a dream. The three little old men had already departed, and, feeling the letter safe in his pocket, he went on his way to the town of Marko the Rich.

So he came to the merchant's house and gave the letter to his wife. And when she had broken the seal and opened it, she read thus:—

"Marko the Merchant to his wife: As soon as my messenger brings this letter prepare at once a festival. Call the priest and the neighbours to thee, and when they are come, marry him straightway to our daughter Anasthasia. Do this without fail, for this youth shall be my heir."

The wife at once called her daughter, read her the letter and brought her to the youth, and each loved each other from that moment. She dressed the lovely Anasthasia in her richest apparel, adorned her with jewels, and sent for the priest and the neighbours. That same night Wassily the Unlucky and the merchant's daughter were brought under the golden crown, and they remained at the house of Marko the Rich and for some months lived happily together.

One day news was brought that the merchant was returning by ship, and his wife, with her daughter and son-in-law, hastened to the dock to meet him. When Marko the Rich saw them, however, and learned that Wassily the Unlucky was now the husband of his daughter, he flew into a violent passion, and calling his wife aside demanded how she had dared disobey his express command.

She replied that she had but carried out his written instruction, and when he had examined the letter he had sent her he was compelled to admit that it was in his own handwriting. He swallowed his rage, therefore, for the time, and began to plan how he might destroy his son-in-law without fail.

One day Marko called Wassily to him and bade him prepare to journey at once across three times nine countries to the thirtieth realm. "In this kingdom," he said, "reigns the Czar Zmey. Go to him and bid him pay you, for me, the sum he owes for rent during the past twelve years, since he has built his palace on land which is mine. When this is accomplished, inquire concerning twelve of my ships which were lost upon his coasts some three years since, and from which no tidings have come. See to it that you start by sunrise to-morrow."

So next morning Wassily the Unlucky bade his wife farewell, and, with a store of biscuits in his knapsack, mounted his good horse and set out.

Whether the way was long or short, whether the kingdom of Czar Zmey was far or near, he came at length to its border. Here was a wide river, on which an old ferryman plied backwards and forwards. He rode aboard and crossed to the other side, when the ferryman asked: "Whither are you faring, my friend?"

"I am going to the Czar Zmey," he replied, "to ask of him money he owes my father-in-law for rental of land on which he has built his palace."

"Well," said the ferryman, "it will take a smart lad to get it. Will you do me a service with Czar Zmey?"

"Gladly," answered Wassily.

"Then," said the ferryman, "when you come before him, if you have opportunity, remind him that now for thirty years he has condemned me to ferry people across this river. Ask of him, I pray you, whether I shall have to labour thus for thirty years more, or if not when I shall be free to go whither I will. Will you do this for me?"

Wassily the Unlucky promised and resumed his journey, and before long he came to an arm of the sea, across which lay stranded a huge whale. A thick forest was growing on its tail, and on its back was a village whose peasants ploughed up and down its sides with their iron ploughs, and drove sharpened stakes into its flesh. Boys had made a playground between its eyes, and in its moustache girls picked mushrooms. Wassily rode across on the whale, his horse's hoofs pounding on its ribs, and when he reached the other side the monster opened its wide mouth, sighing bitterly.

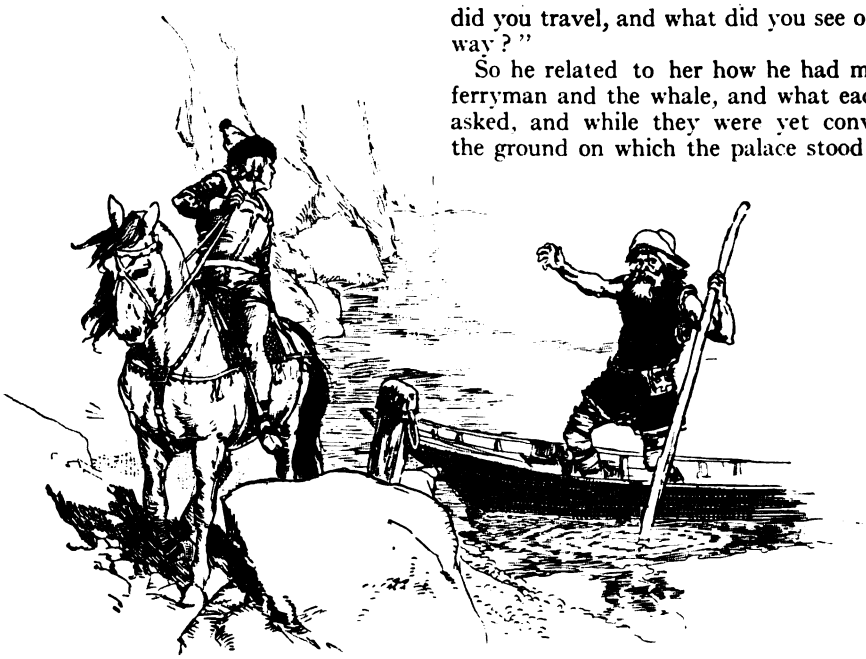
"A good journey to you, my friend," it said. "Whither are you going?"

"To Czar Zmey," answered Wassily, "to get money he owes my father-in-law."

"Well," said the whale, "you are a clever lad if you do not fail! Will you do me a service with Czar Zmey?"

"Cheerfully," Wassily replied.

"When you see him, then," said the whale, "say to him that I have been lying here in this torture for three years, where wayfarers, on horse and afoot, wear my body



"'THEN,' SAID THE FERRYMAN, 'WHEN YOU COME BEFORE HIM REMIND HIM THAT NOW FOR THIRTY YEARS HE HAS CONDEMNED ME TO FERRY PEOPLE ACROSS THIS RIVER.'"

did you travel, and what did you see on your way?"

So he related to her how he had met the ferryman and the whale, and what each had asked, and while they were yet conversing the ground on which the palace stood began to my ribs. Beg him to show me mercy, and ask whether my disgrace and punishment is to last three years more, or if not when I shall be free to swim where I will. Will you say this?"

Wassily the Unlucky gave the whale his promise and rode on till he came to a green meadow, on which stood a great palace of white stone. No sentries were on guard at the gate, nor any watchman at the door, and he left his horse to graze on the meadow and entered.

Within the palace all was still and he saw no one. He went through one room after another, finding each more beautiful than the last, till he came to the inmost chamber of all, and here, sitting on a chair, he found a beautiful damsel weeping.

"Health to you, lovely maiden!" he said.

"And to you," she answered. "But what manner of man are you? How did you come into this dreadful place? Know you not that this is the abode of Czar Zmey, the Serpent-Czar, who devours a man at every meal?"

Wassily the Unlucky told her his errand, whereat the girl exclaimed: "Well that you have seen me first! You have been sent here not to fetch money from him, but in order that he may devour you. Never mind; I will save your life. But tell me, by what road to shiver and its walls to rumble and shake. "The Serpent-Czar is coming!" she cried. "You must hide at once!" She showed him a coffer beneath the bed, made him lie down in it, and shut its lid. "Listen," she said, "and you shall hear whatever the Snake says to me."

Presently Czar Zmey, in the form of a huge serpent, came rolling into the room.

"I smell a Russian smell!" he said. "Who has been here?"

The damsel laughed, and said she: "Would a Russian by any chance dare to venture into the innermost room of your palace? You have been flying about all day in Russia, and you yourself have brought the odour with you!"

The Serpent-Czar was satisfied and began to kiss and fondle her without stint, and then, coiling his scaly length on the bed, he said: "I am tired. Come, my darling, and rub my head so that I may go to sleep." So she began to rub his head, and as she did so she said: "Czar, while you were absent I had such a curious dream! Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes," he said.

"I dreamed," she told him, "that I was walking along a high road, and where it crossed an arm of the sea there lay stranded a huge whale, so that people on horses and afoot

crossed upon his body. And the monster spoke to me and asked me how much longer it must needs endure that torture and how soon it should be free."

Then Czar Zmey drowsily answered her: "It shall lie there until it brings forth again, whole and sound, twelve ships which it swallowed without my permission three years since in the middle of the ocean."

The girl said: "Then in my dream I went on till I came to a broad river, where a ferryman plied backwards and forwards. And when he had ferried me over he asked me how much longer he would be made so to labour, and when he should be free."

Czar Zmey, half asleep, answered: "Let him only take into his boat the first who comes, and, leaping out himself, push the boat out into the stream. Then will the newcomer be compelled to ferry in his place for ever."

Having thus spoken, the Serpent-Czar fell fast asleep and snored till the walls trembled, when the girl opened the coffer and Wassily the Unlucky thanked her and left the palace. He caught his horse in the meadow, mounted, and hastened back the way he had come. When he came to the arm of the sea and began to cross on the whale the monster saw him, and, opening its wide jaws, called out: "Well, friend, did you do me the service with Czar Zmey?"

"Yes," said Wassily.

"And what said he?" asked the whale.

"Wait till I am over," said Wassily, "and I will tell you." So he crossed, and as soon as he came to the other side he mounted on its tail and cried with a loud voice: "Villagers and wayfarers, you who would not be suddenly overwhelmed, leave this place without delay, for the ocean is about to cover it!" Hearing this, the wayfarers hastened, and the peasants left their ploughing and the children their playing and mushroom-gathering, and ran to their houses and loaded their carts with all their belongings and carried them to a distance, till the whale was as deserted as if the Tartars were coming.

"THE SERPENT-CZAR FELL FAST ASLEEP AND SNORED TILL THE WALLS TREMBLED, WHEN THE GIRL OPENED THE COFFER."

Then Wassily the Unlucky shouted: "Whale, this punishment has been yours because three years since you swallowed, without Czar Zmey's permission, twelve ships

in the blue ocean, and you shall be set free only when you bring them forth unharmed." So saying, he spurred his horse and leaped from the tail of the whale to the shore.

He had need to hasten, for, when it heard, the monster began to move as if a hill were turning over. It thrashed the water into foam and brought forth from its mouth, one after the other, the twelve ships. The sailors rejoiced to see the world again; they shouted and blew on trumpets, put up their sails, and showed a flag at each masthead. On each ship a priest was chanting the *Te Deum*, and altogether there was such a roar of gladness that it waked the whole ocean.

As soon as the ships appeared the whale found itself free, and with a mighty splash it plunged into deep water. Then from the waves it opened its huge mouth and cried to Wassily: "What service shall I do you, my friend, and how shall I repay you? Will you have great pearls, or the bright-coloured stones that ships carry?"

"If you will," answered Wassily, "I will have as your gift some of the bright-coloured stones."

The whale dropped to the bottom of the sea, and came back with an enamelled chest in its mouth, and in the chest were jewels whose value and brightness cannot be told in words, finer than are to be found in the treasuries of all the Czars together.

Wassily the Unlucky called to him the captain of the ships, and asked: "Whose ships are these, and whither are you going?"

They answered: "These are ships of Marko the Rich, to whom, when we were swallowed by the whale, we were sailing with our cargoes."

"I am his son-in-law," he said. "Carry to him these jewels also."

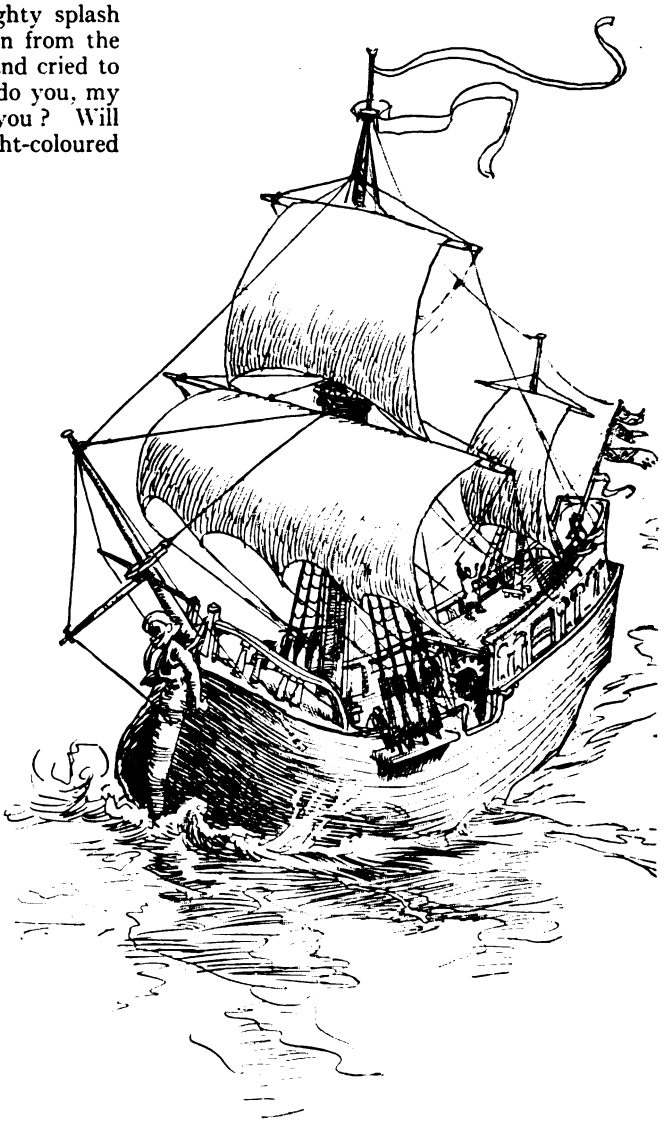
They would have taken him aboard with them, but he bade them await him at the mouth of the wide river that was the border of Czar Zmey's kingdom, and rode on to where the old ferryman plied in his boat.

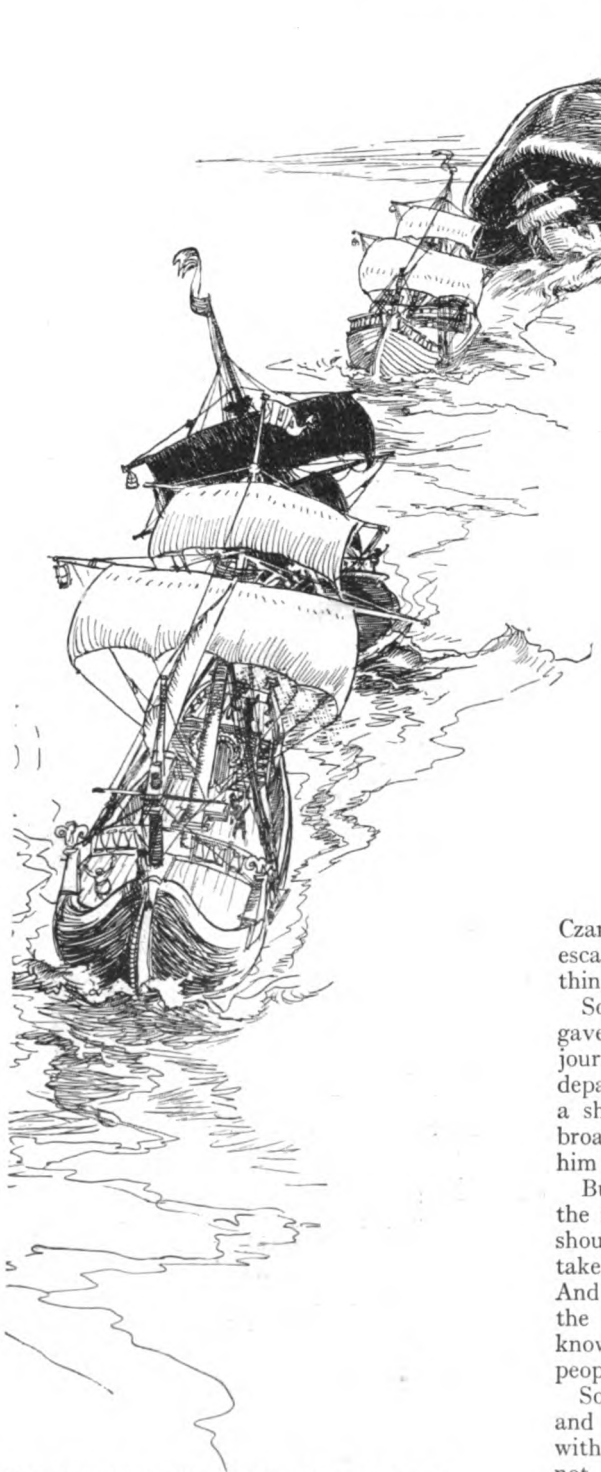
"Well, friend," asked the ferryman, "did you do me the service with Czar Zmey?"

"Yes," replied Wassily.

"And what said he?" asked the ferryman.

"When I am over," he replied, "I will tell you." So he crossed, and as the boat came to the other side he rode to its prow and said: "Ferryman, when the next one comes to cross, take him into the boat and immediately push it out into the stream; then he will be compelled to ferry here in your place for ever."





"IT THRASHED THE WATER INTO FOAM AND BROUGHT FORTH FROM ITS MOUTH, ONE AFTER THE OTHER, THE TWELVE SHIPS."

So saying he leaped his horse to the shore, and rode to the river's mouth, where the ships awaited him, and went on board and sailed to the town of Marko the Rich.

Now, when they landed at the dock and messengers ran and told the merchant that Wassily the Unlucky had returned with the twelve lost ships, bringing with him such a great treasure of jewels that it could not be reckoned, he well-nigh lost his senses with rage. He pretended to welcome his son-in-law with joy, however, and said to himself: "I will send him again to Czar Zmey, and next time he shall not escape, for I will go myself and arrange all things beforehand."

So, as soon as the rejoicings were ended, he gave out that he must go himself upon a journey, and called for horses and relays and departed. He rode a long way and he rode a short way, and coming at length to the broad river ordered the old ferryman to carry him across.

But as soon as he had come into the boat the ferryman pushed it out into the stream, shouting: "Now, whoever you are, you shall take your turn!" and went away rejoicing. And Marko the Rich found himself thus in the power of the Serpent-Czar, and, not knowing the secret, was compelled to ferry people over for ever.

So Wassily the Unlucky came to no harm and lived in peace, plenty, and charity with the beautiful Anasthasia, who could not love him enough, and in time he inherited all the lands and treasures of Marko the Rich.

Parodies of Famous Pictures.

By RONALD GRAHAM.

IT was Sir William Abdy, the founder of the Royal Drawing Society, who used to say that the best caricatures of famous paintings he had ever seen were done by children from memory after a visit to the National Gallery. But, of course, these, though many of them extremely funny, were unconsciously so. The essence of their fun lay in their bad drawing. To see a couple of stately figures by Raphael or Van Dyck posturing as a pair of seedy crossing-sweepers or music-hall low comedians, crowned by bowler-hats and hats with "fevvers," is certainly comic enough to provoke a laugh.

But conscious caricature by master draughtsmen is quite another matter. There are, indeed, very few of the world's masterpieces of painting which have not been seized upon by pictorial satirists and made to point a passing moral and adorn a current tale. We are told that Hogarth used to caricature Correggio, and that some of his absurdities in this direction afterwards gave great offence to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was himself much under the influence of Correggio. The famous Bunbury took "Attila and the Huns" as the groundwork for a skit on the Ministry of George III., and Gillray turned Reynolds's "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy" into "Georgie (the Prince of Wales) Between Comedy and Farce," which nearly got him into serious trouble.

"CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY." By J. S. PUGHE.

From "Puck." English copyright by permission of Messrs. James Henderson & Sons, Ltd.

"1814." By MEISSONIER.

From a Photograph by W. A. Mansell.

"HIGH TRAGEDY." BY E. T. REED.
Mr. William O'Brien as Mrs. Siddons.
Reproduced by the special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

not deal in wild exaggeration, what is to be his stock-in-trade?

So numerous, especially in the pages of *Punch* and the comic journals of nearly every country, are examples of this sort of art that it is by no means easy to make a selection. One of the most frequently-parodied pictures is Sir Joshua's portrait of Mrs. Siddons as "The Tragic Muse," but it is doubtful if it has ever been turned into a more effective political skit than by Mr. E. T. Reed in *Punch*. Here we see Mr. William O'Brien impersonating the great actress (a proceeding which, with all his Irish versatility, he would never have attempted in real

MRS. SIDDONS AS "THE TRAGIC MUSE."
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
From a Photograph by F. Hanfstaengl.

A favourite theme of the parodists is Meissonier's "1814," which depicts Napoleon and a fragment of his Grand Army in retreat after the disastrous Russian campaign. In England both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour have been the Napoleon, and in America Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bryan. In the present example it is Mr. Pierpont Morgan who is riding along to the sound of a people's sufferings — probably by a great stretch of imagination —and we may well believe that the cartoon gave none so much amusement as the great capitalist and Morganizer himself. For if a political cartoonist—especially a *Puck* cartoonist—may

"THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER."
BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS.
From a Photograph by Mansell.

"THE VICTIMS." BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE.
Reproduced by the special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

life), while behind his chair stand the evil spirits of his distressful country.

The story of the Princes in the Tower is one that has often appealed to the imagination of the painter, although few have ever treated it with greater sympathy and effect than Sir John Millais, whose picture has long been a favourite with the public. In the same way, although

"KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID."
BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.
From a Photograph by F. Hanfstaengl.

frequently parodied, the late Mr. Linley Sambourne's parody is incomparably the best. Here we are shown Mr. Birrell and Mr. Reginald McKenna in the character of the two unhappy Princes, fearful of every footfall and trembling at every shadow. And how bold and firm and true is the drawing! It is that of a master in his own peculiar *genre*, and the world of humorous art is the poorer for poor Sambourne's departure.

Politics, it should be said, and political themes and persons most frequently form the motive for these engaging parodies. Nothing is too dignified to serve the cartoonist's turn. Even the late Sir Frank Lockwood did not hesitate to take Burne-Jones's soulful "Magic Mirror" as the basis for an extremely amusing skit on the politicians of a quarter of a century ago, and, as if this were not audacious enough, sent the skit itself to the outraged artist!

How different, and yet how excellent, too, is the style of Mr. Bernard Partridge in his adoption of Burne-Jones's "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid"! Much rich pictorial satire has been expended upon the female suffrage movement, and in this picture Mr. Bernard Partridge has turned Burne-Jones's work to serve his comic vein. The Right Hon. Mr. Asquith here represents the humble monarch of the legend, and all who are familiar with the latter—and who is not?—instantly appreciated the parody, which is drawn in Mr. Partridge's best style. The Beggar-Maid equipped with a bell and a flag gives additional point to the satire.

"KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID."
BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE.
Reproduced by the special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

M. Forain has been called the Phil May of France; but he is something more than that, although his technique is as slight

"LA PLUS BELLE FEMME DU MONDE."
A Sketch after Forain, by the Author of this article.

"MONA LISA."
BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.
From a Photograph by F. Hanfstaengl.

and "sketchy" as any of the old British caricaturists. He is essentially a politician, although when upon occasion he turns aside to hit off in a few strokes some social absurdity or sensation of the hour he can be very funny indeed. Thus, when last summer the theft of the "Mona Lisa" occurred, the art critics went off into rhapsodies about the superb beauty, not merely of Leonardo da Vinci's painting, but of the subject herself. One gentleman did not hesitate to describe Mona Lisa as "the most beautiful woman in the world," and wrote a column about her winning personality and "mystic smile." This was enough for Forain, and in a few strokes he laid bare the pretensions of Signora Gioconda to be considered "the most beautiful woman in the world." It may be extremely ungallant, even cruel; but it set all Paris laughing, for, in spite of its exaggeration, there is no mistaking who it was intended for. It is worth mentioning that at the same time our own Mr. Max Beerbohm published a caricature of the same subject, almost equally unkind to the lady.

Our own time has been fruitful in these artistic transmutations, when the artist

> From serious works a theme will boldly borrow;
> A sermon yesterday—a joke to-morrow.

It was John Leech, we believe, who first, under a parody of one of Landseer's pictures, wrote, "After Landseer — a long way after," a jest which has seen much service since. Mention of Landseer suggests that one of the most brilliant picture parodists that ever lived was M. Aubry, the animal painter. Early in the nineteenth century M. Aubry exhibited a series of burlesques of famous canvases by the eminent painters of the day, in which animals took the place of the human figures. Thus, in his composition based on Girodet's "The Burial of Atala," some dogs figured, and yet so skilfully were their attitudes imitated that they became themselves compositions of very striking merit. M. Steinlen and Mr. Louis Wain have both turned their attention to travesties of this kind.

The famous picture travesties of Mr. Ralph Cleaver, the cartoonist of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are well known, but his best, in the opinion of many, is that of Hogarth's

"THE BURIAL OF ATALA."
BY GIRODET.
From a Photograph by Levy.

"FLORA AT THE TOMB." BY AUBRY.

"THE HOPELESS MÉNAGE."
BY RALPH CLEAVER.

"Marriage à la Mode" in the National Gallery. The drawing is clear-cut and vigorous, and the point made by the artist is direct. It will be noticed how closely he adheres to the original

"MARRIAGE À LA MODE." BY HOGARTH.
From a Photograph by F. Hanfstaengl.

"WILL HE STRANGLE THEM?"
BY L. RAVEN-HILL.
Reproduced by the special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

picture, and yet how, working in a wholly different medium, he imparts to his burlesque a character of its own.

Last, but not least, there is Mr. Raven-Hill's skit upon Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Infant Hercules," in which, oddly enough, artists see at once a curious resemblance to Sir Joshua's own style when he attempted pen-and-ink drawing. Mr. Raven-Hill has attempted many parodies, but we cannot recall one which is as good as this. Of course, the artist has a freer hand when he sets out to caricature the year's pictures at the Royal Academy. We should, in conclusion, have liked to include some of Sir Francis Carruthers Gould's clever parodies—notably of Landseer's "Dignity and Impudence" and Millais's "The Knight-Errant"—but the limits of this article have, alas! been reached.

"THE INFANT HERCULES."
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
From a Photograph by Mansell.

A Page of New Puzzles.

By H. M. HASKELL.

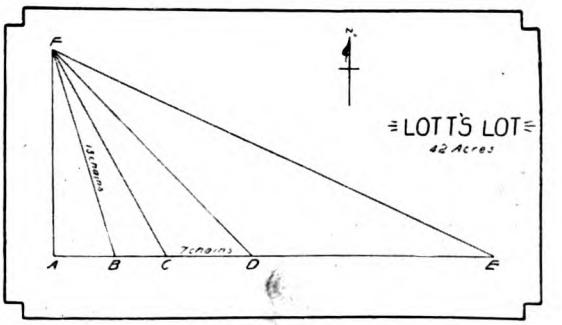
IN the above illustration we see a sportsman endeavouring to sight his rifle on the gazelle which is speeding out of range, closely followed by Jumbo. The elephant is so tall that, although some distance behind the gazelle, he forms an effective shield; the line from the gun to the top of the gazelle's head being also tangent to the elephant's head.

Let us assume that the gazelle is four feet tall, thirty feet ahead of the elephant, and running in a perfectly straight line on a level plain at the rate of twenty-six and two-fifths feet per second; and that the elephant is nine feet tall, is one hundred and fifty feet from the foot of the palms, and is running at the rate of twenty-two feet per second.

In how many seconds will the hunter be able to sight his rifle on the gazelle?

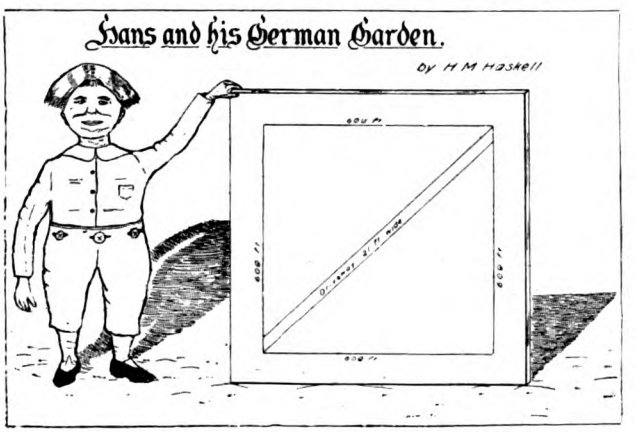
"LOTT'S LOT."

Lott's Lot is in the shape of a right triangle, being subdivided by lines running from the corner, F, to the side A E.



Only two dimensions are given on the above plan, but there are sufficient data to compute the lengths of all other lines. No fractions need be used.

How long are the lines A F, A B, B C, D E, F C, F D, and F E?



HANS AND HIS GERMAN GARDEN.

What is the area of the driveway through the centre of the garden?

Hans has a garden six hundred and nine feet square, through which he has built a driveway twenty-one feet wide, the two sides of the driveway running to diagonally opposite corners of the garden. It is a very pretty problem indeed to figure the *exact* area of the driveway.

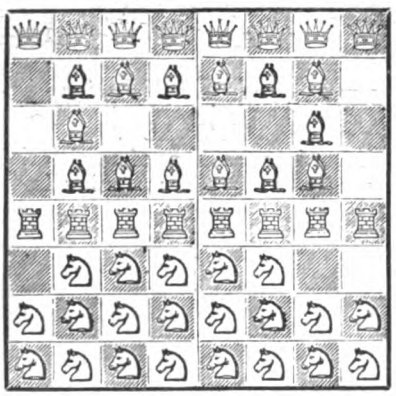
The solutions will be given next month

PERPLEXITIES.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

85.—THE CROWDED CHESSBOARD.

THE puzzle is to re-arrange the fifty-one pieces on the chessboard so that no queen shall attack another queen, no rook attack another rook, no bishop attack another bishop, and no knight attack another knight. No notice is to be taken of the intervention of pieces of



another type from that under consideration. That is, two queens will be considered to attack one another although there may be, say, a rook, a bishop, and a knight between them. And so with the rooks and bishops. It is not difficult to dispose of each type of piece separately; the difficulty comes in when you have to find room for all the arrangements on the board simultaneously.

86.—A REBUS MOTTO.

THIS is not the monogram of Mr. Charles Thomas Uriah Snoggs. It represents a motto that is commended to the reader. Can you interpret it?

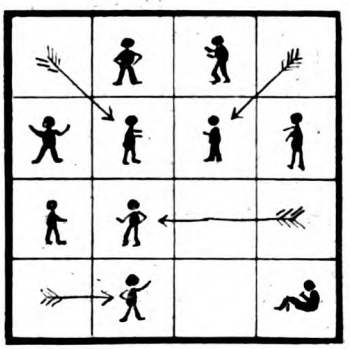
87.—THE PEAL OF BELLS

A CORRESPONDENT, who is apparently much interested in campanology, asks me how he is to construct what he calls a "true and correct" peal for four bells. He says that every possible permutation of the four bells must be rung once and once only. He adds that no bell must move more than one place at a time, that no bell must make more than two successive strokes in either the first or the last place, and that the last change must be able to pass into the first. These fantastic conditions will be found to be observed in the little peal for three bells, as follows:—

1	2	3
2	1	3
2	3	1
3	2	1
3	1	2
1	3	2

How are we to give him a correct solution for his four bells?

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.



82.—THE TEN PRISONERS.

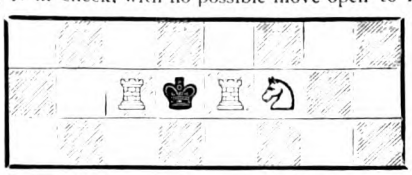
IT will be seen in the illustration how the prisoners may be arranged so as to produce as many as sixteen even rows. There are 4 such vertical rows, 4 horizontal rows, 5 diagonal rows in one direction, and 3 diagonal rows in the other direction. The arrows here show the movements of the four prisoners, and it will be seen that the infirm man in the bottom corner has not been moved

83.—A PRINTER'S ERROR.

THE answer is that $2^3.9^2$ is the same as 2592, and this is the only possible solution to the puzzle.

84.—A CHESS PUZZLE.

IF you place the pieces as follows (where only a portion of the board is given, to save space), the Black king is in check, with no possible move open to him.



The reader will now see why I avoided the term "checkmate," apart from the fact that there is no White king. The position is impossible in the game of chess, because Black could not be given check by both rooks at the same time, nor could he have moved into check on his last move.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

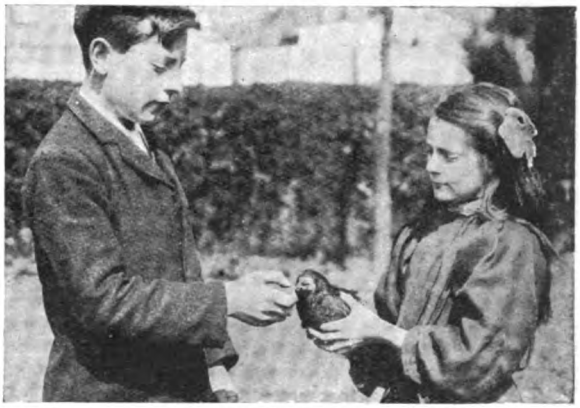
A LINK WITH THE PAST.

THE accompanying photograph, taken by myself, shows how closely the country people adhere to old-time customs and things in general. The old gentleman, now over seventy, still rides his velocipede to work. The machine is constructed almost entirely of wood, and is a source of endless

amusement to everyone who sees it. Motorists especially take notice of it, for usually the rider carries his agricultural implements with him.—Mr. W. J. Wynn, Schoolhouse, Swanton Morley, E. Dereham, Norfolk.

THE FIRST ROOK TO TALK.

IN New Street, Horsham, Sussex, there is to be seen the very exceptional and interesting spectacle of a talking rook. The bird is the property of two school-children, a little girl and boy, who caught it five years ago, when it was quite a baby, in a local rookery. It is of the gentler sex, and occupies a small pen in a tiny back garden. No attempt has ever been made to teach the rook to talk, and yet she has a vocabulary of close upon one hundred simple words. She is often allowed out in the garden, for, although she can fly swiftly and strongly, she can be trusted not to make her escape. It is said that this is the first instance of



a rook developing the power to talk.—Mr. J. C. Bristow-Noble, Rookwood Farm House, Warnham, Horsham.

MADE OF WHEAT AND CORN.

MADE up entirely of wheat and corn, this picture represents an Indian woman guiding two hunters through the forest. The American flag on the back of the woman is composed of kernels of white and red corn, while the dress of the hunters, with the exception of the shoes, is made entirely of wheat-stalks. Even the caps of the hunters are formed of wheat, which has been coloured to a dark hue. The shoes of the hunters form the only part of the picture not made up of grain. This novel illustration, which is framed in sheaves of wheat, was exhibited at the Lewis and Clark Exposition in 1905, and the figures of the hunters are intended to represent those famous discoverers.—Mr. D. A. Willey, Porter Building, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

A WORKING MAN'S HOBBY.

EVERY article seen in the accompanying photograph, which shows a corner of one of my rooms, was designed and made by myself in my spare time. The work is a constant source of pleasure to me, and has been for years, as is evident from the fact that the display here seen is the work of over thirty-six years. —Mr. A. J. L. Tait, Gasworks, Stow, Midlothian.

A CURIOUS LEGEND.

THE sculptured stone here illustrated is locally called the "Martine," or "Dragon's Stane," and is supposed to mark the spot where in ancient days a fierce fight took place between a young man named Martin and a dragon, the latter being killed in the struggle. The scene of the encounter is located about six miles north of Dundee, near to the base of the Sidlaw Hill, and in the parish of Mains and Strathmartine. The legend is most interesting, and is as follows: A farmer in the district, who was blessed with nine lovely daughters, one day sent one of them to a neighbouring well to fetch him a draught of water. As she did not return, another was sent to learn the cause of the delay. Neither of them returning, daughter after daughter was sent, until the whole nine had been dispatched. The father, becoming alarmed at the non-return of his daughters, then set off himself to learn the cause of their delay. On arriving at the spot, he was horrified at the spectacle which met his gaze. His nine daughters lay dead at the well and a large dragon was throwing its slimy folds around them. The reptile, on seeing the father, hissed loudly, and would have made short work of him also, had he not saved himself by flight. He, however, aroused the whole neighbourhood, and the people turned out in a state of great fright. A young man, the sweetheart of one of the dead girls, boldly attacked the dragon, which took to flight, hotly pursued by the gallant youth. The dragon wriggled its way towards the hills, and was ultimately overtaken by the youth in a field near the Sidlaws, where he killed it outright. It is said that during the pursuit Martin was followed by a crowd of people, who in their excitement shouted simultaneously to him to "Strike, Martine!" "Man, strike!" The place where the incident occurred has been known ever since as Strickmartin, now converted into Strathmartine. The figures sculptured on the stone are said to represent Martin in the act of combat with the reptile.—Mr. W. T. Ramsay, 12, Malcolm Street, Dundee.

AN EXTRAORDINARY BEAK.

I AM sending you a photograph of a Fijian parrot, whose owner, Mr. Hansen, got me to photograph it after it had been stuffed. You will notice that the lower part of the beak is split in two, while the upper one curls downward through the split. Mr. Hansen had to keep continually clipping the top and bottom beak owing to its dangerous proximity to the bird's eyes.—Mr. John W. Waters, Suva, Fiji Islands.

Solutions to Last Month's Chess Problems.

Positions Nos. 1 and 2 are each solved by the pawn becoming a queen.

No.	White.	Black.	White.
3.—1.	Kt—Kt 4,	K—K 5;	2. Q—B 8, etc.
		K takes Kt;	2. Kt—Q 3, etc.
4.—1.	Kt—Q 2,	K—Q 5;	2. Q—R 3, etc.
		K takes Kt;	2. Q—B 3, etc.
	Nos. 5 to 14 are similarly solved.		
15.—1.	Q—K Kt 7,	K—B 3;	2. P—B 5, etc.
		K—Kt 3 or Q 3;	2. Kt—Kt 5, etc.
		K takes P;	2. Q—Q 4.

"AGAIN THE INOFFENSIVE ONE, PLUNGING DESPERATELY, WAS ELEVATED HIGH INTO THE AIR."

(*See page* 488.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xliii. MAY, 1912. No. 257.

THE LOST WORLD.

Being an account of the recent amazing adventures of Professor George E. Challenger, Lord John Roxton, Professor Summerlee, and Mr. E. D. Malone of the "Daily Gazette."

BY

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Harry Rountree.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALMENT.

EDWARD MALONE is sent by his paper, the *Daily Gazette*, to interview Professor Challenger, the famous zoologist, who, about two years before, had made a journey to an unexplored region of South America. On his return the Professor had announced some extraordinary discoveries, but, being met with incredulity in certain quarters, had declined to discuss the matter further. Professor Challenger is a man of immense mental and physical strength, with a bellowing voice and an overbearing, insolent manner, yet with a certain grim sense of humour. He has a violent dislike of the Press and reporters, and when Malone calls he finds him in one of his most menacing moods. However, after a stormy scene, Professor Challenger so far relents as to give Malone, in confidence, some account of his journey to "The Lost World," a region where the conditions of prehistoric life still exist. He also shows him certain specimens, documents, etc., in corroboration of his story. The Professor has promised to attend a lecture the same evening at the Zoological Institute's Hall, and invites Malone to be present and to hear a temperate statement of his views.

CHAPTER V.

"QUESTION!"

WHAT with the physical shocks incidental to my first interview with Professor Challenger and the mental ones which accompanied the second, I was a somewhat demoralized journalist by the time I found myself in Enmore Park once more. In my aching head the one thought was throbbing that there really *was* truth in this man's story, that it was of tremendous consequence, and that it would work up into inconceivable copy for the *Gazette* when I could obtain permission to use it. A taxicab was waiting at the end of the road, so I sprang into it and drove down to the office. McArdle was at his post as usual.

"Well," he cried, expectantly, "what may it run to? I'm thinking, young man, you have been in the wars. Don't tell me that he assaulted you."

"We had a little difference at first."

"What a man it is! What did you do?"

"Well, he became more reasonable and we had a chat. But I got nothing out of him—nothing for publication."

"I'm not so sure about that. You got a black eye out of him, and that's for publication. We can't have this reign of terror, Mr. Malone. We must bring the man to his bearings. I'll have a leaderette on him to-morrow that will raise a blister. Just give me the material and I will engage to brand the fellow for ever. Professor Munchausen—how's that for an inset headline? Sir John Mandeville redivivus—Cagliostro—all the impostors and bullies in history. I'll show him up for the fraud he is."

"I wouldn't do that, sir."

"Why not?"

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"Because he is not a fraud at all."

"What!" roared McArdle. "You don't mean to say you really believe this stuff of his about mammoths and mastodons and great sea sairpents?"

"Well, I don't know about that. I don't think he makes any claims of that kind. But I do believe he has got something new."

"Then for Heaven's sake, man, write it up!"

"I'm longing to, but all I know he gave me in confidence and on condition that I didn't." I condensed into a few sentences the Professor's narrative. "That's how it stands."

McArdle looked deeply incredulous.

"Well, Mr. Malone," he said at last, "about this scientific meeting to-night; there can be no privacy about that, anyhow. I don't suppose any paper will want to report it, for Waldron has been reported already a dozen times, and no one is aware that Challenger will speak. We may get a scoop, if we are lucky. You'll be there in any case, so you'll just give us a pretty full report. I'll keep space up to midnight."

My day was a busy one, and I had an early dinner at the Savage Club with Tarp Henry, to whom I gave some account of my adventures. He listened with a sceptical smile on his gaunt face, and roared with laughter on hearing that the Professor had convinced me.

"My dear chap, things don't happen like that in real life. People don't stumble upon enormous discoveries and then lose their evidence. Leave that to the novelists. The fellow is as full of tricks as the monkey-house at the Zoo. It's all absolute bosh."

"But the American poet?"

"He never existed."

"I saw his sketch-book."

"Challenger's sketch-book."

"You think *he* drew that animal?"

"Of course he did. Who else?"

"Well, then, the photographs?"

"There was nothing in the photographs. By your own admission you only saw a bird."

"A pterodactyl."

"That's what *he* says. He put the pterodactyl into your head."

"Well, then, the bones?"

"First one out of an Irish stew. Second one vamped up for the occasion. If you are clever and know your business you can fake a bone as easily as you can a photograph."

I began to feel uneasy. Perhaps, after all, I had been premature in my acquiescence. Then I had a sudden happy thought.

"Will you come with me to the meeting?" I asked.

Tarp Henry looked thoughtful.

"He is not a popular person, the genial Challenger," said he. "A lot of people have accounts to settle with him. I should say he is about the best-hated man in London. If the medical students turn out there will be no end of a rag. I don't want to get into a bear-garden."

"You might at least do him the justice to hear him state his own case."

"Well, perhaps it's only fair. All right. I'm your man for the evening."

When we arrived at the hall we found a much greater concourse than I had expected. A line of electric broughams discharged their little cargoes of white-bearded professors, while the dark stream of humbler pedestrians, who crowded through the arched doorway, showed that the audience would be popular as well as scientific. Indeed, it became evident to us as soon as we had taken our seats that a youthful and even boyish spirit was abroad in the gallery and the back portions of the hall. Looking behind me, I could see rows of faces of the familiar medical student type. Apparently the great hospitals had each sent down their contingent. The behaviour of the audience at present was good-humoured, but mischievous. Scraps of popular songs were chorused with an enthusiasm which was a strange prelude to a scientific lecture, and there was already a tendency to personal chaff which promised a jovial evening to others, however embarrassing it might be to the recipients of these dubious honours.

Thus, when old Dr. Meldrum, with his well-known curly-brimmed opera-hat, appeared upon the platform, there was such a universal query of "Where *did* you get that tile?" that he hurriedly removed it, and concealed it furtively under his chair. When gouty Professor Wadley limped down to his seat there were general affectionate inquiries from all parts of the hall as to the exact state of his poor toe, which caused him obvious embarrassment. The greatest demonstration of all, however, was at the entrance of my new acquaintance, Professor Challenger, when he passed down to take his place at the extreme end of the front row of the platform. Such a yell of welcome broke forth when his black beard first protruded round the corner that I began to suspect Tarp Henry was right in his surmise, and that this assemblage was there not merely for the sake of the lecture, but because it had got rumoured

abroad that the famous Professor would take part in the proceedings.

There was some sympathetic laughter on his entrance among the front benches of well-dressed spectators, as though the demonstration of the students in this instance was not unwelcome to them. Their greeting was, indeed, a frightful outburst of sound, the uproar of the carnivora cage when the step of the bucket-bearing keeper is heard in the distance. There was an offensive tone in it, perhaps, and yet in the main it struck me as mere riotous outcry, the noisy reception of one who amused and interested them, rather than of one they disliked or despised. Challenger smiled with weary and tolerant contempt, as a kindly man would meet the yapping of a litter of puppies. He sat slowly down, blew out his chest, passed his hand caressingly down his beard, and looked with drooping eyelids and supercilious eyes at the crowded hall before him. The uproar of his advent had not yet died away when Professor Ronald Murray, the chairman, and Mr. Waldron, the lecturer, threaded their way to the front, and the proceedings began.

Professor Murray will, I am sure, excuse me if I say that he has the common fault of most Englishmen of being inaudible. Why on earth people who have something to say which is worth hearing should not take the slight trouble to learn how to make it heard is one of the strange mysteries of modern life. Their methods are as reasonable as to try to pour some precious stuff from the spring to the reservoir through a non-conducting pipe, which could by the least effort be opened. Professor Murray made several profound remarks to his white tie and to the water-carafe upon the table, with a humorous, twinkling aside to the silver candlestick upon his right. Then he sat down, and Mr. Waldron, the famous popular lecturer, rose amid a general murmur of applause. He was a stern, gaunt man, with a harsh voice and an aggressive manner, but he had the merit of knowing how to assimilate the ideas of other men, and to pass them on in a way which was intelligible and even interesting to the lay public, with a happy knack of being funny about the most unlikely objects, so that the precession of the Equinox or the formation of a vertebrate became a highly humorous process as treated by him.

It was a bird's-eye view of creation, as interpreted by science, which, in language always clear and sometimes picturesque, he unfolded before us. He told us of the globe, a huge mass of flaming gas, flaring through the heavens. Then he pictured the solidification, the cooling, the wrinkling which formed the mountains, the steam which turned to water, the slow preparation of the stage upon which was to be played the inexplicable drama of life. On the origin of life itself he was discreetly vague. That the germs of it could hardly have survived the original roasting was, he declared, fairly certain. Therefore it had come later. Had it built itself out of the cooling, inorganic elements of the globe? Very likely. Had the germs of it arrived from outside upon a meteor? It was hardly conceivable. On the whole, the wisest man was the least dogmatic upon the point. We could not—or at least we had not succeeded up to date in making organic life in our laboratories out of inorganic materials. The gulf between the dead and the living was something which our chemistry could not as yet bridge. But there was a higher and subtler chemistry of Nature, which, working with great forces over long epochs, might well produce results which were impossible for us. There the matter must be left.

This brought the lecturer to the great ladder of animal life, beginning low down in molluscs and feeble sea creatures, then up rung by rung through reptiles and fishes, till at last we came to a kangaroo-rat, a creature which brought forth its young alive, the direct ancestor of all mammals, and presumably, therefore, of everyone in the audience. ("No, no," from a sceptical student in the back row.) If the young gentleman in the red tie who cried "No, no," and who presumably claimed to have been hatched out of an egg, would wait upon him after the lecture, he would be glad to see such a curiosity. (Laughter.) It was strange to think that the climax of all the age-long processes of Nature had been the creation of that gentleman in the red tie. But had the process stopped? Was this gentleman to be taken as the final type—the be-all and end-all of development? He hoped that he would not hurt the feelings of the gentleman in the red tie if he maintained that, whatever virtues that gentleman might possess in private life, still the vast processes of the universe were not fully justified if they were to end entirely in his production. Evolution was not a spent force, but one still working, and even greater achievements were in store.

Having thus, amid a general titter, played very prettily with his interrupter, the lecturer went back to his picture of the past, the drying of the seas, the emergence of the sand-banks, the sluggish, viscous life which

lay upon their margins, the overcrowded lagoons, the tendency of the sea creatures to take refuge upon the mud-flats, the abundance of food awaiting them, their consequent enormous growth. "Hence, ladies and gentlemen," he added, "that frightful brood of saurians which still affright our eyes when seen in the Wealden or in the Solenhofen slates, but which were fortunately extinct long before the first appearance of mankind upon this planet."

"Question!" boomed a voice from the platform.

Mr. Waldron was a strict disciplinarian with a gift of acid humour, as exemplified upon the gentleman with the red tie, which made it perilous to interrupt him. But this interjection appeared to him so absurd that he was at a loss how to deal with it. So looks the Shakespearean who is confronted by a rancid Baconian, or the astronomer who is assailed by a flat-earth fanatic. He paused for a moment, and then, raising his voice, repeated slowly the words: "Which were extinct before the coming of man."

"Question!" boomed the voice once more.

Waldron looked with amazement along the line of professors upon the platform until his eyes fell upon the figure of Challenger, who leaned back in his chair with closed eyes and an amused expression, as if he were smiling in his sleep.

"I see!" said Waldron, with a shrug. "It is my friend Professor Challenger," and amid laughter he renewed his lecture as if this was a final explanation and no more need be said.

But the incident was far from being closed. Whatever path the lecturer took amid the wilds of the past seemed invariably to lead him to some assertion as to extinct or prehistoric life which instantly brought the same bull's bellow from the Professor. The audience began to anticipate it and to roar with delight when it came. The packed benches of students joined in, and every time Challenger's beard opened, before any sound could come forth, there was a yell of "Question!" from a hundred voices, and an answering counter cry of "Order!" and "Shame!" from as many more. Waldron, though a hardened lecturer and a strong man, became rattled. He hesitated, stammered, repeated himself, got snarled in a long sentence, and finally turned furiously upon the cause of his troubles.

"This is really intolerable!" he cried, glaring across the platform. "I must ask you, Professor Challenger, to cease these ignorant and unmannerly interruptions."

There was a hush over the hall, the students rigid with delight at seeing the high gods on Olympus quarrelling among themselves. Challenger levered his bulky figure slowly out of his chair.

"I must in turn ask you, Mr. Waldron," he said, "to cease to make assertions which are not in strict accordance with scientific fact."

The words unloosed a tempest. "Shame! Shame!" "Give him a hearing!" "Put him out!" "Shove him off the platform!" "Fair play!" emerged from a general roar of amusement or execration. The chairman was on his feet flapping both his hands and bleating excitedly. "Professor Challenger —personal—views—later," were the solid peaks above his clouds of inaudible mutter. The interrupter bowed, smiled, stroked his beard, and relapsed into his chair. Waldron, very flushed and warlike, continued his observations. Now and then, as he made an assertion, he shot a venomous glance at his opponent, who seemed to be slumbering deeply, with the same broad, happy smile upon his face.

At last the lecture came to an end—I am inclined to think that it was a premature one, as the peroration was hurried and disconnected. The thread of the argument had been rudely broken, and the audience was restless and expectant. Waldron sat down, and, after a chirrup from the chairman, Professor Challenger rose and advanced to the edge of the platform. In the interests of my paper I took down his speech verbatim.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, amid a sustained interruption from the back. "I beg pardon—Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children—I must apologize, I had inadvertently omitted a considerable section of this audience" (tumult, during which the Professor stood with one hand raised and his enormous head nodding sympathetically, as if he were bestowing a pontifical blessing upon the crowd), "I have been selected to move a vote of thanks to Mr. Waldron for the very picturesque and imaginative address to which we have just listened. There are points in it with which I disagree, and it has been my duty to indicate them as they arose, but, none the less, Mr. Waldron has accomplished his object well, that object being to give a simple and interesting account of what he conceives to have been the history of our planet. Popular lectures are the easiest to listen to, but Mr. Waldron" (here he beamed and blinked at the lecturer) "will excuse me when I say that they are necessarily both

superficial and misleading, since they have to be graded to the comprehension of an ignorant audience." (Ironical cheering.) "Popular lecturers are in their nature parasitic." (Angry gesture of protest from Mr. Waldron.) "They exploit for fame or cash the work which has been done by their indigent and unknown brethren. One smallest new fact obtained in the laboratory, one brick built into the temple of science, far outweighs any second-hand exposition which passes an

E. D. Malone, "Daily Gazette." Prof. Summerlee, F.R.S. Prof. G. E. Challenger, F.R.S., F.R.G.S. Lord John Roxton.

THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPLORING PARTY.

Copyright. From a Photograph by William Ransford.

idle hour, but can leave no useful result behind it. I put forward this obvious reflection, not out of any desire to disparage Mr. Waldron in particular, but that you may not lose your sense of proportion and mistake the acolyte for the high priest." (At this point Mr. Waldron whispered to the chairman, who half rose and said something severely to his water-carafe.) "But enough of this!" (Loud and prolonged cheers.) "Let me pass to some subject of wider interest. What is the particular point upon which I, as an original investigator, have challenged our lecturer's accuracy? It is upon the permanence of certain types of animal life upon the earth. I do not speak upon this subject as an amateur, nor, I may add, as a popular lecturer, but I speak as one whose scientific conscience compels him to adhere closely to facts, when I say that Mr. Waldron is very wrong in supposing that because he has never himself seen a so-called prehistoric animal, therefore these creatures no longer exist. They are indeed, as he has said, our ancestors, but they are, if I may use the expression, our contemporary ancestors, who can still be found with all their hideous and formidable characteristics if one has but the energy and hardihood to seek their haunts. Creatures which were supposed to be Jurassic, monsters who would hunt down and devour our largest and fiercest mammals, still exist." (Cries of "Bosh!" "Prove it!" "How do *you* know?" "Question!") "How do I know, you ask me? I know because I have visited their secret haunts. I know because I have seen some of them." (Applause, uproar, and a voice, "Liar!") "Am I a liar?" (General hearty and noisy assent.) "Did I hear someone say that I was a liar? Will the person who called me a liar kindly stand up that I may know him?" (A voice, "Here he is, sir!" and an inoffensive little person in spectacles, struggling violently, was held up among a group of students.) "Did you venture to call me a liar?" ("No, sir, no!"

shouted the accused, and disappeared like a Jack-in-the-box.) "If any person in this hall dares to doubt my veracity, I shall be glad to have a few words with him after the lecture." ("Liar!") "Who said that?" (Again the inoffensive one, plunging desperately, was elevated high into the air.) "If I come down among you——" (General chorus of "Come, love, come!" which interrupted the proceedings for some moments, while the chairman, standing up and waving both his arms, seemed to be conducting the music. The Professor, with his face flushed, his nostrils dilated, and his beard bristling, was now in a proper Berserk mood.) "Every great discoverer has been met with the same incredulity—the sure brand of a generation of fools. When great facts are laid before you, you have not the intuition, the imagination which would help you to understand them. You can only throw mud at the men who have risked their lives to open new fields to science. You persecute the prophets! Galileo, Darwin, and I——" (Prolonged cheering and complete interruption.)

All this is from my hurried notes taken at the time, which give little notion of the absolute chaos to which the assembly had by this time been reduced. So terrific was the uproar that several ladies had already beaten a hurried retreat. Grave and reverend seniors seemed to have caught the prevailing spirit as badly as the students, and I saw white-bearded men rising and shaking their fists at the obdurate Professor. The whole great audience seethed and simmered like a boiling pot. The Professor took a step forward and raised both his hands. There was something so big and arresting and virile in the man that the clatter and shouting died gradually away before his commanding gesture and his masterful eyes. He seemed to have a definite message. They hushed to hear it.

"I will not detain you," he said. "It is not worth it. Truth is truth, and the noise of a number of foolish young men—and, I fear I must add, of their equally foolish seniors—cannot affect the matter. I claim that I have opened a new field of science. You dispute it." (Cheers.) "Then I put you to the test. Will you accredit one or more of your own number to go out as your representatives and test my statement in your name?"

Mr. Summerlee, the veteran Professor of Comparative Anatomy, rose among the audience, a tall, thin, bitter man, with the withered aspect of a theologian. He wished, he said, to ask Professor Challenger whether the results to which he had alluded in his remarks had been obtained during a journey to the head-waters of the Amazon made by him two years before.

Professor Challenger answered that they had.

Mr. Summerlee desired to know how it was that Professor Challenger claimed to have made discoveries in those regions which had been overlooked by Wallace, Bates, and other previous explorers of established scientific repute.

Professor Challenger answered that Mr. Summerlee appeared to be confusing the Amazon with the Thames; that it was in reality a somewhat larger river; that Mr. Summerlee might be interested to know that with the Orinoco, which communicated with it, some fifty thousand miles of country were opened up, and that in so vast a space it was not impossible for one person to find what another had missed.

Mr. Summerlee declared, with an acid smile, that he fully appreciated the difference between the Thames and the Amazon, which lay in the fact that any assertion about the former could be tested, while about the latter it could not. He would be obliged if Professor Challenger would give the latitude and the longitude of the country in which prehistoric animals were to be found.

Professor Challenger replied that he reserved such information for good reasons of his own, but would be prepared to give it with proper precautions to a committee chosen from the audience. Would Mr. Summerlee serve on such a committee and test his story in person?

Mr. Summerlee: "Yes, I will." (Great cheering.)

Professor Challenger: "Then I guarantee that I will place in your hands such material as will enable you to find your way. It is only right, however, since Mr. Summerlee goes to check my statement, that I should have one or more with him who may check his. I will not disguise from you that there are difficulties and dangers. Mr. Summerlee will need a younger colleague. May I ask for volunteers?"

It is thus that the great crises of a man's life spring out at him. Could I have imagined when I entered that hall that I was about to pledge myself to a wilder adventure than had ever come to me in my dreams? But Gladys—was it not the very opportunity of which she spoke? Gladys would have told me to go. I had sprung to my feet. I was speaking, and yet I had prepared no words.

Tarp Henry, my companion, was plucking at my skirts and I heard him whispering, "Sit down, Malone! Don't make a public ass of yourself." At the same time I was aware that a tall, thin man, with dark gingery hair, a few seats in front of me, was also upon his feet. He glared back at me with hard, angry eyes, but I refused to give way.

"I will go, Mr. Chairman," I kept repeating over and over again.

"Name! Name!" cried the audience.

"My name is Edward Dunn Malone. I am the reporter of the *Daily Gazette*. I claim to be an absolutely unprejudiced witness."

"What is *your* name, sir?" the chairman asked of my tall rival.

"I am Lord John Roxton. I have already been up the Amazon, I know all the ground, and have special qualifications for this investigation."

"Lord John Roxton's reputation as a sportsman and a traveller is, of course, world-famous," said the chairman; "at the same time it would certainly be as well to have a member of the Press upon such an expedition."

"Then I move," said Professor Challenger, "that both these gentlemen be elected, as representatives of this meeting, to accompany Professor Summerlee upon his journey to investigate and to report upon the truth of my statements."

And so, amid shouting and cheering, our fate was decided, and I found myself borne away in the human current which swirled towards the door, with my mind half stunned by the vast new project which had risen so suddenly before it. As I emerged from the hall I was conscious for a moment of a rush of laughing students down the pavement, and of an arm wielding a heavy umbrella, which rose and fell in the midst of them. Then, amid a mixture of groans and cheers, Professor Challenger's electric brougham slid from the kerb, and I found myself walking under the silvery lights of Regent Street, full of thoughts of Gladys and of wonder as to my future.

Suddenly there was a touch at my elbow. I turned, and found myself looking into the humorous, masterful eyes of the tall, thin man who had volunteered to be my companion on this strange quest.

"Mr. Malone, I understand," said he. "We are to be companions—what? My rooms are just over the road, in the Albany. Perhaps you would have the kindness to spare me half an hour, for there are one or two things that I badly want to say to you."

CHAPTER VI.

"I WAS THE FLAIL OF THE LORD."

LORD JOHN ROXTON and I turned down Vigo Street together and through the dingy portals of the famous aristocratic rookery. At the end of a long drab passage my new acquaintance pushed open a door and turned on an electric switch. A number of lamps shining through tinted shades bathed the whole great room before us in a ruddy radiance. Standing in the doorway and glancing round me, I had a general impression of extraordinary comfort and elegance combined with an atmosphere of masculine virility. Everywhere there were mingled the luxury of the wealthy man of taste and the careless untidiness of the bachelor. Rich furs and strange iridescent mats from some Oriental bazaar were scattered upon the floor. Pictures and prints which even my unpractised eyes could recognize as being of great price and rarity hung thick upon the walls. Sketches of boxers, of ballet-girls, and of racehorses alternated with a sensuous Fragonard, a martial Girardet, and a dreamy Turner. But amid these varied ornaments there were scattered the trophies which brought back strongly to my recollection the fact that Lord Roxton was one of the great all-round sportsmen and athletes of his day. A dark-blue oar crossed with a cherry-pink one above his mantelpiece spoke of the old Oxonian and Leander man, while the foils and boxing-gloves above and below them were the tools of a man who had won supremacy with each. Like a dado round the room was the jutting line of splendid heavy game-heads, the best of their sort from every quarter of the world, with the rare white rhinoceros of the Lado Enclave drooping its supercilious lip above them all.

In the centre of the rich red carpet was a black and gold Louis Quinze table, a lovely antique, now sacrilegiously desecrated with marks of glasses and the scars of cigar-stumps. On it stood a silver tray of smokables and a burnished spirit-stand, from which and an adjacent siphon my silent host proceeded to charge two high glasses. Having indicated an arm-chair to me and placed my refreshment near it, he handed me a long, smooth Havana. Then, seating himself opposite to me, he looked at me long and fixedly with his strange, twinkling, reckless eyes—eyes of a cold light blue, the colour of a glacier lake.

Through the thin haze of my cigar-smoke I noted the details of a face which was already familiar to me from many photo-

graphs—the strongly-curved nose, the hollow, worn cheeks, the dark, ruddy hair, thin at the top, the crisp, virile moustaches, the small, aggressive tuft upon his projecting chin. Something there was of Napoleon III., something of Don Quixote, and yet again something which was the essence of the English country gentleman, the keen, alert, open-air lover of dogs and of horses. His skin was of a rich flower-pot red from sun and wind. His eyebrows were tufted and overhanging, which gave those naturally cold eyes an almost ferocious aspect, an impression which was increased by his strong and furrowed brow. In figure he was spare, but very strongly built—indeed, he had often proved that there were few men in England capable of such sustained exertions. His height was a little over six feet, but he seemed shorter on account of a peculiar rounding of the shoulders. Such was the famous Lord John Roxton as he sat opposite to me, biting hard upon his cigar and watching me steadily in a long and embarrassing silence.

"Well," said he, at last, "we've gone and done it, young fellah my lad." (This curious phrase he pronounced as if it were all one word—"young-fellah-me-lad.") "Yes, we've taken a jump, you an' me. I suppose, now, when you went into that room there was no such notion in your head—what?"

"No thought of it."

"The same here. No thought of it. And here we are, up to our necks in the tureen. Why, I've only been back three weeks from Uganda, and taken a place in Scotland, and signed the lease and all. Pretty goin's on—what? How does it hit you?"

"Well, it is all in the main line of my business. I am a journalist on the *Gazette*."

"Of course—you said so when you took it on. By the way, I've got a small job for you, if you'll help me."

"With pleasure."

"Don't mind takin' a risk, do you?"

"What is the risk?"

"Well, it's Ballinger—he's the risk. You've heard of him?"

"No."

"Why, young fellah, where *have* you lived? Sir John Ballinger is the best gentleman jock in the north country. I could hold him on the flat at my best, but over jumps he's my master. Well, it's an open secret that when he's out of trainin' he drinks hard—strikin' an average, he calls it. He got delirium on Toosday, and has been ragin' like a devil ever since. His room is above this. The doctors say that it is all up with the old dear unless some food is got into him, but as he lies in bed with a revolver on his coverlet, and swears he will put six of the best through anyone that comes near him, there's been a bit of a strike among the serving-men. He's a hard nail, is Jack, and a dead shot, too, but you can't leave a Grand National winner to die like that—what?"

"What do you mean to do, then?" I asked.

"Well, my idea was that you and I could rush him. He may be dozin', and at the worst he can only wing one of us, and the other should have him. If we can get his bolster-cover round his arms and then 'phone up a stomach-pump, we'll give the old dear the supper of his life."

It was a rather desperate business to come suddenly into one's day's work. I don't think that I am a particularly brave man. I have an Irish imagination which makes the unknown and the untried more terrible than they are. On the other hand, I was brought up with a horror of cowardice and with a terror of such a stigma. I dare say that I could throw myself over a precipice, like the Hun in the history books, if my courage to do it were questioned, and yet it would surely be pride and fear, rather than courage, which would be my inspiration Therefore, although every nerve in my body shrank from the whisky-maddened figure which I pictured in the room above, I still answered, in as careless a voice as I could command, that I was ready to go. Some further remark of Lord Roxton's about the danger only made me irritable.

"Talking won't make it any better," said I. "Come on."

I rose from my chair and he from his. Then, with a little confidential chuckle of laughter, he patted me two or three times on the chest, finally pushing me back into my chair.

"All right, sonny my lad—you'll do," said he.

I looked up in surprise.

"I saw after Jack Ballinger myself this mornin'. He blew a hole in the skirt of my kimono, bless his shaky old hand, but we got a jacket on him, and he's to be all right in a week. I say, young fellah, I hope you don't mind—what? You see, between you an' me close-tiled, I look on this South American business as a mighty serious thing, and if I have a pal with me I want a man I can bank on. So I sized you down, and I'm bound to say that you came well out of it. You see, it's all up to you and me, for this old Summer-

lee man will want dry-nursin' from the first. By the way, are you by any chance the Malone who is expected to get his Rugby cap for Ireland ? "

" A reserve, perhaps."

" I thought I remembered your face. Why, I was there when you got that try against Richmond—as fine a swervin' run as I saw the whole season. I never miss a Rugby match if I can help it, for it is the manliest game we have left. Well, I didn't ask you in here just to talk sport. We've got to fix our business. Here are the sailin's, on the first page of the *Times*. There's a Booth boat for Para next Wednesday week, and if the Professor and you can work it, I think we should take it—what ? Very good, I'll fix it with him. What about your outfit ? "

" My paper will see to that."

" Can you shoot ? "

" About average Territorial standard."

" Good Lord ! as bad as that ? It's the last thing you young fellahs think of learnin'. You're all bees without stings, so far as lookin' after the hive goes. You'll look silly some o' these days, when someone comes along an' sneaks the honey. But you'll need to hold your gun straight in South America,

"ONE BY ONE HE TOOK OUT A SUCCESSION OF BEAUTIFUL RIFLES, OPENING AND SHUTTING THEM WITH A SNAP AND A CLANG."

for, unless our friend the Professor is a madman or a liar, we may see some queer things before we get back. What gun have you?"

He crossed to an oaken cupboard, and as he threw it open I caught a glimpse of glistening rows of parallel barrels, like the pipes of an organ.

"I'll see what I can spare you out of my own battery," said he.

One by one he took out a succession of beautiful rifles, opening and shutting them with a snap and a clang, and then patting them as he put them back into the rack as tenderly as a mother would fondle her children.

"This is a Bland's ·577 axite express," said he. "I got that big fellow with it." He glanced up at the white rhinoceros. "Ten more yards, and he'd have added me to *his* collection.

> On that conical bullet his one chance hangs,
> 'Tis the weak one's advantage fair.

Hope you know your Gordon, for he's the poet of the horse and the gun and the man that handles both. Now, here's a useful tool—·470, telescopic sight, double ejector, point-blank up to three-fifty. That's the rifle I used against the Peruvian slave-drivers three years ago. I was the flail of the Lord up in those parts, I may tell you, though you won't find it in any Blue-book. There are times, young fellah, when every one of us must make a stand for human right and justice, or you never feel clean again. That's why I made a little war on my own. Declared it myself, waged it myself, ended it myself. Each of those nicks is for a slave murderer—a good row of them—what? That big one is for Pedro Lopez, the king of them all, that I killed in a backwater of the Putomayo River. Now, here's something that would do for you." He took out a beautiful brown-and-silver rifle. "Well rubbered at the stock, sharply sighted, five cartridges to the clip. You can trust your life to that." He handed it to me and closed the door of his oak cabinet. "By the way," he continued, coming back to his chair, "what do you know of this Professor Challenger?"

"I never saw him till to-day."

"Well, neither did I. It's funny we should both sail under sealed orders from a man we don't know. He seemed an uppish old bird. His brothers of science don't seem too fond of him, either. How came you to take an interest in the affair?"

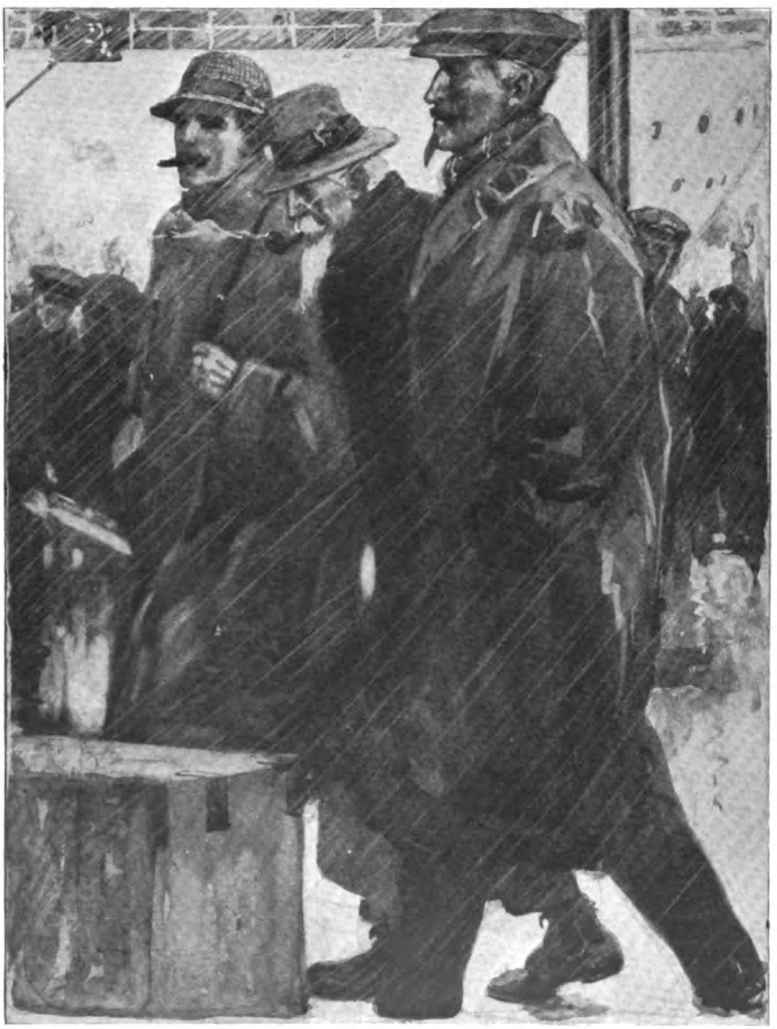
I told him shortly my experiences of the morning, and he listened intently. Then he drew out a map of South America and laid it on the table.

"I believe every single word he said to you was the truth," said he, earnestly, "and, mind you, I have something to go on when I speak like that. South America is a place I love, and I think, if you take it right through from Darien to Fuego, it's the grandest, richest, most wonderful bit of earth upon this planet. People don't know it yet, and don't realize what it may become. I've been up an' down it from end to end, and had two dry seasons in those very parts, as I told you when I spoke of the war I made on the slave-dealers. Well, when I was up there I heard some yarns of the same kind—traditions of Indians and the like, but with somethin' behind them, no doubt. The more you knew of that country, young fellah, the more you would understand that anythin' was possible —*anythin'*. There are just some narrow water-lanes along which folk travel, and outside that it is all darkness. Now, down here in the Matto Grande"—he swept his cigar over a part of the map—"or up in this corner where three countries meet, nothin' would surprise me. As that chap said to-night, there are fifty thousand miles of water-way runnin' through a forest that is very near the size of Europe. You and I could be as far away from each other as Scotland is from Constantinople, and yet each of us be in the same great Brazilian forest. Man has just made a track here and a scrape there in the maze. Why, the river rises and falls the best part of forty feet, and half the country is a morass that you can't pass over. Why shouldn't somethin' new and wonderful lie in such a country? And why shouldn't we be the men to find it out? Besides," he added, his queer, gaunt face shining with delight, "there's a sportin' risk in every mile of it. I'm like an old golf-ball—I've had all the white paint knocked off me long ago. Life can whack me about now and it can't leave a mark. But a sportin' risk, young fellah, that's the salt of existence. Then it's worth livin' again. We're all gettin' a deal too soft and dull and comfy. Give me the great waste lands and the wide spaces, with a gun in my fist and somethin' to look for that's worth findin'. I've tried war and steeplechasin' and aeroplanes, but this huntin' of beasts that look like a lobster-supper dream is a brand-new sensation." He chuckled with glee at the prospect.

Perhaps I have dwelt too long upon this new acquaintance, but he is to be my comrade for many a day, and so I have tried to set him down as I first saw him, with his quaint personality and his queer little tricks of

speech and of thought. It was only the need of getting in the account of my meeting which drew me at last from his company. I left him seated amid his pink radiance, oiling the lock of his favourite rifle, while he still chuckled to himself at the thought of the adventures which awaited us. It was very clear to me that if dangers lay before us I could not in all England have found a cooler head or a braver spirit with which to share them.

That night, wearied as I was after the wonderful happenings of the day, I sat late with McArdle, the news editor, explaining to him the whole situation, which he thought important enough to bring next morning before the notice of Sir George Beaumont, the chief. It was agreed that I should write home full accounts of my adventures in the shape of successive letters to McArdle, and that these should either be edited for the *Gazette* as they arrived, or held back to be published later, according to the wishes of Professor Challenger, since we could not yet know what conditions he might attach to those directions which should guide us to the unknown land. In response to a telephone inquiry, we received nothing more definite than a fulmination against the Press, ending up with the remark that if we would notify our boat he would hand us any directions which he might think it proper to give us at the



"THREE SHINING MACKINTOSHED FIGURES ARE WALKING DOWN THE QUAY, MAKING FOR THE GANG-PLANK OF THE GREAT LINER."

moment of starting. A second question from us failed to elicit any answer at all, save a plaintive bleat from his wife to the effect that her husband was in a very violent temper already, and that she hoped we would do nothing to make it worse. A third attempt, later in the day, provoked a terrific crash, and a subsequent message from the Central Exchange that Professor Challenger's receiver had been shattered. After that we abandoned all attempt at communication.

And now, my patient readers, I can address you directly no longer. From now onwards (if, indeed, any continuation of this narrative should ever reach you) it can only be through the paper which I represent. In the hands of the editor I leave this account of the events which have led up to one of the most remarkable expeditions of all time, so that if I never return to England there shall be some record as to how the affair came about. I am writing these last lines in the saloon of the Booth liner *Francisca*, and they will go back by the pilot to the keeping of Mr. McArdle. Let me draw one last picture before I close the notebook — a picture which is the last memory of the old country which I bear away with me. It is a wet, foggy morning in the late spring; a thin, cold rain is falling. Three shining mackintoshed figures are walking down the quay, making for the gang-plank of the great liner from which the blue-peter is flying. In front of them a porter pushes a trolly piled high with trunks, wraps, and gun-cases. Professor Summerlee, a long, melancholy figure, walks with dragging steps and drooping head, as one who is already profoundly sorry for himself. Lord Roxton steps briskly, and his thin, eager face beams forth between his hunting-cap and his muffler. As for myself, I am glad to have got the bustling days of preparation and the pangs of leave-taking behind me, and I have no doubt that I show it in my bearing. Suddenly, just as we reach the vessel, there is a shout behind us. It is Professor Challenger, who had promised to see us off. He runs after us, a puffing, red-faced, irascible figure.

"HE RUNS AFTER US, A PUFFING, RED-FACED, IRASCIBLE FIGURE."

"No, thank you," says he; "I should much prefer not to go aboard. I have only a few words to say to you, and they can very well be said where we are. I beg you not to imagine that I am in any way indebted to you for making this journey. I would have you to understand that it is a matter of perfect indifference to me, and I refuse to entertain the most remote sense of personal obligation. Truth is truth, and nothing which you can report can affect it in any way, though it may excite the emotions and allay the curiosity of a number of very ineffectual people. My directions for your instruction and guidance are in this sealed envelope. You will open it when you reach a town upon the Amazon which is called Manaos, but not until the date and hour which is marked upon

the outside. Have I made myself clear? I leave the strict observance of my conditions entirely to your honour. No, Mr. Malone, I will place no restriction upon your correspondence, since the ventilation of the facts is the object of your journey; but I demand that you shall give no particulars as to your exact destination, and that nothing be actually published until your return. Good-bye, sir. You have done something to mitigate my feelings for the loathsome profession to which you unhappily belong. Good-bye, Lord Roxton. Science is, as I understand, a sealed book to you; but you may congratulate yourself upon the hunting-field which awaits you. You will, no doubt, have the opportunity of describing in the *Field* how you brought down the rocketing dimorphodon. And good-bye to you also, Professor Summerlee. If you are still capable of self-improvement, of which I am frankly unconvinced, you will surely return to London a wiser man."

So he turned upon his heel, and a minute later from the deck I could see his short, squat figure bobbing about in the distance as he made his way back to his train. Well, we are well down Channel now. There's the last bell for letters, and it's good-bye to the pilot. We'll be "down, hull-down, on the old trail" from now on. God bless all we leave behind us, and send us safely back.

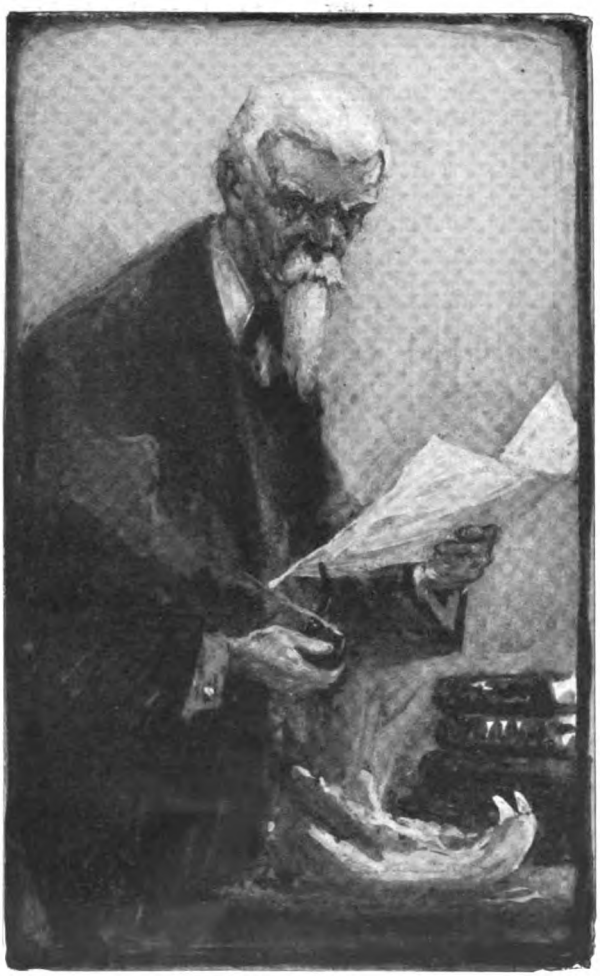
CHAPTER VII.

"TO-MORROW WE DISAPPEAR INTO THE UNKNOWN."

I WILL not bore those whom this narrative may reach by an account of our luxurious voyage upon the Booth liner, nor will I tell of our week's stay at Para (save that I should wish to acknowledge the great kindness of the Pereira da Pinta Company in helping us to get together our equipment). I will also allude very briefly to our river journey, up a wide, slow-moving, clay-tinted stream, in a steamer which was little smaller than that which had carried us across the Atlantic. Eventually we found ourselves through the narrows of Obidos and reached the town of Manaos. Here we were rescued from the limited attractions of the local inn by Mr. Shortman, the representative of the British and Brazilian Trading Company. In his hospitable hacienda we spent our time until the day when we were empowered to open the letter of instructions given to us by Professor Challenger. Before I reach the surprising events of that date I would desire to give a clearer sketch of my comrades in this enterprise, and of the associates whom we had already gathered together in South America. I speak freely, and I leave the use of my material to your own discretion, Mr. McArdle, since it is through your hands that this report must pass before it reaches the world.

The scientific attainments of Professor Summerlee are too well known for me to trouble to recapitulate them. He is better equipped for a rough expedition of this sort than one would imagine at first sight. His tall, gaunt, stringy figure is insensible to fatigue, and his dry, half-sarcastic, and often wholly unsympathetic manner is uninfluenced by any change in his surroundings. Though in his sixty-sixth year, I have never heard him express any dissatisfaction at the occasional hardships which we have had to encounter. I had regarded his presence as an encumbrance to the expedition, but, as a matter of fact, I am now well convinced that his power of endurance is as great as my own. In temper he is naturally acid and sceptical. From the beginning he has never concealed his belief that Professor Challenger is an absolute fraud, that we are all embarked upon an absurd wild-goose chase, and that we are likely to reap nothing but disappointment and danger in South America, and corresponding ridicule in England. Such are the views which, with much passionate distortion of his thin features and wagging of his thin, goat-like beard, he poured into our ears all the way from Southampton to Manaos. Since landing from the boat he has obtained some consolation from the beauty and variety of the insect and bird life around him, for he is absolutely whole-hearted in his devotion to science. He spends his days flitting through the woods with his shot-gun and his butterfly-net, and his evenings in mounting the many specimens he has acquired. Among his minor peculiarities are that he is careless as to his attire, unclean in his person, exceedingly absent-minded in his habits, and addicted to smoking a short briar pipe, which is seldom out of his mouth. He has been upon several scientific expeditions in his youth (he was with Robertson in Papua), and the life of the camp and the canoe is nothing fresh to him.

Lord John Roxton has some points in common with Professor Summerlee, and others in which they are the very antithesis to each other. He is twenty years younger, but has something of the same spare, scraggy physique. As to his appearance, I have, as I recollect, described it in that portion of my narrative which I have left behind me in London. He



"PROFESSOR SUMMERLEE."

is exceedingly neat and prim in his ways, dresses always with great care in white drill suits and high brown mosquito-boots, and shaves at least once a day. Like most men of action, he is laconic in speech, and sinks readily into his own thoughts, but he is always quick to answer a question or join in a conversation, talking in a queer, jerky, half-humorous fashion. His knowledge of the world, and very especially of South America, is surprising, and he has a whole-hearted belief in the possibilities of our journey which is not to be dashed by the sneers of Professor Summerlee. He has a gentle voice and a quiet manner, but behind his twinkling blue eyes there lurks a capacity for furious wrath and implacable resolution, the more dangerous because they are held in leash. He spoke little of his own exploits in Brazil and Peru, but it was a revelation to me to find the excitement which was caused by his presence among the riverine natives, who looked upon him as their champion and protector. The exploits of the Red Chief, as they called him, had become legends among them, but the real facts, as far as I could learn them, were amazing enough.

These were that Lord John had found himself some years before in that no-man's-land which is formed by the half-defined frontiers between Peru, Brazil, and Colombia. In this great district the wild rubber tree flourishes, and has become, as in the Congo, a curse to the natives which can only be compared to their forced labour under the Spaniards upon the old silver mines of Darien. A handful of villainous half-breeds dominated the country, armed such Indians as would support them, and turned the rest into slaves, terrorizing them with the most inhuman tortures in order to force them to gather the india-rubber, which was then floated down the river to Para. Lord John Roxton expostulated on behalf of the wretched victims, and received nothing but threats and insults for his pains. He then formally declared war against Pedro Lopez, the leader of the slave-drivers, enrolled a band of runaway slaves in his service, armed them, and conducted a campaign, which ended by his killing with his own hands the notorious half-breed and breaking down the system which he represented.

No wonder that the ginger-headed man with the silky voice and the free and easy manners was now looked upon with deep interest upon the banks of the great South American river, though the feelings he inspired were naturally mixed, since the gratitude of the natives was equalled by the resentment of those who desired to exploit them. One useful result of his former experiences was that he could talk fluently in the Lingoa Geral, which is the peculiar talk, one-third Portuguese and two-thirds Indian, which is current all over Brazil.

I have said before that Lord John Roxton was a South Americomaniac. He could not speak of that great country without ardour, and this ardour was infectious, for, ignorant as I was, he fixed my attention and stimulated my curiosity. How I wish I could

reproduce the glamour of his discourses, the peculiar mixture of accurate knowledge and of racy imagination which gave them their fascination, until even the Professor's cynical and sceptical smile would gradually vanish from his thin face as he listened. He would tell the history of the mighty river so rapidly explored (for some of the first conquerors of Peru actually crossed the entire continent upon its waters), and yet so unknown in regard to all that lay behind its ever-changing banks.

"What is there?" he would cry, pointing to the north. "Wood and marsh and unpenetrated jungle. Who knows what it may shelter? What? And there to the south? A wilderness of swampy forest, where no white man has ever been. The unknown is up against us on every side. Outside the narrow lines of the rivers what does anyone know? Who will say what is possible in such a country? Why should old man Challenger not be right?" At which direct defiance the stubborn sneer would reappear upon Professor Summerlee's face, and he would sit, shaking his sardonic head in unsympathetic silence, behind the cloud of his briar-root pipe.

So much for the moment for my two white companions, whose characters and limitations will be further exposed, as surely as my own, as this narrative proceeds. But already we have enrolled certain retainers who may play no small part in what is to come. The first is a gigantic negro named Zambo, who is a black Hercules, as willing as any horse, and about as intelligent. Him we enlisted at Para, on the recommendation of the steamship company, on whose vessels he had learned to speak a halting English.

It was at Para also that we engaged Gomez and Manuel, two half-breeds from up the river, just come down with a cargo of redwood. They were swarthy fellows, bearded and fierce, as active and wiry as panthers. Both of them had spent their lives in those upper waters of the Amazon which we were about to explore, and it was this recommendation which had caused Lord John to engage them. One of them, Gomez, had the further advantage that he could speak excellent English.

"LORD JOHN ROXTON."

These men were willing to act as our personal servants, to cook, to row, or to make themselves useful in any way at a payment of fifteen dollars a month. Besides these, we had engaged three Mojo Indians from Bolivia, who are the most skilful at fishing and boat work of all the river tribes. The chief of these we called Mojo, after his tribe, and the others are known as José and Fernando. Three white men, then, two half-breeds, one negro, and three Indians made up the personnel of the little expedition which lay waiting for its instructions at Manaos, before starting upon its singular quest.

At last, after a weary week, the day had come and the hour. I ask you to picture the shaded sitting-room of the Hacienda St. Ignatio, two miles inland from the town of Manaos. Outside lay the yellow, brassy glare of the sunshine, with the shadows of the

palm trees as black and definite as the trees themselves. The air was calm, full of the eternal hum of insects, a tropical chorus of many octaves, from the deep drone of the bee to the high, keen pipe of the mosquito. Beyond the veranda was a small cleared garden, bounded with cactus hedges and adorned with clumps of flowering shrubs, round which the great blue butterflies and the tiny humming-birds fluttered and darted in crescents of sparkling light. Within we were seated round the cane table, on which lay a sealed envelope. Inscribed upon it, in the jagged handwriting of Professor Challenger, were the words :—

"Instructions to Lord John Roxton and party. To be opened at Manaos upon July 15th, at 12 o'clock precisely."

Lord Roxton had placed his watch upon the table beside him.

"We have seven more minutes," said he. "The old dear is very precise."

Professor Summerlee gave an acid smile as he picked up the envelope in his gaunt hand.

"What can it possibly matter whether we open it now or in seven minutes?" said he. "It is all part and parcel of the same system of quackery and nonsense, for which I regret to say that the writer is notorious."

"Oh, come, we must play the game accordin' to rules," said Lord Roxton. "It's old man Challenger's show and we are here by his good will, so it would be rotten bad form if we didn't follow his instructions to the letter."

"A pretty business it is!" cried the Professor, bitterly. "It struck me as preposterous in Kensington, but I'm bound to say that it seems even more so upon closer acquaintance. I don't know what is inside this envelope, but, unless it is something pretty definite, I shall be much tempted to take the next down-river boat and catch the *Bolivia* at Para. After all, I have some more responsible work in the world than to run about disproving the assertions of a lunatic. Now, Roxton, surely it is time."

"Time it is," said Lord John. "You can blow the whistle." He took up the envelope and cut it with his penknife. From it he drew a folded sheet of paper. This he carefully opened out and flattened on the table. It was a blank sheet. He turned it over. Again it was blank. We looked at each other in a bewildered silence, which was broken by a discordant burst of derisive laughter from Professor Summerlee.

"It is an open admission," he cried. "What more do you want? The fellow is a self-confessed humbug. We have only to return home and report him as the brazen impostor that he is."

"Invisible ink!" I suggested.

"I don't think!" said Lord Roxton, holding the paper to the light. "No, young fellah my lad, there is no use deceiving yourself. I'll go bail for it that nothing has ever been written upon this paper."

"May I come in?" boomed a voice from the veranda.

The shadow of a squat figure had stolen across the patch of sunlight. That voice! That monstrous breadth of shoulder! We sprang to our feet with a gasp of astonishment as Challenger, in a round, boyish straw-hat with a coloured ribbon—Challenger, with his hands in his jacket-pockets and his canvas shoes daintily pointing as he walked—appeared in the open space before us. He threw back his head, and there he stood in the golden glow with all his old Assyrian luxuriance of beard, all his native insolence of drooping eyelids and intolerant eyes.

"I fear," said he, taking out his watch, "that I am a few minutes too late. When I gave you this envelope I must confess that I had never intended that you should open it, for it had been my fixed intention to be with you before the hour. The unfortunate delay can be apportioned between a blundering pilot and an intrusive sandbank. I fear that it has given my colleague, Professor Summerlee, occasion to blaspheme."

"I am bound to say, sir," said Lord John, with some sternness of voice, "that your turning up is a considerable relief to us, for our mission seemed to have come to a premature end. Even now I can't for the life of me understand why you should have worked it in so extraordinary a manner."

Instead of answering, Professor Challenger entered, shook hands with myself and Lord Roxton, bowed with ponderous insolence to Professor Summerlee, and sank back into a basket-chair, which creaked and swayed beneath his weight.

"Is all ready for your journey?" he asked.

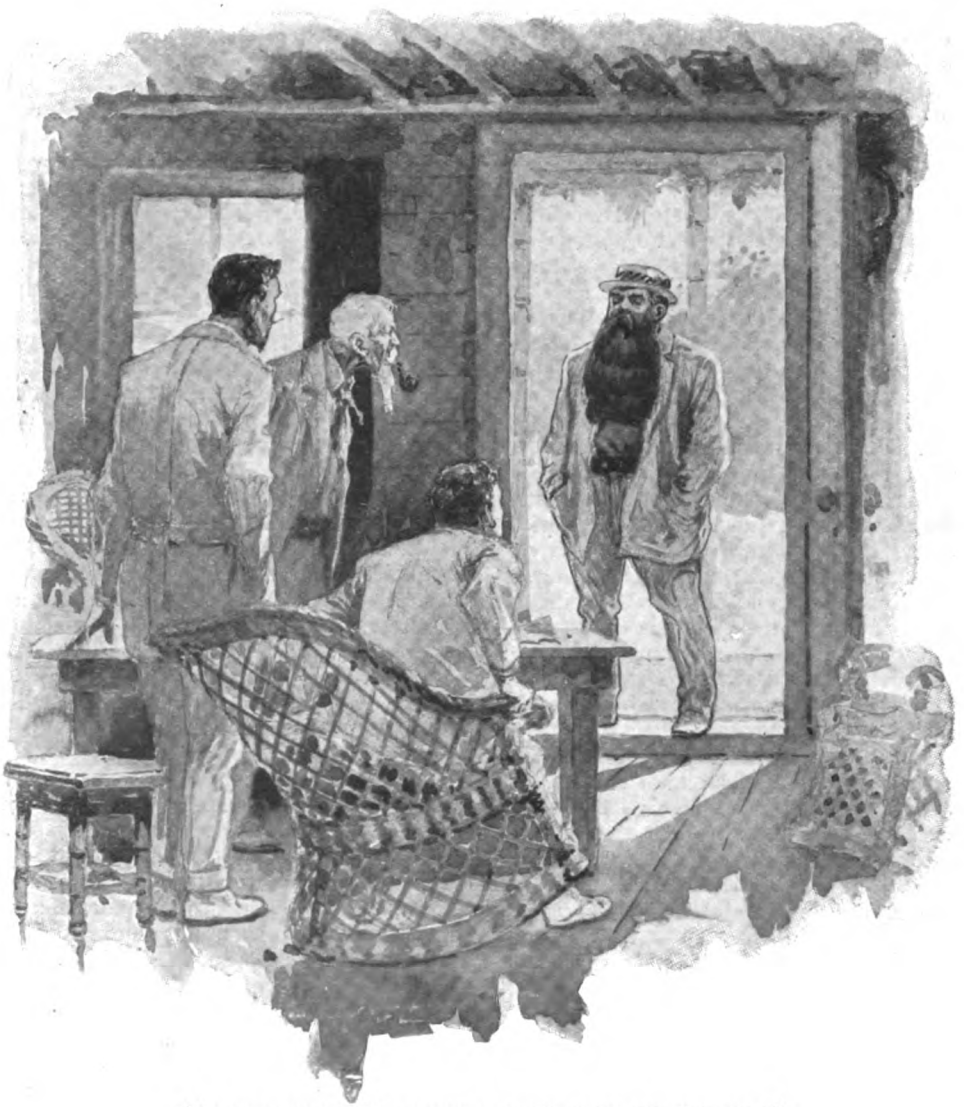
"We can start to-morrow."

"Then so you shall. You need no chart of directions now, since you will have the inestimable advantage of my own guidance. From the first I had determined that I would myself preside over your investigation. The most elaborate charts would, as you will readily admit, be a poor substitute for my own intelligence and advice. As to the small ruse which I played upon you in the matter of the envelope, it is clear that, had I told

you all my intentions, I should have been forced to resist unwelcome pressure to travel out with you."

"Not from me, sir!" exclaimed Professor Summerlee, heartily. "So long as there was another ship upon the Atlantic."

has now arrived. You are in safe hands. You will not now fail to reach your destination. From henceforth I take command of this expedition, and I must ask you to complete your preparations to-night, so that we may be able to make an early start in the



"'MAY I COME IN?' BOOMED A VOICE FROM THE VERANDA."

Challenger waved him away with his great hairy hand.

"Your common sense will, I am sure, sustain my objection and realize that it was better that I should direct my own movements and appear only at the exact moment when my presence was needed. That moment

morning. My time is of value, and the same thing may be said, no doubt, in a lesser degree of your own. I propose, therefore, that we push on as rapidly as possible, until I have demonstrated what you have come to see."

Lord John Roxton had chartered a large

steam-launch, the *Esmeralda*, which was to carry us up the river. So far as climate goes, it was immaterial what time we chose for our expedition, as the temperature ranges from seventy-five to ninety degrees both summer and winter, with no appreciable difference in heat. In moisture, however, it is otherwise; from December to May is the period of the rains, and during this time the river slowly rises until it attains a height of nearly forty feet above its low-water mark. It floods the banks, extends in great lagoons over a monstrous waste of country, and forms a huge district, called locally the Gapo, which is for the most part too marshy for foot-travel and too shallow for boating. About June the waters begin to fall, and are at their lowest at October or November. Thus our expedition was at the time of the dry season, when the great river and its tributaries were more or less in a normal condition.

The current of the river is a slight one, the drop being not greater than eight inches in a mile. No stream could be more convenient for navigation, since the prevailing wind is south-east, and sailing-boats may make a continuous progress to the Peruvian frontier, dropping down again with the current. In our own case the excellent engines of the *Esmeralda* could disregard the sluggish flow of the stream, and we made as rapid progress as if we were navigating a stagnant lake. For three days we steamed north-westwards up a stream which even here, a thousand miles from its mouth, was still so enormous that from its centre the two banks were mere shadows upon the distant skyline. On the fourth day after leaving Manaos we turned into a tributary which at its mouth was little smaller than the main stream. It narrowed rapidly, however, and after two more days' steaming we reached an Indian village, where the Professor insisted that we should land, and that the *Esmeralda* should be sent back to Manaos. We should soon come upon rapids, he explained, which would make its further use impossible. He added privately that we were now approaching the door of the unknown country, and that the fewer whom we took into our confidence the better it would be. To this end also he made each of us give our word of honour that we would publish or say nothing which would give any exact clue as to the whereabouts of our travels, while the servants were all solemnly sworn to the same effect. It is for this reason that I am compelled to be vague in my narrative, and I would warn my readers that in any map or diagram which I may give the relation of places to each other may be correct, but the points of the compass are carefully confused, so that in no way can it be taken as an actual guide to the country. Professor Challenger's reasons for secrecy may be valid or not, but we had no choice but to adopt them, for he was prepared to abandon the whole expedition rather than modify the conditions upon which he would guide us.

It was August 2nd when we snapped our last link with the outer world by bidding farewell to the *Esmeralda*. Since then four days have passed, during which we have engaged two large canoes from the Indians, made of so light a material (skins over a bamboo framework) that we should be able to carry them round any obstacle. These we have loaded with all our effects, and have engaged two additional Indians to help us in the navigation. I understand that they are the very two—Ataca and Ipetu by name—who accompanied Professor Challenger upon his previous journey. They appeared to be terrified at the prospect of repeating it, but the chief has patriarchal powers in these countries, and if the bargain is good in his eyes the clansman has little choice in the matter.

So to-morrow we disappear into the unknown. This account I am transmitting down the river by canoe, and it may be our last word to those who are interested in our fate. I have, according to our arrangement, addressed it to you, my dear Mr. McArdle, and I leave it to your discretion to delete, alter, or do what you like with it. From the assurance of Professor Challenger's manner—and in spite of the continued scepticism of Professor Summerlee—I have no doubt that our leader will make good his statement, and that we are really on the eve of some most remarkable experiences.

(To be continued)

How Busy Men Work.

A Symposium of Eminent Successful Men.

[It was our desire in applying to a number of representative business men to ascertain their daily rules and routine as a key to their commercial success. The writers have not altogether restricted themselves to this subject, but the letters are so interesting that we print them herewith.]

HAVE rules and routine disappeared from business life? There was a period when the time schedule ruled both young and old in shop and office; when the successful man of affairs rose at seven, breakfasted at eight, was at his office at nine, dictated letters until ten, and so on, until five or six o'clock daily throughout the year. Now the rules and routine have apparently gone.

MR. ROCKEFELLER.
Photo. by Topical.

It is true there are still some who hold fast to the gospel of details—and of these is Mr. Rockefeller, whose message for publication in THE STRAND MAGAZINE is thus stated:—

"I confess that I attach great importance to routine. I believe that every young man who intends to succeed in business should do as I did—take a course at a commercial college. I do not believe in what is called 'the rule of thumb'; the rudiments of business should be properly taught, and the ground prepared to build upon. If a youth has had no thorough grounding, a time may come when his weakness for detail will show itself.

"When people write to me asking for the secret of my success, I always tell them that I owe everything to a love for, and mastery of, details. A man playing chess or billiards or golf must attend to details if he wants to win—why must he not do so in business? Everyone ought to be able to keep his own books and know exactly to a penny how the money comes in and how it goes out. I have known many bright, intelligent men who never really knew all the facts about their own affairs. They did not actually know when they were making money on a certain operation and when they were losing. Such business men live in a fool's paradise: they hate to study their books and face the truth. They are often brilliant at a single great stroke, but they cannot keep up the game, simply because they are weak in detail, and they are weak in detail because they have never studied its principles."

"Amongst the first essentials to success, in my opinion," states the veteran Lord Strathcona, "is that of being interested in what you have to do. After that comes diligence, and then system. But unless a young man is interested, first of all, in his work, he cannot expect to succeed in it. I would therefore say, if your heart is not in it, you are heavily handicapped in the race. As a young man I did not require any special pleasures or diversions, even if I could have indulged myself in them, because the work I was engaged in afforded me plenty of scope for variety. To many it might have seemed a lonely and dreary life, practically cut off from the world, but I was always aiming to do my best, and kept on the *qui vive* waiting for the opportunity which I knew always comes to the young fellow who does his best. I never had any hard and fast routine then, and I have never had since. I was ready for any job that turned up, and this sort of variety of work is quite as good as cricket and football and theatre-going, or any of the other forms

LORD STRATHCONA.
Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

of 'recreation' in which young men nowadays indulge. Even to-day, in my ninety-second year, I am ready for work at half-past eight every morning, and my correspondence, official engagements, personal interviews, generally keep me employed until late at night. By this kind of alternation of duties, and also by never allowing myself to be hurried over anything, I obtain all the recreation I need. Hurry and bustle I have always endeavoured to avoid."

SIR HERBERT TREE.
Photo. by G. Vandyk.

"I must say," declares Sir Herbert Tree, "that I have no system, no routine, and very little relaxation in my methods. Some men plan their campaigns slowly and painfully, according to precedent, and I have no doubt that such a method of conquering Fortune is better than my mode of rapid assault. But each man to his temperament: I work, as it were, from hand to mouth."

"No two merchants," writes Sir Thomas Dewar, "ever conducted a business in the same manner; no two workmen in the mechanical world ever performed their labour in precisely the same way; no two artists ever painted the same scene so that it seemed like one picture. Each human being has his own peculiar characteristics, which go into his work, no matter what that work may be. Some say that business is an exacting mistress, but it should be a mistress to whom it is a pleasure to devote one's self, and if it becomes a vixen, a shrew, or a tyrant, that man is not adapted for business. Neither can I say that twenty-five years ago I had any particular routine, as I did my ledger, cash-book, and wrote all the letters of my office in London, when I was not interviewing visitors in the office or making calls outside; and to-day I cannot definitely describe the routine, although *tempora mutantur*.

SIR T. DEWAR.
Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"If rules are to be observed, such as competing with the office boy as to your arrival in the morning or observing the clock-work regularity of leaving off with your staff at night, this is not calculated to get an inspiration for promoting your business to the best advantage. The principal of a business should carry his business in his mind; ideas occur at any time and anywhere. Policy and organization are the main objects to consider, and to carry out ideas one must get the best men possible and let them have an interest in the results sufficient to encourage them to be enthusiastic in the welfare of the business. To the man who has assisted in making a business, that business will ever be his greatest hobby, and to him there is no pleasure like work. To depute everything possible and keep your own personality out of the business, make it departmental and watch the organization, which avoids worry and makes a lasting goodwill. Make the head of every department responsible for his department, from the commissionaire to the manager. The former is by no means the least important in a business; the first impression one forms when entering an office is more lasting than any, and a diplomatic, polite commissionaire can put a caller at his ease and give a good impression, and can also get rid of an individual who might take up the time of a more valuable *employé*. If the caller passes the commissionaire successfully, he is presented to the head of the department of advertising or foreign or home business. If he has a wild-cat scheme of oil or rubber, or a gold mine, to exploit, he is put in the schemer's chair. The peculiarity of that chair is that it is fastened to the floor. I bow the visitor into the chair, and he sits down and unfolds the project. Presently when he comes to the critical stage he endeavours to draw the chair a little nearer to the table in order to become more confidential; and when he finds he cannot move it his struggles are most amusing. In fact, it completely breaks the thread of his discourse, and gives me the opportunity I am seeking to say that I do not think the scheme is one into which I should care to put money, and so I get rid of him.

"Mornings, of course, are chiefly devoted to correspondence, but at all times interviews are numerous, and the number of business callers from dominions beyond the seas seem to equal those of residents here. It has always been the practice to see everyone, whether by appointment or not, and, as Colonial friends are not always controllers of their own time, a special representative is

invariably present to pay due deference to callers from abroad.

"The evolution of a business goes on unawares as to detail with those who are daily in touch with it, like fashion in anything, and to-day one has to look back ten years to see the changes and talk of the good old days when opposition was not so great. To-day more work has to be crushed into the same time, and better value has to be given to increase or keep up the turnover—as the Tenth Commandment says: 'Thou shalt give every man a square deal. This is the last and great commandment, and there is no other like unto it. Upon this commandment hang all the law and profits of the business world.' And so long as that work and value are given the business will continue to hold its own or improve. Whereas twenty years ago the venders of a branded article were considered the only customers, to-day the consuming public are the customers and the venders are the distributers who have to supply what the public ask for. This has been brought about by advertisement, and to-day, if a man upon his trade relies, he must either 'bust' or advertise."

MR. OSWALD STOLL.
Photo. by Hana.

"On reflection," writes Mr. Oswald Stoll, the famous music-hall manager, "the achievement of success seems to me to be more a question of character than of ability. Determination to succeed is in the *nature*, and often allies itself with mediocre abilities. Yet that one principle persistently applied in one's daily occupations carves a path of life of itself, and gives direction to one's efforts without the need of a plan. That 'the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley' is true. Carefully-laid plans to achieve a remote object more often than not lead to failure, together with loss of valuable time and energy, unless, in planning, control of all the factors essential to the success of the scheme is assured. To plan is to prophesy, and one should never prophesy unless one *knows*. Everything changes from so many different causes in so many different ways that expected conditions are seldom realized. It is nearly always the unexpected that happens.

SIR JEREMIAH COLMAN.
Photo by Elliott & Fry.

"On the other hand, to occupy one's self aimlessly is to take a sure road to failure. There must be an object in one's work, and after it has been attained the question, 'Was the game worth the candle?' A youth who begins this way soon finds himself not only determined to do things, but to do things that count. The particular calling he may follow matters little. He will develop very early in life the wisdom to follow no calling where the ultimate rewards are only small, or he will find a way to make such rewards greater than ever before. The habit of keeping an eye upon the trend of things becomes necessary as time goes on, and this habit is acquired naturally by the practice of weighing the results of the work one has done and the likely immediate results of work one is about to do. Amongst those who acquire the habit are the quick-witted people, who find the way to success thus made very smooth, and the slow-witted, who, if they find the path more devious and rough, nevertheless eventually reach the goal.

"To shoulder responsibility very early in life is not only safe, but circumspect, if your character is of the type indicated. Time is more than money. In one sense it is life. It is a pitiable moment when a man realizes that he is too old to retrieve a false step, too old for the time now required to succeed."

Sir Jeremiah Colman, Bart., of the well-known firm of mustard manufacturers, writes as follows:—

"'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' is a Scriptural precept, into which should be read much of advantage alike to the novice and to those of riper experience. The road to success, unlike the road to ruin—that gentle descent so easily found which invitingly crosses it at many points—is at best an ill-defined track, but none the less a right of way open to all, along which travellers have to grope their way with open eyes as best they can, and the millionaire is as likely to be driven into the ditch as is the poorer pedestrian making his way unaided. Adaptability and willingness to make oneself useful, accompanied by a determination to cheerfully discharge whatever duties we find

at hand, will perchance prove of greater value than the possession of brilliant powers or attainments beyond our ken, and yet, whilst the possession of the one will be coveted, how often do we find that the most ordinary trouble will not be taken to cultivate the other, which should exist as a natural instinct. If duty follows taste and inclination, and our occupation can excite a real love, it is matter for congratulation, but that is vouchsafed to few of us, and even then our hands will find much to do which is not of our choice, and which can only be accomplished with effort. But if we are to succeed, an intelligent interest, whether it be natural or acquired, must be evidenced in all we undertake. To catch the master's eye is as important in work as to catch the 'Speaker's eye' in debate, and some little act of loyalty, or some thoughtful attention outside strict routine, perhaps insignificant services in themselves, may be the straws which enable the master to see the direction of the wind. The beginner should be careful to study the disposition and the methods of his superiors, even should these appear mere whims and fancies, and should not despise attention to small things. Avoid waste, whether of time or material. Ink will be found cheaper in the long run than brains, and my experience is that those who spare the former, and are boastful that they never require a note or reminder, are wasteful of the latter, and are the greatest offenders in drawing upon the powers of others for directions which should be on record, and ought thus not to be sought a second time.

"Do not go through life without a hobby. If it be a useful hobby, one which adds to the wealth of the world and affords pleasure to others, so much the better, but it must be a real hobby—something to which we can turn as a joy or relaxation when the mind is overwrought and requires rest or recreation, or when care and difficulties have to be faced.

"The men of affairs know nothing of the 'eight-hour day.' Oftentimes the only opportunities of thinking out important issues are on the occasions of holidays, or when office hours are over. The juniors who grudge overtime and watch with jealous eyes their principals depart at a comparatively early hour may console themselves with the thought that they have one advantage not vouchsafed to their chiefs: they leave their work and responsibilities behind when they leave the office, and for them there is no need to burn the midnight oil. Not infrequently in my own experience, when questions of primary moment have been under consideration, I have retired to bed at a late hour with the cheery words, painfully suggestive of fatigue of body and mind, of an ever-active colleague ringing in my ears, 'Let us think it over before the morning.' In the case of many of us the hours of labour close only when our eyes close in sleep, to recommence with our wakening moments—a state of things not to be encouraged, but a necessary sequence to force of circumstance.

"I do not think that any of us can fathom the secret of success, or recite rules which will assure it. Determination, application, and watchful observation are elements, with a power and willingness to take advantage of opportunities, which will come to us all."

MR. W. MORFORD.
Photo. by Rita Martin.

"The success of a large commercial business," writes Mr. Walter Morford, head of the firm of Swan and Edgar, "primarily may rest upon one pair of shoulders, but the actual successful results achieved must necessarily be the work of many. How often we hear, like a trumpet blast, the voice of a successful individual whose financial success and advancement prompts him to give an inflated *résumé* entitled 'What I do and how I have done it.'

"When I first undertook the reorganization of Swan and Edgar's in 1898 they were not in so prosperous a position as now. I made it my business to commence work at 6.30 a.m. General supervision of the cleaning of the establishment took an hour, another hour was devoted to sorting the dunning letters and urgent requests for immediate payment of various debts. After this I dealt with ordinary correspondence. The rest of the morning was devoted to looking to the marking of goods and interviews of all kinds; the afternoon was oftentimes spent in the City, settling and arranging counting-house matters and establishing credit; the evening and night, until 12 p.m. or 1 a.m., in arranging sales and devising advertisement campaigns, thinking out structural alterations, and a great variety of heterogeneous matters. This was my programme for many months, until I tested and knew my staff, who, in turn, were able to share my responsibilities, lighten my

work, and relieve me of what was then a considerable burden. My work was then (as it is now) a pleasure, but arranging finances was a terrible strain, and caused me many sleepless nights, and to look back upon it now seems a terrible nightmare. However, that is past history and almost forgotten. Business now runs smoothly, and only needs supervision and careful administration to keep it going. Certainly competition every year grows keener, and it is only by having an ever-watchful and diligent staff that enables us to hold our own.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON.
Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"Continued success in business must be dependent upon selecting and advancing the right men, and conducting the business upon honest principles.

"My work now is of no special kind; anything and everything that needs consideration is my business. It is my duty to right anything that is wrong, to listen to any complaint be it from a customer or *employé*, and to endeavour at all times to administer justice; and I am thankful to say I have a faithful and loyal staff, from manager downwards, and it is my joy and recompense for any trouble I may have had in the past to see them happy and contented."

"There is one motto," in the opinion of Sir Thomas Lipton, Bart., "which I would like to impress upon every young man in business—'There is no fun like work.' I always keep this motto before me. Of course, after a man has won the game he set out to win, after he has succeeded in life, he can do what he likes. But while he is working, work ought to be all his life. It ought to be work and play too. I have often worked eighteen hours a day, and enjoyed every minute. If a man is constantly looking at the clock, the spirit of success which is hovering over that man will soon take wing and fly away. There is no fun like work."

SIR WALTER GILBEY.
Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"I am afraid," says Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., of the famous firm of wine merchants, "that the secret of success in life is one that cannot be taught. I have known men whose whole career has been distinguished by unceasing and conscientious hard work, yet who have not gained more than very moderate success. I know others who worked equally hard and made fortunes.

"First among the qualities that make for success in life I would place the sound practical common sense that recognizes opportunity; then courage to take advantage of opportunity and tenacity of purpose to follow it up. Perhaps it is shrewdness rather than common sense which recognizes opportunity; but the two qualities are often found together and are hardly distinguishable one from the other. These qualities are innate in a man; if the germs are there they may be developed; but, in my somewhat extensive experience of men, business qualities, if they exist at all, display themselves at a comparatively early age. One thing I have remarked, and it is worth noticing. Men's faculties and abilities develop in different ways; the youngster whose 'sharpness' singles him out as full of promise does not always ripen into a brilliant or even into a sound business man. Some of the ablest men I have known were regarded in their youth as dull; their abilities developed slowly but surely. I am inclined to think that those who develop gradually prove the most capable men in the long run.

"I attach great importance to the adage, 'Work while you work and play while you play.' The young man who puts his back, and his heart, into his work is the one who commends himself to an employer. He cultivates that valuable quality of concentration upon what he is doing; he gives his whole mind to it, and does it better than the man who allows his attention to wander. He does not make mistakes; and I would ask no better character for a young man than 'He does not make mistakes.' He who is inaccurate in small details can never hope for success; he is untrustworthy as a servant and he will never make a master.

"I do not attach any particular importance to the length of the working day. If a man can get through his work by five or six o'clock, by all means let him put on his hat and go away to amuse himself. Honest work earns relaxation, and the bow that is never unbent loses its spring. But I don't care for the young man whose eye is continually seeking the clock when office hours are nearing their close. His work

should be his clock; if he puts his heart into what he is doing, he will stick to his work till it is done.

"Some very successful men are able to dispense with relaxation altogether; their business absorbs all their faculties and they never put it aside; it is their life. I do not presume to criticize; it is a question of temperament. For myself, during the years when I worked hardest, laying the foundations of my business and building it up, I used to put work entirely aside once a week and seek relaxation, fishing in my earlier days, hunting and shooting when I could afford it; and I found time to cultivate an interest in horses, pictures, and many other matters which had no connection with business."

MR. H. GORDON SELFRIDGE.
Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

"The creation and construction of an entirely new business," writes Mr. Gordon Selfridge, "necessitates a closer attention on the part of the head of the house to the smaller details of the business than would be expected in an organization of reasonable age.

"Personally, I enjoy during the 'business hours' of the day earnest, serious work; but the eyes of the chief should not be kept so close to his desk that he cannot survey the business as a whole, and that serious work referred to should mean the general constructive work rather than that of simple detail, which every office has plenty of, but which can be as well done by the clerk as by the head of the house.

"With a business thoroughly established, the main duty of its head, in my judgment, lies in maintaining, guarding, and developing its policy, in studying and perfecting the staff, in originating and supplying ideas as far as he is capable, and in accepting and encouraging such ideas from others, for building higher and stronger every section and division of the business; in keeping a broad control, in thinking and planning rather than in actually executing the details. He must, of course, be intelligent on this detail work, having presumably studied it thoroughly while passing through that portion of the business on his way to the top; but he is wiser to leave most of it to others.

"It is quite impossible for any man to be an intelligent master of a complicated business, such, for example, as ours, who has not applied to its study the same thought and effort as he has to learning the multiplication table. Knowledge comes only by study—there is no royal road to gain it.

"I believe there is much, too, in example, and that staff which sees its chiefs earnest and attentive and in love with the work which occupies their daily attention will acquire a certain amount of that earnestness and enthusiasm.

"The successful administration of any enterprise with which I am at all familiar, if the enterprise includes in its development a staff of *employés*, requires that its active head is occupied in guarding and maintaining its policy, in keeping a broad control rather than in surrounding himself with a mass of detail. He should be familiar with this detail, but find others to do it, and often these others can really do it much better than he. That head of a business house whose eyes are too close to his desk watching infinite detail makes, in my judgment, a serious blunder. The chief of a business is more valuable to that business if he is not too busy, but always has time to spare for the possible requirements which may be made upon him.

"The chief's duty is to think and plan rather than actually to execute in detail, provided always that he is surrounded with those people who can receive his ideas and execute them for him; and that chief, I think, shows greatest ability who proves he can select and train men—who proves himself an expert in that most delightful study—the study of human nature."

SIR THOMAS PINK.
Photo. by R. Haines.

"My business," writes Sir Thomas Pink, of the well-known firm of jam makers, "is of a varied nature, and my work is certainly not conducted on any system or by any rule. The only advice I have ever been able to give young men is to reflect seriously on the future position in life they desire to occupy, and, having once settled this question, work persistently to that end without allowing their energies to be diverted either here or there. Always set a high ideal, and never be satisfied till they get as near to perfection as possible."

The Man Who Disliked Cats.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

IT was Harold who first made us acquainted, when I was dining one night at the Café Britannique, in Soho. It is a peculiarity of the Café Britannique that you will always find flies there, even in winter. Snow was falling that night as I turned in at the door, but, glancing about me, I noticed several of the old faces. My old acquaintance, Percy the bluebottle, looking wonderfully fit despite his years, was doing deep-breathing exercises on a mutton cutlet, and was too busy to do more than pause for a moment to nod at me; but his cousin, Harold, always active, sighted me and bustled up to do the honours.

He had finished his game of touch-last with my right ear, and was circling slowly in the air while he thought out other ways of entertaining me, when there was a rush of air, a swish of napkin, and no more Harold.

I turned to thank my preserver, whose table adjoined mine. He was a Frenchman, a melancholy-looking man. He had the appearance of one who has searched for the leak in life's gas-pipe with a lighted candle; of one whom the clenched fist of Fate has smitten beneath the temperamental third waistcoat-button.

He waved my thanks aside. "It was a bagatelle," he said. We became friendly. He moved to my table, and we fraternized over our coffee.

Suddenly he became agitated. He kicked at something on the floor. His eyes gleamed angrily.

"Ps-s-st!" he hissed. "Va-t'en!"

I looked round the corner of the table, and perceived the restaurant cat in dignified retreat.

"You do not like cats?" I said.

"I 'ate all animals, monsieur. Cats especially." He frowned. He seemed to hesitate.

"I will tell you my story," he said. "You will sympathize. You have a sympathetic face. It is the story of a man's tragedy. It is the story of a blighted life. It is the story of a woman who would not forgive. It is the story——"

"I've got an appointment at eleven," I said.

He nodded absently, drew at his cigarette, and began:—

I have conceived my 'atred of animals, monsieur, many years ago in Paris. Animals are to me a symbol for the lost dreams of youth, for ambitions foiled, for artistic impulses cruelly stifled. You are astonished. You ask why I say these things. I shall tell you.

I am in Paris, young, ardent, artistic. I wish to paint pictures. I 'ave the genius, the ent'usiasm. I wish to be disciple of the great Bouguereau. But no. I am dependent for support upon an uncle. He is rich. He is proprietor of the great Hôtel Jules Priaulx. My name also is Priaulx. He is not sympathetic. I say, "Uncle, I 'ave the genius, the ent'usiasm. Permit me to paint." He shakes his head. He say, "I will give you position in my hotel, and you shall earn your living." What choice? I weep, but I kill my dreams, and I become cashier at my uncle's hotel at a salary of thirty-five francs a week. I, the artist, become a machine for the changing of money at dam bad salary. What would you? What choice? I am dependent. I go to the hotel, and there I learn to 'ate all animals. Cats especially.

I will tell you the reason. My uncle's hotel is fashionable hotel. Rich Americans, rich Maharajahs, rich people of every nation come to my uncle's hotel. They come, and with them they have brought their pets. Monsieur, it was the existence of a nightmare. Wherever I have looked there are animals. Listen. There is an Indian prince. He has with him two dromedaries. There is also one other Indian prince. With him is a giraffe. The giraffe drink every day one dozen best champagne to keep his coat good. I, the artist, have my bock, and my coat is not good. There is a guest with a young lion. There

is a guest with an alligator. But especially there is a cat. He is fat. His name is Alexander. He belong to an American woman. She is fat. She exhibits him to me. He is wrapped in a silk and fur creation like an opera cloak. Every day she exhibits him. It is "Alexander this" and "Alexander that," till I 'ate Alexander very much. I 'ate all the animals, but especially Alexander.

And so, monsieur, it goes on, day by day, in this hotel that is a Zoological Garden. And every day I 'ate the animals the more. But especially Alexander.

We artists, monsieur, we are martyrs to our nerves. It became insupportable, this thing. Each day it became more insupportable. At night I dream of all the animals, one by one—the giraffe, the two dromedaries, the young lion, the alligator, and Alexander. Especially Alexander. You have 'eard of men who cannot endure the society of a cat—how they cry out and jump in the air if a cat is among those present. ***Hein?*** Your Lord Roberts? Precisely, monsieur. I have read so much. Listen, then. I am become by degrees almost like 'im. I do not cry out and jump in the air when I see the cat Alexander, but I grind my teeth and I 'ate 'im.

Yes, I am the sleeping volcano, and one morning, monsieur, I have suffered the eruption. It is like this. I shall tell you.

Not only at that time am I the martyr to nerves, but also to toothache. That morning I 'ave 'ad the toothache very bad. I 'ave been in pain the most terrible. I groan as I add up the figures in my book.

As I groan I 'ear a voice.

"Say good morning to M. Priaulx, Alexander." Conceive my emotions, monsieur, when this fat, beastly cat is placed before me upon my desk!

It put the cover upon it. No, that is not the phrase. The lid. It put the lid upon it. All my smothered 'atred of the animal burst forth. I could no longer conceal my 'atred.

I rose. I was terrible. I seized 'im by the tail. I flung him—I did not know where. I did not care. Not then. Afterwards, yes, but not then.

Your Longfellow has a poem, "I shot an arrow into the air. It fell to earth, I know not where." And then he has found it. The arrow in the 'eart of a friend. Am I right? Also was that the tragedy with me. I flung the cat Alexander. My uncle, on whom I am dependent, is passing at the moment. He has received the cat in the middle of his face.

My companion, with the artist's instinct for the "curtain," paused. He looked round the brightly-lit restaurant. From every side arose the clatter of knife and fork, and the clear, sharp note of those who drank soup. In a distant corner a small waiter with a large voice was calling the cook names through the speaking-tube. It was a cheerful scene, but it brought no cheer to my companion. He sighed heavily and resumed.

I 'urry over that painful scene. There is blooming 'row. My uncle is 'ot-tempered man. The cat is 'eavy cat. I 'ave thrown 'im very hard, for my nerves and my toothache and my 'atred 'ave given me the giant's strength. Alone is this enough to enrage my 'ot-tempered uncle. I am there in his hotel, you will understand, as cashier, not as cat-thrower. And now, besides all this, I have insulted valuable patron. She 'ave left the hotel that day.

There are no doubts in my mind as to the outcome. With certainty I await my *congé*. And after painful scene I get it. I am to go. At once. He 'ave assured the angry American woman that I go at once.

He has called me into his private office. "Jean," he has said to me, at the end of other things, "you are a fool, dolt, no-good imbecile. I give you good place in my hotel, and you spend your time flinging cats. I will 'ave no more of you. But even now I cannot forget that you are my dear brother's child. I will now give you one thousand francs and never see you again."

I have thanked him, for to me it is wealth. Not before have I ever had one thousand francs of my own.

I go out of the hotel. I go to a *café* and order a bock. I smoke a cigarette. It is necessary that I think out plans. Shall I with my one thousand francs rent a studio in the Quarter and commence my life as artist? No. I have still the genius, the ent'usiasm, but I have not the training. To train myself to paint pictures I must study long, and even one thousand francs will not last for ever. Then what shall I do? I do not know. I order one other bock, and smoke more cigarettes, but still I do not know.

And then I say to myself, "I will go back to my uncle, and plead with him. I will seize favourable opportunity. I will approach him after dinner when he is in good temper. But for that I must be close at hand. I must be—what's your expression?—'Johnny-on-the-spot.'"

My mind is made up. I have my plan.

I have gone back to my uncle's hotel, and I

have engaged not too expensive bedroom. My uncle does not know. He still is in his private office. I secure my room.

I dine cheaply that night, but I go to theatre and also to supper after the theatre, for have I not my thousand francs? It is late when I reach my bedroom.

I go to bed. I go to sleep.

But I do not sleep long. I am awakened by a voice.

It is a voice that says "Move and I shoot! Move and I shoot!" I lie still. I do not move. I am courageous, but I am unarmed.

And the voice says again, "Move and I shoot!" Is it robbers? Is it some marauder who has made his way to my room to plunder me?

I do not know. Per'aps I think yes.

"Who are you?" I have asked.

There is no answer.

I take my courage in my 'ands. I leap from my bed. I dash for the door. No pistol has been fired. I have reached the passage, and have shouted for assistance.

Hotel officials run up. Doors open. "What is it?" voices cry.

"There is in my room an armed robber," I assure them.

And then I have found no, I am mistaken. My door, you will understand, is open. And, as I have said these words, a large green parrot comes 'opping out. My assassin is nothing but a green parrot.

"Move and I shoot!" it has said to those gathered in the corridor. It then has bitten me in the 'and and passed on.

I am chagrined, monsieur. But only for a moment. Then I forget my chagrin. For a voice from a door that 'as opened says with joy, "It is my Polly, which I 'ave this evening lost!"

I turn. I gasp for admiration. It is a beautiful lady in a pink dressing-gown which 'ave spoken these words.

She has looked at me. I 'ave looked at her. I forget everything but that she is adorable. I forget those who stand by. I forget that the parrot has bitten me in the 'and. I forget even that I am standing there in pyjamas, with on my feet nothing. I can only gaze at her and worship.

"I WILL NOW GIVE YOU ONE THOUSAND FRANCS AND NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN."

I have found words.

"Mademoiselle," I have said, "I am rejoiced that I have been the means of restoring to you your bird."

She has thanked me with her eyes, and then with words also. I am bewitched. She is divine. I care not that my feet are cold. I could wish to stand there talking all night.

She has given a cry of dismay.

"Your 'and! It is wounded!"

I look at my 'and. Yes, it is bleeding, where the bird 'ave bitten it.

"Tchut, mademoiselle," I have said. "It is a bagatelle."

But no. She is distressed. She is what your poet Scott 'ave said, a ministering angel thou. She 'ave torn her 'andkerchief and is binding up my wound. I am enchanted. Such beauty! Such kindness! 'Ardly can I resist to fall on my knees before 'er and declare my passion.

We are twin souls. She has thanked me again. She has scolded the parrot. She has smiled upon me as she retires to her room. It is enough. Nothing is said, but I am a man of sensibility and discernment, and I understand that she will not be offended if I seek to renew our friendship on a more suitable occasion.

The doors shut. The guests have returned to bed, the hotel servants to their duties. And I go back to my room. But not to sleep. It is very late, but I do not sleep. I lie awake and think of 'er.

You will conceive, monsieur, with what mixed feelings I descend next morning. On the one 'and, I must keep the sharp look-out for my uncle, for 'im I must avoid till he shall have—what do you say in your idiom? Yes, I have it—simmered down and tucked in his shirt. On the other 'and, I must watch for my lady of the parrot. I count the minutes till we shall meet again.

I avoid my uncle with success, and I see 'er about the hour of *déjeuner*. She is talking to old gentleman. I have bowed. She have smiled and motioned me to approach.

"Father," she has said, "this is the gentleman who caught Polly."

We have shaken hands. He is indulgent papa. He has smiled and thanked me also. We have confided to each other our names. He is English. He owns much land in England. He has been staying in Paris. He is rich. His name is 'Enderson. He addresses his daughter, and calls her Marion. In my 'eart I also call her Marion. You will perceive that I am, as you say, pretty far gone.

The hour of *déjeuner* has arrived. I entreat them to be my guests. I can run to it, you understand, for there are still in my pockets plenty of my uncle's francs. They consent. I am in 'eaven.

All is well. Our friendship has progressed with marvellous speed. The old gentleman and I are swiftly the dear old pals. I 'ave confided to 'im my dreams of artistic fame, and he has told me 'ow much he dislikes your Lloyd George. He has mentioned that he and Miss Marion depart for London that day. I am desolate. My face tumbles. He has observed my despair. He has invited me to visit them in London.

Imagine my chagrin. To visit them in London is the one thing I desire to do. But how? I accept gratefully, but I ask myself how is it to be done? I am poor blighter with no profession and nine 'undred francs. He 'as taken it for granted that I am wealthy.

What shall I do? I spend the afternoon trying to form a plan. And then I am resolved. I will go to my uncle and say: "Uncle, I have the magnificent chance to marry the daughter of wealthy English landowner. Already I 'ave her gratitude. Soon—for I am young, 'andsome, debonair—I shall 'ave her love. Give me one more chance, uncle. Be decent old buck and put up the money for this affair."

These words I have resolved to say to my uncle.

I go back to the hotel. I enter his private office. I reveal no secret when I say that he is not cordial.

"Ten thousand devils!" he has cried. "What do you here?"

I 'asten to tell him all, and plead with him to be decent old buck. He does not believe.

"Who is he?" he asks. "This English landowner?" How did I meet him? And where?

I tell him. He is amazed.

"You 'ad the infernal impudence to take room in my hotel?" he has cried.

I am crafty. I am diplomat.

"Where else, dear uncle?" I say. "In all Paris there is no such 'ome from 'ome. The cuisine—marvellous! The beds—of rose-leaves! The attendance—superb! If only for one night, I have said to myself, I must stay in this of all hotels."

I 'ave—what do you say?—touched the spot.

"In what you say," he has said, more calmly, "there is certainly something. It is a good hotel, this of mine!"

The only hotel, I have assured him. The Meurice? Tchut! I snap my fingers. The Ritz? Bah! Once again I snap my fingers. "In all Paris there is no hotel like this."

He 'as simmered down. His shirt is tucked in. "Tell me again this plan of yours, Jean."

When I leave 'im we have come to an understanding. It is agreed between us that I am to 'ave one last chance. He will not spoil this promising ship for the 'a'porth of

tar. He will give me money for my purpose. But he has said, as we part, if I fail, his 'ands shall be washed of me. He cannot now forget that I am his dear brother's child; but if I fail to accomplish the conquest of much society. And I—I have the *succès fou*. I am young, 'andsome, debonair. I cannot speak the English very well—not so well as I now speak 'im—but I manage. I get along. I am intelligent, amiable. Everyone loves me.

"MY ASSASSIN IS NOTHING BUT A GREEN PARROT.

the divine Miss Marion, he thinks he will be able to.

It is well. A week later I follow the 'Endersons to London.

For the next few days, monsieur, I am in Paradise. My 'ost has very nice 'ouse in Eaton Square. He is rich, popular. There is

No, not everyone. Captain Bassett, he does not love me. And why? Because he loves the charming Miss Marion, and observes that already I am succeeding with her like a 'ouse on fire. He is *ami de famille*. He is captain in your Garde Ecossais, and my 'ost told me 'e has distinguished himself as soldier

pretty much. It may be so. As soldier, per'aps. But at conversation he is not so good. He is quite nice fellow, you understand—'andsome, yes; distinguished, yes. But he does not sparkle. He has not my *verve*, my *élan*. I—how do you say?—I make the rings round him.

But, tchut! at that moment I would have made the rings round the 'ole British Army. Yes, and also the Corps Diplomatique. For I am inspired. Love 'as inspired me. I am conqueror.

But I will not weary you, monsieur, with the details of my wooing. You are sympathetic, but I must not weary you. Let us say that I 'ave in four days or five made progress the most remarkable, and proceed to the tragic end.

Almost could I tell it in four words. In them one would say that it is set forth. There was in London at that time popular a song, a comic, vulgar song of the 'Alls, "The Cat Came Back." You have 'eard it? Yes? I 'eard it myself, and without emotion. It had no sinister warning for me. It did not strike me as omen. Yet, in those four words, monsieur, is my tragedy.

How? I shall tell you. Every word is a sword twisted in my 'eart, but I shall tell you.

One afternoon we are at tea. All is well. I am vivacious, gay; Miss Marion, charming, gracious. There is present also an aunt, Mr. 'Enderson's sister; but 'er I do not much notice. It is to Marion I speak—both with my lips and also with my eyes.

As we sit, Captain Bassett is announced.

He has entered. We have greeted each other politely but coldly, for we are rivals. There is in his manner also a something which I do not much like—a species of suppressed triumph, of elation.

I am uneasy—but only yet vaguely, you will understand. I have not the foreboding that he is about to speak my death-sentence.

He addresses Miss Marion. There is joy in his voice. "Miss 'Enderson," he has said, "I have for you the bally good news. You will remember, isn't it, the cat belonging to the American woman in the hotel at Paris, of which you have spoken to me? Last night at dinner I have been seated beside her. At first I am not certain is it she. Then I say that there cannot be two Mrs. Balderstone Rockmettellers in Europe, so I mention to her the cat. And, to cut the long story short, I have ventured to purchase for you as a little present the cat Alexander."

I have uttered a cry of horror, but it is not 'eard because of Miss Marion's cry of joy.

"Oh, Captain Bassett," she has said, "how very splendid of you! Ever since I first saw him have I loved Alexander. I cannot tell you how grateful I am. But it amazes me that you should have been able to induce her to part with 'im. In Paris she has refused all my offers."

He has paused, embarrassed.

"The fact is," he has said, "there is between her and Alexander a certain coolness. He 'as deceived 'er, and she loves him no more. Immediately upon arrival in London, he had the misfortune to 'ave six fine kittens. 'Owever, out of evil cometh good, and I have thus been able to secure 'im for you. 'E is downstairs in a basket!"

Miss Marion 'as rung the bell and commanded for him to be brought instantly.

I will not describe the meeting, monsieur. You are sympathetic. You will understand my feelings. Let us 'urry on.

Figure yourself, monsieur, to what extent I was now 'arassed. I am artist. I am a man of nerves. I cannot be gay, brilliant, debonair in the presence of a cat. Yet always the cat is there. It is terrible.

I feel that I am falling behind in the race. 'Er gratitude has made her the more gracious to Captain Bassett. She smiles upon him. And, like Chanticleer at the sight of the sun, he flaps his wings and crows. He is no longer the silent listener. It is I who have become the silent listener.

I have said to myself that something must be done.

Chance has shown me the way. One afternoon I am by fortune alone in the 'all. In his cage the parrot Polly is 'opping. I address him through the bars.

"Move and I shoot!" he has cried.

The tears have filled my eyes. 'Ow it has brought the 'ole scene back to me!

As I weep, I perceive the cat Alexander approaching.

I have formed a plan. I have opened the cage-door and released the parrot. The cat, I think, will attack the parrot, of which Miss 'Enderson is so fond. She will love him no more. He will be expelled.

He paused. I suppose my face must have lost some of its alleged sympathy, as he set forth this fiendish plot. Even Percy the bluebottle seemed shocked. He had settled on the sugar-bowl, but at these words he rose in a marked manner and left the table.

"You do not approve?" he said.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"It's no business of mine," I said. "But don't you think yourself it was playing it a bit low down? Didn't the thought present itself to you in a shadowy way that it was rather rough on the bird?"

"It did, monsieur. But what would you? It is necessary to break eggs in order to make an omelette. All is fair, you say, in love and war, and this was both. Moreover, you must understand, I do not dictate his movements to the parrot. He is free agent. I do but open the cage-door. Should he 'op out and proceed to the floor where is the cat, that is his affair. I shall continue, yes?"

"I HAVE PLACED IN IT THE CAT."

Alors! I open the cage-door and disappear discreetly. It is not politic that I remain to witness what shall transpire. It is for me to establish an alibi. I go to the drawing-room, where I remain.

At dinner that night Mr. 'Enderson has laughed.

"In the 'all this afternoon," he has said, "I have seen by chance the dickens of a funny occurrence. That parrot of yours, Marion, had escaped once again from its cage and was 'aving an argument with that cat which Captain Bassett has given to you."

"Oh! I 'ope that Alexander has not 'urt poor Polly, of whom I am very fond," she has said.

"The affair did not come to blows," has said Mr. 'Enderson. "You may trust that bird to take care of himself, my dear. When I came upon the scene the cat was crouching in a corner, with his fur bristling and his back up, while Polly, standing before 'im, was telling 'im not to move or he would shoot. Nor did he move, till I 'ad seized the parrot and replaced him in the cage, when he shot upstairs like a streak of lightning. By sheer force of character that excellent bird 'ad won the bloodless victory. I drink to 'im!"

You can conceive my emotion as I listen to this tale. I am like the poet's mice and men whose best-laid schemes have gone away. I am baffled. I am discouraged. I do not know what I shall do. I must find another plan, but I do not know what.

How shall I remove the cat? Shall I kill 'im? No, for I might be suspect.

Shall I 'ire someone to steal 'im? No, for my accomplice might betray me.

Shall I myself steal 'im? Ah! that is better. That is a very good plan.

Soon I 'ave it perfected, this plan. Listen, monsieur; it is as follows. It is simple, but it is good. I will await my opportunity. I will remove the cat secretly from the 'ouse. I will take him to an office of the District Messenger Boys. I will order a messenger to carry him at once to the Cats' House, and to request M. le Directeur immediately to destroy him. It is a simple plan, but it is good.

I carry it through without a 'itch. It is not so difficult to secure the cat. 'E is asleep in the drawing-room. There is nobody at hand. I have in my bedroom a 'at-box which I have brought from Paris. I have brought it with me to the drawing-room. I have placed in it the cat. I have escaped from the 'ouse. The cat has uttered a cry, but none has 'eard. I have reached the office of the District Messenger Boys. I have 'anded over the cat in its box. The manager is courteous, sympathetic. A messenger has started in a cab for the Cats' House. I have breathed a sigh of relief. I am saved.

That is what I say to myself as I return. My troubles are over, and once more can I be gay, debonair, vivacious with Miss Marion,

for no longer will there be present the cat Alexander to 'arass me.

When I have returned there is commotion in the 'ouse. I pass on the stairs domestics calling "Puss, puss!" The butler is chirruping loudly and poking beneath the furniture with a umbrella. All is confusion and agitation.

In the drawing-room is Miss Marion. She is distressed.

"Nowhere," she has said, "can there be found the cat Alexander of whom I am so fond. Nowhere in the 'ouse is he. Where can he be? He is lost."

I am gentle, sympathetic. I endeavour to console her. I 'int to her that am I not sufficient substitute for a beastly cat? She is, however, inconsolable. I must be patient. I must wait my time.

Captain Bassett is announced. He is informed of what has 'appened. He is distressed. He has the air as if he, too, would endeavour to be gentle, sympathetic. But I am Johnny-on-the-spot. I stay till he 'as gone.

Next day again it is "Puss, puss!" Again the butler has explored under the furniture with the umbrella. Again Miss Marion is distressed. Again 'ave I endeavoured to console.

This time I think I am not so unsuccessful. I am, you understand, young, 'andsome, sympathetic. In another two ticks I am about to seize 'er 'and and declare my passion.

But, before I can do so, Captain Bassett is announced.

I gaze at him as at unsuccessful rival. I am confident. I am conqueror. Ah, I little know! It is in the moments of our highest 'ope, monsieur, that we are destroyed.

Captain Bassett, he, too, 'as the air of the conqueror.

He has begun to speak.

"Miss 'Enderson," he has said, "I have once more the bally good news. I rather fancy that I 'ave tracked down the missing Alexander, do you not know?"

Miss Marion 'as cried out with joy. But I am calm, for is not Alexander already yesterday destroyed?

"It is like this," he has resumed. "I have thought to myself where is lost cat most likely to be? And I have answered, 'In the Cats' House.' I go this morning to the Cats' House and there I see a cat which is either lost Alexander or his living image. Exactly is he the same to all appearances as the lost Alexander. But there is, when I try to purchase 'im, some curious 'itch which they do not explain. They must 'ave time, they say, to consider. They cannot at once decide."

"Why, what nonsense!" Miss Marion 'ave cried. "If the cat is my cat, surely then must they return 'im to me! Come," she has said, "let us all three at once in a taxi-cab go to the Cats' House. If the all three of us identify the lost Alexander, then must they return 'im."

Monsieur, I am uneasy. I have foreboding. But I go. What choice? We go in a taxi-cab to the Cats' House.

The *directeur* is courteous and sympathetic. He has introduced us to the cat, and my 'eart 'as turned to water, for it is Alexander. Why has he not been destroyed?

The *directeur* is speaking. I 'ear him in a dream.

"If you identify 'im as your cat, miss," he has said, "the matter is ended. My 'esitation when you, sir, approached me this morning on the matter was due to the fact that a messenger was sent with instructions that he be destroyed at once."

"Rather rough, wasn't it, that, on the messenger, yes," Captain Bassett has said. He is facetious, you understand, for he is conqueror.

I am silent. I am not facetious. For already I feel—how do you say?—my fowl is cooked.

"Not the messenger, sir," the *directeur* has said. "You 'ave misunderstood me. It was the cat which was to be destroyed, as per instructions of the anonymous sender."

"Who could have played such a wicked trick?" Miss Marion has asked, indignant.

The *directeur* has stooped, and from behind a table he has brought a 'at-box.

"In this," he has said, "the above animal was conveyed. But with it was no accompanying letter. The sender was anonymous."

"Per'aps," Captain Bassett has said—and still more in a dream I 'ear him—"per'aps on the 'at-box there is some bally name or other, do you not know—what?"

I clutch at the table. The room is spinning round and round. I have no stomach—only emptiness.

"Why, bless me," the *directeur* has said, "you're quite right, sir. So there is. Funny of me not to have before observed it. There is a name, and also an address. It is the name of Jean Priaulx, and the address is the Hôtel Jules Priaulx, Paris."

My companion stopped abruptly. He passed a handkerchief over his forehead,

With a quick movement he reached for his glass of liqueur brandy and drained it at a gulp.

"Monsieur," he said, "you will not wish me to describe the scene? There is no need for me—*hein?*—to be Zolaesque. You can imagine?"

"She chucked you?" In moments of emotion it is the simplest language that comes to the lips.

He nodded.

"And married Captain Bassett?"

He nodded again.

"And your uncle?" I said. "How did he take it?"

He sighed.

"There was once more," he said, "blooming row, monsieur."

"He washed his hands of you?"

"Not altogether. He was angry, but he gave me one more chance. I am still 'is dear brother's child, and he cannot forget it. An acquaintance of his, a man of letters, a M. Paul Sartines, was in need of a secretary. The post was not well paid, but it was permanent. My uncle insist that I take it. What choice? I took it. It is the post which I still 'old."

He ordered another liqueur brandy and gulped it down.

"The name is familiar to you, monsieur? You 'ave 'eard of M. Sartines?"

"I don't think I have. Who is he?"

"He is a man of letters, a *savant*. For five years he has been occupied upon a great work. It is with that that I assist him, by collecting facts for 'is use. I 'ave spent this afternoon in the British Museum, collecting facts. To-morrow I go again. And the next day. And again after that. The book will occupy yet another ten years before it is completed. It is his great work."

"It sounds as if it was," I said. "What's it about?"

He signalled to the waiter.

"*Garçon*, one other liqueur brandy. The book, monsieur, is a 'History of the Cat in Ancient Egypt.'"

"I AM GENTLE, SYMPATHETIC. I ENDEAVOUR TO CONSOLE HER."

How the Coronation Picture Was Painted.

Interview with Mr. J. H. F. BACON, A.R.A.

THE coronation of an English monarch is an event in English history. It may be likened to a golden mile-stone for future generations. As long as the monarchy and the race shall last, those few hours of splendid ceremonial will have a place in our annals. No other event equals it in magnificence. The flower of England is gathered in her saintliest fane—of her Blood-Royal, of her nobility, of her chivalry, of her beauty. To depict such a scene for the eye of posterity is by far the most difficult task any painter could undertake. It is not only difficult as art, but in respect of mere manual labour it is stupendous.

That is why, at six o'clock on the fateful morning of August 9th, 1902, the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, upon whose shoulders the burden of all the arrangements had fallen, said to the late Mr. Abbey, R.A.:—

"Mr. Abbey, I would rather have my task than yours."

The Duke's meaning was that, great as his own labour was, it was less than that of the man who was about to record its results—who for many, many months thereafter was to toil daily, without intermission, at a work which, in the painter's modest words, "*could not* succeed, and *might be* a gigantic failure."

What Mr. Abbey achieved officially in 1902, Mr. J. H. F. Bacon, A.R.A., then attempted unofficially and on a smaller scale, and this attempt won the younger painter so many golden opinions that a month before the crowning of his present Majesty last year Mr. Bacon received the Royal commission to paint the Coronation picture. The artist, who is now in his forty-seventh year, had already executed important canvases, notably the famous "Return of the C.I.V.'s from South Africa"; he knew how to handle crowds

KING GEORGE SITTING FOR THE CORONATION PICTURE.
Sketched by Mr. Bacon. Done expressly for this article.

and pageantry, and he had never shrunk from the labour such paintings involved. A friend relates how, as a boy, Mr. Bacon was greatly stirred by a sight of an engraving of David's "Coronation of Napoleon," and the fancy which then crossed his mind had been renewed when years later, in Paris, he had stood before the great canvas in the Louvre itself, murmuring to a fellow-student :—

"I wonder if the time will ever come when *I* shall paint a coronation ?"

"With the commission in my pocket," said Mr. Bacon, "I went down to have a preliminary look at the Abbey. I confess I felt daunted. I was no architectural draughtsman, and the enormous proportions of the interior and the wealth of perspective detail which must be rendered in order to include the chief human element momentarily appalled me. The spectacle must be done as a whole, not as a fragment. It could not even be a pageant ; its note must be *actuality*. My standpoint, I felt, must be as different as possible from Hayter's 'Coronation of Queen Victoria.' After going about backwards and forwards and making numerous sketches, I decided upon the exact spot. It was immediately at the left of the Throne, some dozen feet away — not, therefore, facing the altar, but the great pillar at the south transept or Poets' Corner. The King would therefore be in profile."

MR. J. H. F. BACON, A.R.A.
From a Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

Having at length hit upon the scheme of his picture, Mr. Bacon set about making a preliminary design of the whole interior visible at that point. He had to take careful measurements of the masonry and galleries, so as to produce fidelity to scale. In order to show the relation of a human figure to the foreground and background, he marked indications at several points. If the reader will glance to the extreme left of the Peeresses' Gallery in the following design he will see a lonely female figure in white. This is Mrs. Bacon, the charming and sympathetic wife of the painter, and the pictorial forerunner of several rows of coroneted ladies of exalted rank.

At six o'clock on the morning of June 23rd last Mr. Bacon was in his appointed place, with his sketching materials beside him.

"Although I had been there daily for three weeks, it now all had a look of magic. The mighty stone pillars, blackened by time, seemed like the limbs of giants dipping their feet in wave upon wave of picturesque humanity. One felt bewildered to see the glittering multitudes stretching upward, like tapestry, almost up to the vaults—marvellous coloured tapestry that vibrated in the light. A huge dark-blue expanse of carpet covered the stone floor. Real tapestry, with the arms of the three kingdoms woven, hung along the front of the galleries. Peers and peeresses in their shining robes kept arriving, Court functionaries and chamberlains in full-dress uniform and gold lace passed and repassed. For a long time there was no fixity in the spectacle. I longed to have arrested the movement for a single moment, that I might attempt to transfer the impression to paper.

"A pale light descended always from the great windows of the nave, which fell and was lost in a mystic gloom. The contrast between this and the shimmer of the silks and the scintillation of the jewels was striking. I recall saying to myself, 'No painter who ever lived could do this justice. Any attempt at actuality *must* fail ; to present even the idea of it, one must perforce fall back on impressionism.'

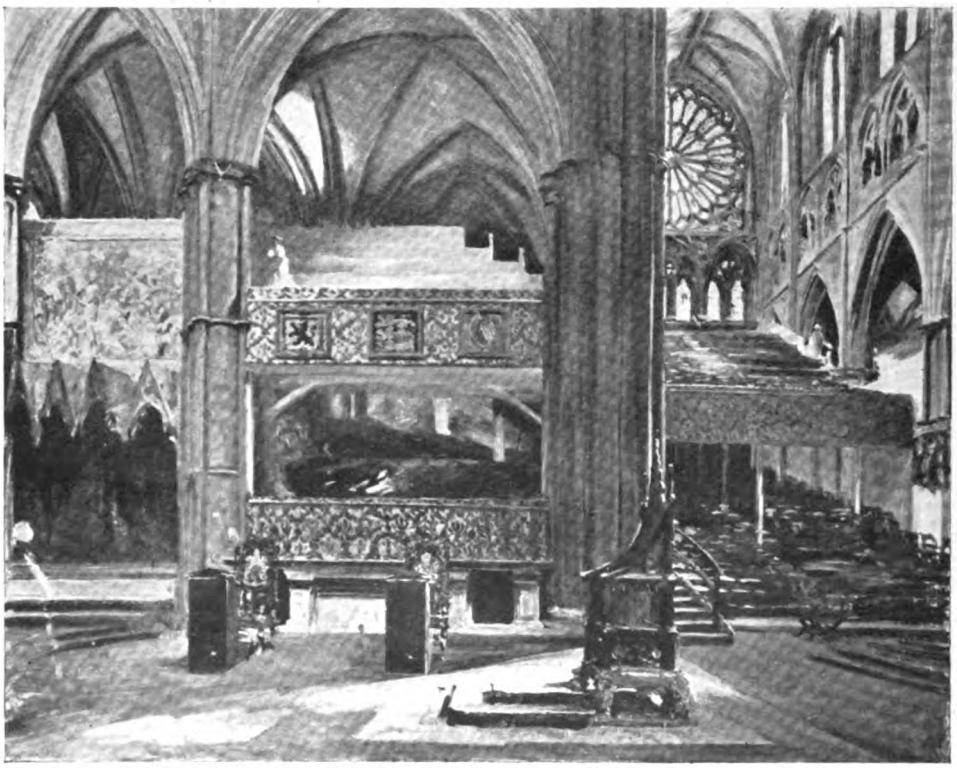
"While I spent some moments sketching the Coronation plate on the altar, I heard the cheering of the multitude outside and the sound of bells and cannon. The King's arrival was drawing nearer. The Royal Princes and Princesses in purple and velvet, heavily embroidered in gold and trimmed with ermine, took their seats in the Royal box just behind the Chairs of Repose. The Prince of Wales came, and his sister, the Princess Mary, and passed along, and then we heard the martial roll of drums. We all rose to our feet in breathless silence, broken by the shrill fanfare of trumpets, and the Royal *cortège* advanced.

"From that time forward one might have painted twenty different pictures of what I

saw. First appeared the Archbishops and Bishops, in those miraculously embroidered copes, which were afterwards to come to my studio, and over which I was destined to spend many laborious hours. They bore crosses, and heralds were at the head of every group. Then came the King and Queen, the latter all in white, without head-dress, and with six Ladies-in-Waiting. Over the King's head a canopy was held by four Knights of the Garter—the Earls of Rosebery, Cadogan, Crewe, and Minto. On his head is the Cap

"How I would have liked to paint that picture! But this is only the beginning. My time was not yet."

As Mr. Bacon stood there waiting, as the ceremonial nine centuries old went on and the choir sang, he could not help wondering if it were really true that he should be associated with that wondrous scene as much and perhaps as long as any, apart from the principal actors—"that under my humble roof it would all be repeated in detail; that each, from the King downward, would come to me



The empty, silent Abbey—Mr. Bacon's canvas as it appeared on the eve of the Coronation, and before he had painted a single portrait.

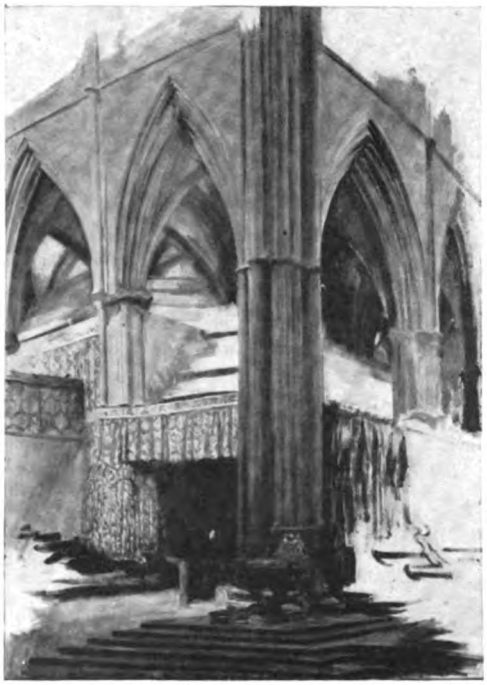
of State, crimson velvet bordered with ermine; his head is slightly bent; his face is pale and serious; every eye in that vast assembly is centred upon him.

"It is a solemn moment as he takes his seat and the Archbishop of Canterbury, flanked by the Bishops, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, preceded by Garter King at Arms, advances, and in a loud voice presents the King: 'George, the undoubted King of this realm.' A great shout goes up: 'God save King George!'

in order that the ceremony might, so to speak, be completed, and that it might be transmitted to posterity."

The painter's time was now come. "After the 'Veni Creator Spiritus' had been sung the Sovereign was assisted to remove his robe. As to that, there is a little difficulty which Viscount Churchill told me about afterwards when he came to my studio. As he was leaving his dressing-room that morning he noticed a pair of scissors on his dressing-table. Something prompted him to slip these in his pocket—why, he could not tell. As he was fumbling with the thick silk

cord he saw, to his horror, that it had been tied into a hard knot. The King noticed his embarrassment. 'Can't you undo it?' he asked. Then Lord Churchill remembered his good luck. 'It's all right, sir,' he whispered back; 'I have a pair of scissors in my pocket.' He instantly produced them, cut the cord, and afterwards gave away some pieces of it to the duchesses as souvenirs.



The extreme right of the picture—The Chair of State as Mr. Bacon saw it on the morning of June 23rd.

But this by the way. The King is at last seated in the Chair of Destiny, and the Archbishop begins the ceremony of anointing.

"I could not help being struck by the comparative smallness of His Majesty as the larger proportions of the Prelate pressed close and seemed almost to overwhelm him, with his enormous and resplendent cope. But that was only the impression of a moment. The

The Queen and the Royal Box at the moment of acclamation—This and the picture below are rapid **impressions done during the ceremony.**

figure of the monarch, as if aided by the influence of the tremendous scene now being enacted, seems to grow in size and majesty. The Royal Crown appears, sparkling with precious stones, lined with velvet and edged with ermine, upon a cushion. It is poised

The crowning ceremony — The exact moment chosen to perpetuate in the finished picture.

MRS. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD.

THE EARL OF GRANARD.

LADY MARY DAWSON.

Portrait studies for the Great Picture.

over the head of the King and then descends. At the same moment a wave of iridescence passes over the crowd of nobles: they are putting on their coronets. The Archbishop moves backward a step, muttering a benediction.

"Now my hand and brain are busy indeed. I fairly fly over the surface of my sketching-board in my desperate endeavour to record all I now see. For this is the exact moment I have chosen to perpetuate on canvas. I am oblivious to what happens after this. I am oblivious to the drums, the trumpets, and the bells—to the frenzied acclamations of the multitude—'God save the King!' 'Long live the King!' 'May the King live for ever!' And, as a wondrous omen and as if to help me, to collaborate with me in my task, a gleam of sunlight has entered the Abbey and touched the scene with radiance."

On the preceding page is the artist's sketch, just as it was made at that critical moment. It is, of course, the roughest impressionism, but still it conveys the idea in quite a magical way—the pervading greyness, illumined by flecks and patches of light.

The very next day, on a canvas eighteen feet long by eleven feet high, Mr. Bacon began the painting now surrounded by crowds at the Royal Academy, and shortly to be hung at Buckingham Palace.

While Mr. Bacon was busy painting the interior of the Abbey on the larger scale, he had notified each of the four hundred persons whose portraits were required, and three days after the Coronation the first of a long line of carriages and motor-cars began to arrive at No. 11, Queen's Gate Terrace. They came in all their robes and with their coronets during a period of many months. In the brief intervals between the departure of one and the arrival of another sitter the artist spent his time running up and down a fifteen-foot wheeled ladder, now at this point and now at that.

"Often I was nearly dead with fatigue, when a duke or an earl, a duchess or a countess, was announced, and I had to resume my portrait painting. My very first sitter was Lady Eileen Knox. My first male sitter was Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. Earl Beauchamp and Lord Churchill were amongst those who never spared themselves to assist me. Clad in every detail of his robes, Lord Beauchamp stood holding the Sword of State for three hours. Slowly, one by one, I began to people the floor of my nave and my empty galleries. In painting a picture of this size, the question of tone—of values—is most important. I found often that, after I had carefully introduced my portrait, it was far too vivid when viewed at the proper distance, and had therefore to be reduced in intensity. Consequently those details which seem natural at a distance appear vague, almost amorphous, at close quarters."

Mr. Bacon's work is a triumph of realism, as King George was to testify the moment he beheld it. On His Majesty's return from India the picture contained more than a hundred and fifty portraits; the painter, in fact, was anxious to introduce the central figure. He could not get himself, as he explained, a proper idea of the work as a whole without His Majesty's portrait—it was to be the key of the picture. It is interesting to chronicle that no sooner had the King arrived

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

LADY VICTORIA CARRINGTON.

THE EARL OF ERROL.

Portrait studies for the Great Picture.

for his first sitting than he expressed himself as greatly pleased, and recognized figure after figure, remarking in particular several ladies, as Lady Mary Dawson, Lady Victoria Carrington, besides Mrs. Rothschild and others in the galleries. Afterwards he inspected the scene with the aid of a pair of opera-glasses.

Facing the spectator, in a line parallel to the Royal box, and the other side of the King, who is shown in profile, are shown the seated figure of the Queen and her Maids of Honour, reading from left to right: Lady Aileen Butler, Lady Eileen Knox, Lady Dorothy Browne, Lady Mabel Ogilvy, Lady Victoria Carrington, and Lady Mary Dawson.

Behind the Archbishop of Canterbury come the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London and Winchester. Beyond them is a double line—Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Durham, and the Dukes of Argyll, Northumberland, Somerset, and Norfolk. In front of them are Lords Roberts and Kitchener. Behind the King's chair stand the Bishops of Bath and Wells, Durham, and Peterborough, the latter next to the Duke of Devonshire. The figure on the right, the largest in the picture, is Earl Carrington, who is next to Viscount Churchill. Beyond them, in a row from left to right, are General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew and Lords Cadogan, Curzon, and Crawford. The representatives of the Colonies, prominent amongst whom is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, may be seen on the extreme right of the canvas.

"His Majesty made a splendid sitter, patient and obedient. He came three times, each time with his equerry, and chatted and smoked a cigarette, while robed in his magnificent golden mantle. The Crown was not here, so the King said, 'I see, Mr. Bacon, you want to see the exact line of the brim.' He then asked his equerry to pass him his high silk hat, which he placed on his head. Afterwards, armed with an order from the Lord Chamberlain, I paid several visits to the Tower, had the Crown removed from its case, and painted it as you now see it."

Then the Queen came, after the King had given three sittings. The moment she saw the figure of her Royal Consort she said to Mr. Bacon: "Do nothing further to the King. The likeness is splendid. Don't touch it again." During her sittings Her Majesty was read to by her Maid of Honour.

"I ought perhaps to mention that after the King left one of my children, who were naturally in a state of high excitement, noticed some gold threads on the studio floor. They came from the King's mantle, the modern portion of it being of more fragile texture than the rest, which is that worn by George IV. at his Coronation. Of course, these we treasure as relics."

The cushion of blue silk on which the King sat in Mr. Bacon's studio was fashioned by a loyal dame in the country, who was delighted to hear of the honour done to her handiwork. She enjoys much local fame in consequence.

The Poor in Heart.

By PERCEVAL GIBBON.

Illustrated by C. H. Taffs.

IT was his habit of an evening to play the flute; and he was playing it faithfully, with the score propped up against a pile of books on his table, when the noises from the street reached him, and interrupted his music. With the silver-dotted flute in his hand he moved to the window and put aside the curtains to look out.

The flute is the instrument of mild men; and Robert Lucas had mildness for a chief quality. At the age of thirty-five, in the high noon of his manhood, he showed to the world a friendly, unenterprising face, neatly bearded, and generally a little vacant. The accident that gave him a Russian mother was his main qualification for the post he now held—that of representative of a firm of leather manufacturers in the Russian town of Tambov. He spoke Russian, he knew leather, and he could ignore the smells of a tan-yard; these facts entitled him to a livelihood.

To right and left, as he looked forth, the cobbled street was dark; but opposite, in the silversmith's shop, there were lights, and, below, a small crowd had gathered. He watched, wonderingly. He knew the silversmith well enough to nod as he passed his door—a young, laborious man with a rapt, uncertain face and a tumbled mane of black hair. There were also a little, grave wife and a fat, grave baby; and these, when they were visible, received separate and distinctive nods, and always returned them. The hide-sellers and tanners were, for the most part, crude and sportive persons with whom he could have nothing in common; they lived, apparently, on drink and uproar; and he had come to regard the silversmith and his family as vague friends. He pressed his face closer to the glass of the double casement to see more certainly.

The little shop seemed to be full of lights and people, and outside its door there was a press of folk. The murmur of voices was audible, though he could distinguish nothing that was said. But now and again there was laughter. It was the laughter that held him gazing and apprehensive; it had a harsher note than mirth. It seemed to him, too, that some of the men in the doorway were in uniform; he could see them only in outline, mere black silhouettes against the interior lights; but there was about them the ominous cut of the official, that Russian bird of ill-omen. And then, while yet he doubted, there sounded the very key-note of disaster. From somewhere within the silversmith's shop a woman screamed, sudden and startling.

"Now, *now!*" said Robert Lucas, at his window, grasping his flute nervously. And, as though in answer to his remonstrance, there was again that guttural, animal laughter. He frowned.

"I must see into this," he told himself, very seriously.

He turned from the window. His pleasant room, with the bright lamp on the table and the music leaning beside it, seemed to advise him to proceed with caution. He and his life were not devised for situations in which women screamed on that tense note of anguish and terror; he had never done a violent thing in all his days. There was no clear purpose in his mind as he pulled open his door to go out—merely an ill-ease that forced him to go nearer to the cause of those screams. He had descended the stairs and was fumbling at the latch of the street-door before he realized that he was still holding the flute.

"Oh, bother!" he exclaimed, in extreme exasperation, when the instrument proved too long for his pocket, and went out carrying it like some remarkable and ornate baton.

The small crowd before the silversmith's shop numbered, perhaps, a hundred people, and even before his eyes were acclimatized to the darkness he smelt sheep-skin coats and tan-bark. He touched one big man on

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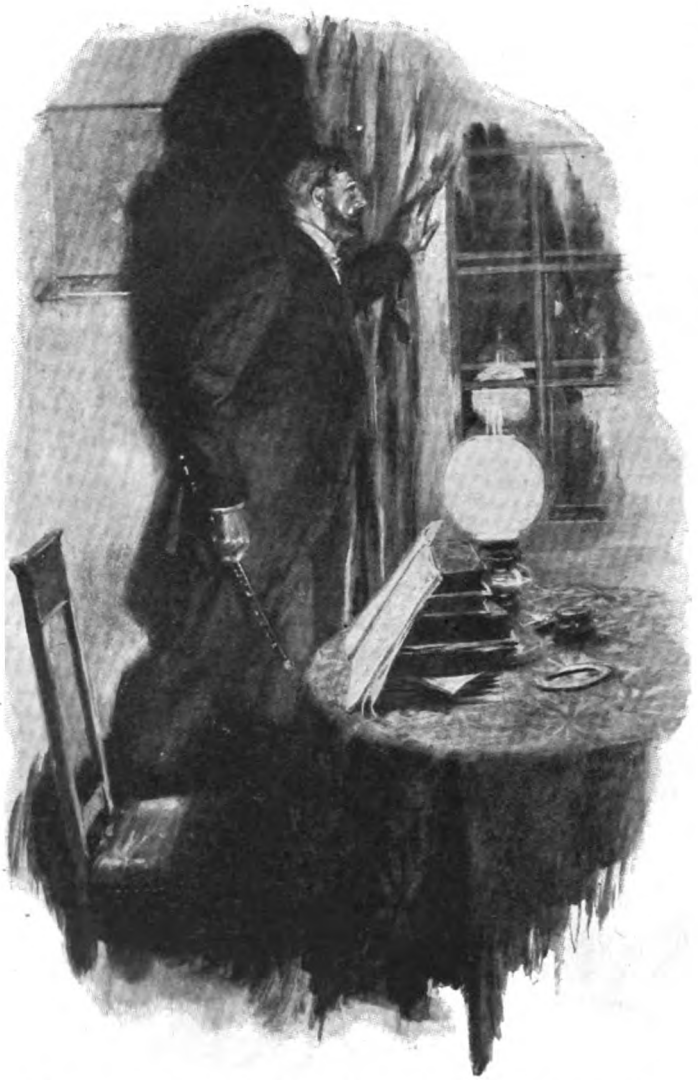
the arm and asked a question. The lights in the shop lit up the fellow's hairy face and loose grin as he turned to answer.

"Eh?" said the man. "Why, it's a Jew that the police are clearing out. Did you hear the Jewess squeal?"



"'I MUST SEE INTO THIS,' HE TOLD HIMSELF, VERY SERIOUSLY."

"Yes, I heard," said Lucas, and moved away.

He was cut off from the door of the shop by the backs of the crowd, and passed along the street to get round them. Inside the lighted house the baby had begun to cry, but there was no more screaming. He had a sense that unless he hurried he might be too late for what was in preparation. The crowd seemed to be waiting for some culminating scene, with more than screams in it. A touch of nervous excitement came to fortify him, and he thrust in between two huge slaughterers, whose clothes reeked of the killing sheds.

"Make way!" he said, breathlessly, as they turned on him.

One of them swore and would have shoved him back, and others looked round at the sound of strife. Lucas put up an uncertain hand to guard the blow. It was the hand that held the flute, whose silver keys flashed in the lights from the shop.

"Ha!" grunted the slaughterer, arrested by that sight. He looked at Lucas doubtfully, his neat clothes, his general aspect of a superior. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"Make way!" repeated Lucas.

It seemed to confirm the slaughterer in his suspicion that this was a personage to be deferred to.

"Hi, there!" he bellowed, helpfully. "Give room for his Excellency. Let his Excellency come through! Don't you see what he's got in his hand? Make way, will you?"

He bent his huge, unclean shoulder to the business of clearing a path, and drove through like a snow-plough. Lucas followed along the lane that he made, and came to the pavement close by the shop.

It was fortunate that events marched sharply from that point, and forced him to act without thinking. He had some vague notion of finding the officer in charge of the police and speaking to him. But before he could move to do so there was a fresh activity

of the people within the bright windows; he saw something that had the look of a struggle. Voices babbled and the crowd pressed closer; and suddenly, from the open doorway, two figures reeled forth, clutching and thrusting. One was in uniform, the other was a woman. For a couple of seconds they wrenched and fought, staged before the crowd on the lighted doorstep; and then the woman broke away and ran blindly towards the spot where Lucas stood. She had, he saw suddenly, a child in her arms, that cried unceasingly.

The uniformed man who had tried to hold her came plunging after her; his face was creased in clownish and cruel smiles. Lucas saw the thing stupidly; his mind prompted him to nothing; he stood where he was, empty of resource. He was directly in the flying woman's path, and she rushed at him as to a refuge. He was the sole thing in that narrow arena of dread which she did not recognize as a figure of oppression; and she floundered to her knees at his feet and held forth the terrified child to him in an agony of appeal. Her tormented and fearful face was upturned to him; he knew her for the Jewess, the wife of the silversmith.

"Father!" she breathed, in the pitiful idiom of that land of orphans.

"Ye-es," said Robert Lucas, vaguely, and put a hand on her head.

Never before, in all the orderly level of his life, had a human being chosen him for champion and saviour. He was aware of something within him that surged, some spate of force and potency in his blood; he stood upright with a start to confront the policeman who was on the woman's heels. The man was grinning still, fatuously and consciously, like a buffoon who knows he will be applauded; Lucas fronted his smiling security with a still fury that wiped the mirth from his face and left him gaping.

"Get back!" said Lucas. He spoke in a low tone, and the crowd jostled nearer to hear.

The policeman stared at him, amazed and uncomprehending.

"Sir," he stammered; "Excellency—this Jewess—she——"

He stopped. Lucas was pointing at him with the flute across the bowed head of the woman, who crouched over her child at his feet.

"You shall report the matter to the Governor," said Lucas, in the same tone of icy anger. "And I will report it to the Minister."

He touched the woman. "Get up," he said. "Come with me."

He had to repeat it before she understood; she was numb with terror. She rose with difficulty to her feet, clasping the child, whose wail was now weak with exhaustion. The peering crowd made a ring of brute faces about them, full of menace and mystery, but the new power in him moved them to right and left at his gesture, and they gave him passage, with the woman behind him, across the road. The stupefied policeman watched them go, and then ran off to place the matter in the hands of his superior.

Lucas was at his door when the officer whom the policeman had fetched touched him on the elbow. He was a young man; if he had been older Lucas's difficulties might have been increased. He peered in the darkness, and was visible as a narrow, black-moustached face, with heavy eyebrows and a brutal mouth. The one thing that deterred him from brisk action was the fact that Lucas was a foreigner, whose rights and liabilities were therefore uncertain.

"This woman," he said, "is arrested."

Lucas was unlocking the door. He turned with his hand on the key, and the woman touched his arm. Perhaps that touch aided him to use big words. As a resident in Tambov he knew the officer by sight, and had always been a little daunted by his manner of power. In Russia one comes easily to fear the police. But now he was free of fear.

"You be careful," he said. "I saw what was being done."

With his left hand he pushed the door, and it swung open. He motioned the woman to enter, and nodded as he saw her cross the threshold.

The officer vented a click of impatience.

"I tell you——" he began, and moved forward a step. Lucas extended an arm and the hand that held the flute across his chest.

"Back!" he said. "You mustn't enter this house—you know that! You can go to the Governor, if you like, and I will go over his head. But you shall not touch that woman."

"She is arrested," said the officer, obstinately, still studying his antagonist. "If you wish to aid her, you must go to the Bureau; but you cannot take her away like this."

"Eh?" Lucas swung round him; the time was fertile in inspirations. "Can't I?" he demanded, threateningly. "But I *have* taken her, man. If you seize her now you must arrest me, too, and then—we shall see!"

"I must do my duty," persisted the other.

"Do it, then," said Lucas, standing square across the door. "Do it, and see if you can

explain afterwards how you did it. *I* am not a woman who can be insulted with safety; *my* arrest will have to be explained to St. Petersburg, and *you* will have to pay for it. I saw how she was being handled, and how your duty was being done. I tell you, you're in danger. Be careful!"

"So?" replied the officer, slowly. He turned to the folk who were the absorbed audience of this conference. "Move away, there," he commanded, harshly. "This is none of your business. Off with you!"

They shifted back reluctantly, and he waited till he could speak unheard by them. Then he turned to Lucas again, with a touch of the confidential in his manner.

"What do you want with her?" he asked.

"Want with her?" repeated Lucas, not immediately comprehending. Then, as the man's meaning reached him, he trembled. "I don't want her," he cried. "I don't want her. *You* want her, not I; and you sha'n't have her. Do you understand? You sha'n't have her!"

"Sha'n't I?" retorted the officer, but there was indecision in his voice.

"No!" said Lucas.

There was a pause. Neither of them was sure of himself. The officer found himself in face of a situation which he could not gauge; and it would never do for a provincial police official to attract notice in remote St. Petersburg. For all he knew, this flimsy little man, who had snatched his Jewess from him, might be able to set in motion those mills which grind erring servants of the State into disgrace and ruin. He certainly had a large and authoritative way with him.

"Will you come to the Bureau, then, and speak with the chief?" he suggested. "You see, your action causes a difficulty."

"'THIS WOMAN,' HE SAID, 'IS ARRESTED.'"

"No, I won't," said Lucas, flatly.

He also was in doubt. It seemed to him that he stood in a considerable peril, and he was aware that his mood of high temper was failing him. It needed an effort to maintain an assured and uncompromising front. Behind him, on the unlighted stairs, the woman

breathed heavily. He summoned what he had of stubbornness to uphold him. The affair so far had gone valiantly; he meant that it should continue on the same plane.

He saw the officer hesitate frowningly, and quaked. In a moment the man might make up his mind and seize him; there was an urgent necessity for some action that should quell him. Like all weak men, he saw a resource in violence, and as the officer opened his lips to speak again he interrupted.

"No more!" he shouted. "You have heard what I had to say; that is enough. Now go!"

He pointed frantically with his flute, and the officer, at the sudden lifting of his arm, made a surprised movement, which Lucas misunderstood.

With a cry that was half terror and half ecstasy he smote, and the flute beat the officer's cap down over his eyes.

"*Yei Bohu!*" ejaculated the officer, falling back.

Lucas did not wait for him to thrust the cap away and recover himself. He had done his utmost, and the next step must rest with Providence. It was but two steps to the doorway. The officer was not quick enough to see his panic-stricken retirement. He recovered his sight only to see the slam of the door, which seemed to close in his face with a contemptuous and defiant emphasis. It was like a final fist shaken at him to drive home a warning. He shook his head despondently.

On the other side of the door Lucas, fighting with his loud breath, heard his slow footsteps on the cobbles as he departed. He waited, hardly daring to relax his mind to hope, till he heard the party of them drawing off. He was weak with unaccustomed emotions.

What struck him as marvellous was that the woman, whose face he had last seen as a writhen mask of fear, should appear in the light of his room with her calm restored, with nothing but some disorder of her hair and dress to betoken her troubles. Even the child in her arms, worn out with weeping, perhaps, had fallen asleep. He stared at the pair of them vacantly. His lamp, his music, all the apparatus of his gentle and decorous existence were as he had left them; their familiar and prosaic quality made his adventure appear by contrast monstrous.

The Jewess was watching him. In her dark, serious way she had a certain striking beauty. Her grave eyes waited for him to look at her.

"What is it?" he said at last.

"If I might put the child down," she suggested, timidly.

Lucas pointed to the double-doors of his bedroom.

"My bed is in there," he answered.

She lowered her head, as though in obedience to a command he had given, and carried the child out. Lucas watched her go, and then crossed the room to a cupboard which contained, among other things, a bottle of brandy.

While he was drinking she returned, pausing in the door to look back at the child. He noticed that she left the door partly open to hear it if it should wake, and somehow this struck him as particularly moving.

She came across the room to him, with her steadfast eyes on his face, and, without speaking, fell on her knees before him and put the edge of his coat to her lips.

Lucas stood while she did it; he hardly dared to move and interrupt that reverent and symbolic act of gratitude. But once again, as when on the pavement she had held the child to him in frantic appeal, the simple soul within him flamed into splendour, and he was in touch with great passions and mighty emotions. It is the mood of martyrs and heroes. He looked down to her dark eyes, bright with swimming tears, and helped her to her feet.

"You shall be safe here," he told her. "Nobody shall touch you here."

She believed it utterly; he was a champion sent straight from God; she had seen him conquering and irresistible. To fear now would be a blasphemy.

"I am quite safe," she agreed. "I am not afraid. To-morrow some of my people will come for me."

He nodded. "There is some food in the cupboard there," he told her. "Milk, too, if the child wants it. And nobody can come up the stairs without meeting me; and if they try, God help them!"

She half smiled at the idea. "They would never dare," she agreed, confidently.

He would have been glad of his overcoat, but that was in his bedroom, and he dreaded the indelicacy of going there while she was present. So in the event he bade her a brief good night, and found himself on the dark and chilly stairs without so much as a pillow or a blanket to make sleep possible. For lack of anything else in the shape of a weapon, he had brought his silver-keyed flute with him; if he were invaded in the small hours it might serve him again; it seemed to have a virtue for quelling police officials.

About three o'clock in the morning he awoke from an uneasy doze, chilled to the marrow, and was prompted to try if the flute would still make music. It would not. It is too much to ask of any instrument that has been used as an instrument of war. It had saved a Jewess and her child, magnified its owner into a man of action, and was thenceforth silent for ever.

"I must have hit that officer pretty hard," was the reflection of Robert Lucas.

The episode closed shortly before noon next day, when two elderly men of affairs came to fetch his guests away. They entered the room while he was entertaining the baby with a whistled selection from his repertoire of flute music, and he broke off short as they regarded him from the doorway. The Jewess looked up alertly as they entered.

They bowed to Lucas with a manner of servility in which there was an ironic suggestion, while their eyes examined him shrewdly. They were bearded, aquiline persons, soft-spoken and withal formidable. He had a notion that they found him amusing, but suppressed their amusement.

"Then it is you we have to thank," said the elder of them, when formal greetings had been exchanged, "for the safety of this girl and her child?"

"I don't want any thanks," protested Lucas.

He could not tell them how the thanks he had already received transcended any words they could speak.

"It was a villainous thing," he went on. "I'm glad I could help. Er—is the silversmith all right?"

"Money was paid," answered the grey-haired Jew; "he is safe, therefore. But he spent the night in chains, while his wife was here with you."

He spoke with a pregnant gravity. The Jewess started up and addressed him in a tongue Lucas could not understand. He saw that she pointed to him and to the bedroom and to the stairs, and that she spoke with heat. The old Jew heard her intently.

"So?" he said, in his deep voice. "Then we have more to thank you for than we thought. You gave up your rooms, it seems?"

"It is nothing," said Lucas. "You see, a lady—well, I could hardly——"

"Yes, I see," agreed the old Jew. "I have to do with a noble spirit. And you do not want any thanks? So? But we Jews, we have more things to give than thanks, and better things."

"I don't want anything," Lucas answered him. "I'm glad everything's all right."

"You are very good," said the old man, "very good and generous. But some day, perhaps, you will have a need—and then you will find that our people do not forget."

The Jewess had nothing to take with her but her child. She bowed her head and murmured something as she passed out, and the baby laughed at him.

"Our people do not forget," repeated the old Jew, as he bowed himself forth.

"Well," said Lucas, half aloud, when he was once more alone in his room, "that's finished, anyhow."

It was the knell of his greater self, of the man he had contrived to be for a few hours. He sat in his chair, dimly realizing it, with vague and wordless regrets. Then, upon the table, he saw the flute, and rose to put it in the cupboard. It would never be useful again, but he did not want to throw it away.

The old dramas, which somehow came so close to reality with so little art—or because of so little art—had a way of straddling time like life itself. "Twenty years elapse between Acts II. and III.," the playbills said, unblushingly, and the fact is that what most men sow at twenty they reap at forty; the twenty years *do* elapse between the acts. The curtain that goes down on Robert Lucas in his room at Tambov rises on Robert H. Lucas in New York, with the passage of time marked on him as clearly as on a clock. With grey in his beard and patches on his boots, and quarters in a boarding-house in Long Island City, he is still concerned with leather, but no longer prosperous. His work involves much calling on dealers and manufacturers, and their manner of receiving him has done nothing to harden his manner of diffidence and incompetence. His linen strives to be inconspicuous; his clothes do not inspire respect; the total effect of him is that of a man who has been at great pains to plant himself in a wrong environment. Tambov now is no more than a memory; it is less than an experience, for it has left the man unchanged. It is a thing he has seen—not a thing he has lived.

The accident that gave his name and the address of his boarding-house a place in the papers has no part in his story; he was an unimportant witness in the trial of a man whom he had seen in the street cutting blood-spots out of his clothing. He had bought a paper which mentioned him to read on the ferry as he returned home, and had been

mildly thrilled to find that an artist had sketched him and immortalized him in its columns. And next morning came the letter.

"Guelder and Zorn" was the name engraved across the head of it, in a slender Italian script; it conveyed nothing to him. The body of the communication was typewritten, and stated that if Mr. Robert H. Lucas would present himself at the above address, the firm would be glad to serve him. Nothing more.

"Mean to say you haven't heard of Guelder and Zorn?" demanded the young man whose place at breakfast in the boarding-house was opposite to him, when he asked a question. "Say—d'you know what money is? Hard, round, flat stuff—money? You *do* know that, eh? Well, Guelder and Zorn is the same thing."

Somebody laughed. Lucas looked round rather helplessly.

"They say," he explained, referring to the letter, "that they'll be glad to serve me."

"Then you might lend me a couple of million," suggested the young man opposite, with entire disbelief. "Them Jews would never miss it."

"THE JEWESS STARTED UP AND ADDRESSED HIM IN A TONGUE LUCAS COULD NOT UNDERSTAND."

Lucas had the sense to drop the matter there. He put the letter in his pocket and went on with his breakfast, and listened with incredulous interest to the talk that went on about the wealth, the greatness, the magnificence, and power of the financial house which professed itself anxious to be of use to him. He was sorry to have to leave the table before it came to an end.

It is characteristic of him that the letter aroused no wild hopes, nor even an acute

curiosity. He came, in the course of the morning, to the offices of Messrs. Guelder and Zorn in much the same frame of mind he brought to his business efforts. They were near, but not in, Wall Street—a fact of some symbolic quality which he, of course, could not appreciate. He stood on the edge of the sidewalk for some moments, looking up at their solid, responsible block of building, which anchored their fortunes to earth, till someone jostled him into the gutter. Then he recollected himself and prepared to enter the money-mill.

A hall-porter like a comic German heard his inquiry, scrutinized him with a withering glare, and jerked a thumb towards a door. He found himself in such an office as may have seen the first Rothschild make his first profits —a room austere as a chapel, rigidly confined to the needs of business. A screen, pierced by pigeon-holes, cut it in half. Experience has proved that no sum of money is too large to pass through a pigeon-hole.

"Vell?"

A whiskered, spectacled face, framed in the central pigeon-hole, with eyes magnified by the spectacles, regarded him sharply.

"Oh!" He recalled himself to his concerns with a jerk, and fumbled in his pockets. "I had a letter," he explained.

"Vere is de letter?"

He found it, after an exciting search, and passed it over. The whiskered face developed a hand to receive it.

"I don't know what it's about," explained Lucas. "Perhaps your people have made a mistake in the name, or something."

"Our beoble," said the face in the pigeon-hole, with malignant emphasis, "do nod make mistagues!"

There was an interval while the letter was read, and Lucas stood and fidgeted, with a sense that he was intrusive and petty and undesired.

"Yes," said the owner of the spectacles, at length. "You vait. I vill enguire."

He left his pigeon-hole unshuttered, and to Lucas, while he waited, it seemed that several men came to it and glanced at him forbiddingly. None spoke; they just looked as though in righteous indignation at his presence, with seventy-five cents in his pocket, in that high temple of finance. Then the whiskered and spectacled face fitted itself again into the aperture.

"So you are Mr. Robert H. Lugas, are you?" it inquired. "Den vere vas you in de year 1886?"

"Where was I?" repeated Lucas, vaguely. "Let me see! 1886—yes! I was in Russia then—in Tambov."

"Yes." The other's regard was keen. "An' now tell me aboud de man dat lived obbosite to you in Tambov?"

"Do you mean the silversmith?" said Lucas. The other nodded. "Oh, him! He was a Jew. They expelled him."

"And his vife?"

"His wife! They expelled her too," he answered. "I never heard of her again."

"Vot vas de last you heard of her!"

"Oh, that!"

Lucas was staring at him vacantly. It did not occur to him that, by not answering promptly, he might give ground for doubt and suspicion. The question had re-illuminated in his mind—perhaps for the first time since the event which it touched—that night of twenty years before. He flavoured again the heady and effervescent vintage of strong action, of crowded happenings and poignant emotions.

"Vell?" demanded the other.

"There was a police officer," began Lucas, obediently; "his name was Semianoff"; and in bald, halting words he told the story. He told it absently, languidly, for no words within his reach could convey the thing as it dwelt in his memory, the warmth and colour of it, its uplifting and transfiguring quality.

The man behind the pigeon-hole heard him intently.

"Yes," he said again, as Lucas finished. "You are de man. Ve do not reguire further broof, Mr. Lugas."

He produced a slip of paper and a pen, which he laid on the ledge before his pigeon-hole.

"I am instrugted to say dat if you vill fill in and sign dis cheque, ve vill cash it."

"Eh?" Lucas was slow to understand.

"Ve vill cash it," repeated the other. "You fill it in—and sign it—and I vill cash it now."

"But"—Lucas took the pen from him in mere obedience to his gesture—"but—what for?"

"My instrugtions are to cash it—no more!"

Lucas stared at the tight-lipped, elderly face, like the face of a wise and distrustful gnome, and held the pen uncertainly above the cheque form.

"How much am I to write?" he asked.

"I haf no instrugtions about de amount," was the reply.

"But," cried Lucas, "I might write fifty thousand dollars!"

"My instrugtions are to cash de cheque ven you haf written it."

"Oh!" said Lucas.

He stared incredulously at the face for some moments and then wrote a cheque for the sum he had named—fifty thousand dollars. He was about to add his signature when something occurred to him.

"Is it because I went across the road to that little woman in Tambov?" he asked, suddenly.

The whiskered face answered composedly: "No. It is because you went out of your rooms and slept on de stairs."

"Because"—he seemed puzzled—"but that is a thing—why, any gentleman would do it."

"Dose are my instrugtions," said the man behind the pigeon-hole.

"I see."

Lucas stood upright, the uncompleted cheque in his fingers. All surprise and excitement had vanished from his regard; he seemed taller and stronger than he had been a minute before. He had yet many calls to make, and, in the nature of things, many rebuffs to receive, before he went home to supper; and the money in his pocket totalled seventy-five cents. He needed new boots, new clothes, leisure, consideration, and a sight of his native land; in short, he needed fifty thousand dollars.

"You will cash this because I didn't fail to respect a helpless woman?" he asked, in level tones.

The whiskered cashier replied: "Yes. Because you gave up your room and kept watch on de stairs."

Lucas laughed gently. "That is not the way to deal with a gentleman," he said. "I will make your firm a present of fifty thousand dollars."

He showed the cheque he had written, with the figures clear and large. And then, with leisurely motions, he tore it across and again across.

"Much obliged," said Robert H. Lucas, and made for the door.

"'BUT,' CRIED LUCAS, 'I MIGHT WRITE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!'"

THE JAPANESE BAYARD.

The Story of the Strangest Career in History.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

AT the Japan-British Exhibition of 1910, among the many fine ancient works of art in metal was shown part of a suit of Japanese armour, most beautifully wrought, which had a greater interest for the student of things Japanese than was provided by its beauty of workmanship, great as that was; for it was the armour of Minamoto no Yoshitsune, the darling of Japanese romance, the hero without fear or reproach among the many gallant knights who figure in the turbulent history of Dai Nippon. And among the examples of ancient lacquer-work was a wooden saddle, decorated with lacquer and inlay of mother-of-pearl, also reputed to have been part of the warlike equipment of the famous Minamoto warrior.

I have said something of Yoshitsune's adventures in last month's STRAND MAGAZINE, and here, according to a promise then made, I present a fuller account. Any complete collection of the tales and legends that are attached to his name would fill several volumes; so that I can give here very little more than an outline of his history.

Minamoto Yoshitsune was born in a time of turbulent civil war—in our year 1159. For many centuries, right down to the accession of the present Emperor, the actual dominion was exercised by a succession of powerful families, who, while showing the Emperor every mark of formal loyalty, nevertheless kept him a helpless figure-head, and usurped the real government of the country. The collisions and successions of these noble families were marked by many civil wars, and in the year of Yoshitsune's birth a struggle was in progress between the two rival clans of Taira and Minamoto. Before his birth the Taira, under Kiyomori, had gained the upper hand, and while Yoshitsune was still an infant in arms his father, Yoshitomo, in flight after defeat,

YOSHITSUNE TAUGHT FENCING BY THE KING OF THE TENGU.
By Kyosai.

was murdered by hired assassins in the bathroom of the house of a friend who had given him shelter. Taira no Kiyomori, who had so encompassed the death of Yoshitomo, was chief of the Taira clan, triumphant and all-powerful, and actual ruler of Japan. Emissaries from Kiyomori were sent to seize Yoshitomo's children, and his widowed consort, the beautiful Tokiwa, fled unattended and on foot through the snow of a hard winter with her three children, the eldest being seven years of age, and the youngest, who was destined to become the hero Yoshitsune, barely one year, according to our method of computing age, from which the Japanese method differs. This romantic episode of the flight of Tokiwa through the snow has been the subject of innumerable pictures and of at least one famous poem.

Tokiwa was saved from death from cold and starvation by a kindly soldier of the Taira clan, who, meeting her in her wanderings, gave her shelter and shared his rations with her and her children. But Kiyomori, baffled in his search, seized her mother, judging that filial affection would outweigh both the maternal instinct and that of self-preservation. In this he judged truly; and Tokiwa, learning the state of affairs, gave up herself and her children to save her mother.

Hereupon happened the most romantic thing possible; for Kiyomori fell in love with Tokiwa, who became his consort, thus saving, not only her mother, but her children from the death that seemed certainly to await them; for it had been Kiyomori's design to exterminate her family and so secure himself against any possible turn of fortune in favour of his rivals. But he did not wholly neglect precautions even now. Yoshitsune and his brothers were kept for some years under close watch, and then were sent away to a Buddhist monastery to be trained as priests. The two elder brothers became priests in due course, and so remained; but not so Yoshitsune.

He grew strong and most extraordinarily active, though he always remained of short stature. The dull life of the monastery he rejected utterly, and enlivened it by many wild pranks; and through it all he formed his purpose of becoming a warrior like his father. Every manly exercise he practised incessantly, and his swordsmanship became so wonderful that it gave rise to one of the most famous of the legends attached to his name—that he was taught by the Tengu. The Tengu were fabled monsters living in woods and wild places, half man, half bird, some having human faces with enormous noses, others having beaks. The king of the Tengu is always shown with a long white beard, and many humorous and semi-humorous Japanese pictures depict his superintendence of Yoshitsune's lessons in fencing. The design on the first page of this article is a sketch of this subject by the humorous painter, Kyosai. The boy Yoshitsune, sword in one hand and fan in the other, is seen leaping over the head of one Tengu and aiming a blow as he descends at the head of the Tengu king, who guards with the shaft of a spear.

Whether with supernatural aid or none, the young warrior grew extraordinarily strong and active and expert in the use of all arms; and at length, by the aid of a friendly iron-merchant travelling to buy ore, he escaped from the tedium of the monastery, and set out on his adventures in company with his friend. Ushiwaka was Yoshitsune's name at this period—the name of his childhood. The more familiar name was that given him as a man.

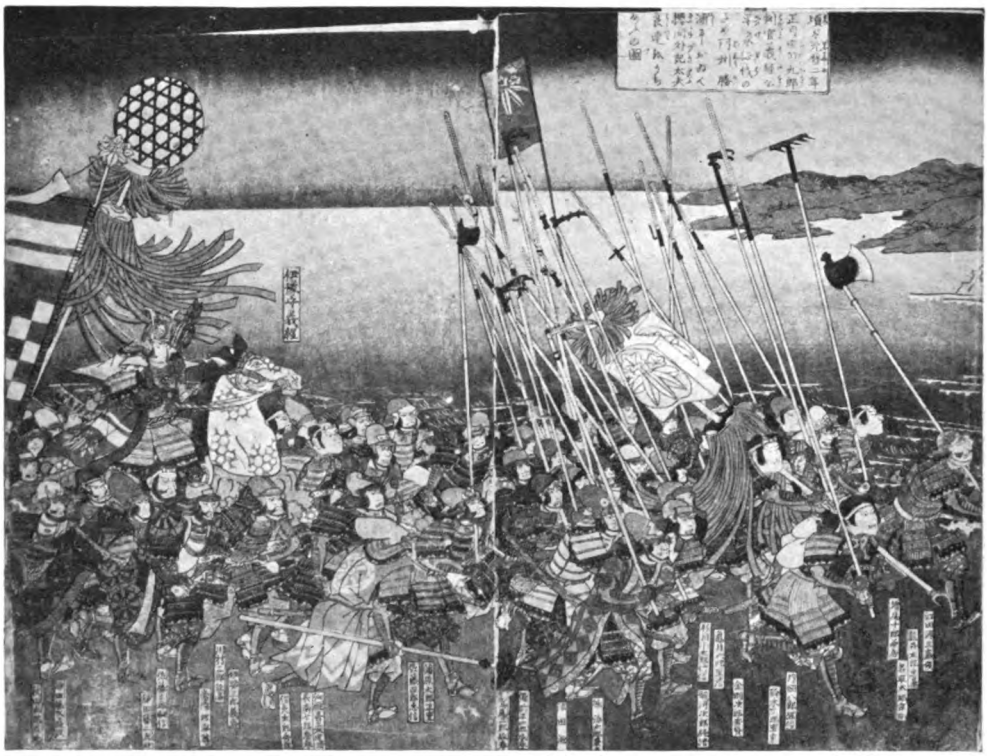
Leaving the vicinity of Kyoto—which was at that time the capital city—Yoshitsune and his friend travelled east, and stayed some time in the province of Kadzusa. In those days the provinces so remote from the capital were apt to feel little of the weight of the central authority, and there was much lawlessness in this particular part. Yoshitsune distinguished himself thus early by assisting in the defence of a house against brigands, killing five of them himself; and on another occasion, unarmed, he captured another brigand of much notoriety. From Kadzusa he and his friend made their way northward to Oshiu. Yoshitsune had by this time attracted the regards of more friends than the faithful iron-merchant, and was seriously advised to moderate his deeds of knight-errantry, lest he should also attract the jealous notice of the governing Taira clan. Nevertheless, his active disposition brooked no check, and we read of the death at his hand of another famous robber, Kumasaka Chohan.

Arrived at his destination, Yoshitsune was warmly welcomed by Hidehira, lord of Mutsu, a nobleman of the Fujiwara clan. Living as Hidehira's guest, he completed his education as a warrior, hunted, rode, and fenced, and studied the military science as it was then practised in Japan. To this period, too, belongs the story of his first meeting with the giant Benkei, afterwards his devoted follower.

Benkei began life in a sad manner. He was sent into the priesthood, but was far more turbulent than ever Yoshitsune had been, and earned for himself as a lad the nickname of Oniwaka—the young demon. He grew to enormous height and strength, and, taking first to a wandering life as a *yamabushi*—a class of vagrant priests of combative tendencies—he became ere long something not readily distinguishable from a highway robber. He wielded an enormous glaive, and carried a bunch of other formidable weapons on his back. He was a collector, too—a collector of the swords of the victims whom he vanquished on the public ways. It is said that his collection had totalled nine hundred and ninety-nine when it was his fortune to encounter Yoshitsune on the bridge of Gojo. Here he saw what he deemed an easy opportunity to complete his tale of a thousand swords; a young, gently-mannered nobleman of small stature, bearing richly-decorated arms. But he was sadly undeceived in the ensuing fight. Yoshitsune's amazing address and agility turned Benkei's ponderous strength to naught, and presently brought the giant and his arsenal of weapons crashing to earth, there to acknowledge defeat and place himself at the mercy of the victor. The young Minamoto spared the life of his assailant, and from that moment Benkei was a changed character. He still carried his formidable array of weapons, ready to encounter whosoever might oppose him. But it was no longer as a brigand in the public ways, but as the obedient squire of Yoshitsune, whose fortunes he shared and whose person he attended with a dog-like devotion even unto the end, when he died "pierced by a hundred arrows," but erect still in death fighting for his beloved master.

YOSHITSUNE'S FIGHT WITH THE GIANT BENKEI.
By Shunyan.

But now great things began to stir among the clansmen. For years the Taira under Kiyomori had been supreme at the capital, and the Minamoto, scattered and broken, were helpless and feeble; thus there was cessation in the "wars of Gen and Hei"—the name usually given to the struggles of the two clans, from the fact that the characters standing for the clan names read, in the Chinese form, for the Minamoto, *Gen*, and for the Taira, *Hei*. But Yoshitsune was not the only surviving and active son of the defeated and slain Yoshitomo. Beyond the two brothers who had gone into obscurity as monks there was Yoritomo, Yoshitsune's half-brother, and his elder by twelve or thirteen years. Yoritomo, destined to become the first Shogun of Japan,



YOSHITSUNE AND HIS ARMY

had escaped after his father's defeat, but was captured and brought to the Court of Kiyomori. His life also he owed to a woman. Kiyomori's stepmother, who had become a nun after the death of her own son, fancied some resemblance in the boy captive to her own lost son and begged his life. He was banished to the province of Idzu, and there grew to manhood, indulging in none of the wild adventures that attracted Yoshitsune, but watching events with a cool and calculating shrewdness.

The overweening insolence of Kiyomori in his unchecked power drove some of the Royal princes to plotting his downfall. Emissaries were sent to the scattered Minamoto, and Yoritomo in the east communicated with Yoshitsune in the north. At this time Yoritomo was thirty-four, Yoshitsune twenty-one years of age. The scattered Minamoto gathered, and many whose enmity had been aroused by the overbearing rule of the Taira clan joined them. At first they met defeat; but Yoritomo, who has been called the Japanese Napoleon, drew his forces together in the eastern provinces, which had been the stronghold of his clan in its more prosperous days, and soon the tide of fortune turned. Kiyomori fell sick and died, asseverating that his one regret was that he had not yet "seen the head of Minamoto no Yoritomo," and giving it as his last wish that the head should be brought and hung on his tomb.

But that wish was never gratified. The wars of Gen and Hei were raging again, but now victory lay with the Minamoto. Yoritomo set up his capital at Kamakura, and Yoshitsune led his armies to victory after victory, never experiencing the shadow of defeat. As general in the field Yoshitsune showed himself invincible as with sword in hand in single combat. The illustration showing Yoshitsune and the vanguard of his army advancing against the Taira is from a large colour print by Kuniyoshi, a famous artist of the early nineteenth century. Yoshitsune himself is seen on horseback to the left. Among the foremost of his warriors —third from the front, in fact—is Benkei, carrying an enormous iron club. Hooks and claws for demolishing stockades are carried among the spears and standards.

The Taira gathered their forces for a supreme effort at their castle of Fukuhara. Plainly the issue of the war was to be the utter extirpation of one or the other clan.

ADVANCING AGAINST THE TAIRA. [*By Kuniyoshi.*

Yoshitsune besieged Fukuhara and burned it, and Kiyomori's son, Munemori, now head of the Taira, fled with his men to Sanuki, on the island of Shikoku. There Yoshitsune followed them still, took their castle of Yashima, and drove them to their last fight in the Straits of Shimonoseki.

Here, on the water, was fought the final and tremendous battle of Dan no ura. The entire Taira clan, in five hundred vessels, driven to bay and fighting to the last gasp, were annihilated by the Minamoto, who attacked in seven hundred boats. Tales innumerable are told of that last wild struggle, and a sketch of the doings of Yoshitsune alone would more than fill this article.

On one of the Taira boats was the Emperor of Japan himself, a child of five. With him were his mother, Taigo, daughter of Kiyomori, and Tokiko, his grandmother, Kiyomori's widow. When it grew clear that all was lost, the grandmother, with the child in her arms, threw herself into the sea. Taigo, the mother, attempting to save her child, was drowned also.

The slaughter continued till the clan of Taira was no more, and the sea rolled red with blood. To this day the fishermen regard with awe the sea and shore of Dan no ura, where for centuries the ghosts of the dead thousands were said to haunt the waters.

The last victory was won and the Minamoto were supreme in Japan. Yoritomo was established as Shogun, and the new Emperor had as little of real power as the last. But Yoshitsune, the hero of the war, reaped bitterness and ingratitude. Yoritomo, crafty and selfish by nature, had his mind poisoned against his half-brother by an evil councillor called Kajiwara, who was bitterly jealous of Yoshitsune's success. Slanders, cunningly concocted and too readily accepted, led Yoritomo to believe that Yoshitsune aimed at ousting him from power. The triumphant young general, returning to Kamakura, was met with a command not to enter the city, but to await orders at a distance.

One of the most famous historical documents existing in Japan, and one which is still quoted as a model and taught to children, is the pathetic letter of Yoshitsune to Hiromoto, Yoritomo's councillor, begging the councillor's intercession, enumerating the hardships and perils which Yoshitsune had cheerfully encountered from his boyhood up, and protesting his loyalty and affection. All was useless. An assassin was dispatched from Kamakura to compass Yoshitsune's death, but was himself captured by Benkei and beheaded.

After such treatment as this, nothing was left but open hostility between the brothers. Yoshitsune obtained an Imperial order authorizing him to take arms against Yoritomo. But Yoritomo's astuteness was more than equal to the occasion, and his hold over the Emperor was too secure to be loosened. The Imperial edict was revoked, and instead a general order was issued for the arrest of Yoshitsune wherever he might be found. And now the hero began a flight through the country, attended by Benkei and a certain number of faithful vassals—a flight that provides more tales of strange adventure. In course of the journey the Strait of Shimonoseki was crossed, and legend tells that the ship was assailed by the swarming ghosts of the slaughtered Taira, led by Tomomori, who had perished voluntarily by drowning in the agony of defeat, tied to an anchor. It is further related that the ghosts were kept at bay by Benkei, whose early priestly education proved of service, and who recited many prayers till the peril was passed. The illustration given of this legend is from another large colour print by Kuniyoshi. The original is thirty inches wide, so that the

THE HOSTS OF THE TAIRA

reduction obscures much of the detail. The ghosts are seen advancing in the waves from the left, and the very foam of the sea, curling up by the prow of the ship, is turning to ghostly heads and hands reaching to snatch at Yoshitsune, standing above them with his sword drawn.

After many adventures, Yoshitsune, with a few followers, reached the north part of the island and once more took refuge with his old friend Hidehira. Here he remained in peace with his family and sixteen faithful retainers for four years, when Hidehira died. Hidehira had been faithful unto death; his sons were not. An envoy from Yoritomo approached them secretly, offering an added lordship and fief in exchange for the head of Yoshitsune. The bribe was effectual, and the death of the refugee was resolved on. The occasion was to be a hunting-party to which he was invited.

He was warned by a faithful friend and advised to flee once again. But whither? No refuge remained. "At the hunt or within doors, what matters it?" he said. "The end is the end, and it overtakes us all." He summoned his faithful few and told them of the warning. All agreed to die with their master. One, Saburo, would have undertaken to find safety in the Nikko Mountains for Yoshitsune's wife and child; but the devoted wife utterly refused to desert her husband in this his extremity, and pleaded so earnestly against any separation that Yoshitsune would not insist.

So the little household and its guard sat down to wait events. Faggots were piled

ASSAILING YOSHITSUNE'S SHIP. [*By Kuniyoshi.*

about the house ready for lighting, and the little band of sixteen prepared to die fighting. So passed a day or two; and then a great force of armed men was seen approaching. Having ascertained that the sons of Hidehira, the guilty in this crime against hospitality, were not at the head of the force, Yoshitsune would not arm. He would not raise his sword for the last time against men merely obeying superior orders. But his vassals saw their duty clear—to die in defence of their lord against all comers. So, begging pardon for preceding their lord "on the dark path," they went forth to hold the narrow approach while Yoshitsune, dressed in white, sat within and read a Buddhist *sutra;* his wife, with her sleeping child, kneeling near.

Then the fight began. The faithful sixteen, tried warriors all, fought till all were killed but two, Benkei and Saburo. Then Benkei, leaving Saburo to hold the gate, came within to report that none were left but themselves and that the end was near. Hereupon Yoshitsune bade his old comrade farewell, and Benkei retired to die "pierced by a hundred arrows."

Yoshitsune so died, it is recorded, at the age of thirty-one, and his head was sent to Yoritomo preserved in a barrel of saké. But there is another tale, and one that has grown more and more into belief. This tale tells that Yoshitsune actually escaped once more and took refuge in Yezo, the North Island, inhabited by the hairy Ainu. The head sent, says this account, was not that of Yoshitsune, and its identification after a forty-three days' journey in hot weather was an impossibility.

And it is a certain fact that the Ainu worship the spirit of Yoshitsune to this day, and have erected a shrine in his honour. There is other evidence, indeed, beyond this, that Yoshitsune, with certain followers, was actually living in Yezo after the date generally received as that of his death; and there is also certain evidence, slight though it be, that he and his men crossed by way of Saghalien to Tartary.

And now comes the strangest part of the tale as it is believed, and, in fact, increasingly believed, by certain investigators. Just after Yoshitsune disappeared from Northern Japan there sprang into prominence on the mainland of Asia the famous conqueror Genghis Khan—a man of exactly Yoshitsune's age. The career of Genghis Khan is known the world over—but only from this time forward. Of his earlier years the accounts from Tartar sources are vague and untrustworthy. His triumphant career is well known. It began when he was little short of forty years of age, and it is strange that a man of so extraordinary qualities should not have been heard of sooner, if he had been a native of the place in which his conquering activities began.

But there are far more startling suggestions than these. The name of Minamoto Yoshitsune is written with three characters, here reproduced. I have already explained that these characters have alternative readings, Japanese and Chinese. Now the three characters for Minamoto Yoshitsune in the Chinese reading are Gen Gi-kei; moreover, a certain Chinese historian actually writes the name Genghis Khan with these characters. The earlier name of the conqueror was Temujin—a name of curiously Japanese character, and suggestive of several interesting Japanese explanations. The small clan at the head of which Genghis Khan began his career of victory has come down to us as "Nirongoun," which is said to mean "children of the sun." Now, if Yoshitsune brought followers with him from Japan they would have been "Nihon-jin"—which is what the Japanese call themselves; and the literal meaning of the term is, "men from the land of the rising sun." We are told that Genghis Khan's father was one Yessugai—which might well be a form, very little corrupted, of Yezo-kai, the Sea of Yezo, by which Yoshitsune would have arrived on the mainland. The banner of Genghis Khan was white, and it was the white banner of the Minamoto that Yoshitsune carried so often triumphantly against the red of the Taira. Genghis Khan's wife was called Fujin—and the word in Japanese means a married lady. There is even a traceable parallel, though distant, between the names of two of Genghis Khan's lieutenants and those of Benkei and Saburo.

The name Manchu, we are told, was given by Genghis Khan to the country over which he first acquired dominion—the country which we call by the Europeanized name Manchuria. And "Manchu" is nothing but the Chinese reading of the name Mitsunaka—the name of a most famous ancestor of Yoshitsune—just the sort of name he might choose to give to a new country.

There is even a Chinese book of historical notes and legends that positively states that Genghis Khan was a Japanese of the name of Yoshitsune. And, to cap all, a certain passage in a Chinese encyclopædia published more than a century ago records a remarkable statement of the Chinese Emperor Keen-lung of the eighteenth century—a Manchu. This is the statement: "My family name is Gen"—Minamoto, in the pure Japanese reading—"and I am a descendant of Gi-kei"—in the Japanese reading, Yoshitsune—"whose ancestor was Seiwa. Hence we call our dynasty Tsing"—which is Sei in Japanese reading—"and our family Gen." Now, it is the fact that Yoshitsune, and indeed the whole of the Minamoto family, were descended from the Japanese Emperor Seiwa, who lived in the ninth century.

I think I may fairly repeat what I said in my article of last month—that either there exists an almost incredible series of coincidences in the names, careers, dates, families, and circumstances of two great soldiers, or the complete story of Yoshitsune's life is incomparably the strangest recorded in history.

AN ERRANTRY.

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrated by Alec Ball.

"HOW many letters?" asked Graeme, pulling up suddenly, as they walked down the lane from the farm.

"Three an' a newspaper," came the surly answer. The Federation is a very school of discourtesy, and this close inspection was anything but to the postman's taste

"Right!" Graeme made an entry on the blue-ruled foolscap form. "Right. I'll allow you nine minutes from gate to house and back again. If there's a newspaper I take it you have to go there every day?"

The postman—even more resentful of his inspector's keen efficiency than he was of the inspection itself—grunted an affirmative reply. Graeme said nothing; watch in hand, just set himself into step again with the postman's steady trudge. They were crossing a field now; a stone was in Graeme's shoe. He was too bent upon his work to remove it; he was faint, hungry, miserable; and the July sun beat fiercely on his back. It was now after eleven—and they had started to walk at eight. Martin Graeme was a different being from the man who, that day twelvemonth, had knocked up a fine century in the 'Varsity match.

"If I'd done less work and passed one place lower," he was thinking, regretfully, "it would have been the Indian Civil instead of the Home—and in India I should have bossed thousands of people, and have had horses to ride. Here—oh, Lord, this is the rottenest of rotten jobs! And I've got to go on doing this sort of thing for the next forty years!" Which, of course, was nonsense, because Martin Graeme drew a handsome salary and handsomer allowances; and walking round with country postmen is no longer inspector's regular work. It only chanced that his chief had sent him on a special quest, since an angry petition from squire, farmers, and villagers had come to headquarters, lamenting that the postman—no Cornishman, but a Cockney—was idling, drinking, time-wasting all along his route. And, in his heart, Martin Graeme was well aware of this. But the knowledge failed to soothe.

"How much farther?" he asked presently, forgetting, in his weariness, to be wise.

"Two mile—two good mile—an' more."

The postman spoke quite gaily, and did not hide his grin. Martin Graeme saw it, cursed himself for an idiot, and nerved himself to endure. The pebble galled his instep; the sun made him feel sick; he wished himself not in Cornwall, but in Bombay. They walked on, on, over the breezeless clifflands, calling at rare cottages and rarer farms, Graeme, all the while, map-studying, noting times and numbers of letters on that blue-ruled foolscap form. The sun got stronger each moment. He had driven out from Bodmin to Port Miriam; he had had nothing to eat since five, and he was in that state of flabbiness which is the peculiar scourge of the games-playing man who has had to give up games for work; while that pebble, torturing his instep, made him think of self-penanced *dévots* making pilgrimage to Rome. But even the *dévots* got to their destination. Martin Graeme got to his. The last house—it was a cottage on the sheltered cliffside of a little creek—was reached. Graeme, from his vantage-ground at a neighbouring gate, watched the postman knock and hand in the letters. Then—Graeme beside him—the postman strode on again to the cosy, stove-cupboard-seat-and-window-furnished hut which the Government had provided for him a hundred yards away. Outside the door of it Graeme and the postman paused.

"This is the end, then? I make it eleven forty-five. As a rule you finish at one. And we've visited every house—which you don't have to do every day. And I've walked you—if anything—under the regulation three miles an hour. I shall have to report accordingly. You will be wise to keep better time!"

The postman looked at Graeme sourly; put a hand on the handle of the hut's door. "Then you've done with me," he grunted. "You've finished, mister. You don't want nothink more!"

"For the present, nothing—thank you,"

said Graeme, suavely. And he looked the other in the eyes. The man glared, had the air of wanting to abuse him, then swung round sharply, turned the handle, entered his hut, and banged an inhospitable door. His inspector, standing there in the sunshine, heard the clink of metal, the sound of pouring water, the crackle of wood burning, the setting of a kettle on the stove. And Graeme, who would have sold everything—save his self-respect—for a single cup of tea, fairly groaned aloud :—

"'HOW MUCH FARTHER?' HE ASKED PRESENTLY, FORGETTING, IN HIS WEARINESS, TO BE WISE."

"Lord, I *am* hungry! I've never been so hungry before!"

He sat down on a boulder, took off his shoe, turned it over, shook out the pebble, stayed awhile, considering his troubles, cursing his wretched luck. A saffron cake and a glass of milk at five in the morning are poor preparation for an outing which lasts till noon! There was nothing for it but to walk back to Port Miriam, the little fishing village from which he had come by this long and round-about route. It was just four miles as the crow flew; four miles across the breezeless cliff-tops in this blazing, sickening sun. So he got up wearily, was plucking up his courage, when that cottage on the cliff-side caught his fasting eye.

"Jove," he said to himself, "that place looks decent—must be decent people—it's so extraordinarily clean. P'r'aps, as they're cottagers, they won't be uppish; p'r'aps I can buy some milk, or" (his heart fairly leaped at the thought) "or p'r'aps they'll make me some tea!" And he went, cheered and outstriding, to the gate in front of it; the gate from which he had watched the postman put letters in the brass-plated box.

It was not till the gate stood open that he realized what a jolly little cottage it was, with its approach, large-flagged, declining; its slender, bordering lawns, so edged with unfashionable profusion, so brilliant with floral display. Marigolds were there, and musk-roses; wake-robin, heliotrope, holly-hocks, sunflowers, poppies, irises, wallflowers, and phlox. The cottage, white-walled, green-painted, called to him with its brass-bossed door. His heart leaped a second time.

"They *must* be decent people," he thought to himself—"they must—they really must!"

He advanced, so thinking; advanced farther; adventurously knocked. No one immediately answered. He stood waiting; was about to knock again. Then, wonder of wonders, there came to him the sound of a girl's voice, young and low-toned, loitering, clear, well-bred.

"All right, Judith; don't you bother. It's only a man. I'll go!"

The door opened. A girl—she wore dark-blue things, and the sun shone on them and on the yellow of her middle-parted hair—stood facing the astounded Graeme. She looked at him, stared quite frankly; saw "only a man," yet a man tall and square as to shoulders, athletic, bronzed, dark-haired. But there was, under his sunburn, a very visible whiteness. She saw him dusty, guessed him hungry and tired.

She opened her mouth to speak to him, but Graeme managed to speak first.

"I—I—— Oh, I beg your pardon; forgive me. But I have—I'm so sorry—I didn't mean to come here!"

"You didn't mean to come here?" The girl's wonder, which had changed to sympathy, came back on the instant. "But—but that's extraordinary—if you mean it. This is the only cottage on the creek."

"I really apologize—please excuse me—my error—I didn't at all realize. B-but, I say"—hunger conquered everything—"I breakfasted at five—on milk and a saffron cake—and could you—*could* you tell me where I can get anything to eat?"

At Graeme's agonized outburst the light of a smile fairly scampered into the girl's blue eyes.

"But I've already told you, this is the only cottage for miles. Of course you shall have—you must let me give you some lunch."

"Oh, but——"

"You'd really much better come in." Lips likewise smiled now. "And"—the girl surveyed her caller from feet to head—"you'd like a wash, too. These roads—these lanes!"

Graeme, too, surveyed himself—he, the Oxford dandy that had been! Food, water, a chair to sit in—a girl to talk to after all the loneliness which hotel life means! But he deprecated—while he hoped.

"If I shouldn't be an abominable nuisance——" he began.

"Nuisance!" Her word, echoing his, cut him swiftly short. "Nuisance! Not a bit of it." ("Godsend," she was thinking; much solitude had bored her too.) "Come right through. This way."

She stepped back, held the door wide. Graeme—protest no longer seemed called for—took her at her word and went in. She led him through the hall, on into the low, red-tiled, beam-ceilinged kitchen beyond. As he followed, at the delicious sight and walk of her Graeme's heart leaped a third time, and his hand approached his tie.

"Judith, this gentleman will lunch with me—presently. A towel, please." The girl was drawing water while the ancient servant stared. "Here's a bowl, soap, everything." She paused and looked at him, smiled, and uttered her thought. "And your hair—one moment!" Before Graeme could speak she was gone. She was back in half a minute, ebony-backed brushes in her hands. "There," she said, and set another—a clothes-brush—on the table beside them. "You've got everything. When you've finished, come to the room on the right."

"Thanks awf'lly."

Graeme's voice (he was lifting water facewards; he spoke, as it were, through his palms) came muffled and bubbling, making his hostess laugh. She retreated. Graeme went on washing, feeling—old Judith's eyes were upon him—that it was rather like mixed bathing at a place where that pastime was permitted but not approved. He dried himself; looked at himself in the oblong kitchen glass. Then he sought the dining-room; found the door open, walked boldly in.

"I *say!*"

"What's the matter?" The girl—she was laying the table—looked anxiously up. "Have you lost anything, or——"

"Oh, no. Nothing's the matter, but"—the sense of high adventure was restoring Graeme to the bolder person of his Oxford days—"but, I say—forgive my rudeness—what a perfectly ripping little room!"

"Is it?" The girl's pleased glance embraced everything from Graeme himself to the heavy, plate-stacked dresser, the brown walls, the blue casement-curtains, the brass candlesticks, and the high-backed, rush-seated arm-chairs. "But it isn't any different from five hundred cottages up and down Cornwall. It's just—it's very ordinary indeed. Any artist might live here!"

"Oh, yes." Graeme saw his opening, dashed in. "But, you see, I don't *know* any artists. I've never met one."

"Never met one?"

"No, never. You see, I suppose I'm what you'd call a Philistine. I've lived all my life in a suburb—quite a decent suburb—and

I've always played games. And one's set—at Oxford——"

"Oxford? Oh, of course, *that's* where you're from. You've only just come down."

She smiled, provocatively, witchingly. Graeme, for some reason, felt piqued.

"I've been down a whole year," he parried, a thought indignantly. Then—he was not a fool — the thrust came pat to his lips. "And you — you've just left — which high school?"

"Five years ago." She too looked indignant and went red. "I've been at an Art School since. And now—my father took this cottage for me—I'm working hard on my own. And you—the Church? You're not ordained yet!" She broke off, laughing as she asked.

"The Church!" The thrust had been a neat one; Graeme's voice revealed his wound. "The Church—I never thought of it. I've a billet. I'm a Civil Servant!" Instinctively he patted his map.

"A Civil Servant!" The girl looked interested; looked, too, as if she would ask something; then spoke her theory out. "Oh, I see—Ordnance Survey—map-making—how jolly!"

"GRAEME WENT ON WASHING, FEELING OLD JUDITH'S EYES WERE UPON HIM."

Graeme hesitated. The girl awaited his answer. Just then the door went wide. Judith, ancient, rather disapproving, was bringing in the lunch. The hostess rose to help her. Graeme jumped to his feet. The meal, plain but plentiful, was prepared. There were tongue, and toast, and butter; there was strawberry jam; there was cream. Also tea, in a large, blue, eye-matching, earthenware pot. Graeme said little; at his hostess's urging ate and drank with a will. His hostess watched him, smiling, and held her peace.

"More tongue?" she asked presently. She had already helped him thrice.

"No; thanks awf'lly. But if I may have some jam — some cream——"

"That's what it's there for—quite good cream it is, too. You aren't cream-*blasé* yet? You will be, though, if you stay in Cornwall long. And tea—you must still be thirsty—you'll have swallowed so much dust." She set hand to the eye-matching teapot; lifted it invitingly up.

"Thanks awf'lly!" Graeme spoke with his mouth full; passed his cup, received it again; drank from it; ate hugely of cream

and jam. At the fifth offer of renewal he shook a rueful head.

"Couldn't manage it—possibly. I've done tremendously well. But, I say—really, you know—you've saved my life."

"Have I?" She smiled adorably; so, at least, Graeme decided, with more leisure to regard her now. "I trust," she went on, gaily—"in fact, I make no doubt of it—it's a valuable life to save."

"Is it?" he wondered. Then, humbly, boldly, he went on: "Valuable—I think not. Not half so valuable as yours."

"Mine!" she gasped at him. "Mine! I'm no use to anybody. At least, I'm no use *yet*."

"Ah!" To Graeme, the Philistine, there was glamour in the artist's life. "Ah, but think of the future—you may be great—positively great. I envy artists enormously. I'd awfully like to paint."

"Would you?" The girl wondered. "I doubt it, really. You—you say you've never met any artists at all?"

"Never; but I'd love——"

"You'd hate, you mean. They're awful people, you know."

"Awful?"

"Yes—awful; really and truly awful; there's in fact no other word."

"But——" Graeme stopped. Words failed him. The girl hastened to explain.

"I don't mean the big ones—or the ones that do healthy work and get it sold. I mean all the other sort: the people who do work that hasn't any backbone at all. Three parts of them are like that. And the students—oh, the students—the ones who quote Swinburne and talk about failing magnificently and glorify suicide—which is the last thing they would commit—and who kiss your hand—and dress in a sort of livery—and do work that no one wants."

"Like the chaps at school who are so awf'lly good at footer in the cricket season, and are splendid footer players when cricket's in swing!"

She nodded, approving his image; finding him pleasant and sane.

"Yes—and who talk Socialism because *they* are unsuccessful and haven't the grit to succeed——"

"I've met that sort at Oxford," Graeme interrupted. "They never do any good."

"No—and failure isn't my objective; that's why I came away. I wanted—well, I'd learned what the Art School had to teach me—and I came down here to work. Father—he's most tremendously good to me—took this cottage—and here I am!"

"I see!" Graeme saw the good, sound sense of her; saw, too, something more than that. He saw—it was not, in his youthfulness, how he put it to himself—he saw the very best sort of English girl; the triumphing type of insular race and stock; a true child of the Philistines, as—with rare exceptions—all vigorous artists are. He saw—he felt, rather—(the human being conquered in him the mere grateful wanderer)—he found in this fair-haired girl, with her fine-chiselled nose and its straightness, and her short upper lip and her sensitive, well-cut mouth—he found in her something which called to his own dark handsomeness; felt blood leaping to blood. Perhaps she, too, felt something like it. Certainly she blushed. The silence grew oppressive. Graeme broke it first.

"But I'm keeping you—it's been unspeakably good of you." He half rose now. "I must be going — I'm keeping you from work."

"Work!" She motioned him back again. With promptitude he resumed his chair. "Work is almost everything, but one wearies of it sometimes. And it's jolly—isn't it?—to talk!"

"Rather! I've talked to no one for—well, three months."

"No one!"

"No one sensible, that is."

"Thank you. And I, too, am starving. One gets tired, not of Arcady—but of its folk. I'm going—going on Monday—for a holiday—a rest."

"Going!" Graeme, who must stay in these parts indefinitely, felt a sudden pang. "Going where?"

"Near Ivybridge—in Devon—just two miles outside."

"I see." Graeme was cursing his luck. Ivybridge; it was the other end of the district—he was always in Cornwall—he saw no chance of getting up to Devon for years. And he fell silent. She was silent, too. Then, presently, he looked up, to catch her looking at him, to hear her laugh aloud.

"I've been thinking," she said, suddenly.

"Indeed!" Graeme made a show of merriment. "A thought of much weight?"

"Well"—she shrugged her shoulders—"one can hardly call it that. But this is Friday—and, since one goes on Monday, it seems that work's the thing. And—since you've dropped from cloudland—I wonder—if I painted you—would you be awfully annoyed?"

"On the contrary; it would be a new experience. I——"

"Then suppose we go up?"

She rose. Graeme, once more, noticed that she walked deliciously. He followed her, feeling that he pursued the skirts of romance. They went upstairs; came to her studio—a large room made out of two; a room with cream-coloured walls, a north light, much littered, picture-hung.

"Oh, how awfully jolly!" Graeme's cry came quick, involuntary; he had never been in a studio before. "I say, you *must* be happy here. Do let me look at your work. Landscape!" He turned over some sketches. "Do you prefer doing landscape? They do seem good!"

"No—but that's just it, you see. This cottage is *too* countrified—about here there are so few figures; none, really, from which to do life. And I've been, for weeks, looking everywhere, and now—dark hair, blue eyes, sunburned, full throat, too—oh, splendid!" she criticized. "You're just what I want. Now, sit over there, will you? Oh, anyhow; just in a heap. Look *this* way, though."

Graeme, not quite sure whether he was thoroughly enjoying himself, did as he was told. The girl wheeled forward her easel; solemnly sorted out brushes; squeezed colours on to her palette; then rolled back her sleeves. She was ready; she stood there, knitting brows at Graeme, unconsciously perverse.

"Won't do; won't do like that!" It was the artist, not the hostess, who murmured her dispraise. Then, from a panelled dower-chest, she took a long red scarf, a silk bandanna square; walked with them up to Graeme.

"You must take off your collar."

"My collar!" He stared at her; all the convention in him afire.

"And your coat—your waistcoat—it's quite warm up here. Oh, you *are* funny! Now, twist this round your throat. Open—just a little—your shirt. And—this red thing—wind it round your waist. Oh, don't; oh, *please* don't look so shocked. Remember, you've washed, eaten, and rested. Now return thanks!"

Graeme, duly accoutred, now hopelessly self-conscious, resumed a dejected seat. The girl retired to her easel; looked up critically, quizzically.

"Better—oh, *much* better! Just one mo nent, though—*there*." She came forward again, made the neck-scarf looser; spread out more amply the silk thing round his waist. "Now stand up. Look as dare-devil as possible; left foot forward, knee bent a little, left arm akimbo, knuckles in the waist; right arm bent also, the hand just lightly on the hip. Yes, yes, that's perfect. Ah, no—there; that's better again. Now turn, ever so little, this way; only your head. Oh, perfect, *thank* you!" Furiously, in silence, a background was daubed. With like fury, in equal silence, she began to work. Graeme, though still appallingly self-conscious, feeling like a Peter Pan pirate, watched what he could see of her with a pleasure rare, intense.

They spoke at intervals; he questioningly, she with monosyllabic replies. Now and then, head jerked sideways, she stepped critically away from her easel to get effect. She worked vigorously—an hour, perhaps. At last she set down her palette in despair.

"It's odious, simply odious!" she cried, tragically. "But it's—I'll finish it when you're gone."

"Does that mean I'm——"

"To go now? Not unless you *want* to. Yes, you may look at it!" (Graeme made ready to descend.) "Oh, don't say anything; it doesn't exactly flatter, and yet it——" Dramatically, and with raised brush, she stepped to one side. "Yes, after all, it *is* good; awfully like you," she naively, inconsequently allowed.

Graeme was now at the easel, engrossed and silent with delight. It was jolly; oh, awfully jolly to look like a pirate, after all. She *had* flattered him—and he knew it—and the flattery rejoiced his eyes.

Then, as he leaned forward, looking close into her work, the girl, to study a curve she had shaded, carelessly, fancifully smoothed, with two fingers, the side of her model's jaw. Graeme started, reddened, gasped. At the sight of him, at the sound of his breath's intaking, the girl went red in turn. She saw her mistake in a second; this was no art-student; no model; this was a flesh-and-blood man. And the touch of him thrilled her as she had never been thrilled before. She put a brush into a jar of turpentine on the stool; she took another brush, selecting it with infinite care. Then, herself flushed and breathless, she looked up into his face.

"I'm sorry—oh, so sorry! I—it was unpardonable of me. I oughtn't, of course, to have done that. But one gets so into the way of it—with models—and—and—the men students are like girls!"

She spoke quickly; panted, even. This thought was running through her brain: "Is he going to be odious? He's nice, but a

Philistine. If he should take advantage of my idiocy——"

His answer reassured her.

"I'm sorry, too. I shouldn't have started like that. I've never met any artists. I

"NOW AND THEN SHE STEPPED CRITICALLY AWAY FROM HER EASEL TO GET EFFECT."

don't"—he laughed a little—"I don't move in those circles. But, believe me, I understand!"

She nodded; her eyes thanked him; she feared that her eyes betrayed. He *was* good-looking; his colour called to her; he was—well, no art-student, but a man. She was an artist—and a lonely one. She was young; she had the harmless, human passion for romance. Was it possible—her heart beat faster—was it possible that this was the true Prince, the Last Incarnation—that the best of all things was beginning in the best of all possible ways? And—a prude, a Puritan under that veneer of modernity—she felt, hating herself, that she would, incredibly, give anything to be kissed; yet felt, too, that she would hate him for ever if he snatched his easy chance.

She need not have been afraid. For Graeme—whose pulses tingled, whose blood thrilled, as the touch of him had thrilled her; who would have given everything in the world to kiss her—felt what training, games-playing, had taught him: that, at all costs, he must play the game. He knew nothing—happily, miserably—of how her longing equalled his. And he spoke jerkily, preparing to be gone.

"If you've finished"—the watch on his

wrist was consulted—" perhaps I ought to go. I've never enjoyed anything so much in all my life. But I must get to Bodmin to write up and post reports. It's four miles to Port Miriam Road. The train goes at four-forty, and it's three now."

She nodded; knew him wiser than she was—she who, prude, Puritan, modern (and human), would have him stay.

" I'm sorry; but if you must go——"

" I must!" Graeme, alas, was too sure of that. He, too, was human—and were there not those reports?

" Then——" She paused, spoke slowly, gave him the delicious news. " Then I'll drive you—to Port Miriam Road."

" You'll drive me!" Graeme's voice was joyous; he tried to make it otherwise, yet could not for his life—the very words of deprecation were a shout of highest hope. " You'll drive me! Oh, but that would be trespassing on——"

" On a seat in the governess-cart. But, you see, my father, he's so busy, poor darling, that he's never even *seen* the cottage he's been sweet enough to take for me. He comes by the train you leave by; and—well, unless you'd *rather* walk?"

" Walk!" Graeme fought no longer against his gorgeous luck. " Walk! It would be odious—odious!"

" Besides, you're tired." The needless excuse presented itself; she took it, turned it to use. " Then it's settled. You wait here—no, go downstairs again." She held open the door. " I'll hurry; I won't keep you waiting too tremendously."

She was gone. Graeme, as she had bidden, went down. Her touch still thrilled him; his pulses were tingling yet.

The dining-room was cleared now; on the shining, clothless gate-table a bowl of roses stood. Graeme wandered about, looking at this, touching that, trying (his life was very bare, very empty) to put all the room into his memory that he might take away something of her to his lonely Bodmin hotel. She was an oasis, a revelation. He had never met anyone like her; he would never meet anyone like her again. She was so frank, so free, so self-reliant, so unnoisy, so—all his heart's desire. She outdid his dreams when she descended, white-coated, blue-Dutch-bonneted, blue-stockinged and brown-shoed.

" Are you ready?" she asked, and bravely, most adorably, she smiled.

" I'm ready," he made answer, and sighed despite himself, and, looking at her, saw that she did not look.

" Then come," said she, and passed into the passage. He darted after her; held open the front-door; went after her down the long, little, wide-flagged path. At the gate—that white gate again—stood a diminutive boy-of-all-work, holding a pony's head. She got into the cart. Graeme followed her; pulled-to the tiny door. " Right, David!" said Graeme's divinity. The boy-of-all-work loosed his hold. The divinity flicked lightly at the little pony's ears. The pony walked slowly up the steep incline to the dusty inland road. Again the whip flicked him. He trotted forward. Graeme, opposite his divinity, watched her face—and dreamed. His divinity—poor Graeme didn't know it—happened to be dreaming, too. The drive was full of silences. Speech, when it came, was trivial, hiding heavy thoughts.

" He's a darling," said the girl, presently. " Say he is!"

" Who?" asked Graeme, and was saying to himself, " The only darling is *you!*"

" Who? Why, Cupid! Who on earth else?"

" Cupid?"

" Yes, Cupid. The pony, I mean."

" Oh, yes; he is nice," Graeme conceded. " I like his—— I say, why is he yellow like that?"

" Yellow? Oh, I suppose it's the saffron. He loves it—he's like d'Artagnan's horse."

" Rather! I love d'Artagnan!"

" And I!"

" It's ripping of you. I should have thought you'd have hated that sort of book!"

" Why?"

" Oh, I don't know. Because you're clever, I suppose. You see, I told you I didn't move in those circles—I've always funked clever girls."

She laughed.

" You think me clever? I'm not—but suppose, for the sake of argument, I am. You—er—funk me, too? Am I so awe-inspiring as that?"

He wondered; turned it over; brought his answer out.

" No; you don't frighten me—you stimulate. But "—he hesitated, dallied with it, but had in spite of himself to say it now—" but—I'm—I'm frightened at something else!"

" And that?"

" I'm frightened that—I've enjoyed this afternoon so awfully—I'm frightened that I shall never see you again."

" Never?" She spoke quickly; her breath came short and queerly. She, too,

had to utter what she had meant to leave unsaid. "But, if you *want* to see me——" She broke off, in her turn hesitated—inconsequently went on: "You're staying here, then—in these parts?"

"A very long way." Graeme's voice, despite all effort, was full of melancholy now.

"Do you"—she shot a glance at him—"does your work ever take you there?"

"It might do. It's in my—our—my

"GRAEME, OPPOSITE HIS DIVINITY, WATCHED HER FACE—AND DREAMED."

"For some time—I expect so. And you?" His voice was eager with hope.

"I—oh, I've finished here. We've let the cottage for the rest of the year. My father comes to-day—and goes on Monday."

"And you go, too?"

"Yes—but not with him. I go—I told you—up into Devon—to Ivybridge. It's a long way off!"

chief's district. But I hardly ever meet him. I think he wants to keep me on this coast."

"I see." Her voice displayed no happiness. Graeme tried to find in it regret. Words did not come to him easily. Silence assumed them again.

"Then — it's — it's good-bye, then!" Graeme adventured at last.

"I — I suppose so." Cupid, flicked most unnecessarily, quickened, jerking the cart.

"One might"—Graeme, more in love with her each moment, was magnificently pretending to be cheerful now—"if one were an optimist—one might call it *au revoir*."

"It certainly sounds nicer," said the girl, with a pessimist's laugh.

"Then we *will* call it *au revoir*," said Graeme, looking under her bonnet. "After all, one never knows one's luck."

"Or one's——"

"Misfortunes?"

"I didn't say so!" The girl looked up in turn.

"It would be a little unkind to do that," came Graeme's quick answer. "But"—he stopped suddenly, swung off at a tangent; put the question that, these two hours, he had been meaning, yet had never managed, to ask. "But, I say: you haven't told me—what's your——"

A whistle, shrieked from the valley, cut his question short.

"It's the train—and you'll miss it—it's the last for hours and hours!" The girl hit Cupid really; the little creature cantered up the slope. The girl, bumped and breathless, gasped out needful words.

"I say, we must say good—*au revoir*—here. My father—he's a darling—but conventional, old-fashioned—we part at the booking-hall. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

The cart was in the station roadway—racing the train that grunted up a hill. Cupid, sprinting gallantly, gallantly managed to win. Graeme jumped down as they reached the booking-hall, opened the door for her, took and held her hand—just as the train swung in. And the girl, swiftly, snatched her hand away.

"Quick, quick! My father! Quick! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" And Graeme, leaden-hearted, ran forward; running, remembered she had never told him her name. He hesitated, rushed on again, true to his promise, not daring to look round. He advanced—Government is generous to inspectors—to the one first-class smoking carriage on the little train. As he reached it its door opened; from it stepped a man, grey-moustached, grey-bearded, and in aspect something severe.

"Mr. Graeme!"

"Mr. Francis!"

"The very man I want! You haven't had my telegram?"

"Telegram? No. You see, sir, I've been out all day, testing that Port Miriam post."

His chief nodded and made haste to explain.

"It's a serious case. How much time have you got?" (Mr. Francis looked down the platform, to see a lazy porter lifting out milk-cans with the aid of a sluggish guard.) "Good. Two—three minutes. Well, listen to what I say. You must get back to Bodmin, pack up, and start to-night. It's a case of deficiency—a serious one—in the accounts. The Investigation Branch people are down from St. Martin's le Grand—you must give them all the help you can. And, excuse me one second!" Graeme's chief beckoned to someone Graeme couldn't see. "Halloa, Helen! Why don't you come and talk to us? This is Mr. Graeme—of my staff, you know. He's been doing our Cornish work."

Graeme swung round swiftly, and stood rooted to the spot. Someone in a white coat and a blue bonnet came forward and put up her lips. His chief kissed them; stood, an arm round his daughter, natural, paternal, unabashed. Graeme had the battle of his life to prevent himself from laughing aloud. His lips twitched; his face worked. He glanced up at his goddess. She was incomparably grave.

"How d'you do?" she said. And then: "You like—er—Cornwall—much?"

"Enormously." Graeme hesitated not a second. "I think it the only county that counts!"

She smiled adorably; looked at her father; spoke again. Graeme invoked Heaven's blessing upon slow railway officials and people who sent milk in cans.

"That is, perhaps, a thought exclusive," she contributed. "Cornwall, of course, is charming. But I think Devon as—er—good."

"Devon!" Graeme spoke now quite sadly. "Devon—ah!—but I don't know it."

"But you will," came his chief's interruption. "You're going there—to-night. Your work—I forgot to tell you—is at Ivybridge. And you will be there a month, at least."

Graeme looked at Miss Francis; Miss Francis looked at Graeme; the Prince of a girl's pet Fairyland gave greeting to its Princess. Then, as the guard shouted and the engine whistled, the Princess softly spoke.

"How curious—in fact, how interesting! I myself am going to Ivybridge on Monday. Perhaps—who knows?—we may meet!"

Stories I Have Heard and Told.

By CYRIL MAUDE.

Illustrated by E. A. Morrow.

"HEARD THOSE KIDS' TALES YEARS AGO."

I ALWAYS think that the cream of a humorous story becomes somewhat thin when set forth in cold type. To my mind it lacks atmosphere —the merry twinkle in the eye of the teller; the facial expression, that emphasizing of the peculiarities of the characters in the story which a good raconteur can always convey, and the delight of being able to cap one story with another when in congenial company. Consequently I am not quite sure that my stories will prove so entertaining to readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE as might be desired. Not that I consider myself a good raconteur. Any little conceit I might have had in that direction was knocked out of me some time ago, when, after telling stories which I thought were funny for half an hour, at a children's party, I overheard one youngster contemptuously say to another:—

"Bit of a silly ass, isn't he? Heard those kids' tales years ago."

And I fear that the cry of "chestnut" may be repeated by some of the readers of these stories. But perhaps there may be one or two stories of merit which will lead such readers to be indulgent.

Apropos of the party incident already mentioned, I think the precociousness of the present-day youngster is one of the most amusing features of this age of ours. I remember on one occasion watching a clever little girl dancing during a rehearsal. Afterwards I complimented her upon her skill, saying:—

"I suppose you are going to be a great dancer some day?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, promptly. "I don't want to go in for this talking stuff."

Speaking of children, I might mention that some time ago we wanted a boy who, in order to comply with the licensing laws in regard to theatres, should be over fourteen, but who should only look about eight years of age, and we inserted an advertisement to that effect. Among other applicants was a little coster lad who was brought by his father—both being glorious in the multitude of their "pearlies." The youngster was quite a midget. I doubt if he stood much over two feet in height, and he looked a miniature edition of Albert Chevalier. I asked his father if he had been on the stage before.

"No, sir," he said; "but he's been on an inquest!"

Not the least of the troubles of a theatrical manager is the task of dealing with stage aspirants and budding dramatists. Oh, that terrible heap of plays which confronts me week after week, scarcely one in twenty being worth reading. But they must be examined, otherwise one might miss a gem. One play which was submitted to me consisted

of twenty-eight acts, and I calculated that it would have taken about twelve hours to play. Another aspiring playwright promised to book all the seats in the first two rows of the dress-circle if I would produce a play he submitted to me, and probably he still thinks me a very poor business man for not accepting his offer and the play, which he assured me would beat the record of "Charley's Aunt." I am afraid, however, that my friends would have seriously considered the advisability of placing me under restraint had I produced that play.

This proffered bribe reminds me that a stage-struck country youth, learning that Mrs. Maude was very fond of country life, offered to send her a couple of pigs if she would give him an engagement.

I think, however, the following letter constitutes the most extraordinary application I have ever received for an engagement. At any rate, it is surely the worst-spelt epistle on record:—

"Sir,—I think I Should Like to be on the Steage I am young 19 I have never Been on the Steage yet But several Peple Preseade me to I am Lady helpe heare whear I am Leaving My Home is not in London would you kindly right back and Let me now weather you have a veacancy I have good voyce for singing. Yours respfully."

"HE LOOKED A MINIATURE EDITION OF ALBERT CHEVALIER."

In my book on the Haymarket Theatre, published some years ago, I have devoted a chapter to an effort which Frederic Harrison and myself made to produce George Bernard Shaw's play, "You Never Can Tell"—a play which was withdrawn at the eleventh hour, owing to the amicable differences which arose between the author and myself during rehearsals. I am reminded of this episode by a story which Mr. Charles Hawtrey tells concerning "G.B.S.," once described as "one of the most perverse of men." It concerns the same play, "You Never Can Tell."

Hawtrey, according to his own words, was seized with a mad desire to produce this play. "I wrote to Shaw," he says, "and asked his permission. He answered that he would come and read it to me. He did, and began by saying that sometimes he thought it was the best play that was ever written, and at others he considered it the greatest trash. Anyhow, he was of opinion that it was a pretty poor play, and that if I produced it—well, I must take the consequences. Some time afterwards I asked Shaw if I could compress the last act. He declined to allow one line to be altered or cut out. In view of certain contingencies, I had at last to tell him that I couldn't produce the play. His answer was: 'Thank you so much! You have taken a great load off my mind.' Now, what are you to do with a man like that?"

I think I may safely say that of all the parts I have ever played Sir Peter Teazle is, perhaps, my favourite. At any rate, it is the one in the acting of which I have had the greatest enjoyment. Sir Peter's peskiness and variations of temper always strongly appeal to me. It was rather a shock, however, to learn on one occasion that a little girl about twelve years of age, who had witnessed my performance, remarked to her mother as she left the theatre:—

"What an awful old man he was, mamma, and how glad I am that he is not my daddy! He's almost as bad as old Scrooge I read about in the 'Christmas Carol.'"

With reference to "The Second in Command," I might recount the following amusing experience. When we had the dress rehearsal at the Haymarket Theatre a junior officer of cavalry was present. He watched the proceedings with much interest, and at the end of the evening was questioned as to what was his opinion of the new play.

"My dear fellow," he said, "if you only tone down the yellow stripe on the orderly's overalls, the piece will go like beans."

I am rather fond of Shetland and have visited that part of the kingdom for fishing. Once I imported a servant from those distant isles, whose admirable waiting at table had much impressed me. Importation, however, did not improve him, and he had before long to return to his native land. One night I asked whether he would like to go to the Haymarket. He betrayed no enthusiasm.

"But wouldn't you like to see me act?" I asked, rather nettled.

"I'll go if you want me to," was his only reply.

I should like to mention that there are one or two mysteries connected with the Haymarket which we have not yet solved. They concern articles left behind by patrons. Perhaps one of our quaintest discoveries was made under a circle seat on a very hot day in June. It consisted of an extremely neat pair of corsets, entirely innocent of covering of any kind, next to which, with rosy, blushing cheeks, lay a large ripe apple. The mystery of these corsets and that apple has never been cleared up.

Nor have we yet been able to find out why some good lady patron of our pit was kind enough to leave us a souvenir in the shape of an extremely "fetching" pink silk petticoat and a pair of goloshes, size three. A veil of mystery which we should also like to pierce hangs over a neat parcel which, upon opening it, was found to contain a framed photograph of an extremely pretty girl with lovely eyes, around which were carefully wrapped a large pair of what hosiers technically term "gent.'s knitted night-socks."

During the run of "The Little Minister" the entire company became very, very Scotch, and it was decided that at their Christmas gathering the bagpipes must figure largely on the programme. A piper from the Scots Guards was secured, and he strutted up and down, playing for all he was worth. Everybody was hugely delighted.

"Wait a minute, boys," said one member of the company, an ex-Army man; "I'll get him to play 'The Cock o' the North.'"

When the piper finished what he had been playing the ex-soldier walked up to him and patted him on the shoulder.

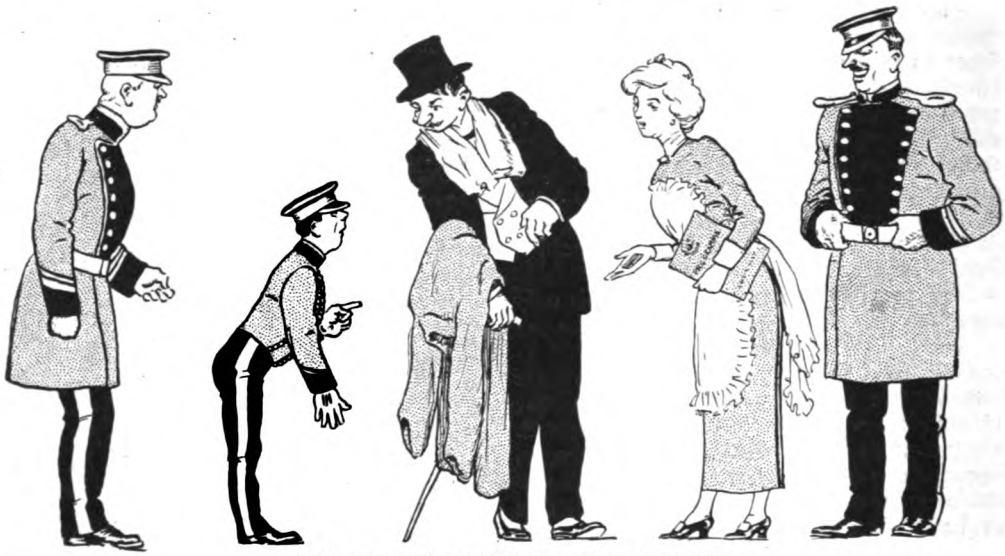
"That's capital, my man," he said, "but give us a taste of 'The Cock o' the North.'"

The piper's face was a study as he replied: "Mon, A've bin playin' it for the last quarter o' an oor!"

I always think that this is one of the best stories about my friend Tree. It was during the run of "A Village Priest," and the booking was extremely good. One night when Tree was leaving the theatre he stopped to speak a word with one of the commissionaires, an Irishman, who promptly gave expression to his joy over the success which the piece had met.

"Carriages roll up all day long, and the booking is tremendous," went on the voluble Irishman. "And Mr. Tree, sorr, if I may say so, it proves to me conclusively that you

"THE COCK O' THE NORTH."



"HE PROMPTLY PRODUCED TWO TICKETS."

are one of the first twenty leading actors in London, sorr, and there's no getting away from the fact, sorr!"

Talking of Tree reminds me that when he first revived "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at His Majesty's we were drawing large audiences at the Haymarket with the revival of "Caste."

One night, after the first act, two burly countrymen descended from the gallery and demanded an audience of our business manager.

He was sent for, and on arrival politely asked the nature of their grievance.

"Well, look 'ere, mister," said the spokesman of the two, "we want our money back. Tree ain't been on yet, and as for merry wives, why those two girls won't be married in their natural lives!"

The pet aversion, however, of the business manager of a theatre is the gentleman who has looked upon the wine when it is red. Obviously it would be dangerous to the good reputation of the house to admit the unwise diner; at the same time the greatest care must be taken not to offend him. Besides, your wine-bibber is not invariably easy of conviction. The usual plan is to inform him politely that there has been some mistake over his ticket and return him his money. But even this admirable plan does not invariably succeed. One night a gentleman who had certainly not been sparing the wine turned up at the theatre, and, upon the usual excuse about a mistake having been made as to his seat, promptly produced two tickets bought at two different libraries.

"I (hic) thought you'd shay that," he chuckled, amiably, "so I bought (hic) another!"

Perhaps one of the most amusing incidents which occurred at the Haymarket was that in which the late King Edward and poor William Terriss figured. His Majesty King Edward—then, of course, Prince of Wales—was in the Royal box one night with Princess Maud of Wales. It was during the run of "The Marriage of Convenience," in which poor Terriss played so splendidly; it was his last engagement but one, by the way. Between the acts His Majesty sent for my wife, poor Terriss, and myself, being desirous of expressing his gracious approval of our efforts to amuse. I must confess that I was not a little nervous, and my conversational powers were at their very worst.

Things were going distinctly stiffly when Terriss said, in his cheery, sailor-like manner:—

"We all hope Persimmon will win the Gold Cup to-morrow, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Terriss," replied His Majesty; "it is most kind of you to say that. So you are all interested in my horse?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was Terriss's reply; "we've all got our shirts on him!"

Needless to say, the King was enormously amused, and all signs of stiffness disappeared after that.

Talking of horse-racing reminds me of a member of my company some years ago at the Haymarket, a dear old lady, who was persistently "greened" by another member of the company. One day, for instance, she was intensely interested to learn that English racehorses were invariably trained with express trains running beside them.

"Where is the boat-race rowed?" she asked once on the eve of the 'Varsity boat-race.

"Oh, it's not always in the same place," was the calm reply. "One year they row it from Oxford to Cambridge, and the next from Cambridge to Oxford; and so on, alternately."

I am afraid I cannot vouch for the truth of the following stories of Harvey and Bourchier. I give them, however, as I heard them related.

On one occasion Mr. Martin Harvey, when on tour, paid a visit to a travelling waxwork show which happened at that time to be in the same town. In giving a description of the various exhibits, the proprietor of the show pointed to a very lean, attenuated figure with an order on its breast, and said:—

"'Is Majesty King George the Fourth."

"Who?" inquired Mr. Harvey, in surprise. "Why, I thought George the Fourth was a fat man."

"Did yer, then?" sneered the showman. "Well, yer wouldn't be very fat if you'd been without wittles as long as him."

Waxworks also figure in the story told by Mr. Bourchier, who, though of French Huguenot extraction, pronounces his name "Bowcher." On one occasion he happened to be passing a group of labourers who were examining a playbill whereon his name loomed large.

"Wor be the use o' bringing these forrin hactor blokes up 'ere, I wanter know?"

"'E hein't a furriner. I heard at theayter they call him 'Bowchair.'"

"Then wot do 'e want to spell it wrong on the bill fur? I reckon it be all a ketch-penny biz, so I'll jest spend my sixpence to see the new talkin' donkey at the waxworks; there be no flies on 'im, anyhow."

"YER WOULDN'T BE VERY FAT IF YOU'D BEEN WITHOUT WITTLES AS LONG AS HIM."

JUDITH LEE.

The Experiences of a Lip-Reader.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton.

IX.—"Uncle Jack."

WHY are some men so silly—so many men—nearly all of them? I was once almost prevented from doing a man a very signal service by the singular delusion he was under that I was in love with him.

I was staying at the Cliftonville Hotel at Margate with a Mr. and Mrs. Hastings and their daughter, Netta, who was a pupil of mine. Netta, although deaf from birth, was an extremely intelligent young lady of about eighteen, and by no means ill-looking. She and I were having tea one afternoon in the gardens on the cliff. She could speak quite well when she chose—although she had never heard a sound in her life; but there were occasions on which, if only for convenience' sake, she used the sign language. She used it then. She said to me:—

"Watch those two women who are having tea at the table under the tent."

I had noticed the pair. They were under the shade of a big umbrella, which rose from the centre of the table at which they were sitting. As I glanced round I saw one say to the other:—

"What about John Finlayson?"

The other was smoking a cigarette as she stirred her tea. She withdrew the cigarette, expelled the smoke, and I saw her say:—

"I don't know whether or not to marry him."

"My dear," rejoined the first speaker, "if you are ever likely to get a chance of marrying him, take my advice and do."

The smoker considered; then she smiled—rather as if she sneered.

"I'm not so sure. You can pay too dear even for a husband with money. Finlayson would bore me stiff inside a week. What I want is a little ready cash."

"You bet! I could do with more than a little—I could do with a lot."

The smoker sipped her tea; then asked, as if she were putting a very serious question:

"Meg, what do you say to a thousand golden sovereigns—could you do with them?"

The other glanced sharply at the speaker. I never saw a woman whose eyes were more flagrantly made-up in the broad daylight. I thought they were dreadful. She answered:—

"Could I do with a thousand golden sovereigns? Just couldn't I!"

"You wouldn't stick at a trifle to get them?"

"My love, I'd stick at nothing—I'd rob a bank!"

"I wouldn't for anything suggest your doing that. Besides, I think we could get them easier out of Finlayson than out of a bank." Then she added something which rather startled me. "See how those two creatures at the next table are watching us; they can't possibly hear what we are saying, but suppose we talk of something else."

Netta laughed outright—she can read lips almost as well as I can; I taught her how to do it. I could have shaken her. I did not look again in their direction. A few minutes after I got up with Netta and walked away.

"Did you see what they were saying?" she asked me as we went. "It was of Uncle Jack that they were talking."

That was precisely the point—it was because of that that I had watched. Mr. John Finlayson was Mrs. Hastings's brother, Netta's uncle, a bachelor of about forty years' standing, with a good opinion both of himself and of his money.

Some persons might think that the one who had been smoking was beautiful; and she certainly was what I believe is called "a very fine young woman." She was probably nearly six foot high; she held herself very straight, her figure was perfect, her features were regular, her hair wonderful, her clothes expensive. Mr. Finlayson had taken her and her companion out with him in his motor-car; he had dined at their table; and, very much to his sister's disgust, had associated

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himself with them in more ways than one. All the same, I had been startled to see the young woman hint that if she chose she could marry him; I had no idea that matters had gone so far as that. Keen-witted Netta seemed to read my thoughts.

"I shouldn't wonder if Uncle Jack did marry Miss Parsons. I believe I nearly caught him kissing her last night on the veranda."

Before I could reply her mother came towards us down the steps, with Mr. Finlayson himself at her heels.

Mrs. Hastings bore Netta off into the town; Mr. Finlayson returned to the balcony of the hotel, and I went with him. He was a scanty-haired little man, inclined to stoutness. A monocle was rarely absent from his right eye, and he wore two tiny tufts of hair upon his upper lip, which he had once confided to me he thought made him look French, and which I thought made him look ridiculous. He had inherited a large fortune from a relative, and had never done anything useful; so far as I could see, his chief occupation was changing his clothes. I do not know how many suits he had, but I do not think it is any exaggeration to say that he changed from head to foot half-a-dozen times a day. Yet, since his sister and her husband had shown themselves very good, and thoughtful, and generous to me, and I owed them many kindnesses, I felt that I could not allow his simplicity to make him the victim of that intriguing young woman who called herself Parsons, without at least attempting to put him on his guard.

The veranda of the Cliftonville Hotel runs along the road, being raised a few feet above the pavement. As I stood there with him, Miss Parsons and her friend, coming out of the garden across the way, passed close by us. Mr. Finlayson acknowledged their presence with a sweeping bow, and Miss Parsons smiled—a smile which evidently pleased him.

"Most attractive young lady, that—don't you think so? Very odd how strange some ladies are. My sister, now, has taken up a most extraordinary position as regards Miss Parsons; she simply doesn't like her."

"I fancy Mrs. Hastings's instinct in such matters is generally to be relied on. In spite of your wider knowledge of the world, Mr. Finlayson, I hope you won't mind my suggesting that it might be the part of wisdom to be on your guard against Miss Parsons."

His rejoinder was so preposterous that I could have shaken him.

"What I said to my sister, I say to you—jealousy in a lady's breast takes many forms. Eleanor is jealous of Miss Parsons, and so are you."

"On what conceivable grounds do you say that I am jealous of—that woman?"

He gave a sort of little hop.

"There you are—'that woman'—the very phrase betrays you. Now, Miss Lee, permit me for one moment. I've had—shall we say—an idea for some time past that your feelings towards me were—of the most flattering kind. I have known you, off and on, at frequently recurring intervals, for about three years. I discussed you with my sister——"

"You discussed me with your sister!"

"Yes, and with her husband; and they both agree that, since the period has arrived at which it is desirable that I should have an establishment of my own, although the difference in our fortunes is immense, you are a young lady eminently fitted to become the head of it. Therefore, your jealousy of the fascinating Miss Parsons is excusable; but, I assure you, baseless. My choice, Miss Lee, is fixed on you; there is no reason why I should not take advantage of this opportunity to tell you so; it may relieve your mind. I have cause to know that the announcement of our engagement will relieve my sister's mind. Therefore, with your permission, I will make that announcement this—no, not this evening at dinner—I happen to have an engagement this evening" (he wore a slight air of confusion)—"but—on the first occasion which offers."

When he stopped, which he did just as I was wondering when he was going to, I could only gasp. I saw that it was necessary to make myself quite plain to this little man.

"Mr. Finlayson, I won't pretend that I don't understand what you have been talking about, though anything funnier I never heard. You seem to be under the impression that you have only to throw your glove at my feet and I will pick it up and be grateful. I don't know what gave you that impression; you are quite mistaken if you suppose that I ever meant to."

Then I walked off the balcony and left him there. It so chanced that as I entered the hotel Miss Parsons came into the hall. Not a little to my surprise she addressed me.

"I should like to say two or three words to you, Miss—I believe it is Lee. May I ask why, since you are quite a stranger to me, you take such an interest in my movements?"

Her assault, coming so quickly after my surprising interview with Mr. Finlayson, took me aback. I had no answer ready. She went on:—

"This afternoon, to give an example of the sort of thing I mean, you and that deaf-and-dumb young woman, whose governess I believe you are, watched my friend and myself while we were having tea, as if you were doing your very best to overhear every word we said. I don't like that sort of thing; don't let it happen again, or I may show my displeasure in a way you won't like."

She walked off with her nose in the air, very much as I had just walked off from Mr. Finlayson.

I could hardly have said, when I reached my bedroom, with whom I felt maddest—with her, Mr. Finlayson, Netta, or myself; Netta, for calling my attention to them first of all; Mr. Finlayson, for his astonishing stupidity; Miss Parsons, for her studied insolence; myself, for ever having had anything to do with any of the three.

It seemed to me Cliftonville was no longer the place for me. Mr. and Mrs. Hastings were leaving in two or three days in any case. I had had a letter that morning from an aunt who was passing through London, and who wanted me, if I was in town, to meet her. I resolved that I would be in town that night. I packed my trunk, scribbled a note to Mrs. Hastings, and departed.

I reached the station several minutes before my train was due to start. The arrival platform was crowded with passengers; a train had just come in from London. As I went towards the bookstall to buy some papers, I passed two men whose appearance had a curious effect upon me. I was conscious of what I call one of those premonitory little shivers which I say are sent to me as warnings. That shiver went all over me as I passed those two men, and it startled me. Close behind them were two other men. I saw one of these say to the other:—

"I WALKED OFF THE BALCONY AND LEFT HIM."

"See those two? The one on the right is Chicago Charlie. It isn't often he's walking about; if he'd had his rights he'd have been strung up long ago. I wonder what his game is down here? Someone's in for trouble. I could tell you some tales of him."

At the bookstall I turned and looked after the two men who had passed me. A woman

was coming down the platform to meet them; it was the woman who had been having tea with Miss Parsons at the next table to ours. She greeted the pair with an air of a familiar acquaintance. Was "Chicago Charlie" Miss Parsons's friend as well as her own?

Under cover of the paper I had bought I watched them coming; the woman was too engaged in talking to her companions to notice that a female was holding her newspaper up in front of her face. I saw Chicago Charlie ask:—

"What's the fellow's name?"

"John Finlayson. He's soft as butter—one of Nature's own mugs. She says he's good for fifty thousand pounds—if properly handled."

"Soft as butter, is he? And he'll be handled by a master. If there's anything left when I'm through with him he can keep it."

Apparently, since they paid no heed to the cabman who hailed them, they intended to walk to wherever they might be going. What was I to do? I had my ticket, my luggage was labelled, my train was due; I had advised Mrs. Hastings of my departure. I had washed my hands of Mr. Finlayson for ever and a day; what might happen to him was no concern of mine. The obvious course was for me to carry out my intentions and go to town. And yet—that was it—and yet!

There was the sound of a whistle; a train was steaming into the station—my train. I should have to hurry if I meant to catch it; they would send my luggage by it, since it was labelled, whether I went or not. That consideration did start me moving. I rushed over to the departure platform, caught a porter—my porter—in the act of putting my luggage into the van, stopped him—explaining that I had changed my mind and did not propose to travel by that train—induced him to take my luggage back and put it on to a cab, and then looked to see if the three persons on whom my interest was centred were still anywhere in sight. They were; they were at a distance of perhaps two hundred yards, and were moving at a leisurely pace towards the town. I said to the cabman:—

"I suppose your horse can go slowly? I want to read my paper and enjoy this beautiful evening. You go straight along at not more than three miles an hour, until I give you further directions."

That cabman carried out my instructions to the letter; we certainly did not exceed the limit I had imposed, and I pretended to read my paper. The trio in front were going about as fast as we were—straight on, with us still about two hundred yards behind. Presently I saw them turn into an hotel overlooking the sea. When we reached it I stopped the driver.

"Pull up, please. I want to see if they can let me have a room here."

They could—rather a pleasant one, looking towards Cliftonville. Then it struck me that it was about time to consider. I was quite aware that I had done an eminently foolish thing. I had given way to my irresistible inclination to meddle in other people's affairs without having the faintest notion what sort of meddling it was going to be. What sort of mental standard Miss Parsons's friend might have I did not know; unless she was extremely unobservant, she had taken sufficient stock of me that afternoon to know me again. Even if she had not noticed me before, I had noticed her several times, and had an idea that she was supposed to be a Mrs. Hammond. Miss Parsons had a room at the Cliftonville; where Mrs. Hammond was staying I did not know—she might not be residing at the hotel in which I had taken a room, but might merely have entered, with the two men, for the purpose of refreshment. I had to risk that.

I took out of a case which was in my trunk an article which is known as a "transformation." It is simply amazing what an alteration is produced in a woman's appearance by a change of hair—if the change is well done. My hair is very dark brown; it has been called black. When I am crowned with scarlet a casual acquaintance would have to stare and stare, and yet be in doubt. "Transformation" is a polite synonym for a wig; the one I donned that night was scarlet. I touched my countenance here and there—I did not want the contrast between my complexion and my hair to be too striking; attired myself in my most gorgeous robe—I had a notion that a red-haired, unattached young woman in an hotel at Margate ought to be gorgeous; and I went down to dinner. The first thing I saw when I entered the dining-room was a table at which were seated Mrs. Hammond and her two male acquaintances.

As I entered Mrs. Hammond bestowed on me the glance which, in such circumstances, every woman does bestow on every other woman. But for that I was prepared. I was pretty nearly certain that she did not recognize me as a person whom she had ever seen before. The waiter gave me a seat at a large table which occupied the centre of the room.

There were seats at the table for, I suppose, a dozen people; I was quite content, at least on that occasion, to be one of a crowd. The table with which I was concerned was directly in my line of vision; I had only to lift my eyes from my plate to see perfectly the three persons who were at it, while I was behind a quantity of flowers and foliage which made it impossible for them to see me at all without a special effort.

Mrs. Hammond had on a not unbecoming dress of violet silk; her hair was fair—I fancy it was as much hers as my scarlet crown was mine. Chicago Charlie had what seemed to be rather a nice diamond in the middle of his shirt-front. His companion was a big, bullet-headed man, who looked as if he were something in the prize-fighting line. "Charlie" was a lean, hatchet-faced man, with an over-large nose, too wide a mouth, and a protruding chin. He had small blue eyes, which had the fixed, stony stare of the glass beads which you see in the head of a doll. Had he only known it, his mouth was his most unfortunate feature; every word he uttered was so distinctly shaped on his long, thin lips that, from my point of view, he might as well have shouted. The first words of his I saw were sufficiently startling.

"What did I do to him? I killed him, that's what I did to him. They think nothing of that sort of thing out there; it's a man's business to see that he isn't killed."

He raised his glass of champagne and emptied it. Mrs. Hammond and the other man exchanged glances; I fancied they were asking each other if the speaker was to be taken seriously. Mrs. Hammond remarked, as she carefully removed the head and tail from a smelt on her plate:—

"You know, Charlie, there mustn't be any killing here. As some French gentleman said—I believe it was a Frenchman—in England that's not a crime, it's a blunder; no man's life is worth to you so much as your own."

Charlie's reply was characteristic.

"I'm not so sure of that. I have met men—and women—for whom I'd be glad to swing. How long has Finlayson been here?"

"Baby says that he came down last week, but it doesn't necessarily follow that he did. She's a curiosity, Baby is. She's been down here about a month; I've been here nearly three weeks. It seems that she began planning this almost directly after she came, but she never so much as breathed a word about it to me till this afternoon. For keeping a thing dark I never saw her equal."

"Baby Parsons can hold her tongue better than any woman I ever met." This was the bullet-headed man. "I've been in more than one little game with her when silence was everything, so I know."

"There are times when a dumb woman is more precious than rubies."

As he delivered himself of this profound sentiment Charlie smiled. Mrs. Hammond retorted:—

"Then in that case there's a girl stopping up at the Cliftonville who ought to suit you—she's deaf and dumb. She's in charge of some governess kind of creature, whose neck I'd like to wring."

It was at those latter words I smiled. It was towards the end of the meal that the trio began to touch upon the topic which interested me most. Probably what they ate and drank loosened their tongues; or they might have been excused for taking it for granted that, speaking together in lowered tones at their own particular table, they were as private as need be. The table had been cleared for dessert, when, without any preamble, Chicago Charlie plunged into the very middle of things.

"So Mr. Griffiths, or Miss Parsons, or both of them together, have taken a house in a retired neighbourhood, at a convenient distance from this town, in a position in which uninvited interruptions need not be feared; and to this house the excellent Mr. Finlayson has been invited for a little evening party?"

"Prefaced by a little dinner for three, like ours—Bob Griffiths, Baby, and Uncle Jack." So Mrs. Hammond—for she was the speaker—had picked up the Hastings trick of speaking of him as "Uncle Jack." "There was some idea of having the Kitten in for dinner, and so making the party square, but it was felt that even Uncle Jack might find her a little hard to swallow. The Kitten will eat with her knife, and is never quite sure whether to use her fork or her fingers."

"The Kitten," observed the bullet-headed man, who seemed to answer to a variety of names—I had seen them address him as "Lobster," "Arthur," and "Puncher"—"is a child of Nature. If it weren't that she will get outside the contents of a bottle, I know few women I'd sooner have beside me in a row."

"I presume," continued Charlie, "that the programme is that Mr. Finlayson is to be well done at dinner, so that he can be done better afterwards, when we come in to complete the party?"

Mrs. Hammond explained, leaning over the table with a cigarette between her lips.

"Baby has found out all about him; he is so fond of braying that any woman can do that who likes. I don't know any girl who's better at that sort of thing than Baby is. It seems that he has been telling her all about himself, the silly ass! A mortgage of over fifty thousand pounds has just been paid up; the money is lying at his banker's. He's going to buy something with it when he's made up his mind what—stock, I mean. In the meanwhile, as Baby says, there's a chance for someone."

"That certainly is so; when we have got the confiding Mr. Finlayson to ourselves, there ought to be a chance for all of us. I'm not greedy; so long as I get my fill that's all I want," said Charlie.

The bullet-headed man looked at his watch.

"Isn't it about time we start? What time are we supposed to get there?"

"No particular time," Baby said; "somewhere about ten. They dine at eight. Uncle Jack is very fond of his food, and of his wine; to do him really well, as Charlie put it, takes time. The idea is to get him just drunk enough to make him think that he is still sober."

"It's past half-past nine; how are we to get there?"

"Taxi-cab. Baby's got a friend who drives one. He's going to call for us."

"Hanged if Baby doesn't seem to have friends everywhere. At what time is this particular friend of hers to call? Perhaps he's come. Waiter, see if there's a taxi-cab outside."

"MRS. HAMMOND EXPLAINED, LEANING OVER THE TABLE WITH A CIGARETTE."

The waiter presently returned with his report: "There is a taxi-cab outside, sir."

"Good; we'll be with him in a minute."

This was the bullet-headed man. Charlie struck in:—

"I don't promise that I'll be with him in a minute. When I've had a decent dinner I hurry over my coffee for no man; as for gulping my liqueur, you may as well throw it down the sink." Then he asked a question which solved for me what I had been fearing might become a problem. "By the way, where is this house at which the party is to be held?"

Mrs. Hammond gave him the information he wanted, and at the same time she gave it to me.

"The house is called the 'Wilderness'; it is off the Broadstairs Road; lies back, perhaps, two hundred yards; is approached by an avenue of trees. Everybody about here knows the Wilderness; it's a house which has had a history."

"To which another page is to be added to-night." If Charlie had only known how true that was his smile might have been less suggestive of amusement.

I left the trio at table. Mrs. Hammond and the bullet-headed man wanted to go, but Charlie declined. I fancy that after a good dinner he was not a very persuadable person. The three pairs of eyes were fixed on me as I went out. I saw Charlie say:—

"That's rather a fine girl; bit of a stepper."

Mrs. Hammond said: "I can't think where I've seen someone like her before."

If only she had cultivated the faculty of observation! Her puzzlement tickled me. I was in the highest spirits, foreseeing that, quite possibly, I was in for the sort of adventure that I loved. I slipped on a long black coat, with a hood attached, which I drew over my head, and sallied forth to choose my taxi-cab. I did not wish to light, if I could help it, on another of Baby's many friends. There was a taxi-cab waiting at the door of the hotel; I eyed the driver. I even noted the number of his vehicle.

There were plenty of taxis on the rank. I did not hail the first, but walked past them all until I saw a lonely taxi in the distance, moving slowly, with its flag up. I advanced towards it.

"Do you know a house called the Wilderness?"

"On the Broadstairs Road?—Mr. Macfarlane's?"

"Mr. Macfarlane is not there now, is he?"

"I couldn't say. I fancy he's about the town. I saw him only the other day. He's a gentleman what's very well known, Mr. Macfarlane is. I know the house you mean. I don't know that I care to go there at this time of night; there's my fare back. It's a lonely place, his house is. There won't be a soul about. I shall have to come back empty."

"Don't you worry about that; I'm going to keep you; I'll see that you have a fare back. Are there more roads to the house than one?"

"Well, in a manner of speaking, there is; but one of them isn't a very good one; it gets to the back of the house, the servants' entrance."

"You take me by that road—and move. I suppose you can move?"

He grinned. "She can do about forty—a bit more if she's pressed."

"Then—I think you might press her. By the way, is there a lodge at the back entrance?"

He shook his head. "No lodge anywhere that I know of. The grounds are large, and the house stands in the middle."

"In the house would they hear a taxi-cab approaching along that road?"

"It depends; you see, it's lonely out there, and in the country, at night, sound travels. There's no reason why they should know it was me coming along."

We started. I do not know at what pace we travelled, but we did move pretty fast. I know that the vehicle stopped before I expected. The driver came to the door. "Here's the house, miss, and this is the back entrance—through the gate. Do you want me to drive you in?"

I alighted. There was no moon, but it was a starlight night, and I could see the gate quite plainly.

"Thank you. I want you to wait here till I come back. I suppose if I go through the gate and follow the path I shall have no difficulty in finding the house?"

"Not a bit, miss; you've only got to go straight on."

"I may be some time, perhaps an hour; but if I'm more than an hour, you had better come up to the house and knock until someone answers. I may require assistance."

He stared at me as if he did not understand my words. I quite expected him to ask me for a deposit which would at least guarantee his fare; but I imagine that he was of a trusting disposition, or that I inspired confidence; he let me go without a hint of the kind, just touching his cap as I walked off.

It was darkish along that avenue. When—as in places they did—the trees met overhead, I had simply to grope my way. The house came rather with the force of a surprise. There were no lights at the windows; I was near a door before I knew that it was there.

I waited and listened. There seemed to be no sound on the other side. I tried the handle—the door yielded at once; I slipped through it without a moment's hesitation. "Nothing venture, nothing win," was ever a motto of mine. Speeding along the passage, I reached a flight of steps, which I ascended. There was a

glass-panelled door at the top; on the left a sort of recess into which it opened. As I reached it I heard steps approaching; I drew back into the recess. Two women appeared; they pushed back the door wholly unconscious of me.

"I thought I heard someone come up the stairs," said one.

"It was your fancy," replied the other. "There's no one down there to come upstairs."

They descended; I waited some moments, then slipped through the door. I was in quite a decent-sized hall, lighted by incandescent gas. I could hear voices, but could see no one. Advancing, I came upon rather a good staircase, with lights above. Up I went. The door of a room stood wide open; the brilliant lights came from within. On the left was another door, closed. I chanced it and went through. Where I was I had no idea; all was dark. I had a small electric torch in my pocket and I switched it on. Apparently I was in a sort of sitting-room; there were double doors on the other side. I went to them, switching off my torch. All at once I heard voices—and a laugh. I had had my doubts about the voices; I had none about the laugh. Anyone who had heard Uncle Jack's queer little cackling laugh could scarcely fail to recognize it when heard again. Mr. Finlayson was entering the adjoining room with at least one companion. I could only catch one other voice besides his—a woman's. It was Miss Parsons's. Were they two alone? I listened, but could not make sure. I should have liked to try the handle of that door and peep. Just as I had almost decided that I might venture there was the sound of other voices—at least three or four. Then a man said, in what I should have called rather boisterous tones:—

"These people have found their way here at last. I believe, Mr. Finlayson, you know Mrs. Hammond?"

"Oh, yes," Uncle Jack's rather ringing voice replied. "I know Mrs. Hammond—of course I know Mrs. Hammond. Pleased to see you."

"Not so pleased to see me as I am to see you, Mr. Finlayson—I pay you no compliment in saying that."

"It's very good of you to say so; I always like people to be glad to see me—especially if it's a lady."

The boisterous voice was heard again.

"Mr. Finlayson, allow me to introduce you to my two friends—Colonel Stewart, of the United States army, a distinguished officer whose name is no doubt well known to you; Mr. Arthur Poyntz, a first-rate sportsman, like yourself."

I took it that Colonel Stewart was Chicago Charlie, and that Mr. Arthur Poyntz was the gentleman with the bullet-head. There was a good deal of loud talking, all joining in paying the most egregious compliments to Mr. Finlayson, he swallowing them all with continual little cackles of laughter. I felt sure that he must have been very well done at dinner. Then I heard Miss Parsons ask:—

"What are you gentlemen going to play? I believe poker is your game, Mr. Finlayson?"

Uncle Jack laughed—I doubt if he would have been able to explain why—and, as if it were a signal, the others broke into a simultaneous roar of laughter. Then the boisterous voice exclaimed:—

"Mr. Finlayson, you're bad to beat; I've no doubt all games are the same to you. I shouldn't wonder if you learnt poker on your mother's knee."

"No, no, no; I assure you I did nothing of the kind. I have played the game—oh, yes; as you say, I've played a good many games, and I don't say I mightn't be able to hold my own."

The boisterous voice spoke again.

"Hold your own! I don't pretend to be a poker-player, Mr. Finlayson; in the presence of a man like you I'm timid—I expect we all are."

"There's no reason why you should be—not the slightest. You will find me merciful—not a bit alarming."

"I've got some poker chips somewhere. Ah, here they are! Now, boys, to business. I tell you quite frankly, Mr. Finlayson, I'm frightened of you. Miss Parsons, may I ask you to see that we have something to drink? You've got all the chips you want, gentlemen? Good! One blue chip is worth five whites, one red is ten whites, and one green fifty whites. Now, who deals?"

For several minutes the voices were subdued. There were occasional bursts of Uncle Jack's cackling laughter.

"You're clearing us all out, Mr. Finlayson. I shall want more chips. How goes it, Colonel?"

"More chips for me. Mr. Finlayson plays the game as I never saw it played before, and I thought I had seen it played most ways. Mr. Finlayson, you're a remarkable player."

Uncle Jack cackled and said:—

"I do seem to have most of the chips, don't I? I don't know how much these chips are worth."

The boisterous voice rejoined: "You've got nearly ten thousand pounds' worth of

chips in front of you, Mr. Finlayson, and here am I buying two thousand five hundred more. We'll be ruined if this goes on."

"What!" There was a vibrant note in Uncle Jack's voice which suggested that the speaker's words had got through the vinous mists which fogged his brain. "Ten thousand pounds' worth of chips! You don't mean to say—— What is the value of each chip?"

"The white are ten pounds, the blue are fifty, the red are a hundred, the green are five hundred. We started with two thousand five hundred pounds' worth of chips each, and you've got them nearly all."

"But I—I had no idea." In Uncle Jack's tremulous tones there was no hint of an inclination to cackle. "Really, you know, this kind of thing is quite out of my line—altogether out of my line. I—I never gambled in my life. I'm not a gambler."

"I don't know about being a gambler, Mr. Finlayson. You've won several thousands of our money."

"But I—I had no notion we were playing for such stakes. What am I to do with these—these chips? We've none of us paid for them."

"I'll pay for mine right now, sir, if you don't mind. It's the general custom for gentlemen in the circles in which I move to pay for their chips at the end of the game. But since you put it that way, I'll put my money up." This was unmistakably Chicago Charlie. I wondered how much money he really had—that was money. "Here, Mr. Griffiths, is two thousand five hundred pounds in Bank of England notes." Although I could not see them, I doubted. "You're banker; perhaps you'll just go through them, and at the end of the game pay this gentleman with that money for any of my chips he may have won. And while I'm at it, I'll have two thousand five hundred pounds' worth more. And here are the notes, sir."

The tone of Uncle Jack's voice, when he spoke again, gave me some notion of the expression which was on his countenance as he beheld Chicago Charlie's offhand manner of dealing with such enormous sums.

"But, my dear sir, I repeat that I never dreamed of playing for such stakes."

"If the stakes are not large enough for you, Mr. Finlayson, the value of the chips can be raised. We are not children, sir. It may be but a trifle that you've won, but, as my friend Griffiths remarked, you have won our money, so what's the use of talking? Arthur, it's you to deal. Mr. Finlayson, your very good health; I like a good game once in a while; I've brought a little money with me here to-night, and may you win it all—you'll find me all smiles if you do. Won't you drink to me, sir?"

I fancy Uncle Jack did drink to him—in imagination I could see his state of fluster, his tremulous hands causing him to take a bigger drink than he had meant to—and he was in a state in which every thimbleful counted. I supposed the cards were dealt. Several hands were played. I could not make out who won; comparative silence reigned. Then, after an interval of several minutes, the boisterous voice was raised.

"I say, you know, I don't mind a rousing good game, but isn't this getting rather serious? I don't know, Mr. Finlayson, if you're keeping count of the losses—Miss Parsons keeps ladling out the chips—and now you're cleaned out again. How much has Mr. Finlayson had?"

"I've got it all down on this piece of paper." It was Miss Parsons who replied. "That last lot makes twenty-eight thousand six hundred and fifty pounds."

"What!" This was a sort of shriek from Mr. Finlayson.

"Sure you're right?" This was the man with the boisterous voice.

"I don't pretend to be very good at addition. I put down the figures as I gave him each lot of chips; you'd better add it up yourself."

I took it that a paper was handed to Mr. Griffiths, who cast up the various amounts which were on it.

"That's all right—twenty-eight thousand six hundred and fifty, didn't you say? There were ten thousand which he had from me. I don't know how far you're prepared to go, Mr. Finlayson, but that makes nearly forty thousand."

"I'm good to go on all night. I'm spoiling for a rousing gamble. What's forty thousand pounds?" This was Chicago Charlie.

There was another silence; then Mr. Finlayson began to speak in weak, quavering accents which made it impossible for his words to reach me. The crisis was approaching—I had to hear what he said. I resolved to risk opening the door. I turned the handle noiselessly—to find that it opened inwards, and that it was screened on the other side by curtains, so that I was even able to glance between them and observe what was happening in the room beyond.

It was a large room, well lit by several inverted incandescent gas-burners. There

was a card-table in the centre, at which four men were seated—Chicago Charlie, on his left Mr. Poyntz, opposite Mr. Finlayson, on his right a bullocky sort of man, whom I took to be Mr. Griffiths. There was a little table between each two men, on which were glasses; evidently Mr. Finlayson, for one, had been drinking more than he should have done, possibly assisted by Mrs. Hammond, who sat on his left to see that his glass was kept filled, and possibly also to inform the others what sort of cards he had. On his right was Miss Parsons, with a box divided into partitions, in which were ivory counters of different colours, which are used for the game of poker, and are known as "chips." Chicago Charlie was leaning back, a big cigar in his mouth, on his face an insolent grin. Poyntz was eyeing Mr. Finlayson as a dog might a rat on which he proposes presently to spring. Griffiths was apparently cast for the part of the genial host, who desires above all else to avoid unpleasantness. The only unhappy-looking person present was Uncle Jack. The others eyed him with amusement, as he did his best to make his position plain.

"You must understand, gentlemen, that I am no gambler—never was. It's against my principles. My idea was a little friendly game. I had no intention to play for high stakes, so let's hope there's no harm done."

"Certainly there's no harm done; what's forty thousand pounds to a man like you?" This was Charlie; the insolence of his grin grew more pronounced; I wondered how often he had played the same sort of part in similar scenes. Uncle Jack tried to wag his finger at him.

"Excuse me, sir—I beg your pardon, Colonel; I forgot for the moment that you were a military gentleman. I say, excuse me, but forty thousand pounds is more money than I ever had in my life."

Charlie took his cigar from between his lips and carefully knocked off the ash. "And will you excuse me, Mr. Finlayson, if I say you are a liar?"

"Come, Colonel," Griffiths interposed; "isn't that sort of thing a little irregular? We're all friends here; Mr. Finlayson is both a gentleman and my particular friend."

"Mr. Griffiths, I'm a man of peace, as you're aware, so I merely make this remark—Mr. Finlayson has lost to me twenty-three thousand one hundred and fifty pounds; if Mr. Finlayson will hand me his cheque for that amount I will consider the matter closed."

"Very handsomely said, Colonel, very handsomely indeed. How do you stand with Mr. Finlayson, Poyntz?"

"Mr. Finlayson has lost a few hundreds to me, but, as he seems to be a bit on the wrong side, they can stand over."

"I say the same, Mr. Finlayson. You're just on sixteen thousand down to me, but I'll wait," said Griffiths.

"I won't wait; it has always been my rule to play for cash, as all my friends are aware."

"It's quite right, Colonel, and a very good rule too. So all you need do, Mr. Finlayson, is to give Colonel Stewart a cheque for the twenty-three thousand odd you are down to him, and we'll leave the other little matters for friendly discussion later on. You have your cheque-book on you, Mr. Finlayson?"

"No, sir, I have not, sir. And if I had it would make no difference. I—I—I give you my word—I'm not a fool."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" The Colonel rose in sudden wrath.

"Now, Colonel — gently." This was Griffiths, the peacemaker.

"Are you prepared to pay me, sir, the twenty-three thousand one hundred and fifty pounds you owe me in cash?"

Drink seemed to be having the effect of making Uncle Jack sleepy; he looked up at the irate Charlie with heavy eyes.

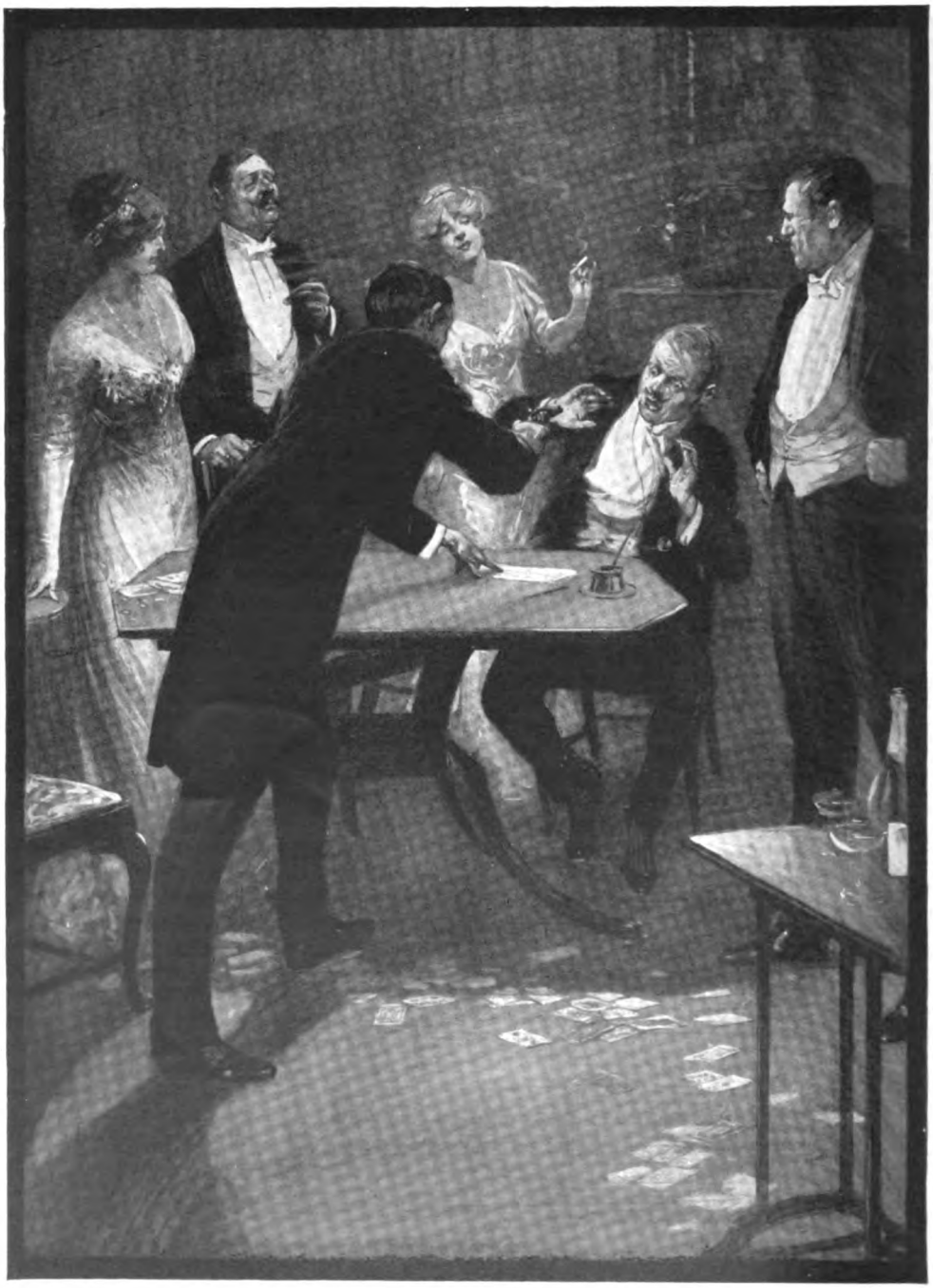
"I am not, sir—I am not prepared—to pay it—at all."

"This is too much, you dirty little hound!"

Charlie, leaning over the table, lifted Uncle Jack off his chair and bore him across the green cloth, as if he were but the small quadruped he called him. The action suggested that Charlie was strong. Then, laying him flat across the board, he ran his fingers through his victim's pockets with a swiftness and dexterity which hinted at much practice. He held up a pocket-book.

"We'll see what you have in this, sir." He proceeded to do so. "You may not have a cheque-book on you, sir, but you do appear to have a cheque." He unfolded one which he had taken from the pocket-book. "Now, sir, pen and ink will be given you, and you will fill up that cheque in my favour for twenty-three thousand one hundred and fifty pounds, at once, without any further nonsense." He picked him off the table and sat him on a chair. "Griffiths, where's a pen and ink?" Those requisites were produced by Miss Parsons. "Here, sir, are pens for you to choose from; find one which suits your hand and fill up this cheque. Try this one, sir. If you don't take hold of it——!"

It was not necessary for Charlie to finish



"'DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT!' HE WAILED. 'I'LL DRAW THE CHEQUE."

his sentence, because Uncle Jack did take hold. A woeful spectacle he presented, after the ignominious manner in which he had been handled—a fuddled, muddled, frightened little man, with those three great men and two big women looking down at him. Charlie continued to play the part to which he was accustomed.

"Now, sir, have you got well hold of that pen? Draw that cheque in favour of Colonel Frederick Stewart for twenty-three thousand one hundred and fifty pounds, put your usual signature at the bottom, and leave it open. Why aren't you doing as I tell you, sir?"

"I—I'd rather not," stammered Uncle Jack.

"Then you're a thief, sir. As it is the custom in the part of the world in which I was raised for a gentleman to shoot a thief at sight, if you don't get a move on you and fill up that cheque, I'll put the contents of this gun inside you."

Charlie, producing a revolver from some part of his person, pointed it at Uncle Jack, whose terror was so great as to be almost ludicrous.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" he wailed. "I'll draw the cheque."

He made haste to do as he was bid. Charlie checked his enthusiasm.

"Steady, sir, steady, or your handwriting will be all shaky, and you'll spoil the cheque. Just you fill up this cheque, without a shiver or a shake, in your usual handwriting, and you'll make a friend of me for life."

Whether the prospect held out to him by the other's words charmed Uncle Jack I cannot certainly say; he filled up the cheque with what appeared to be a surprisingly steady hand. The others watched him. Charlie picked up the cheque when he had finished. He handed it to Griffiths.

"Seems all right?"

The two women and Poyntz came and looked at it over his shoulders as he held it between his fingers.

"It does seem all right," he admitted, "as far as seeming goes."

"I'll see that it is all right. You keep him here all night. I'll go up by the first train. If they make any fuss at the bank, I'll put them on to the telephone. You see that he tells them to cash it. They probably know his voice. Only don't you let him play the fool by seeming to hesitate."

"I'll make it my business to see to that." This was Poyntz, who smiled as he spoke. "Trust me. Hadn't you better put him to bed straight off, perhaps with something which will help him sleep?"

"There's no reason why we shouldn't; we've done with him." Griffiths turned to Miss Parsons. "You can manage a little something, can't you?"

Drawing a tiny bottle from her corsage, Miss Parsons took from it what seemed to be a minute globule, which she dropped into a glass, drowned in whisky to which she added soda, and held it to Uncle Jack.

"Drink that up, old man," she told him. "It's a nightcap."

It seemed to me that the time had come for me to interfere. For a minute or so I had been conscious of certain sounds without the house for which I had been waiting. While the dashing lady was endeavouring to induce her poor little dupe to take the tumbler, with its drugged contents, between his tremulous fingers, drawing the curtains asunder, I stepped into the room. Mine was quite an effective entry. They stared at me as if I were some strange object dropped from the skies. Before either of them had a chance of speaking or of moving I whistled. I am rather a good hand at whistling. My whistle rang through the house. Before it died away, or they had an opportunity to recover from their amazement, half-a-dozen men came streaming through the door—uniformed policemen, with an inspector at their head. Him I addressed.

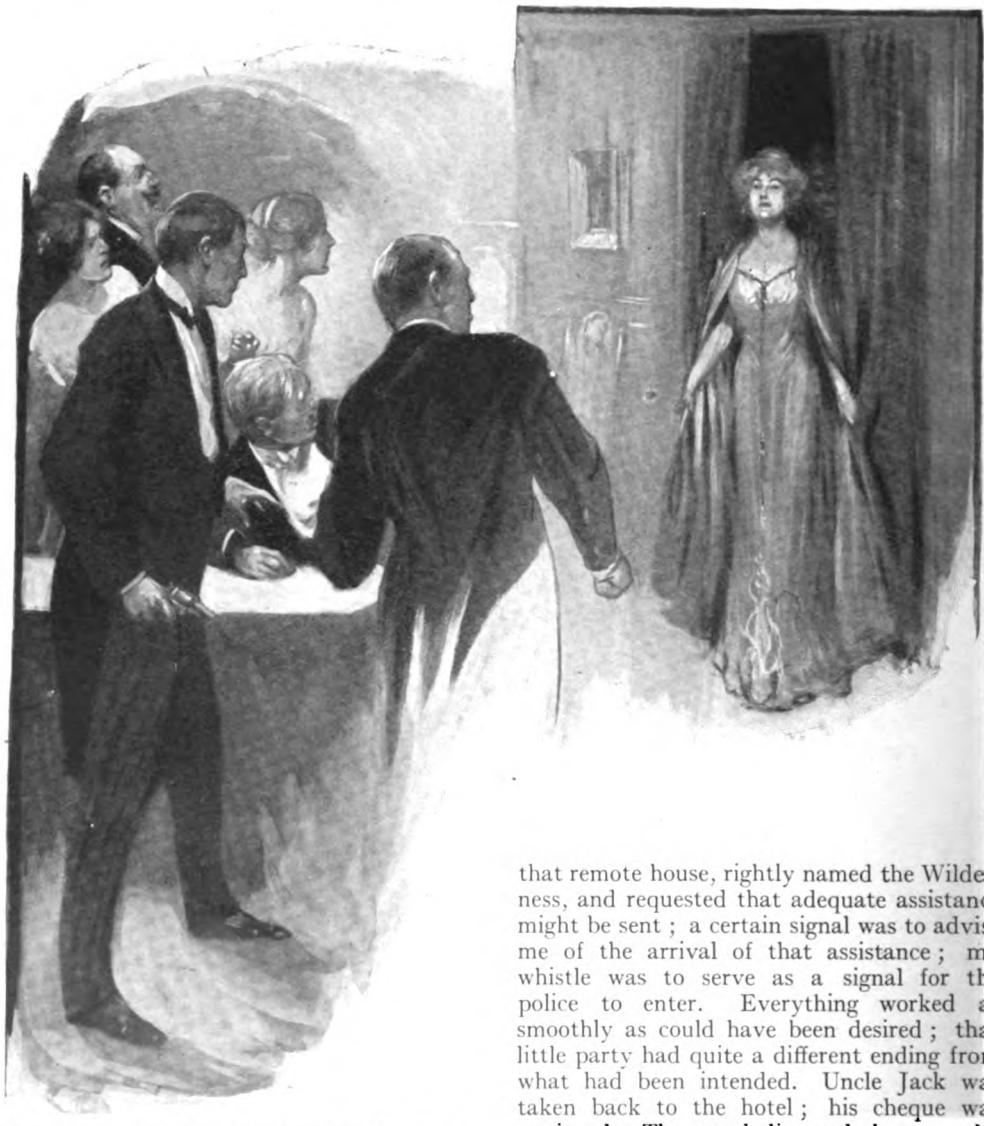
"That man, inspector, with the revolver in his hand is Chicago Charlie, a well-known American crook, for whom, I have no doubt, the police have had inquiries."

Charlie's stupefied astonishment was almost funny. For once in his life he had been caught napping. He stared at the inspector, then his glance came back to me—which was where he made a mistake, for while he glared in my direction two policemen stole on him from behind; one gripped the wrist which held the revolver and snatched it from him, while round the other wrist his colleague snapped a handcuff. His surprise was complete; he did not even attempt to struggle. He merely thundered, ornamenting his words with adjectives which I am unwilling to reproduce:—

"Who in the name of all that's wonderful are you?"

"I'm a person," I informed him, "who takes a great interest in characters like you and your friends. I am already well known to Mr. Finlayson, not so well to Miss Parsons, and only slightly to Mrs. Hammond. Allow me to recall myself to their recollection. I am Judith Lee."

As I spoke I removed the scarlet transforma-



"DRAWING THE CURTAINS ASUNDER, I STEPPED INTO THE ROOM."

tion. And how they stared! It is surprising what a difference a little thing like that does make, in certain circumstances, to unobservant eyes. While seated at dinner, watching what the trio were saying, I had been scribbling a note on the back of a menu-card, which I slipped into an envelope brought me by the waiter. When I left the dining-room I gave instructions that it was to be taken at once to the police-station. In that note I had made it clear what I expected in that remote house, rightly named the Wilderness, and requested that adequate assistance might be sent; a certain signal was to advise me of the arrival of that assistance; my whistle was to serve as a signal for the police to enter. Everything worked as smoothly as could have been desired; that little party had quite a different ending from what had been intended. Uncle Jack was taken back to the hotel; his cheque was retrieved. The two ladies and three gentlemen who had proposed to share the proceeds of that cheque between them spent the night as His Majesty's guests.

The unfortunate part of the business was that later the ridiculous little man expressed himself, to me as well as to others, as absolutely convinced that my action in the matter was inspired by the affection I felt for him. I have reason to doubt if even the plainest possible language from me sufficed to drive the preposterous notion wholly from his head. As I asked at the beginning—why are some men so silly?

"The Finest Flower I Ever Grew."

A SYMPOSIUM OF SPECIALISTS IN THE CULTIVATION OF POPULAR FLOWERS.

"MY BEST HOLLYHOCKS."

THE International Horticultural Exhibition, which opens in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital on May 22nd, is an event of very considerable importance to all lovers of flowers, for it is nearly fifty years since such an Exhibition was held in London, and during that time the science and study of horticulture has advanced enormously. There are fashions in flowers as there are fashions in dress, and just as the dresses our forefathers wore seem strange and ridiculous to us to-day, so also the flowers they loved and grew have undergone great changes.

The efforts made and the methods employed to obtain new varieties of flowers are of interest not only to all who have gardens of their own, but even to those whose knowledge of horticulture is confined to a mere appreciation of the beautiful. Those whose hobby or whose business it is to compete for the prizes that are to be won by horticulturists have much of interest to relate, for they are engaged in a pursuit which for hundreds of years has been interwoven with romance. Some idea of their difficulties and disappointments, as well as of the pleasures of success, may be gathered from the following contributions from specialists, each of whom is among the first authorities in the world on the subject dealt with.

HOLLYHOCKS.

MR. GEORGE WEBB, F.R.H.S. (of Saffron Walden).

EXPERIMENTS are continually being made with pretty well every kind of flower in the production of new varieties, but in no case are they attended with so many difficulties

GROWN BY MR. G. WEBB.

and disappointments as with hollyhocks. The whole history of the hollyhock is one long battle with disease. It is one of our very oldest garden flowers and, in fact, its history is very remote, mention of it being made over three hundred years ago. At that time the only two double varieties were red and purple—the parents of all the fifty or so double varieties that are known to-day. A shoemaker of Saffron Walden first made experiments in crossing these two varieties early in the last century, and he produced many shades of a semi-double character. These were handed on to the late Mr. William Chater, the most famous of hollyhock growers, and in his hands they took many new and beautiful forms.

A chapter in the history of the hollyhock now began which touched more upon the romantic, perhaps, than has been the case with any other flower. With new and more beautiful forms came increased popularity. The growing of hollyhocks was taken up by many, and there was great competition until the sudden appearance of a disease the cause of which has never to this day been definitely traced. No means were found of guarding against it, while its effect was so sudden and so complete that hundreds of plants, just bursting into bloom or even in their perfection, would wither and die within three or four hours! New and beautiful varieties, the result of careful experiment and attention, watched over and guarded, nursed to perfection until the eve of some show where they were to win honour and fame for their grower, would appear in perfect condition over-night, yet in the morning would be withered and dead.

It is safe to say that many of the smaller growers were ruined at this time. Certainly many of the larger growers suffered great losses. Some abandoned the hollyhock altogether, and in one case, I believe, the sudden failure of a new variety from this scourge, on the eve of an important show, led the disappointed grower to take his life.

Competition in the growing of hollyhocks to a large extent ceased, and, curiously enough, so did the disease, and I think it may be inferred from this that it was brought about by overfeeding the plant—in an effort to obtain extra large blooms for exhibition purposes—with undecomposed manure and other gross materials which caused a disease of the root. At any rate, no trace of anything wrong could ever be found on the leaves or stem.

In spite of this mysterious plague, Mr. Chater's experiments were attended with success until 1873, when the terrible disease known as *Puccenia Malvacearum* made its first appearance, devastating his plantations and destroying for ever some of his finest varieties—the result of years of thought, labour, and experiment.

For years afterwards it was difficult to obtain a plant in a fit condition for planting either from seeds, cuttings, or grafts, and new methods of propagation had to be adopted. Formerly the plants were wintered under glass, but when once the disease had made its appearance this was found to be no longer possible.

During the stern fight with this plague which followed it was found that the treating of the hollyhock as a hardy plant was the only method by which the disease could be combated, and that the raising of plants from seed was the only practical form of propagation. Everything had to be begun over again! All our named varieties are now obtained from seed raised in the open ground.

The hollyhock-grower has yet another enemy to guard against. This is the "leather jacket," a grub which attacks the roots of the young plants in the autumn, just as it attacks the roots of lettuces, etc. Its presence may easily be detected by the flagging of the plant, and the grub can be removed by raking the earth away with a pointed stick until its field of operations is disclosed.

Puccenia may be guarded against by dusting the young plants with a mixture of slaked lime, soot, flower of sulphur, and sulphate of copper. If this is done at intervals during the growing season, if the ground is well trenched to a depth of two feet, if some good, thoroughly decayed manure is used, if the plants are set in open ground away from the drip from trees, are given plenty of light and air by setting them a yard apart each way, and if they are well watered during the growing season, it is possible to get results which well repay the labour involved.

As regards the best hollyhocks I have grown, I expect many readers will remember the Crimson Queen, which has been successfully exhibited on so many occasions. This is a good one, but even better, perhaps, is the Primrose Queen, a new variety, the flowers of which are a pale primrose deepening to a clear yellow towards the base. This is from a recently-created hybrid, bearing out in a distinct manner the truth of Mendelism.

ROSES.

THE REV. J. H. PEMBERTON, F.R.H.S.
(President of the National Rose Society).

ANYONE would naturally think that after thirty-seven years' experience in growing and exhibiting roses it would be an easy thing to name "the finest flower I ever grew." But it is not. You see, the rose is one of the most fleeting of all Flora's court; it is always going up or down hill, and that is why such pains are taken by an exhibitor to have the roses at their very best on a given date and at a specified hour, ready for the judges. There are all sorts of dodges for retarding or hastening a bloom. Some of the finest roses seen at the shows have been grown in a horn of butter-paper, or possibly cotton wool, and nearly all have been covered with a rose-shade or attended to in other ways some days before they are cut for the show.

"MY BEST ROSES." GROWN BY THE REV. J. H. PEMBERTON.

As a rule, a rose that reaches perfection on the plant is no good for next day's exhibition. I remember, however, an exception. Early one Sunday morning my sister, Florence Pemberton, went into the rose garden to prepare blooms for the show of the National Rose Society to be held on the following Tuesday. She came to a yearling plant—a plant budded the year before—and found a grand bloom of Ulrich Brunner, just in perfection—a medal bloom. Well, in the usual order of things such a flower would not last the day out, and there were two whole days of a July sun before it. Nevertheless Miss Pemberton did her best to retard its further development. Tenderly and carefully we nursed it throughout a broiling hot Monday, and on the Tuesday it took the silver medal for the best rose in the show.

Rose experts know that Ulrich Brunner appreciates a little attention. But there are some varieties that resent any manipulation, and will sulk and lose their freshness when even a shade protector is put over them. Such a one is Frau Karl Druschki. This rose is in character most fleeting; a bud to-day is full bloom to-morrow. Many and many a bloom of this rose has to be turned out of the exhibition box a few seconds before the judges come round because it has developed too quickly. I remember last year, when we were cutting roses the day before the National Rose Society's Show at the Royal Botanic Gardens, I could find only two Frau Karl Druschki's worth looking at. They were cut and sent up to my sister, who was putting the roses in the boxes. She sent word that two were not enough, more were wanted. The tropical heat had made havoc with the blooms, and there were not any more worth looking at. So I cut one little tight bud, and it travelled up to London in a corner of a box of extras. Just before the time of judging the flower of Frau Karl Druschki we had staged for exhibition opened out wide, and there was not another variety to take its place. There was nothing else to be done but to put in the little bud in order to make up the number of roses required, thirty-six varieties. I gave this little one a gentle caress, staged it, and departed. The heat was great. After the space of an hour we came to see our roses, and found to our surprise that the little one had risen to the

occasion by opening out! It won the silver medal for the best rose in the show!

But the day of solitary specimen blooms is passing. "Exhibition" roses are giving place to roses that flower more freely and make the garden gay from June to November; such roses as those in the illustration, which we exhibited on September, 1908, at the Royal Horticultural Hall.

CARNATIONS.

MR. CHARLES BLICK, F.R.H.S. (Hayes, Kent).

THE production of new types of carnations is brought about by cross-fertilization, a system of inter-breeding which in Nature is continually carried on by bees and other insects which, probing the blossoms in their search for food, carry the pollen from one bloom to another and so establish new varieties. When man takes the work in hand, however, the matter is no longer left to indiscriminate chance. He uses his intelligence to select for crossing those species that are most likely to make good parents for some new variety of merit. The bees and insects which are Nature's instruments now become his bitterest enemies, for if he chose for his experiment some bloom or blooms that have already been fertilized all his labour would be wasted.

"MY BEST CARNATIONS." GROWN BY MR. C. BLICK.
From a Photograph by Barratt.

I make dozens of experiments every year in cross-fertilizing different kinds of pinks and carnations. The blooms selected for crossing are reared in houses where special precautions are taken to keep out the bees. All the ventilators are guarded with very fine netting, and careful watch has to be kept almost night and day, as you may say, to see that no bees get in and that the plants are in perfect health, the best and strongest flowers alone being chosen as parents.

Curiously enough, it is not always the finest flowers as to size, contour, and scent which make the best parents for new varieties. One of the best parents, and one which has helped me to many successes, is the Crusader, a comparatively small, rough variety, quite useless for show purposes itself.

Again, great discrimination has to be employed as to which bloom the pollen is to be taken from and which it is to be conveyed to. For instance, the true Malmaison, as well as several other varieties, never seed, so that if you transferred pollen from another variety to a Malmaison there would be no result because there would be no seed. One has therefore to decide upon a good "seed" parent and a good "pollen" parent. The resulting flower almost invariably follows the "pollen" parent as regards colour, size, and shape, but one never knows which parent will be followed as regards scent. One therefore may make a large number of experiments before any one turns up trumps in every direction.

I consider my greatest success to be the Queen Mary, a large semi-Malmaison of a beautiful salmon pink, with blooms three inches or more across and with an exquisite scent. The Queen Mary will be shown for the first time at the forthcoming International Horticultural Exhibition, and it was named by Her Majesty the Queen, to whom a basket was sent containing all the blooms I possessed of that variety just before the Coronation last year. Her Majesty was so delighted with the exquisite scent and contour of the flowers that she graciously named them after herself, at the same time bestowing the name of King George upon a very fine white variety which accompanied them.

My experiments that led up to this variety began in 1908. I thought that a good cross could be made between Crusader and Lady Hermione—a variety itself produced by a cross with Crusader. Crusader being the best "seed" parent, I chose one or two of the finest blooms I had and conveyed to them the pollen from some of the choicest of

my Lady Hermione blooms. Within twenty-four hours the blooms flagged, showing that the pollen had "taken," and six weeks later the seeds appeared.

I may say that one has a pretty anxious time during all these experiments, some fresh danger occurring at almost every stage. As a matter of fact, one takes the greatest precautions to avoid mishaps. The plants are looked after and treated almost as carefully as a baby by its mother — indeed, they are my babies, so to speak, and they prove a young family which comes afresh year after year with its attendant anxieties, cares, and, happily, also, its successes.

"MY BEST SWEET PEAS." GROWN BY MR. C. H. CURTIS.

SWEET PEAS.

MR. CHAS. H. CURTIS, F.R.H.S.
(Secretary of the National Sweet Pea Society).

ONE day, several years ago, at the Horticultural Hall, while our great Sweet Pea Show was in progress I met Mr. Thomas Jones, the famous Welsh exhibitor of sweet peas. He was just unpacking some exhibition bunches and, seizing me metaphorically by the button-hole, he drew one particular bunch of peas from his box as though they were diamonds and showed me the blooms with pardonable pride, asking me if I would name them, as they were a new variety. They were the nearest to yellow in colour of any pea we have, and for a moment I was so struck with surprise and admiration that I could not think of a suitable name. As they were the finest yellows in the world, however, and as my wife is the best woman in the world, I christened them Clara Curtis, under which name they were duly honoured by the judges.

I grew them myself the following season, and they were undoubtedly the finest I have ever had. They are not, however, the easiest of sweet peas to win success with. It is a curious fact that some peas more than others seem to have a strange attraction for the birds. Whether these are attracted by some colours more than others, or whether some varieties contain more honey than others, I cannot say, but it has been my experience that the birds attack the buds of the Clara Curtis more than any other, ragging them to pieces and doing irreparable damage. The first year I grew them I hardly had a bloom, for this reason. Subsequently, however, I have met with more success. This variety is now exhibited on all the best winning stands.

Efforts to obtain a perfect yellow sweet pea have been made for years without any complete success having been achieved. I do not think the result ever will be arrived at by simple cross-fertilization—that is to say, by crossing between different types of sweet pea. If it is arrived at at all it will be, I believe, by hybridization between the sweet pea and some yellow-flowered member of the same order—the *Leguminosæ* — *i.e.*, plants that bear their seeds in legumes or pods.

If I were compelled to grow only one kind of sweet pea I should grow Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes. It is of a beautiful blush colour and always grows well with fine spikes, on which the flowers are arranged evenly. It is essentially easy to grow and always gives good results, while the individual flowers do not resemble crumpled paper so much as some of the excessively waved varieties.

Sweet peas will always be popular because a man can fill a modest garden with the loveliest flowers for half a crown and with very little trouble. The great danger to be avoided when cultivating them is excessive manuring with nitrogenous manures. All leguminous plants have the capacity of

manufacturing their own nitrogen. There are tiny nodules on the roots of peas. These are full of bacteria, which take free nitrogen from the air and turn it into nitrates for the plant to use.

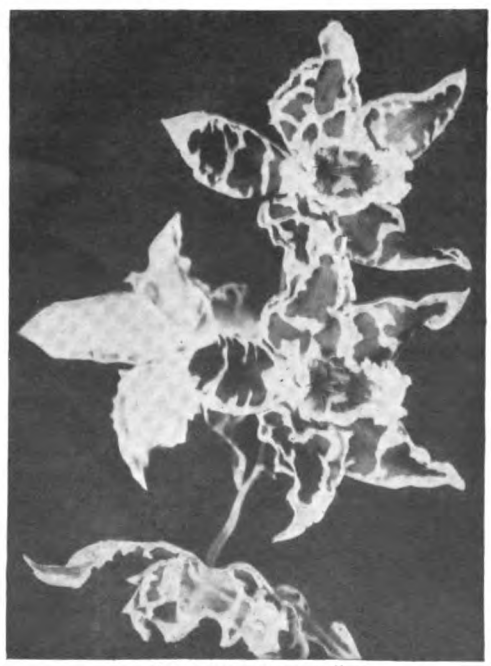
ORCHIDS.

MR. T. ARMSTRONG, F.R.H.S. (of Tunbridge Wells).

IN a day when the weekly papers make such a feature of competitions for big money prizes, which keep the participants in a fever of excited expectation, I think there is little fear of the general reading public failing to appreciate the romance that attaches to the growing of orchids.

Orchids vary in value from a shilling or two up to hundreds of pounds, nor is it only those wanderers who seek in out-of-the-way parts of the world for new and valuable varieties who sometimes reap rich rewards from their efforts. The stay-at-home, humdrum enthusiast, who is always on the look-out for something good and who goes in for hybridization on the chance of producing some new variety of price, has his full share of excitement and anxiety.

In the first place hybridization — the crossing of different species by transferring the pollen from one flower to another — involves great risk to the mother plant, which undergoes enormous strain while the seed-pod is ripening, and which may consequently be lost altogether, in spite of constant attention. One thinks twice before crossing with a parent worth two or three hundred pounds, lest that loss may be involved without any return.



"MY BEST ORCHID."
GROWN BY MR. T. ARMSTRONG.

The whole process of propagation from hybridization is a long and risky one. The seed-pod already referred to takes twelve months to ripen in most cases, during the whole of which time, as already explained, the plant runs grave risks. When ripe the pod contains over a million seeds, which are as fine as ground pepper—far finer than those of any other plant. One little puff of wind or draught when these are being handled, and the whole lot may be lost.

After the seed is sown eight weeks must pass before germination takes place. Perhaps from all the seeds planted only a dozen may germinate, and of these often only one or two become strong enough plants to be worth keeping. These may all be worthless, or, if one is worth hundreds of pounds, the rest may be worth only a few shillings; and, as it is from four to eight years before they flower, the grower remains in a prolonged state of expectation, hoping his experiment may have produced a new variety of great value.

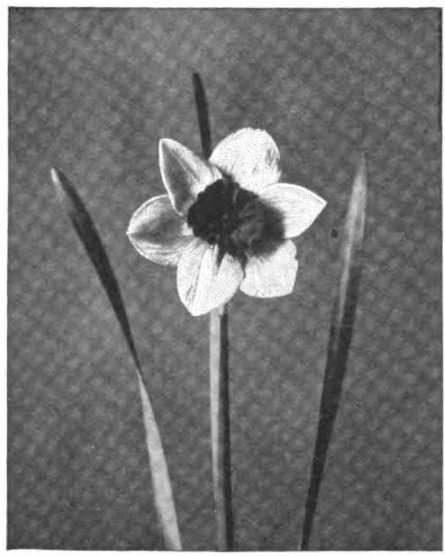
All this time the greatest care must be taken of the plants, and keen judgment is involved as to the temperature in which they are to be kept in order to make the best of them. The orchid is an exotic plant. Different species are native to different degrees of temperature. Some require great heat, others are what are called "cool" growers — as, for instance, the *Odontoglossum* family; and when a cross is made between two parents of different habits it is necessary to decide which of these parents the resulting plants will "follow" as regards the temperature required. The necessity of keeping up many glass-houses at different temperatures, the time involved before fresh experiments attain any results, and the long period of care, labour, and anxiety will at once point to the costliness of the rarer kinds of orchid. On the other hand an ordinary collection can be grown as easily as geraniums, and will give more interest and pleasure to the owner.

I have had many bitter disappointments. My swans have turned out to be geese over and over again; parent plants by which I set great store have succumbed to the strain of seed-bearing; seeds have been lost or spoilt,

and a hundred and one accidents have happened to dash the cup of success from my lips. On the other hand, I have had many successes, some of them quite unexpected.

For instance, about five years ago a new species called *Dendrobium Nobïle Virginale* came to this country from abroad. The bulb was divided and sold in portions, one of which I bought for fifty guineas.

A single orchid may be fertilized with the pollen of its own flower, and when my portion of the bulb produced its blooms I did this and obtained seed to propagate the species — a much quicker method of increasing one's stock than to keep dividing the bulb as it grows. The seeds were very fertile and a large number came up, one of them being a particularly fine specimen, which I sold for one hundred guineas. The rest — over three thousand — I disposed of at an average of one guinea each, so that my fifty-guinea investment rendered me a gross profit of well over three thousand pounds in five years.



"MY BEST DAFFODIL."
GROWN BY THE REV. JOSEPH JACOB.

I can mention an even more remarkable case. One day I was going through someone's orchid houses when my attention was attracted by a flower of a beautiful deep violet and white *Odontoglossum*. I bought it on the spot for fifty guineas, exhibited it at the Temple Show among a group of plants, and sold it the same day for six hundred guineas. This was the *Odontoglossum Armstrongæ*.

The best orchid I have ever grown is, perhaps, my most recent success, the *Cypripedium Royal George*. This was raised from seed as the result of an experimental cross between *Minos Youngii* and *Harriscanum superbum*. The two parents were only worth about three guineas each, and I never expected any very striking result. Of all the seeds only three became matured plants, and of these two were worth nothing at all. The third was shown recently at one of the Royal Horticultural Society's Shows. It took a unanimous first-class certificate, and I sold it the same day for three hundred guineas! It was quite a small plant in a four-inch pot.

Both the *Odontoglossum Armstrongæ* and the *Cypripedium Royal George* passed into the famous collection of Francis Wellesley, Esq., of West Field, Woking, who still holds the entire stock of both these famous orchids.

DAFFODILS.

THE REV. JOSEPH JACOB, F.R.H.S.

IF any flower under the sun can be called a modern creation, the daffodil can. It has no historical past like the tulip or the carnation. Even in the 'forties and 'fifties, when George Glenny did for flowers what Paris does for ladies' dresses, there was no daffodil as we know it to-day, only the bunch-flowered daffodils, or the "polyanthus - narcissi," as these are usually called, were thought worthy of notice. Glenny, the Beau Brummell of the floral world, did not even mention the ones which had but a single flower on a stem, and yet it is these that are the leaders of the present.

It is some of the best of these beauties that can and do command prices that are certainly large, although not so extravagant as the sums which were paid for tulips in the days of the tulip mania. Five and ten pounds a bulb are quite ordinary figures in a daffodil expert's list, and unless I am vastly mistaken fifty pounds, and even eighty pounds, have been paid for bulbs with probably one or two small offsets attached. All this has stimulated seedling raising, and year by year the number of adventurers in this Tom Tiddler's Ground is growing.

The next best thing to raising one's own "top dog" is to acquire someone else's. A lot of us are trying to do this, and the lucky few every now and again stumble on something good. Mr. Waller T. Ware has done this more than once. Some three or four years ago he surprised us all on the Royal Horticultural Committee by producing the magnificent pale yellow trumpet daffodil, Queen of the West. My turn came when I saw a bed of Whitewell in Mr. H. Polman Mooy's old garden at Haarlem. I was

immensely struck with the grand bearing of the plant and its rich, widely expanded deep yellow cup and thick-looking creamy white perianth. A good friend who was with me said: "Buy it." I followed his advice—and in due time the whole stock was planted in my garden. Little that autumn did I imagine what I was planting!

To cut a long story short, the following spring I was very much occupied with judging, and I had to leave the gathering and preparation of my flowers for the great annual show at Birmingham to my housekeeper. I only arrived on the morning of the show, and in looking over my exhibits there was a magnificent chap labelled "Whitewell." At first I did not recognize it, and it took a considerable time for me to fully realize what a good thing I had done when I bought the bulbs the previous year. Everyone asked about it, and everyone wanted to buy. I consulted a trusted friend, and I was advised to ask twenty-five shillings each for the bulbs. I not only asked this sum but I got it!

This was three years ago, before Miss Currey had grown any at Lismore, in County Waterford. If I had seen it as she showed it last spring at Birmingham I think I would have asked as many pounds as I did shillings. The large cup had grown still larger, and the deep yellow of its colouring had passed to a real orange, and for the second time I failed to recognize the flower I bought that day in Haarlem.

The price is now lower—only half a sovereign each—but its qualities as a show flower and as a garden plant are more appreciated, not only by its fortunate possessor, but by the general public, who, I am glad to say, all seem anxious to acquire some for themselves.

"MY BEST CHRYSANTHEMUM."
GROWN BY MR. T. STEVENSON.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

MR. THOMAS STEVENSON, F.R.H.S. (of Addlestone, Surrey).

THE finest chrysanthemum I have ever grown, or at any rate the one which brought me the most unexpected and therefore welcome success, is the Lady Talbot, a deep sulphur variety that I first took up in 1905 or 1906. At that time it had been grown in this country only about three seasons, having been brought from Australia, where it was raised from seed, presumably by cross-fertilization.

No one had done any good with it here, and I should certainly never have paid any attention to it myself had it not been for a friend of mine who happened to have several plants of it under cultivation. One day he mentioned those plants to me, and said he was convinced that if only someone took them up and made a special study of them they would prove worth the trouble.

I did not think much of them myself, but said if he liked I would see what I could do with them, and he sent me half-a-dozen late cuttings about the end of April.

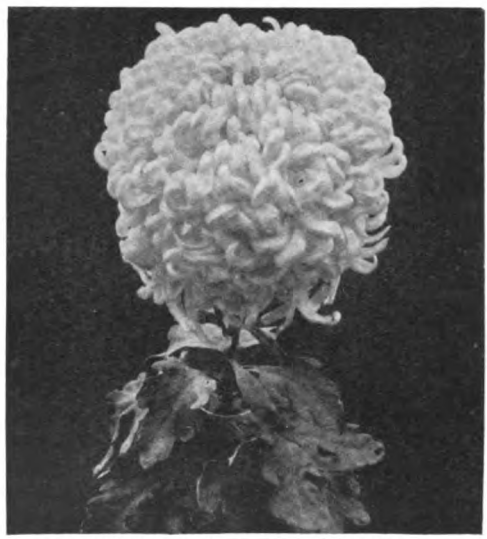
Now I must explain that the production of prize chrysanthemums is entirely a matter of inducing the plant to produce its best bloom at precisely the time when you want to show it.

The first natural bud is formed by a chrysanthemum in May or June. This would never come to maturity, and is nipped out, which causes new shoots to break out from the main stem just below where the bud was. These new shoots will in some instances show a bud about the end of July, which would develop and come to maturity too early for showing, so that between the dates of the first and second buds making their appearance the point of the shoot has to be pinched out to delay the appearance of this

second bud till about the first or second week in August, which, in most instances, would be about the right time for a good exhibition bloom to make its first appearance.

When I got the Lady Talbot plants I knew that the flowers were always rather slow to open on natural buds and that the softer buds produced by late stopping would suit them best, so at a guess I stopped them rather late — on the 15th of June.

By a piece of sheer good luck I hit on exactly the right time! The buds showed on the 4th of August, and the first perfect flowers were produced during the early days of November. These were of a size and contour such as are rarely met with, the blooms, of a deep sulphur in colour, being nine inches across and eleven inches deep. Since then I have had them fifteen inches deep as they stood on the plants. I took several prizes with them that year, and they have since won me about a dozen National Chrysanthemum Society's certificates for the best flower in the show.



"MY BEST CHRYSANTHEMUM."
GROWN BY MR. W. WELLS, JUN.

It is interesting to add, perhaps, that I now "stop" all my Lady Talbots on the 15th of June like clockwork! If it is left till later the flowers are not so fine and the colour varies to a sort of pale bronze, "stopping," curiously enough, having an effect upon the colour of most varieties, so that you have to experiment by stopping on different dates to discover from which the best results are obtained as to size, shape, and colour.

MR. W. WELLS, Jun., F.R.H.S. (of Merstham, Surrey).

THE general public have little idea how keen is competition to procure or propagate new varieties of chrysanthemum. I myself have representatives in many parts of the world on the look-out for new varieties, besides always keeping a keen look-out at shows all over the country for any novelty possible of development. One of our best-known varieties first caught the eye of an expert upon a grave. He traced the flower and found it had come from France, and the stock being eventually procured it speedily became famous and took many prizes.

By far the finest chrysanthemum I have ever grown is the Mrs. Gilbert Drabble, and the story of how it came into my possession is an interesting one. Specialists and hybridists had been at work for years trying to obtain a white to oust the old favourite, Mrs. A. T. Miller, which had been the *prima donna* of chrysanthemums for a long time.

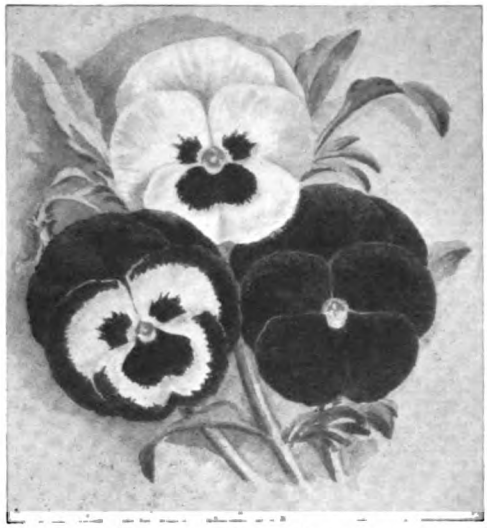
One day I was superintending the staging of an exhibit at one of the National Chrysanthemum Society's meetings when my attention was attracted by three marble-white blooms that were being unpacked for the jurisdiction of the committee. I was so struck with them that I at once made inquiries as to their ownership, and then sent off a prepaid telegram offering a price for the stock. Before the committee had given their decision my offer had been accepted, and it was with pride of ownership that I saw them reappear from the committee-room with the coveted card, "First Class Certificate," attached.

This was in November, 1910, and throughout the short, sunless days which followed the transference of the plants to my houses growth was very slow, the cuttings having to be rigorously guarded and coddled along with as much care and attention as though they were delicate children. Following a dull winter came the tropical heat of last summer. The conditions were by no means satisfactory for the successful cultivation of a new species. The dreaded chrysanthemum-bug, so prevalent in hot, dry weather, became quite a plague, sucking the sap of the tender buds of many plants until I began to fear that some of my treasured blooms might be attacked. By diligent watching and merciless warfare upon the insect, which is about the size of a small ladybird, I was able to steer clear of this danger, and eventually the plants were taken into the greenhouse to mature.

I kept them under constant watch, and my

attention was soon attracted by one bud in particular, which began to push its enormous petals down, each into its place. It was fully a month before the bloom was perfect. It was marble white, about a foot in depth, and with a circumference of no less than thirty-one inches.

This flower was shown first in the pot at the Chrysanthemum Show at the Royal Horticultural Hall. After that show was over it was cut and sent to shows at Liverpool and Leeds the same week. The following week it was again shown at Belfast, and exactly fourteen days after it was first exhibited it made its reappearance at the fortnightly show at the Horticultural Hall and was quite the best there. It took first-class awards in every case, and the same variety was pronounced champion at the Paris Show.



THE OLD OR "SHOW" PANSIES.
GROWN BY MR. W. CUTHBERTSON.
By courtesy of Messrs. Dobbie & Co., Edinburgh.

Some idea of the size of this bloom may be got by comparing it to a lady's waist, and I may say that even thirty-one inches does not equal one or two other flowers of the variety I have had, the largest being thirty-four inches round!

PANSIES.

MR. CUTHBERTSON, F.R.H.S.(Edinburgh).

IT is a fitting time to write of my favourite flower. It celebrates the centenary of the beginning of its improvement this year. It was in the year 1812 that a daughter of the then Earl of Tankerville transplanted into her garden, from the hedgerows, plants of the wild heartsease, and gave them good cultivation. She gathered seeds from the best flowers every year, and became possessor of some greatly improved specimens.

This is exactly what all keen growers of pansies have been doing ever since, and, by following the process along distinct lines, the pansies of different colours and shapes have been evolved. The old pansies are too prim and precise to please the modern taste. Nowadays something large and showy is desired and such we have got in the class called fancy pansies. Many of these are flowers which can be grown to three or four inches in diameter, and are possessed of the most brilliant colourings—violet, crimson, rose, bronze, yellow, primrose, black, and white, all these and many other shades in fantastic combinations.

A really red pansy has long been the desire of florists, and for twenty-five years I have worked to obtain it, doing exactly what the daughter of Lord Tankerville did—gathering seed every year from the plants which gave a little more red in their colouring than any of their thousands of neighbours in the seed beds. In the year 1898 I obtained a strain of pansies which were wallflower-red in colour. The process of selection was not stopped then. It has gone on ever since, and I think we have now obtained the finest pansy I ever grew.

THE MODERN FANCY PANSY.
GROWN BY MR. W. CUTHBERTSON.
By courtesy of Messrs. Dobbie & Co., Edinburgh.

It is blood-red in colour, of medium size,

nearly round in shape. The blotches in the centre are intensely dark, the little eyebrows are white, the eye itself being bright yellow. "A gem of purest ray serene." Thousands upon thousands of seedlings were grown before this novelty was obtained, and there is no more fascinating department of gardening than raising seedlings and watching, day by day, the buds of the various plants open out.

The anticipations and expectations are always pleasant, and no worthy florist's enthusiasm is ever damped by disappointment. Onward he always goes, hoping to realize the aim he has set before him.

It was one fine summer morning that the new pansy I have referred to was discovered blooming among its neighbours, and it was on that account fittingly named Sunrise.

TULIPS.

MR. P. R. BARR, F.R.H.S. (of Covent Garden).

FEW flowers, or perhaps none, have had so interesting and so sensational a history as the tulip, which was unknown in Europe until about the year 1554, when a gentleman, by name Busbequius, saw them growing in a garden between Adrianople and Constantinople. They were then already held in high esteem by the Turks, and their popularity soon spread until tulip bulbs of fine varieties became of considerable value.

The main trade in the bulbs soon centred itself in Holland. As early as 1624 we hear of bulbs changing hands at one thousand two hundred florins, or one hundred pounds. The growing of tulips on the chance of raising something of value became a mania with the Dutch, until in the year 1634 such a state of things existed as almost defies description. Every Tom, Dick, and Harry throughout Holland became a raiser of tulips, the bulbs of which were sold by weight, like diamonds. Workmen sold their tools, others borrowed money on their houses, many even gave up their businesses in order to grow and speculate in tulips. At every inn tulip clubs were formed where bulbs were sold or exchanged, the prices going up as high as five hundred pounds for a single bulb!

The mania lasted about three years, by which time so much fraud existed in the business that connoisseurs, beginning to tire of the hobby and finding it an expensive one, commenced to dispose of their stock, when the speculators found the edifice they had helped to build come tumbling about their ears.

To-day tulips are still very popular, but they do not fetch such fancy prices. The most popular classes are probably the so-called "Cottage" and the "Darwin" tulips. The former are mostly seedling tulips that have broken away from the characteristics of their parents in form, colour, and markings, some of them, no doubt, reverting to the types of more distant forefathers.

"MY BEST TULIP."
GROWN BY MR. P. R. BARR.

The most striking, and perhaps the most effective, tulips for garden decoration to my mind are the Darwins. These are supposed to have been raised by a private Belgian gentleman. They then came into the hands of a bulb grower in Haarlem, and my firm was the first to grow and exhibit them to any extent over here. To-day there are probably more of these Darwin tulips in this country than in Holland. Certainly there are more of the Cottage tulips grown here than anywhere else.

The Darwin tulips are tall and stately with erect stems, and they make grand decorative plants for the flower border. Being self-coloured they lend themselves admirably to the working out of colour schemes both in the garden and indoors. The flowers are of great substance, too, and last a very long time when cut.

His Own Funeral.

North Close Gives a Double Hammering to Drive a Nail Home.

By MAX RITTENBERG.

Illustrated by W. Dewar.

"I'VE got a simply grand idea!" confided Wilmot to Pharo in the privacy of the latter's study.

"Who did you sneak it from?" asked Pharo.

"I didn't sneak it from anyone," replied Wilmot, with entire complacency. "I thought it out myself."

He was a boy with a pet delusion—that he was immensely popular with his schoolfellows. In point of fact he was merely tolerated, having no special qualities of sportsmanship or good-fellowship to commend him to his neighbours. But the delusion of his popularity had remained with him in spite of a score of snubs and plain hints.

"Proceed," said Pharo. "I am all attention. I yearn to know. I crave to be enlightened. I am agog to be elucidated. In brief, cough it up."

"Oh, if you're going to rot——!"

Pharo, who was an ingenious young devil, immediately assumed an air of great sympathy. "I didn't mean to put you off, old chap! Go straight ahead."

"Well, it's like this," proceeded Wilmot, easily appeased. "You know Old Beefy is going up to town on Friday night and Saturday night to see grand opera?" (Old Beefy being Mr. Calthrop, the house-master of North Close.)

"Yes."

"Well, I vote we duck old Spindle-Legs on Friday night."

"Why?"

"He wants a ducking badly—he's no idea of making himself popular. He's just a miserable little swot. Why, he thinks he's going to swipe the English Essay medal this year!"

"Why don't you go in for it yourself and wipe him off the map?" asked Pharo, sweetly.

The irony of this was entirely lost on Wilmot. He replied with a large air: "I daresay I could if I liked, but it's not worth the sweat. What d'you think of my idea—great, isn't it?"

"Great? Napoleonic! Alexandrine! Carmelitic! We'll get to work at once. The first thing to do is to form a secret society to carry out the enterprise. You'll be Governing Director, of course, and do the big planning. I'll be secretary and attend to the correspondence."

"That's right," said Wilmot, complacently.

"It shall be even so," agreed Pharo. "Your words are the words of wisdom, and your wisdom is the wisdom of the wise. I will undertake to keep the matter hooded. In brief, right-o!"

For the next few days North Close seethed with mystery.

Wilmot was in his element. At all hours of the day important conferences took place between himself and his lieutenants. To Tomlinson was allotted the left arm of the unfortunate Spindle-Legs in the transit from dormitory to bathroom; to five others the rest of his anatomy; Rogers had the honour of holding the gag around his mouth; little Milliken was to turn out the dormitory light at the proper moment; and to Pharo was assigned the duty of arguing the matter out with Cazenove (captain of the house), should he turn up and propose to interfere. Pharo was admittedly a "lord of language."

Wilmot, as befitted the dignity of a Governing Director, was to take no active part in the ducking. His duty was the filling of the bath and the standing by to give orders.

To say that he was complacent at the ready acceptance of his great idea by the rest of the house would be grossly to minimize his attitude. He oozed with conscious importance. He was Chanticler himself.

On the Friday night, at nine-thirty to the tick, a little band of night-shirted and pyjamaed conspirators ascended on tiptoe the stairs leading up to Spindle-Legs' dormitory. It was a chill November night, and Pharo whispered to his Chief:—

"Is it cold water in the bath, or what?"

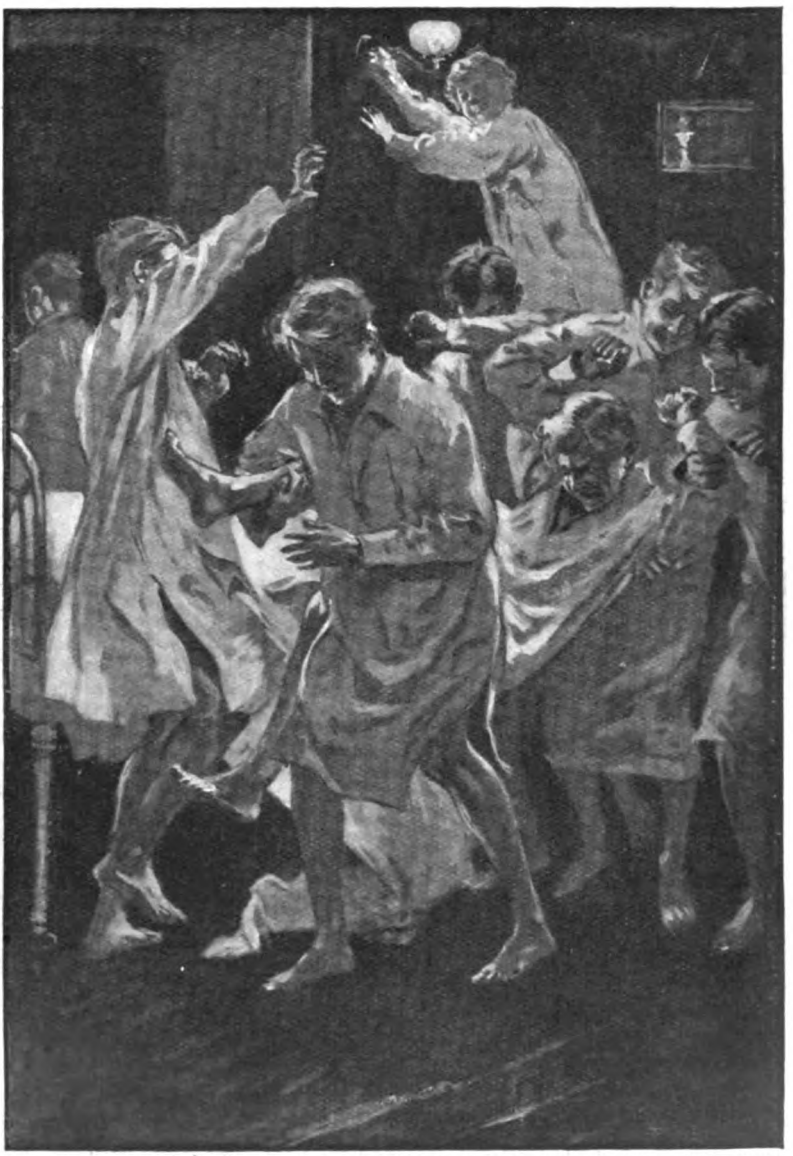
"Cold water, of course," answered Wilmot. "That'll learn him to be a swot!"

"You ought to take the chill off," remonstrated Pharo. "It's a brutally cold night. Temper the water to the shorn lamb."

"No!" said Wilmot, masterfully. "It'll remain as it is. That'll be a better lesson for the blighted little smug."

The party tiptoed softly to Spindle-Legs' door, while the Governing Director repaired to the bathroom to superintend the final act of the drama.

Then suddenly Spindle-Legs' door was burst open, lights were extinguished, and seven hefty pairs of arms caught him up and rushed him from dormitory to bathroom. In the pitch darkness there prevailing a fierce struggle took place, a cry of rage went up, a body splashed resoundingly into the icy chill of the bath water, and eight pairs of legs scuttled away to their respective dormitories.



"SEVEN HEFTY PAIRS OF ARMS CAUGHT HIM UP AND RUSHED HIM FROM DORMITORY TO BATHROOM."

Some few minutes later a draggled and miserable figure opened the door of Wilmot's dormitory and walked shiveringly in.

"Halloa, Wilmot!" shouted Pharo, in a very perfect simulation of surprise. "Whatever's the matter with you? You're all wet!"

"You fellows put me into the bath instead of Spindle-Legs," glared Wilmot. "It was a silly, low-down, dame-school trick!"

"Put *you* in! Oh, no, you must be mistaken. It was *Spindle-Legs* we put in, the blighted little smug."

"Look at me!" said Wilmot.

The dormitory sat up in bed to study him.

"Well, I never! Yes, I really begin to think you must be right. We must have made a mistake."

And, following Pharo's lead, a chorus of

crocodile sympathy went up from the entire dormitory: "What beastly rotten luck!"

"We must have mistaken you for Spindle-Legs when he was struggling!"

Wilmot, still wrapped in his armour of self-esteem, took the crocodile sympathy at its face value. "It was beastly careless of you fellows," he grumbled.

"It *was*, old man," answered Pharo, soothingly. "It was shockingly careless of us. We ought to kick ourselves."

"It completely spoilt my plan. Spindle-Legs ought to have had his ducking, and now I suppose he goes scot-free through your silly mistake."

Suddenly Pharo slapped his pillow in Eureka fashion. "I've got a great idea!" he cried. "*The* idea. The real goods. Top-hole. A number one. The inspiration of a lengthy life-time. In brief, It." He paused.

"Well?" asked Wilmot.

Pharo lowered his voice to an impressive whisper. "To-morrow night our respected house-master—to wit, Old Beefy—will again be turning the glad eye on the sea-green Rhine maidens. Wagner will again excoriate his ear-drums. Caruso will mewso; Tetrazzini will tralalini; Melba will yellba——"

"Get to the point!" cried the dormitory.

"To the point it shall be," agreed Pharo; "even to the working end of the prodder. My idea is thus, as follows, videlicet: First, we've got to duck Spindle-Legs somehow. Second, we do it to-morrow evening by reversing to-night's procedure. We kid him that we're going to duck Wilmot again, and we get him to fill the bath and wait in the bath-room. Then seven of us take Wilmot out of bed and rush him to the bathroom. There in the darkness the wily Wilmot struggles free; there's a mix-up; we get hold of Spindle-Legs, and chuck him in the bath he's filled himself!"

Wilmot's eye slowly glistened as the beauty of the scheme penetrated to his intellect. But a doubt came to him. "Do you think," he asked, "that Spindle-Legs will be such a blithering ass as to take it all in?"

"Not a doubt of it!" replied Pharo. "If my honeyed words don't convince him, I'll eat this cake of soap." He took up a piece from his washstand and gravely handed it to Wilmot. "You hold the stakes, old man."

"Mind, that's a bet," answered the Governing Director. "I call you chaps to witness it."

On the Saturday night the proceedings were bright and brief, if not particularly brotherly. Spindle-Legs filled the bath; Wilmot was rushed from dormitory to bath-room with his own consent.

But in the bathroom another "silly mistake" occurred. Wilmot was dumped in

"'YOU TAKE THE CAKE,' HE SAID. 'I ADMIT IT.'"

before he had time to struggle or even to utter a word. When he came back for a second time to his dormitory, draggled and dripping, he made no angry comment, but soberly dried himself in silence. Then he handed the cake of soap back to Pharo.

"You take the cake," he said. "I admit it."

Pharo had dropped his ordinary tone of banter when he replied: "That's the sporting spirit! That's what we want at North Close.'

More Personified Cities.

Illustrated by René Bull.

IN the April number of THE STRAND, taking John Bull as the type and exemplar of England, we set forth a number of pictorial and picturesque figures to represent John Bull's municipal sons and daughters.

Naturally, these proposals could hardly fail to attract widespread attention. Here and there, as was anticipated, the designs encountered some criticism of a mild sort; but, after all, it must be borne in mind the "election of a representative" is not always without a contest. But most of the characters have been accepted. Here is a sample of one of the messages received:—

"The Lord Mayor (the Earl of Derby) begs to acknowledge the receipt of the sketch of 'Captain Liver,' and to say that he can make no better suggestion than this with regard to the representation of Liverpool."

This, too, from the Mayor of Brighton, chief magistrate of a city at the other end of the kingdom:—

"The Mayor of Brighton presents his compliments, and begs to say that your personification of 'Dr. Brighton' is a very happy one."

The Lord Mayors of Manchester and Sheffield agree that the personifications we gave are "excellent."

"It seems to us," comments the Editor of the *Bristol Times*, "that both artist and biographer have done very well for Bristol."

And now we turn to some other important British cities whose personification has been reserved for

"YORK AS A ROMAN SOLDIER RESTING ON HIS SHIELD."

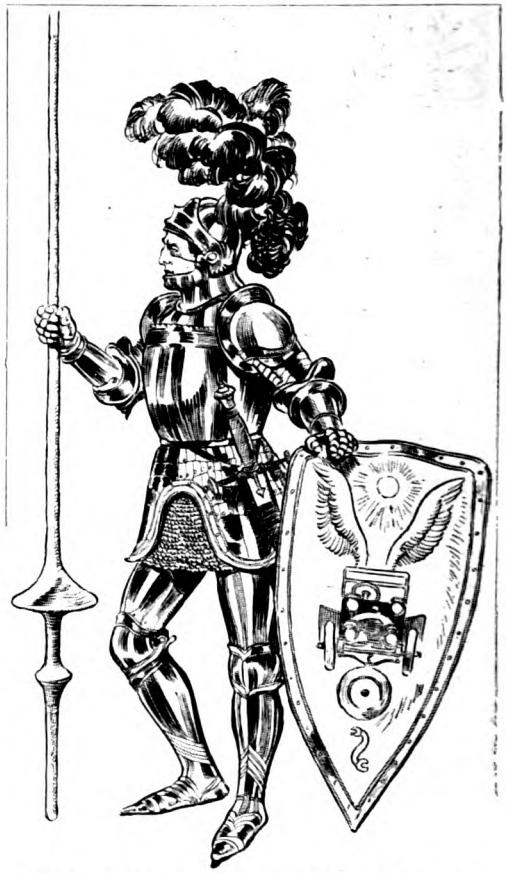
"YOUNG MRS. CARDIFF WOULD FILL ONE OF HER MANY BOATS WITH BLACK DIAMONDS."

"A SAILOR WOULD TYPIFY PORTSMOUTH VERY WELL."

the present article. Here we have received valuable assistance in our task from the civic authorities themselves. Let us begin with Cardiff. How shall the Welsh metropolis be presented?

For the idea reproduced we are indebted to the Lord Mayor, who forwards sketch by the Welsh painter, Mr. Thomas, executed in the spirit of gentle persiflage shown in Mr. Brock's charming drawings.

"DICK DERBY, THAT SHREWD DRIVING FELLOW OF THE MIDLANDS."



COVENTRY PERSONIFIED AS A KNIGHT WITH A MOTOR-CAR.

"Young Mrs. Cardiff would fill one of her many boats with black diamonds out of her big coal-scuttle in our hills. Of course, she would be in 'Welsh' costume, with a leek in her hat."

All this strikes one as particularly happy, and "young Mrs. Cardiff" ought to, and doubtless will, "stick."

The Lord Mayor of York writes as follows:—

"Of course, the great charm of the City of York is its antiquity, and I think any attempt to typify it should bear some allusion to that characteristic. As the burial-place of one Roman Emperor (Severus) and the birthplace of another (Constantine) and the headquarters

"WHAT OTHER FIGURE THAN ROBIN HOOD?"

of the 10th Legion, Julius Cæsar's favourite body of soldiers, I think an appropriate figure would be that of a Roman soldier resting on his shield, with pike and broadsword. The Roman occupation began 55 B.C. and continued to A. D. 410; and owing to its importance the Romans themselves styled the city Altera-Roma, in preference to its classic name of Eboracum."

"A sailor," writes the Mayor of Portsmouth, "would typify Portsmouth very well. A pair of guns crossed might be on the arm."

"Portsmouth," writes the Editor of the *Portsmouth Times*, "is, of course, the chief naval port of the Empire, and it is the home of the torpedo. Therefore the figure of a British bluejacket, or a drawing of a torpedo or battleship, would, I should think, fairly typify the town."

What about "Dick Derby," that shrewd driving fellow of the Midlands?

"Our industries," writes the Mayor, "are of a very varied description, but engineering may be said to be the chief, taken in conjunction with the presence in our midst of the Midland Railway central works, which employ no fewer than ten thousand men of the wage-earning class. As Derby owes so much of its growth

"MOLLY LEICESTER, WITH HER BRIGHT SMILE AND WELL-KNIT FIGURE."

NEWCASTLE PERSONIFIED AS A TYPICAL MINER.

to the presence of the Midland Railway works, it would not be inappropriate to introduce a railway-engine into the picture."

Coventry has a legendary association with Lady Godiva, and it was thought that perhaps this lady—decorously garbed, of course—might suggest the city. But the Mayor of Coventry, when approached in the matter, would not hear of any "travesty of our 'Lady Godiva,' of which I personally cannot approve. Coventry," he adds, "is a striking mixture of ancient and modern, and you might introduce a knight and a motor-car under the three spires or at the door of the ancient Guildhall."

The suggestion is a capital one, and so Will Coventry,

"HARRY HULL AS A BURLY SEA-DOG, OUT FOR OIL AND TIMBER."

in this outward form, should go marching—or, rather, motoring—down the ages.

"What other figure than that of Robin Hood," asks the Mayor of Nottingham, "might appropriately represent Nottingham?" And, truly, Nottingham is particularly happy in this respect, of having a local legendary hero like the valiant archer of Sherwood Forest to represent it. Otherwise, as the Editor of the *Nottingham Guardian* writes, lace being the great industry of the city and district, a female figure is thereby suggested. But no fair lace-maker or lace-wearer could possibly hope to supplant Robin Hood.

"Molly Leicester is a good stay-at-home lass, with a bright smile and a well-knit figure, and her heart is in hosiery." With this personification the Mayor of Leicester agrees.

"The Lord Mayor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne begs to send you the accompanying sketch of a typical miner, which his lordship thinks would form a suitable manner of personifying the city of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, although coal represents only one of the three great industries of Newcastle, the other two being engineering and shipbuilding."

Like Portsmouth and Bristol and Liverpool, Harry Hull is a sailor, but of a different sort. He is a burly, hail-fellow-well-met kind of sea-dog who is out for oil and timber in the Baltic, and is accustomed to the rougher work of a seaman's life. And, although he occasionally swears at Russians and Dutchmen, yet, as the Mayor of Hull reminds us, he swears by his idol, William Wilberforce, whose maxims he has at heart, and whom he sent to represent him for many years in Parliament.

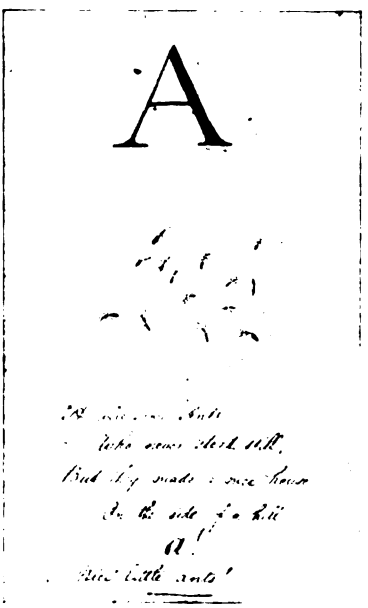
"As to the city of Bradford," writes the Town Clerk of Bradford, "I might suggest for your consideration that, as Bradford is in regard to the worsted trade what Manchester is in regard to the cotton trade, a drawing on the lines of the figure representing 'Miss Cottonopolis' would not be inappropriate, except that the figure of a male person ('Mr. Worstedopolis'), and not that of a female, should be depicted."

"BRADFORD AS MR. WORSTEDOPOLIS."

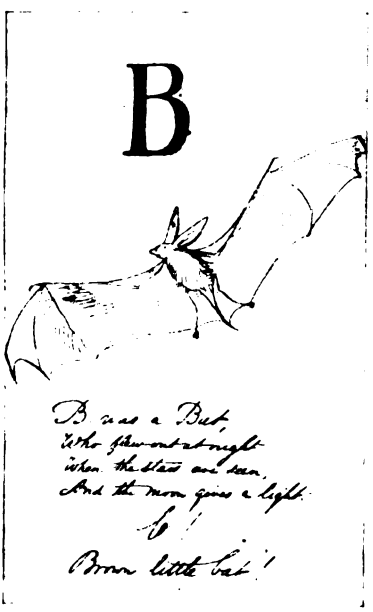
AN ALPHABET BOOK
BY EDWARD LEAR.

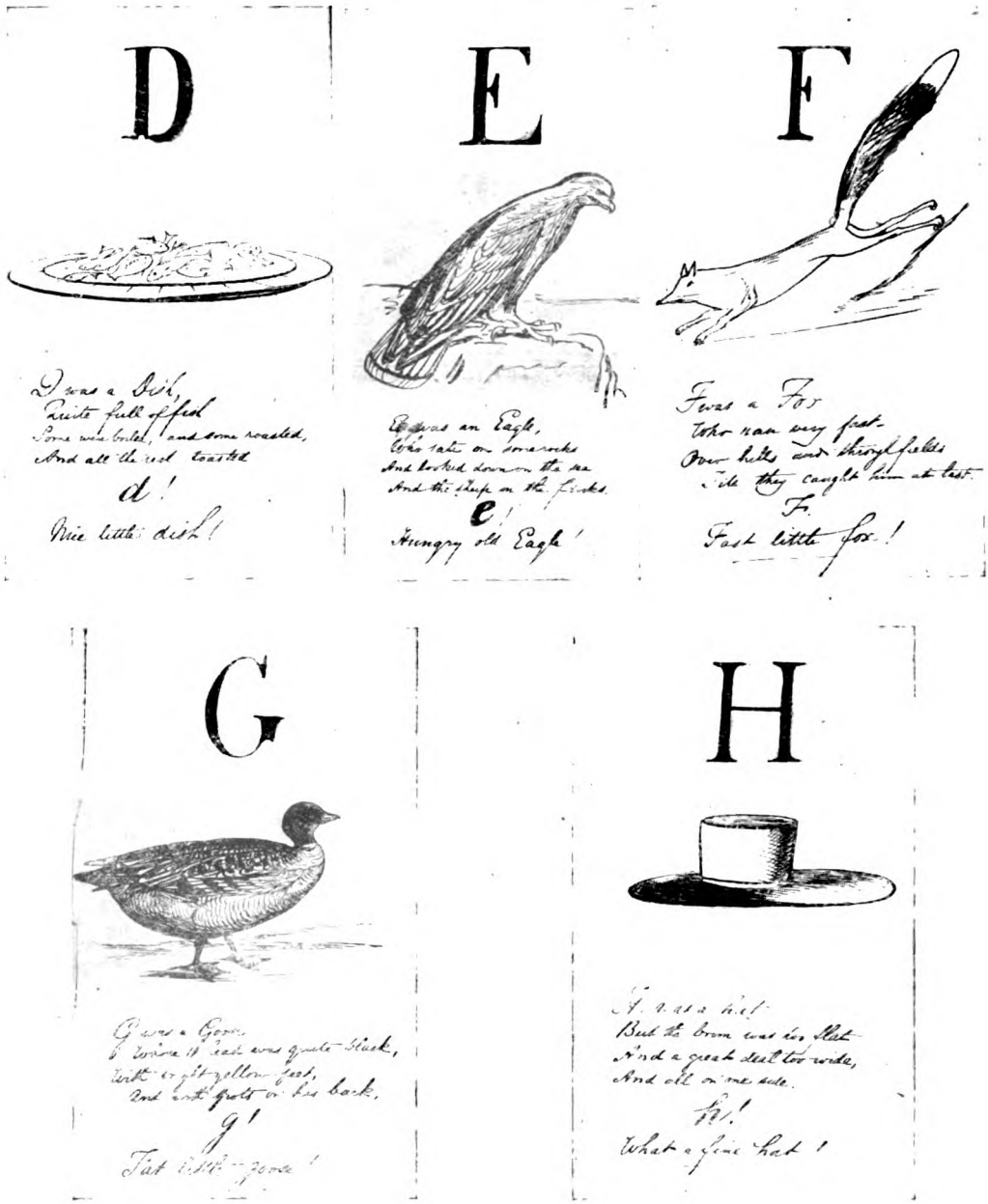
Author of "The Book of Nonsense," "Nonsense Songs and Stories," etc.

EDWARD LEAR, like Dickens, was born one hundred years ago this year. Unlike Dickens, his centenary is not likely to be celebrated in any very striking fashion. And yet in his time he was one of the world's merry-makers. His "Book of Nonsense," which was first published over sixty years ago, was once to be found in every nursery in the kingdom, and has, perhaps, given delight to a greater number of children than any other book of its kind ever produced. It is certain that no book since written has exactly filled the same place. Nor does it appeal to children only. Even a man so



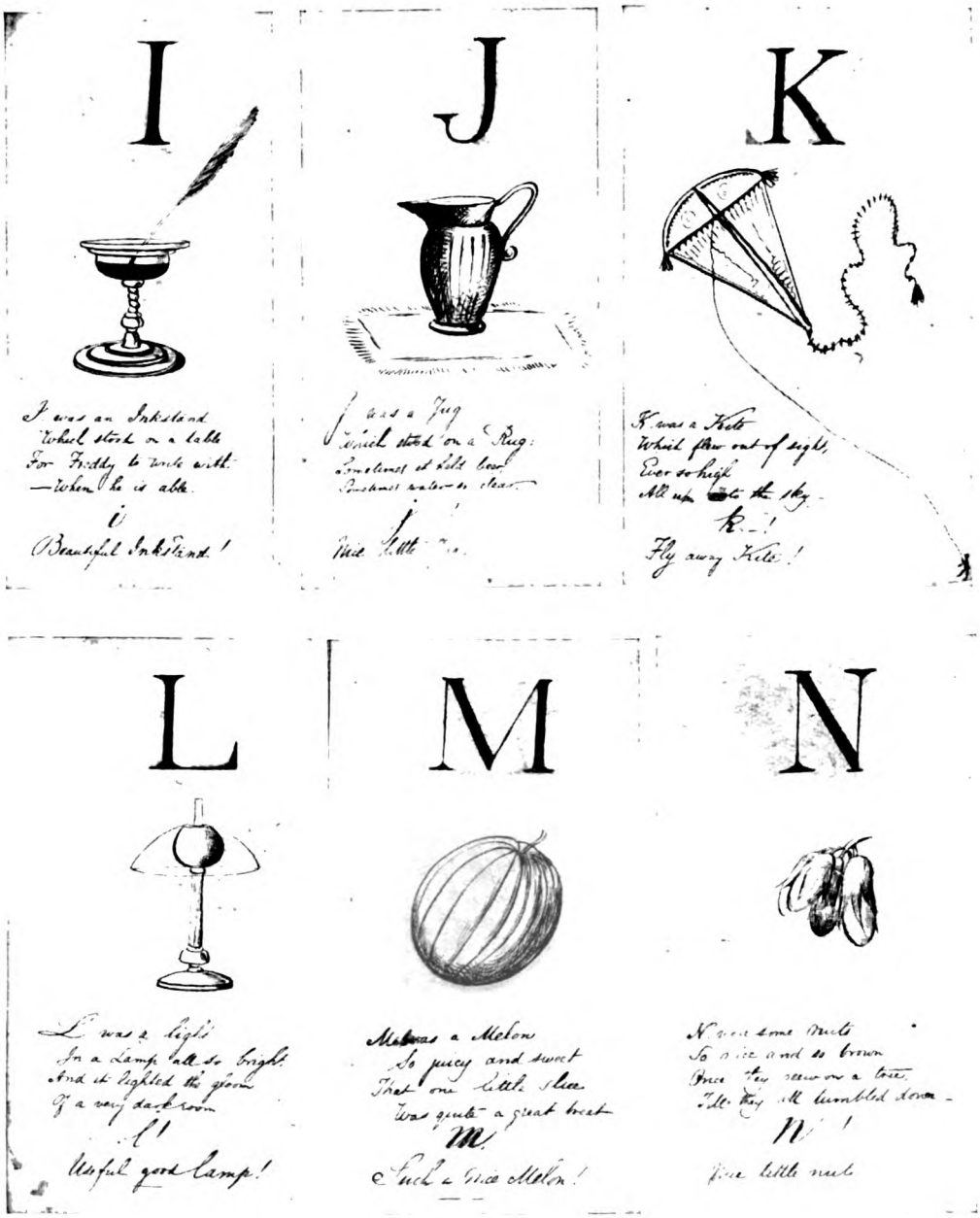
different in all respects from Lear as Ruskin, when asked to give a list of what, in his opinion, were the hundred best authors, replied, "Surely the most beneficent and innocent of all books yet produced is the 'Book of Nonsense,' with its carollary carols, inimitable and refreshing and perfect in rhythm. I really don't know any author to whom I am half so grateful for my idle self as Edward Lear. I shall put him first of my hundred best authors." His works have also held their ground more firmly than any others of their class, as is shown by the constant demand for the charming





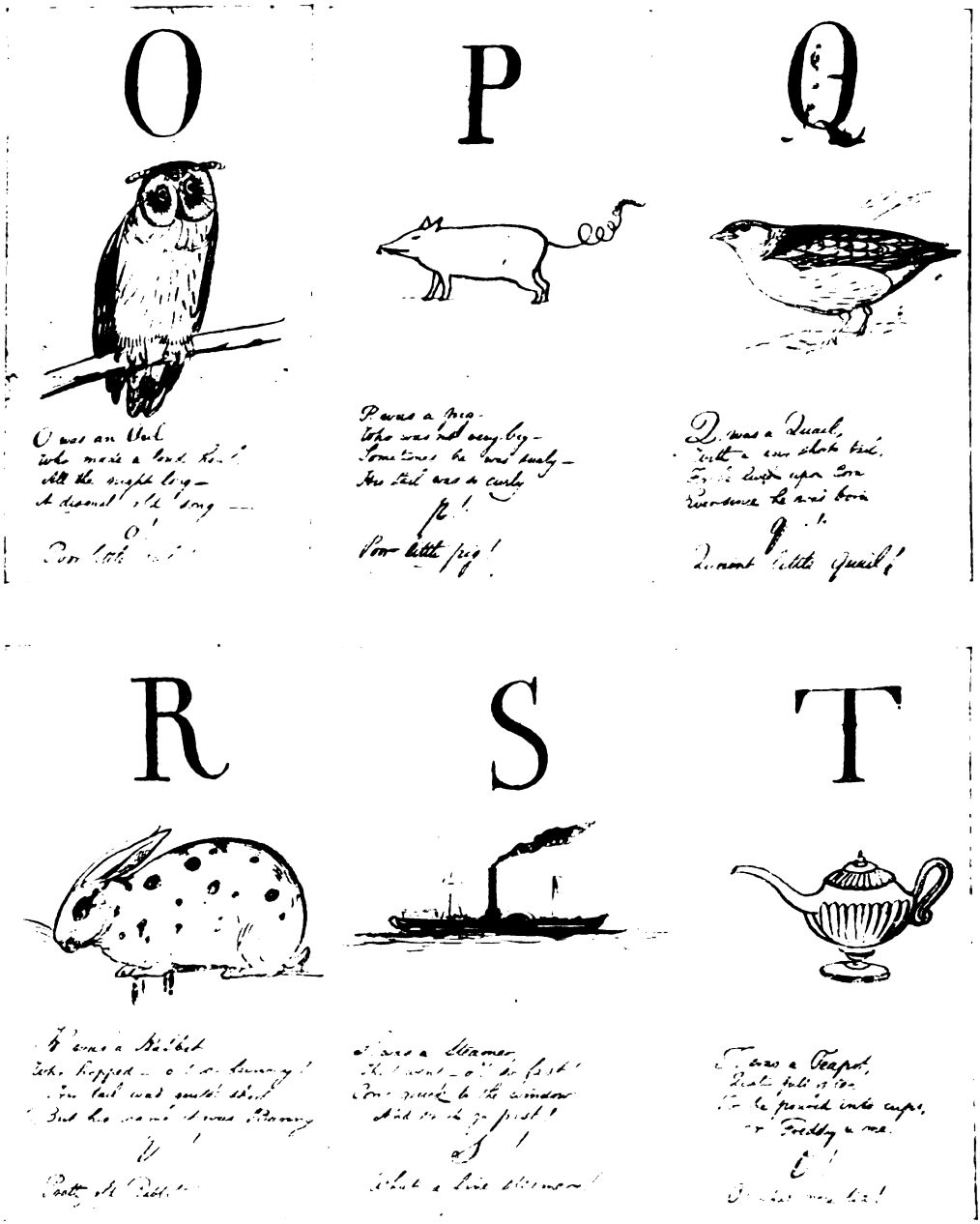
reprints of them issued by Messrs. F. Warne and Co.

It is hardly necessary to call to mind that Lear, if not the originator, was at least the popularizer of the form of verse known as the Limerick—a form which has since descended to baser uses. It is a somewhat singular coincidence that in the very year of his centenary we should be enabled to reproduce a little work of his which has not so far seen the light—an Alphabet Book which was done for a child about the year 1857. The child, now grown into a man, preserved the book, and has placed it at our disposal. In sending it to us the owner, Mr. F. R. J. Calvert, states that it has passed through the hands of many children, who have derived from it as much delight as he



did when it was drawn for him so many years ago.

It may be interesting, perhaps, to recall certain of the facts concerning the life of Edward Lear. By profession he was a landscape painter, and for some time was drawing-master to Queen Victoria. An anecdote in this connection has been preserved and is worth retelling. "On one occasion the Queen, with great kindness, was showing him some of the priceless treasures in cabinets either at Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace, it is uncertain which, and explaining their history to him. Mr. Lear, entirely carried away by the wonderful beauty and interest of what he saw, became totally oblivious of all other facts, and in the excitement and forgetfulness of the moment exclaimed, 'Oh! how



did you get all these beautiful things?' Her Majesty's answer, as Mr. Lear said, was an excellent one, so kind, yet so terse and full of the dignity of a Queen: 'I inherited them, Mr. Lear.'"

It may be mentioned that alphabet books of the kind here reproduced were a form of amusement which he was fond of extemporizing for the sake of his child friends, and more than one instance is referred to in his "Letters and Life." We believe, however, that this is the first to be brought to public notice, and we are pleased to have the opportunity of placing before our readers in the year of his centenary a work which, however slight, is so characteristic of the man.

It is hardly necessary to say that Alphabet Books are intended not only for the amusement of children, but are also designed for the useful end of teaching them their letters in an interesting way. Those who require a nursery-book for this purpose will here find one ready to their hand, and we hope that many thousands of future STRAND readers will take their first steps in knowledge under its guidance.

The series of stories now appearing are specially retold by Mr. Post Wheeler for English-speaking boys and girls from a volume of the best Russian Wonder Tales selected by command of the Czar for the use of his own children.

The Feather of Finist the Falcon

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

ONCE, in olden times, there was a merchant whose wife had died, leaving him three daughters. The eldest two were plain of face and hard of heart, and cared for nothing but finery, while the youngest was a good housekeeper, kind-hearted, and beautiful.

One day, when the merchant set out for the Fair, he called his three daughters and asked: "My dear daughters, what do you most desire me to buy for you?" The eldest answered, "Bring me a pair of satin shoes." The second said, "Bring me a silken petticoat." But the youngest said, "Father, bring me only a little scarlet flower to set in my window."

The two sisters laughed at her request. "Little fool," they said, "what do you want with a scarlet flower? You had better ask for a new apron." But she paid no heed, and when the merchant asked her again, she said, "Father, buy me only the scarlet blossom."

The merchant set out to the Fair, and he purchased the pair of satin shoes and the silken petticoat, and then he bethought himself of the little scarlet flower and went about inquiring for one. But search as he might he could find not a single blossom of that colour in the whole town, and drove home sorrowful that he must disappoint his youngest daughter.

And as he rode along wondering where he might find the flower, he met by the roadside in the forest a little old man whom he had never seen, with a hooked nose, one eye, and

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a face covered with a golden beard like moss, who carried a box on his back.

"What is that you are carrying, old man?" he asked.

"In my box' answered the old man, "is a little scarlet flower which I am keeping for a present to the maiden who is to marry my son, Finist the Falcon."

"I do not know your son, old man," said the merchant, "nor yet the maiden whom he is to marry. But a scarlet blossom is no great thing. Come, sell it to me, and with the money you may buy a more suitable gift for the bridal."

"Nay," replied the little old man. "It has no price, for wherever it goes there goes the love of my son, and I have sworn it shall be his wife's."

The merchant argued and persuaded, for now that he had found the flower he was loath to go home without it, and ended by offering in exchange for it both the satin shoes and the silken petticoat, till at length the little old man said: "You can have the scarlet flower for your daughter only on condition that she weds my son, Finist the Falcon."

The merchant thought a moment. Not to bring the flower would grieve his daughter, yet as the price of it he must promise to wed her to a stranger.

"Well, old man," he said, "give me the flower, and if my daughter will take your son, he shall have her."

"Have no fear," said the little old man, and giving the box to the other he vanished.

The merchant, greatly disturbed at his sudden disappearance, hurried home, where his three daughters came out to greet him. He gave the eldest the satin shoes and the second the silken petticoat, and they clapped their hands with delight. Then he gave his youngest daughter the little box, and said: "Here is your scarlet flower, but as for me, I take no joy in it, for I got it from a stranger, though it was not for sale, and in return for it I have promised that you shall marry his son, Finist the Falcon."

"Do not grieve, father," said she. "You have done my desire, and if Finist the Falcon will woo me I will marry him." And she took out the scarlet flower and caressed it, and held it close to her heart.

When night came the merchant kissed his daughters, made over them the sign of the cross, and sent them each to her bed. The youngest locked herself in her room in the attic, took the little flower from its box, and, setting it on the window-sill, began to smell it and kiss it and look into the dark blue sky, when suddenly through the window came flying a swift beautiful falcon with coloured feathers. It lit upon the floor and instantly was transformed into a young Prince, so handsome that it could not be told in speech nor written in a tale.

The Prince soothed her fright and caressed her with sweet and tender words so that she began to love him. They talked—who can tell of what?—and the whole night passed as swiftly as an hour in the daytime. When the day began to break, Finist the Falcon said to her: "Each evening when you set the scarlet flower in the window I will come flying to you. To-night, before I fly away as a falcon, take one feather from my wing. If you have need of anything, go to the steps under the porch and move it to your right side, and whatsoever things you desire they shall be yours. And when you have no longer need of them, wave the feather to your left side." Then he kissed her and bade her farewell, and turned into a falcon with coloured feathers. She plucked a single bright feather from his wing, and the bird flew out of the window and was gone.

The next day was Sunday, and the elder sisters began to dress in their finery to go to church.

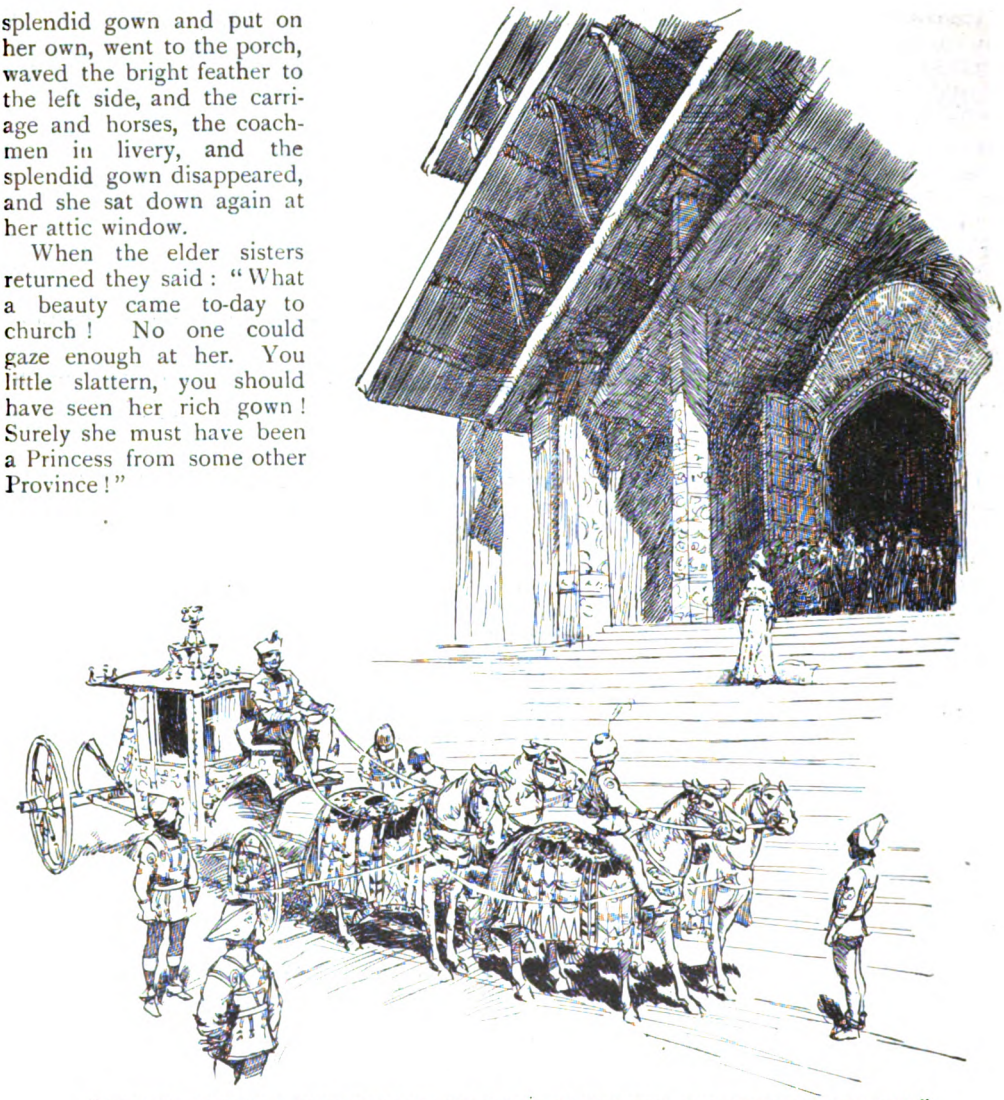
"What will you wear, little fool?" they said to the other. "But for your scarlet flower you might have had a new gown, instead of disgracing us by your appearance."

"Never mind," she said, "I can pray here at home." And after they were gone she sat down at her attic window watching the finely-dressed people going to Mass. When the street was empty, she went to the steps under the porch and waved the bright feather to the right side, and instantly there appeared a crystal carriage with thorough-bred horses harnessed to it, coachmen and footmen in gold livery, and a gown embroidered with all kinds of precious stones. She dressed herself in a moment, sat down in the carriage, and away it went, swift as the wind, to the church.

When she entered, she was so beautiful that all the people turned to look at her. "Some high-born Princess has come," they whispered to each other, and in her splendid gown and head-dress even her two sisters did not recognize her as the one they had left in her little attic. As soon as the choir began to sing the *Magnificat* she left the church, entered the crystal carriage, and drove off so swiftly that when the people flocked out to stare there was no trace of her to be seen. As soon as she reached home she took off the

splendid gown and put on her own, went to the porch, waved the bright feather to the left side, and the carriage and horses, the coachmen in livery, and the splendid gown disappeared, and she sat down again at her attic window.

When the elder sisters returned they said: "What a beauty came to-day to church! No one could gaze enough at her. You little slattern, you should have seen her rich gown! Surely she must have been a Princess from some other Province!"



"AS SOON AS THE CHOIR BEGAN TO SING THE MAGNIFICAT, SHE LEFT THE CHURCH."

Now, so hastily had she changed her clothes that she had forgotten to take out of her hair a diamond pin, and as they talked her sisters caught sight of it. "What a lovely jewel!" they cried, enviously. "Where did you get it?" And they would have taken it from her. But she ran to her attic room and hid it in the heart of the scarlet flower, so that, though they searched everywhere, they could not find it. Then, filled with envy, they went to their father, and said: "Sir, our sister has a secret lover who has given her a diamond ornament." But he would not hear them, and bade them mind their own business.

That evening when all went to bed the girl set the flower on the window-sill, and in a moment Finist the Falcon came flying in and was transformed into a handsome Prince, and they talked lovingly together till the dawn began to break.

Now the elder sisters were filled with malice and spite, and they listened at the attic door hoping to find where she had hidden the diamond pin, and so heard the voices. They knocked at the door, crying: "Whom are you talking to, sister?"

"I am talking to myself," she answered.

"If that is true, unlock the door," they said.

Then Finist the Falcon kissed her and bade her farewell, and turning into a falcon flew out of the window, and she unlocked the door.

Her sisters entered and looked all about the room, but there was no one to be seen. They went, however, to their father, and said: "Sir, our sister has a lover. Only just now we listened and heard them talking." He paid no heed, however, but chided them and bade them better their own manners.

Every night thereafter the spiteful pair rose from their beds to creep to the attic and listen at the door, and each time they heard the sound of the loving talk between their sister and Finist the Falcon. Yet each morning they saw that no stranger was in the room, and at length, certain that whoever entered must do so by the window, they made a cunning plan. One evening they prepared a sweet drink of wine, and in it they put a sleeping powder and prevailed on their sister to drink it. As soon as she did so she fell into a deep sleep, and when they had laid her on her bed they fastened open knives and sharp needles upright on her window-sill and bolted the window.

When the dark fell, Finist the Falcon came flying to his love, and the needles pierced his breast and the knives cut his brilliant wings, and although he struggled and beat against it the window remained closed. "My beautiful dearest," he cried, "have you ceased so soon to love me? Never shall you see me again unless you search through three times nine countries, to the thirtieth kingdom, and you shall first wear through three pairs of iron shoes, and break in pieces three iron staves, and gnaw away three holy church loaves of stone. Only then shall you find your lover, Finist the Falcon!" But though through her sleep she heard these bitter words, still she could not awaken, and at last the wounded Falcon, hearing no reply, shot up angrily into the dark sky and flew away.

In the morning, when she awoke, she saw how the window had been barred with knives set crosswise, and with needles, and how great drops of crimson blood were falling from them, and she began to wring her hands

"'WHITHER ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAIDEN?' SAID THE OLD WOMAN."

and to weep salt tears. "Surely," she thought, "my cruel sisters have killed my dear love!" When she had wept a long time she thought of the bright feather, and ran to the porch and waved it to the right, crying, "Come to me, my own Finist the Falcon!" But he did not appear, and she knew that the charm was broken.

Then she remembered the words she had heard through her sleep, and, telling no one, she went to a smithy and bade the smith make her three pairs of iron shoes and three iron staves, and with these and three church loaves of stone she set out across three times nine countries to the thirtieth kingdom.

She walked and walked for a day and a night, for a week, for two months, and for three. She wore through the iron shoes, and broke to pieces the iron staves, and gnawed away the stone church loaves, when, in the midst of a wood which grew always thicker and darker, she came to a lawn. On the lawn was a little hut, and on its door-step sat a sour-faced old woman.

"Whither are you going, beautiful maiden?" asked the old woman.

"Oh grandmother," answered the girl, "I beg for kindness! I am searching for Finist the bright Falcon, who was my friend."

"Well," said the dame, "he is a relative of mine; but you will have to cross many lands still to find him. Come in and rest for the night. The morning is wiser than the evening."

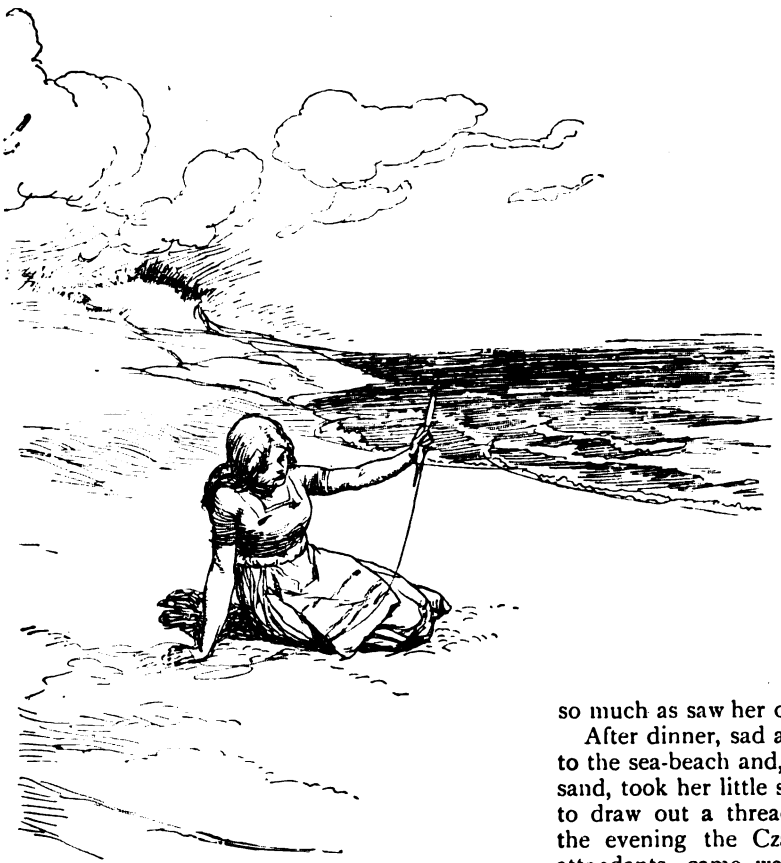
The old woman gave the girl something to eat and drink, a portion of all God had given her, and a bed to sleep in, and in the morning when the dawn began to break she awoke her. "Finist, who flies as the Falcon with coloured feathers," she said, "is now in a kingdom far from here. He has recently proposed marriage to a Czar's daughter. You may, perhaps, reach there in time for the wedding-feast. Take this silver spindle; when you use it, it will spin you a thread of pure gold. You may give it to his wife for a wedding gift."

The maiden thanked her and started again on her way, and in the afternoon she came to the blue sea spreading wide and free before her, and beside it she saw a Palace

"THE CZAR'S DAUGHTER SAID TO HER, 'MAIDEN, WILL YOU SELL ME THAT PLAYTHING?

with high towers of white stone, whose golden tops were glowing like fire. Near the Palace a black serving-wench was washing a piece of cloth in the sea, whose waves it tinged with red, and the girl said: "What is it you are washing?"

The servant answered: "It is a shirt of Finist the Falcon, who in three days will wed my mistress, but it is so stained with blood that I can by no means make it clean." The



'IF YOU WILL BUY IT AT MY PRICE,' ANSWERED THE GIRL."

girl thought, "It is a garment my beloved wore after he was so cruelly wounded by the knives in my window," and taking it from the other's hands she began to weep over it, so that the tears washed away every stain and the shirt was as white as snow.

The black serving-woman took the shirt back to the Czar's daughter, who asked her how she had so easily cleansed it, and the woman answered that a beautiful maiden, alone on the sea-sand, had wept over it till her tears had made it white. "This is, in truth, a remarkable thing," said the Czar's daughter. "I would see this girl whose tears can wash away such stains," and summoning her maids and nurses and attendants she went walking along the shore.

Presently she came where the merchant's daughter sat alone on the soft sand gazing sorrowfully out over the blue sea, and she accosted her, and said: "What grief have you that your tears can wash away blood?"

"I grieve," answered the girl, "because I long to see the beautiful Finist the Falcon."

Then the Czar's daughter, being very proud, tossed her head, saying: "Is that all? Go to the Palace kitchen, and I will let you serve there; perhaps as payment you may catch a glimpse of him as he is dining."

So the merchant's daughter entered the Palace and was given a humble place among the servants, and when Finist the Falcon sat down to dine she put the food before him with her own hands. But he, moody and longing for his lost love, sat without raising his eyes, and never so much as saw her or guessed her presence.

After dinner, sad and lonely, she went out to the sea-beach and, sitting down on the soft sand, took her little silver spindle and began to draw out a thread. And in the cool of the evening the Czar's daughter, with her attendants, came walking there, and, seeing that the thread that came from the spindle was of pure gold, said to her, "Maiden, will you sell me that plaything?"

"If you will buy it at my price," answered the girl.

"And what is your price?" asked the Czar's daughter.

"Let me sit through one night by the side of your promised husband," said the girl.

Now the Czar's daughter was cold and deceitful, and desired Finist the Falcon, not because she loved him, but because of his beauty and her own pride. "There can be no harm in that," she thought, "for I will

put in his hair an enchanted pin, by reason of which he will not waken, and with the spindle I can cover myself and my mother with gold." So she agreed, and that night, when Finist the Falcon was asleep, she put in his hair the enchanted pin, brought the girl to his room, and said: "Give me the spindle, and in return you may sit here till daybreak and keep the flies from him."

Through that long night the merchant's daughter bent over her loved one, weeping, and crying: "Finist, my own dear, my bright Falcon with coloured feathers, awake and know me! I have worn through the three pairs of iron shoes, I have broken to pieces the three iron staves, I have gnawed away the three stone church loaves, all the while searching for you, my love!" But by reason of the enchanted pin, although he heard through his sleep her crying and lamenting, and his heart grieved because of it, Finist the Falcon could not waken. So at length, when day-dawn was near, the girl said to herself: "Though he shall never be mine, yet in the past he loved me, and for that I will kiss him once before I go away," and she put her arms about his head to kiss him. As she did so her hand touched the pin in his hair and she drew it out, lest by chance it might harm him. Thus the spell of its enchantment was broken, and one of her tears, falling on his face, woke him.

"TURNING INTO THE FALCON, HE SET HER ON HIS COLOURED WINGS AND FLEW TO HIS KINGDOM."

And instantly, as he awoke, he recognized her and knew that it was her lamenting he had heard through his sleep. She related to him all that had occurred, how her sisters had plotted, how she had journeyed in search of him, and how she had bought of the Czar's deceitful daughter the night by his side in exchange for the silver spindle. Hearing this, Finist the Falcon was angered against the Czar's daughter whom he had so nearly married, but the merchant's daughter he kissed on the mouth and, turning into the falcon, set her on his coloured wings and flew to his own kingdom.

Then he summoned all his princes and nobles and his officers of all ranks and told them the story, asking, "Which of these two am I to marry? With which can I spend a long life so happily that it will seem a short one; with her who would deceitfully sell my hours for playthings, or with her who sought me over three times nine lands? Now discuss and decide."

And all cried with one voice, "You should leave the seller of your rest and marry her who followed you!"

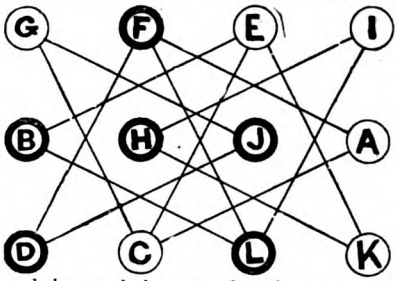
And so did Finist the bright Falcon with coloured wings.

PERPLEXITIES.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

88.—THE EXCHANGE PUZZLE.

HERE is a rather entertaining little puzzle with moving counters. You only need twelve counters: six of one colour, marked A, C, E, G, I, and K, and the other six marked B, D, F, H, J, and L. You first place them on the diagram, as shown in the illustration, and the puzzle is to get them into regular alphabetical order, as follows :—

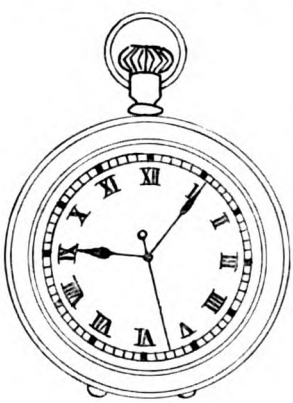


A	B	C	D
E	F	G	H
I	J	K	L

The moves are made by exchanges of opposite colours standing on the same line. Thus, G and J may exchange places, or F and A, but you cannot exchange G and C, or F and D, because in one case they are both white and in the other case both black. Can you bring about the required arrangement in seventeen exchanges? It cannot be done in fewer moves. The puzzle is really much easier than it looks, if properly attacked.

89.—THE TRUSSES OF HAY

FARMER TOMPKINS had five trusses of hay, which he told his man Hodge to weigh before delivering them to a customer. The stupid fellow weighed them two at a time in all possible ways, and informed his master that the weights in pounds were 110, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 120, and 121. Now, how was Farmer Tompkins to find out from these figures how much every one of the five trusses weighed singly? The reader may at first think that he ought to be told "which pair is which pair," or something of that sort, but it is quite unnecessary. This, again, is an absurdly simple puzzle, and yet some readers may find themselves quite unnecessarily perplexed. Can you figure out the five correct weights?

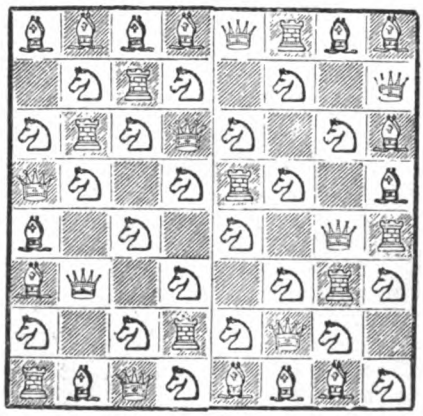


90.—THE STOP-WATCH.

WE have here a stop-watch with three hands. The seconds hand, which travels once round the face in a minute, is the one with the little ring at its end near the centre. Our dial indicates the exact time when its owner stopped the watch. You will notice that the three hands are nearly equidistant. The hour and minute hands point to spots that are exactly a third of the circumference apart, but the seconds hand is a little too advanced. An exact equidistance for the three hands is not possible. Now, we want to know what the time will be when the three hands are next at exactly the same distances as shown from one another. Can you state the time? We shall explain next month how you can at once show the answer without any calculation whatever.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

85.—THE CROWDED CHESSBOARD.



HERE is the solution. Only 8 queens or 8 rooks can be placed on the board without attack, while the greatest number of bishops is 14, and of knights 32. But as all these knights must be placed on squares of the same colour, while the queens occupy four of each colour and the bishops 7 of each colour, it follows that only 21 knights can be placed on the same colour in this puzzle. More than 21 knights can be placed alone on the board if we use both colours, but I have not succeeded in placing more than 21 on the "crowded chessboard." I believe the above solution contains the maximum number of pieces, but possibly some ingenious reader may succeed in getting in another knight.

86.—A REBUS MOTTO.

THE motto is, "Continue in holiness" (C on T in U in hole in S).

87.—THE PEAL OF BELLS.

THE bells should be rung as follows :—

1	2	3	4	3	1	2	4	2	3	1	4
2	1	4	3	1	3	4	2	3	2	4	1
2	4	1	3	1	4	3	2	3	4	2	1
4	2	3	1	4	1	2	3	4	3	1	2
4	3	2	1	4	2	1	3	4	1	3	2
3	4	1	2	2	4	3	1	1	4	2	3
3	1	4	2	2	3	4	1	1	2	4	3
1	3	2	4	3	2	1	4	2	1	3	4

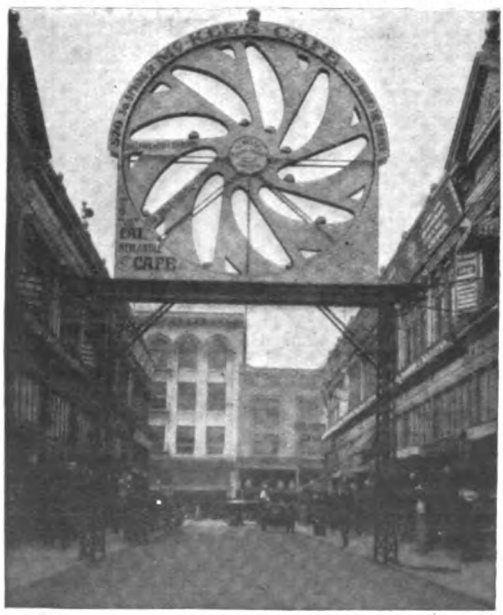
I have constructed peals for five and six bells respectively, and a solution is possible for any number of bells under the conditions previously stated.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

IS THIS PERPETUAL MOTION?

A TWENTY-FOOT wheel spanning a narrow street in Los Angeles, California, was a source of great wonder to the passers-by, as it appeared to be a solution of the ancient problem of "perpetual motion." The wheel stood upon a frame of structural iron, and was enclosed at the sides with a wooden support, within which it slowly revolved. The wheel itself was of light wooden construction, and had a thickness of about eight inches. As the photograph shows, it had nine large spheres of metal, which ran in grooves that extended from the axle to the rim of the wheel. As they approached the outer edge, their weight would have a tendency to draw down that side of the device. The ascending side would have no such



weight at the rim, as, by an ingenious curvature of the grooves, the balls would run towards the centre. Thus there would always be a greater weight on one side of the wheel than on the other, and it would keep revolving indefinitely. That this was not a purely scientific affair is indicated by the advertisements painted on the structure, for the inventor had an eye to business. Thousands of people examined the device minutely to discover some outside power which kept the wheel in motion; but, although the framework was built so that one could see every part of it, no machinery could be detected.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 4 624, Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

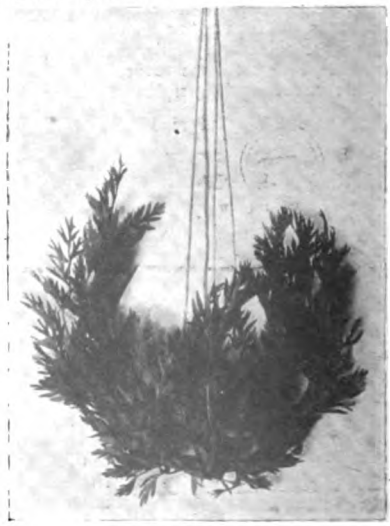
THE "KISS IN THE MOON."

SEEING the drawing of the "Lady in the Moon" in a recent number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, I thought the accompanying picture would be of interest. It is an aspect of the moon discovered by M. Filippo

Zamboni, and is called the "Kiss in the Moon." It can be seen distinctly by the aid of an opera-glass. I need hardly add that I can see only these two faces when I look at the full moon.—Miss E. Kirby, Deepdene, Bickerton Road, Birkdale.

AN EASILY-GROWN ORNAMENT.

IF the top of an old carrot be hollowed out, filled with water, and then suspended by a cord, it makes a most charming and decorative object, as the accompanying photograph clearly proves. The leaves, as will be seen, shoot out in great profusion and assume a most graceful aspect.—Mr. S. Leonard Bastin, Morningside, Lyndhurst.



JACK TAR AS A HUMORIST.

THE accompanying amusingly-worded notice is the work of a bluejacket on H.M.S. *Bedford*, who gave it to a Japanese lady to be used as an advertisement for her house of refreshment. What her feelings were when she learned, as she probably has by now, that her obliging guest considered she "would not be thought handsome even in a crowd" is perhaps best left to be conjectured. — Private Royal, R.M.L.I., H.M.S. *Magnificent*.

NOTICE

NEW EXCHANGE

Having lately been **REFITTED** and prepations have been made to supply those who may givens a look up, with the **WORST** of **LIQUORS** and **FOOD** at a reasonable price. and served by the Ugliest Female Servants that can be procuted

The Establishment can not boat of a Proprictor but is carried on by a Japanese lady who would not be thought handsome even in a crowd The Cook when his face is washad is considered the best looking of the co npany. Come up and see us and don't let the Jinrikisha men bluff you by saying here is no such a place as.

YOKOHAMA HOUSE.

No 11, YEBISUMACHI HAKODATE.

HANNA BREWER

函館區[redacted]町十一番地 横濱ハウス

A TIGER-PROOF HOUSE.

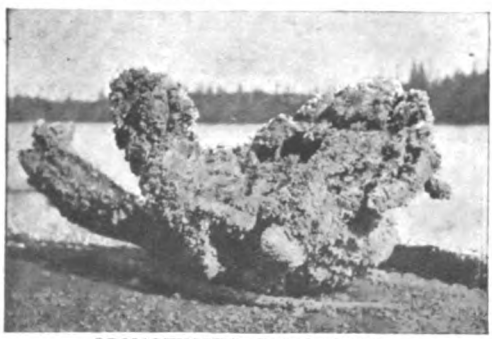
TRAVELLING in an unfrequented part of the Malay Peninsula, I came upon this very remarkable habitation, and, having a camera with me, took a photograph of it. The ordinary Malay house is built on posts from five to seven feet high; but, as will be seen, this house was perched high up in a tree. It was the home of a man, his wife, and family, and they informed me that it was placed in this unusual situation so as to be out of the way of the numerous tigers which then infested the neighbourhood. As tigers have been known to jump eighteen feet in vertical height, somewhere about twenty feet is considered to be the limit of safety. The Malayan house is a frail and flimsy structure of sticks tied together with rattan, thatched with palm leaves, and walled with plaited bamboo, or, as in this case, with the bark of trees. It is therefore an easy matter for a tiger, with its great strength, to break into a house and attack the inhabitants. Many instances of this have been recorded in Malaya. In one well-known case a whole family were killed, except one man, who, climbing up into the roof and thus escaping the notice of the tiger, was a horrified observer of the cruel mauling and ultimate slaughter and devouring of his relatives.—Mr. L. Wray, The Laurels, Grayshott, near Haslemere.

A DOG THAT WALKS THE TIGHT-ROPE.

ONE of the most remarkable performances ever given by a pet dog is that shown in the above photograph. The dog is an expert tight-rope walker, and, as the picture shows, accompanies its master when exhibiting. It is quite at home in mid-air, and posed for the picture without a tremor.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 4,624, Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

THE FLYING-MACHINE IN CHINA.

ONE can hardly express the surprise and wonder caused by the appearance of the flying-machine in China. The better-class people were dumbfounded; that a man could make a machine to not only fly, but also carry him into the clouds, was to them a wondrous feat. The poor "chinks," on the other hand, were afraid; they called it a "flying devil"; when the machine was a distance away they turned round to look, but immediately they saw the flying-machine approach, and especially when they heard the loud explosions of the engines, they turned and fled for dear life, screaming and calling out "Flying devil!" The photograph was taken in Shanghai, just after the fatal flying accident; when it became known that the aviator had fallen, all sports were suspended, but only until he had been carried away and the wreckage removed, when the sports continued as though nothing had happened.—Mr. G. Birchenall, Athenæum, Princess Street, Manchester.



ORNAMENTED BY OYSTERS.

YOUNG oysters have a curious way of fastening themselves to old cans, stones, shoes, and even tree-stumps, so that sometimes a hundred or more will be found clustered together in a very small space. The accompanying photograph shows a portion of old stump which was washed up on the shores of Puget Sound, in the State of Washington. The waters of Puget Sound form a great natural oyster-bed, and seed oysters, as the young ones are called, attached themselves to the stump in such numbers that they practically hid the wood from sight. At high tide the stump is entirely covered with water, so that the young oysters could readily fasten themselves to it. Fully ten thousand oysters are fastened to various parts of the stump. —Mr. D. A. Willey, Porter Building, Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

CINEMA PICTURES BY THE MILE.

SOME surprising figures regarding the cinematograph shows will be seen by the following table. It may be news to some readers that every foot of film contains sixteen separate pictures, which are passed through the lantern at the rate of sixteen per second. Now, suppose that the average length of film of each subject is 1,000 feet—though some are much more, others less. At each picture palace there are, as a rule, eight subjects shown twice daily. These subjects are shown twice a day for at least six days. As near as one can find out, there are 3,000 picture palaces in existence in Great Britain.

1 foot of film	=	16 pictures.
1,000 feet of film	=	16,000 ,,
8 pictures do.	=	128,000 ,,
Do. twice nightly	=	256,000 ,,
Do. shown 6 days a week	=	1,536,000 ,,
Do. 3,000 picture palaces	=	4,608,000,000 ,,

So that it will be seen that the extraordinary number of 4,608,000,000 separate pictures are shown in one week. If all these pictures were made into one long film, the distance it would reach would be 54,545 miles 800 yards, or just over two and a quarter times round the world.—Mr. George S. Guy, 47, Clayton Avenue, Wembley.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

THE AFRICAN MARATHON.

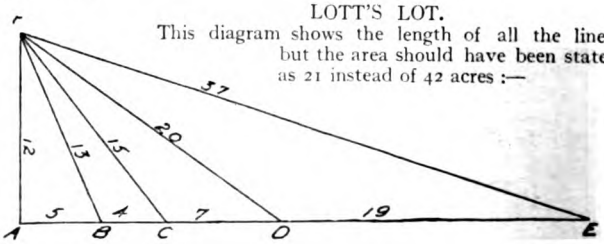
THE hunter could never get a shot at the gazelle without mounting higher in the tree. Although moving more slowly than the gazelle, the greater bulk of the elephant conceals at all times all but the horns of the smaller animal. In the course of the solution it will be found that the hunter is just 34 feet from the ground.

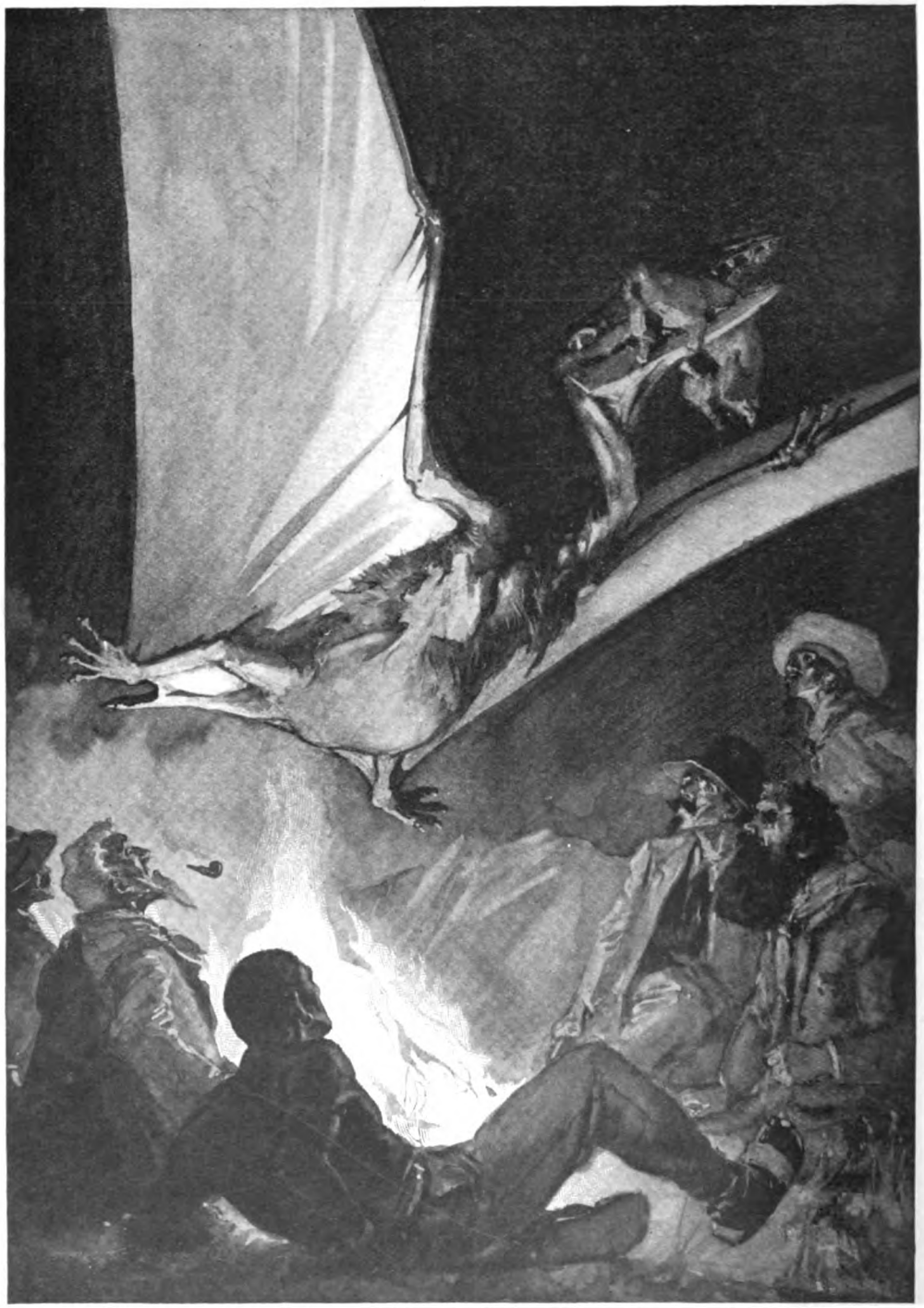
HANS AND HIS GERMAN GARDEN.

EACH side of the driveway is 841 feet long, and therefore the area is 17,661 square feet.

LOTT'S LOT.

This diagram shows the length of all the lines, but the area should have been stated as 21 instead of 42 acres :—





"SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARKNESS, OUT OF THE NIGHT, THERE SWOOPED SOMETHING WITH A SWISH LIKE AN AEROPLANE."

(*See page* 616.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xliii. JUNE, 1912. No. 258.

THE LOST WORLD.

Being an account of the recent amazing adventures of Professor George E. Challenger, Lord John Roxton, Professor Summerlee, and Mr. E. D. Malone of the "Daily Gazette."

BY

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Harry Rountree.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST TWO INSTALMENTS.

EDWARD MALONE is sent by his paper, the *Daily Gazette*, to interview Professor Challenger, the famous zoologist, who, about two years before, had made a journey to an unexplored region of South America. On his return the Professor had announced some extraordinary discoveries, but, being met with incredulity in certain quarters, had declined to discuss the matter further. Professor Challenger is a man of immense mental and physical strength, with a bellowing voice and an overbearing, insolent manner, yet with a certain grim sense of humour. He has a violent dislike of the Press and reporters, and when Malone calls he finds him in one of his most menacing moods. However, after a stormy scene, Professor Challenger so far relents as to give Malone, in confidence, some account of his journey to "The Lost World," a region where the conditions of prehistoric life still exist. He also shows him certain specimens, documents, etc., in corroboration of his story. The Professor attends a lecture the same evening, and, amid considerable uproar, repeats his statements regarding his discoveries. Finding he is still disbelieved, he invites the audience to appoint a committee to test his story in person. Those chosen are Professor Summerlee, one of the most sceptical of Challenger's opponents, Lord John Roxton, a well-known sportsman, and Edward Malone, representing the *Daily Gazette*. The three proceed at once to South America, and at Para are unexpectedly joined by Professor Challenger, who takes charge of the expedition, which, consisting of four white men, two half-breeds, one negro, and five Indians, at once sets out on its journey.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THE OUTLYING PICKETS OF THE NEW WORLD."

OUR friends at home may well rejoice with us, for we are at our goal, and up to a point, at least, we have shown that the statement of Professor Challenger can be verified. We have not, it is true, ascended the plateau, but it lies before us, and even Professor Summerlee is in a more chastened mood. Not that he will for an instant admit that his rival could be right, but he is less persistent in his incessant objections, and has sunk for the most part into an observant silence. I must hark back, however, and continue my narrative from where I dropped it. We are sending home one of our local Indians who is injured, and I am committing this letter to his charge, with considerable doubts in my mind as to whether it will ever come to hand.

When I wrote last we were about to leave the Indian village where we had been deposited by the *Esmeralda*. I have to begin my report by bad news, for the first serious personal trouble (I pass over the incessant bickerings between the Professors)

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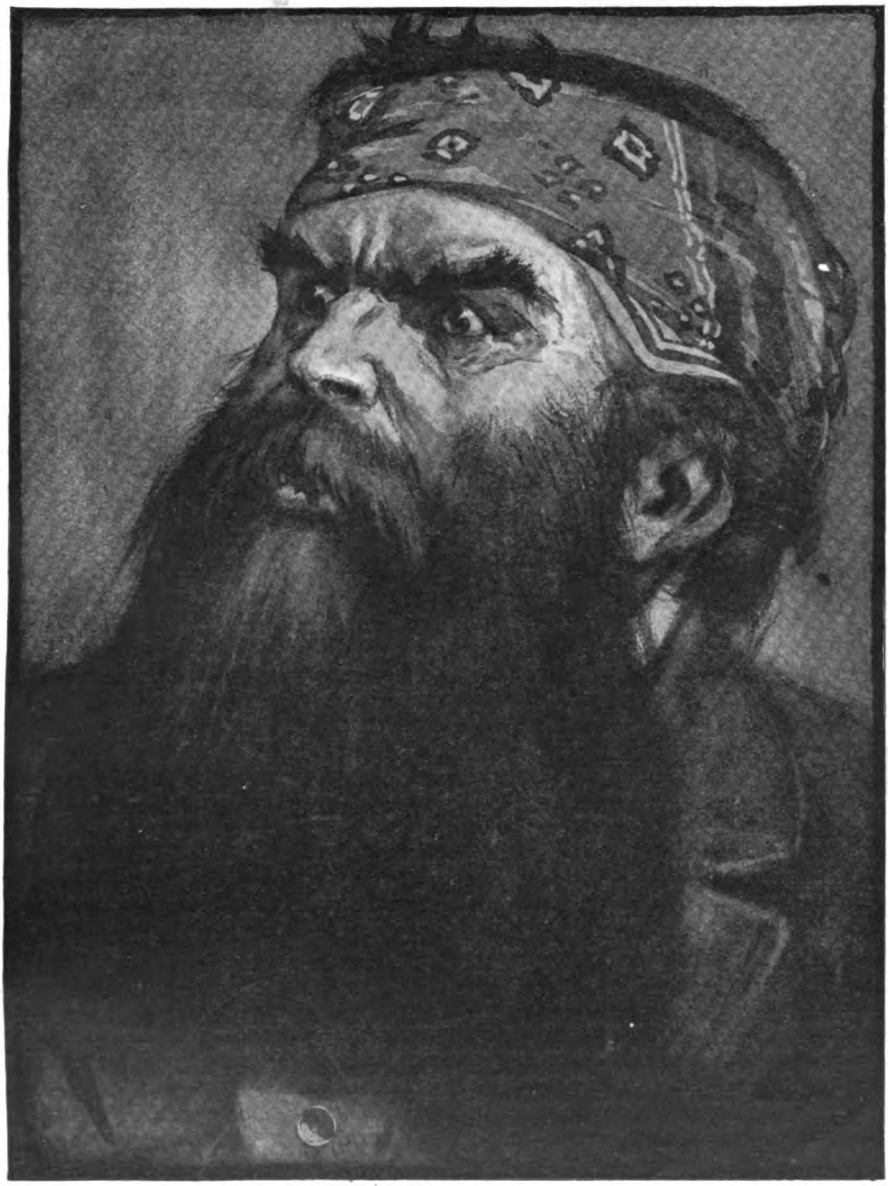
occurred this evening, and might have had a tragic ending. I have spoken of our English-speaking half-breed, Gomez—a fine worker and a willing fellow, but afflicted, I fancy, with the vice of curiosity, which is common enough among such men. On the last evening he seems to have hid himself near the hut in which we were discussing our plans, and, being observed by our huge negro Zambo, who is as faithful as a dog and has the hatred which all his race bear to the half-breeds, he was dragged out and carried into our presence. Gomez whipped out his knife, however, and but for the huge strength of his captor, which enabled him to disarm him with one hand, he would certainly have stabbed him. The matter has ended in reprimands, the opponents have been compelled to shake hands, and there is every hope that all will be well. As to the feuds of the two learned men, they are continuous and bitter. It must be admitted that Challenger is provocative in the last degree, but Summerlee has an acid tongue, which makes matters worse. Last night Challenger said that he never cared to walk on the Thames Embankment and look up the river, as it was always sad to see one's own eventual goal. He is convinced, of course, that he is destined for Westminster Abbey. Summerlee rejoined, however, with a sour smile, by saying that he understood that Millbank Prison had been pulled down. Challenger's conceit is too colossal to allow him to be really annoyed. He only smiled in his beard and repeated "Really! really!" in the pitying tone one would use to a child. Indeed, they are children both—the one wizened and cantankerous, the other formidable and overbearing, yet each with a brain which has put him in the front rank of his scientific age. Brain, character, soul — only as one sees more of life does one understand how distinct is each.

The very next day we did actually make our start upon this remarkable expedition. We found that all our possessions fitted very easily into the two canoes, and we divided our personnel, six in each, taking the obvious precaution in the interests of peace of putting one Professor into each canoe. Personally, I was with Challenger, who was in a beatific humour, moving about as one in a silent ecstasy and beaming benevolence from every feature. I have had some experience of him in other moods, however, and shall be the less surprised when the thunderstorms suddenly come up amidst the sunshine. If it is impossible to be at your ease, it is equally impossible to be dull in his company, for one is always in a state of half-tremulous doubt as to what sudden turn his formidable temper may take.

For two days we made our way up a good-sized river, some hundreds of yards broad, and dark in colour, but transparent, so that one could usually see the bottom. The affluents of the Amazon are, half of them, of this nature, while the other half are whitish and opaque, the difference depending upon the class of country through which they have flowed. The dark indicate vegetable decay, while the others point to clayey soil. Twice we came across rapids, and in each case made a portage of half a mile or so to avoid them. The woods on either side were primeval, which are more easily penetrated than woods of the second growth, and we had no great difficulty in carrying our canoes through them. How shall I ever forget the solemn mystery of it? The height of the trees and the thickness of the boles exceeded anything which I in my town-bred life could have imagined, shooting upwards in magnificent columns until, at an enormous distance above our heads, we could dimly discern the spot where they threw out their side-branches into Gothic upward curves which coalesced to form one great matted roof of verdure, through which only an occasional golden ray of sunshine shot downwards to trace a thin dazzling line of light amidst the majestic obscurity. As we walked noiselessly amid the thick, soft carpet of decaying vegetation the hush fell upon our souls which comes upon us in the twilight of the Abbey, and even Professor Challenger's full-chested notes sank into a whisper. Alone, I should have been ignorant of the names of these giant growths, but our men of science pointed out the cedars, the great silk cotton trees, and the redwood trees, with all that profusion of various plants which has made this continent the chief supplier to the human race of those gifts of Nature which depend upon the vegetable world, while it is the most backward in those products which come from animal life. Vivid orchids and wonderful coloured lichens smouldered upon the swarthy tree-trunks, and where a wandering shaft of light fell full upon the golden allamanda, the scarlet star-clusters of the tacsonia, or the rich deep blue of ipomæa the effect was as a dream of fairyland. In these great wastes of forest, life, which abhors darkness, struggles ever upwards to the light. Every plant, even the smaller ones, curls and writhes to the

green surface, twining itself round its stronger and taller brethren in the effort. Climbing plants are monstrous and luxuriant, but others which have never been known to climb elsewhere learn the art as an escape from that sombre shadow, so that the common nettle, the jasmine, and even the jacitara palm tree can be seen circling the stems of the cedars and striving to reach their crowns. Of animal life there was no movement amid the majestic vaulted aisles which stretched from us as we walked, but a constant movement far above our heads told of that multitudinous world of snake and monkey, bird and sloth, which lived in the sunshine, and looked down in wonder at our tiny, dark, stumbling figures in the obscure depths immeasurably below them. At dawn



"PROFESSOR CHALLENGER."

and at sunset the howler monkeys screamed together and the parakeets broke into shrill chatter, but during the hot hours of the day only the full drone of insects, like the beat of a distant surf, filled the ear, while nothing moved amid the solemn vistas of stupendous trunks, fading away into the darkness which held us in. Once some bandy-legged, lurching creature, an ant-eater or a bear, scuttled clumsily amid the shadows. It was the only sign of earth life which I saw in this great Amazonian forest.

And yet there were indications that even human life itself was not far from us in those mysterious recesses. On the third day out we were aware of a singular deep throbbing in the air, rhythmic and solemn, coming and going fitfully throughout the morning. The two boats were paddling within a few yards of each other when first we heard it, and our Indians remained motionless, as if they had been turned to bronze, listening intently with expressions of terror upon their faces.

"What is it, then?" I asked.

"Drums," said Lord Roxton, carelessly; "war drums. I have heard them before."

"Yes, sir, war drums," said Gomez, the half-breed. "Wild Indians, bravos, not mansos; they watch us every mile of the way; kill us if they can."

"How can they watch us?" I asked, gazing into the dark, motionless void.

The half-breed shrugged his broad shoulders. "The Indians know. They have their own way. They watch us. They talk the drum talk to each other. Kill us if they can."

By the afternoon of that day—my pocket diary shows me that it was Tuesday, August 18th—at least six or seven drums were throbbing from various points. Sometimes they beat quickly, sometimes slowly, sometimes in obvious question and answer, one far to the east breaking out in a high staccato rattle, and being followed after a pause by a deep roll from the north. There was something indescribably nerve-shaking and menacing in that constant mutter, which seemed to shape itself into the very syllables of the half-breed, endlessly repeated, "We will kill you if we can. We will kill you if we can." No one ever moved in the silent woods. All the peace and soothing quiet of Nature lay in that dark curtain of vegetation, but away from behind there came ever the one message from our fellow-man. "We will kill you if we can," said the men in the east. "We will kill you if we can," said the men in the north.

All day the drums rumbled and whispered, while their menace reflected itself in the faces of our coloured companions. Even the hardy, swaggering half-breed seemed cowed. I learned, however, that day once for all that both Summerlee and Challenger possessed that highest type of bravery, the bravery of the scientific mind. Theirs was the spirit which upheld Darwin among the gauchos of the Argentine or Wallace among the head-hunters of Malaya. It is decreed by a merciful Nature that the human brain cannot think of two things simultaneously, so that if it be steeped in curiosity as to science it has no room for merely personal considerations. All day amid that incessant and mysterious menace our two Professors watched every bird upon the wing, and every shrub upon the bank, with many a sharp wordy contention, when the snarl of Summerlee came quick upon the deep growl of Challenger, but with no more sense of danger and no more reference to drum-beating Indians than if they were seated together in the smoking-room of the Royal Society's Club in St. James's Street. Once only did they condescend to discuss them.

"Miranha or Amajuaca cannibals," said Challenger, jerking his thumb towards the reverberating woods.

"No doubt, sir," Summerlee answered. "Like all such tribes, I shall expect to find them of polysynthetic speech and of Mongolian type."

"Polysynthetic certainly," said Challenger, indulgently. "I am not aware that any other type of language exists in this continent, and I have notes of more than a hundred. The Mongolian theory I regard with deep suspicion."

"I should have thought that even a limited knowledge of comparative anatomy would have helped to verify it," said Summerlee, bitterly.

Challenger thrust out his aggressive chin until he was all beard and hat-rim. "No doubt, sir, a limited knowledge would have that effect. When one's knowledge is exhaustive, one comes to other conclusions." They glared at each other in mutual defiance, while all round rose the distant whisper, "We will kill you—we will kill you if we can."

That night we moored our canoes with heavy stones for anchors in the centre of the stream, and made every preparation for a possible attack. Nothing came, however, and with the dawn we pushed upon our way, the drum-beating dying out behind us. About three o'clock in the afternoon we came to a very steep rapid, more than a mile long—the

very one in which Professor Challenger had suffered disaster upon his first journey. I confess that the sight of it consoled me, for it was really the first direct corroboration, slight as it was, of the truth of his story. The Indians carried first our canoes and then our stores through the brushwood, which is very thick at this point, while we four whites, our rifles on our shoulders, walked between them and any danger coming from the woods. Before evening we had successfully passed the rapids, and made our way some ten miles above them, where we anchored for the night. At this point I reckoned that we had come not less than a hundred miles up the tributary from the main stream.

It was in the early forenoon of the next day that we made the great departure. Since dawn Professor Challenger had been acutely uneasy, continually scanning each bank of the river. Suddenly he gave an exclamation of satisfaction and pointed to a single tree, which projected at a peculiar angle over the side of the stream.

"What do you make of that?" he asked.

"It is surely an Assai palm," said Summerlee.

"Exactly. It was an Assai palm which I took for my landmark. The secret opening is half a mile onwards upon the other side of the river. There is no break in the trees. That is the wonder and the mystery of it. There where you see light-green rushes instead of dark-green undergrowth, there between the great cotton woods, that is my private gate into the unknown. Push through, and you will understand."

It was indeed a wonderful place. Having reached the spot marked by a line of light-green rushes, we poled our two canoes through them for some hundreds of yards, and eventually emerged into a placid and shallow stream, running clear and transparent over a sandy bottom. It may have been twenty yards across, and was banked in on each side by most luxuriant vegetation. No one who had not observed that for a short distance reeds had taken the place of shrubs could possibly have guessed the existence of such a stream or dreamed of the fairyland beyond.

For a fairyland it was—the most wonderful that the imagination of man could conceive. The thick vegetation met overhead, interlacing into a natural pergola, and through this tunnel of verdure in a golden twilight flowed the green, pellucid river, beautiful in itself, but marvellous from the strange tints thrown by the vivid light from above filtered and tempered in its fall. Clear as crystal, motionless as a sheet of glass, green as the edge of an iceberg, it stretched in front of us under its leafy archway, every stroke of our paddles sending a thousand ripples across its shining surface. It was a fitting avenue to a land of wonders. All sign of the Indians had passed away, but animal life was more frequent, and the tameness of the creatures showed that they knew nothing of the hunter. Fuzzy little black-velvet monkeys, with snow-white teeth and gleaming, mocking eyes, chattered at us as we passed. With a dull, heavy splash an occasional cayman plunged in from the bank. Once a dark, clumsy tapir stared at us from a gap in the bushes, and then lumbered away through the forest; once, too, the yellow, sinuous form of a great puma whisked amid the brushwood, and its green, baleful eyes glared hatred at us over its tawny shoulder. Bird life was abundant, especially the wading birds, stork, heron, and ibis gathering in little groups, blue, scarlet, and white, upon every log which jutted from the bank, while beneath us the crystal water was alive with fish of every shape and colour.

For three days we made our way up this tunnel of hazy green sunshine. On the longer stretches one could hardly tell as one looked ahead where the distant green water ended and the distant green archway began. The deep peace of this strange waterway was unbroken by any sign of man.

"No Indian here. Too much afraid. Curupuri," said Gomez.

"Curupuri is the spirit of the woods," Lord Roxton explained. "It's a name for any kind of devil. The poor beggars think that there is something fearsome in this direction, and therefore they avoid it."

On the third day it became evident that our journey in the canoes could not last much longer, for the stream was rapidly growing more shallow. Twice in as many hours we stuck upon the bottom. Finally we pulled the boats up among the brushwood and spent the night on the bank of the river. In the morning Lord Roxton and I made our way for a couple of miles through the forest, keeping parallel with the stream; but as it grew ever shallower we returned and reported, what Professor Challenger had already suspected, that we had reached the highest point to which the canoes could be brought. We drew them up, therefore, and concealed them among the bushes, blazing a tree with our axes, so that we should find them again. Then we distributed the various burdens among us—guns, ammunition, food, a tent, blankets, and the rest—and, shouldering our

packages, we set forth upon the more laborious stage of our journey.

An unfortunate quarrel between our pepper-pots marked the outset of our new stage. Challenger had from the moment of joining us issued directions to the whole party, much to the evident discontent of Summerlee. Now, upon his assigning some duty to his fellow-Professor (it was only the carrying of an aneroid barometer), the matter suddenly came to a head.

"May I ask, sir," said Summerlee, with vicious calm, "in what capacity you take it upon yourself to issue these orders?"

Challenger glared and bristled.

"I do it, Professor Summerlee, as leader of this expedition."

"I am compelled to tell you, sir, that I do not recognize you in that capacity."

"Indeed!" Challenger bowed with unwieldy sarcasm. "Perhaps you would define my exact position."

"Yes, sir. You are a man whose veracity is upon trial, and this committee is here to try it. You walk, sir, with your judges."

"Dear me!" said Challenger, seating himself on the side of one of the canoes. "In that case you will, of course, go on your way, and I will follow at my leisure. If I am not the leader you cannot expect me to lead."

Thank Heaven that there were two sane men—Lord John Roxton and myself—to prevent the petulance and folly of our learned Professors from sending us back empty-handed to London. Such arguing and pleading and explaining before we could get them mollified! Then at last Summerlee, with his sneer and his pipe, would move forwards, and Challenger would come rolling and grumbling after. By some good fortune we discovered about this time that both our savants had the very poorest opinion of Dr. Illingworth of Edinburgh. Thenceforward that was our one safety, and every strained situation was relieved by our introducing the name of the Scotch zoologist, when both our Professors would form a temporary alliance and friendship in their detestation and abuse of this common rival.

Advancing in single file along the bank of the stream, we soon found that it narrowed down to a mere brook, and finally that it lost itself in a great green morass of sponge-like mosses, into which we sank up to our knees. The place was horribly haunted by clouds of mosquitoes and every form of flying pest, so we were glad to find solid ground again and to make a circuit among the trees, which enabled us to outflank this pestilent morass, which droned like an organ in the distance, so loud was it with insect life.

On the second day after leaving our canoes we found that the whole character of the country changed. Our road was persistently upwards, and as we ascended the woods became thinner and lost their tropical luxuriance. The huge trees of the alluvial Amazonian plain gave place to the Phœnix and coco palms, growing in scattered clumps, with thick brushwood between. In the damper hollows the Mauritia palms threw out their graceful drooping fronds. We travelled entirely by compass, and once or twice there were differences of opinion between Challenger and the two Indians, when, to quote the Professor's indignant words, the whole party agreed to "trust the fallacious instincts of undeveloped savages rather than the highest product of modern European culture." That we were justified in doing so was shown upon the third day, when Challenger admitted that he recognized several landmarks of his former journey, and in one spot we actually came upon four fire-blackened stones, which must have marked a camping-place.

The road still ascended, and we crossed a rock-studded slope which took two days to traverse. The vegetation had again changed, and only the vegetable ivory tree remained, with a great profusion of wonderful orchids, among which I learned to recognize the rare *Nuttonia Vexillaria* and the glorious pink and scarlet blossoms of Cattleya and odonto-glossum. Occasional brooks with pebbly bottoms and fern-draped banks gurgled down the shallow gorges in the hill, and offered good camping-grounds every evening on the banks of some rock-studded pool, where swarms of little blue-backed fish, about the size and shape of English trout, gave us a delicious supper.

On the ninth day after leaving the canoes, having done, as I reckon, about a hundred and twenty miles, we began to emerge from the trees, which had grown smaller until they were mere shrubs. Their place was taken by an immense wilderness of bamboo, which grew so thickly that we could only penetrate it by cutting a pathway with the machetes and billhooks of the Indians. It took us a long day, travelling from seven in the morning till eight at night, with only two breaks of one hour each, to get through this obstacle. Anything more monotonous and wearying could not be imagined, for, even at the most open places, I could not see more than ten or twelve yards, while usually my vision was

limited to the back of Lord Roxton's cotton jacket in front of me, and to the yellow wall within a foot of me on either side. From above came one thin knife-edge of sunshine, and fifteen feet over our heads one saw the tops of the reeds swaying against the deep blue sky. I do not know what kind of creatures inhabit such a thicket, but several times we heard the plunging of large, heavy animals quite close to us. From their sounds Lord Roxton judged them to be some form of wild cattle. Just as night fell we cleared the belt of bamboos, and at once formed our camp, exhausted by the interminable day.

Early next morning we were again afoot, and found that the character of the country had changed once again. Behind us was the wall of bamboo, as definite as if it marked the course of a river. In front was an open plain, sloping slightly upwards and dotted with clumps of tree-ferns, the whole curving before us until it ended in a long, whale-backed ridge. This we reached about midday, only to find a shallow valley beyond rising once again into a gentle incline which led to a low, rounded sky-line. It was here, while we crossed the first of these hills, that an incident occurred which may or may not have been important.

Professor Challenger, who, with the two local Indians, was in the van of the party, stopped suddenly and pointed excitedly to the right. As he did so we saw, at the distance of a mile or so, something which appeared to be a huge dark bird flap slowly up from the ground and skim smoothly

"WE WERE GLAD TO FIND SOLID GROUND AGAIN AND TO MAKE A CIRCUIT AMONG THE TREES."

off, flying very low and straight, until it was lost among the tree-ferns.

"Did you see it?" cried Challenger, in exultation. "Summerlee, did you see it?"

His colleague was staring at the spot where the creature had disappeared.

"What do you claim that it was?" he asked.

"To the best of my belief, a pterodactyl."

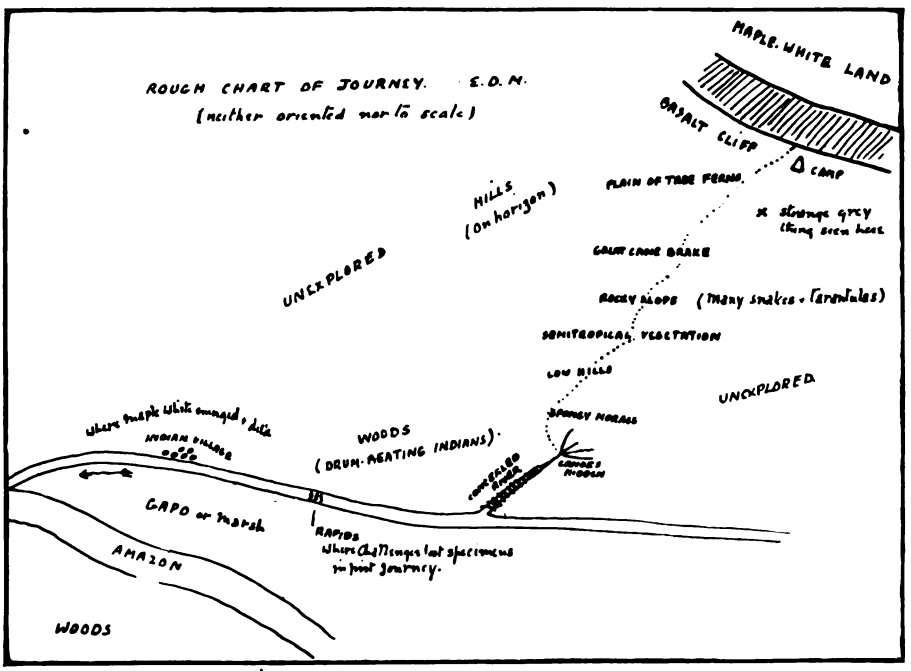
Summerlee burst into derisive laughter. "A ptero-fiddlestick!" said he. "It was a stork, if ever I saw one."

Challenger was too furious to speak. He simply swung his pack upon his back and continued upon his march. Lord Roxton came abreast of me, however, and his face was more grave than was his wont. He had his Zeiss glasses in his hand.

"I focused it before it got over the trees," said he. "I won't undertake to say what it was, but I'll risk my reputation as a sportsman that it wasn't any bird that ever I clapped eyes on in my life."

So there the matter stands. Are we really just at the edge of the unknown, encountering the outlying pickets of this new world of which our leader speaks? I give you the incident as it occurred and you will know as much as I do. It stands alone, for we saw nothing more which could be called remarkable.

And now, my readers, if ever I have any, I have brought you up the broad river, and through the screen of rushes, and down the green tunnel, and up the long slope of palm trees, and through the bamboo brake, and across the plain of tree-ferns. At last our destination lay in full sight of us. When we had crossed the second ridge we saw before us an irregular, palm-studded plain, and then the line of high red cliffs which I have seen in the picture. There it lies, even as I write, and there can be no question that it is the same. At the nearest point it is about seven miles from our present camp, and it curves away,



MALONE'S ROUGH MAP OF THE JOURNEY TO THE CLIFFS.

stretching as far as I can see. Challenger struts about like a prize peacock, and Summerlee is silent, but still sceptical. Another day should bring some of our doubts to an end. Meanwhile, as José, whose arm was pierced by a broken bamboo, insists upon returning, I send this letter back in his charge, and only hope that it may eventually come to hand. I will write again as the occasion serves. I have enclosed with this a rough chart of our journey, which may have the effect of making the account rather easier to understand.

CHAPTER IX.

"WHO COULD HAVE FORESEEN IT?"

A DREADFUL thing has happened to us. Who could have foreseen it? I cannot foresee any

end to our troubles. It may be that we are condemned to spend our whole lives in this strange, inaccessible place. I am still so confused that I can hardly think clearly of the facts of the present or of the chances of the future. To my astounded senses the one seems most terrible and the other as black as night.

No men have ever found themselves in a worse position; nor is there any use in disclosing to you our exact geographical situation and asking our friends for a relief party. Even if they could send one, our fate will in all human probability be decided long before it could arrive in South America.

We are, in truth, as far from any human aid as if we were in the moon. If we are to win through, it is only our own qualities which can save us. I have as companions three remarkable men, men of great brain-power and of unshaken courage. There lies our one and only hope. It is only when I look upon the untroubled faces of my comrades that I see some glimmer through the darkness. Outwardly I trust that I appear as unconcerned as they. Inwardly I am filled with apprehension.

Let me give you, with as much detail as I can, the sequence of events which have led us to this catastrophe.

When I finished my last letter I stated that we were within seven miles from an enormous line of ruddy cliffs which encircled, beyond all doubt, the plateau of which Professor Challenger spoke. Their height, as we approached them, seemed to me in some places to be greater than he had stated—running up in parts to at least a thousand feet—and they were curiously striated, in a manner which is, I believe, characteristic of basaltic upheavals. Something of the sort is to be seen in Salisbury Crags at Edinburgh. The summit showed every sign of a luxuriant vegetation, with bushes near the edge, and farther back many high trees. There was no indication of any life that we could see.

That night we pitched our camp immediately under the cliff—a most wild and desolate spot. The crags above us were not merely perpendicular, but curved outwards at the top, so that ascent was out of the question. Close to us was the high, thin pinnacle of rock which I believe I mentioned earlier in this narrative. It is like a broad red church spire, the top of it being level with the plateau, but a great chasm gaping between. On the summit of it there grew one high tree. Both pinnacle and cliff were comparatively low—some five or six hundred feet, I should think.

"It was on that," said Professor Challenger, pointing to this tree, "that the pterodactyl was perched. I climbed half-way up the rock before I shot him. I am inclined to think that a good mountaineer like myself could ascend the rock to the top, though he would, of course, be no nearer to the plateau when he had done so."

As Challenger spoke of his pterodactyl I glanced at Professor Summerlee, and for the first time I seemed to see some signs of a dawning credulity and repentance. There was no sneer upon his thin lips, but, on the contrary, a grey, drawn look of excitement and amazement. Challenger saw it, too, and revelled in the first taste of victory.

"Of course," said he, with his clumsy and ponderous sarcasm, "Professor Summerlee will understand that when I speak of a pterodactyl I mean a stork—only it is the kind of stork which has no feathers, a leathery skin, membranous wings, and teeth in its jaws." He grinned and blinked and bowed until his colleague turned and walked away.

In the morning, after a frugal breakfast of coffee and manioc—we had to be economical of our stores—we held a council of war as to the best method of ascending to the plateau above us.

Challenger presided with a solemnity as if he were the Lord Chief Justice on the Bench. Picture him seated upon a rock, his absurd boyish straw hat tilted on the back of his head, his supercilious eyes dominating us from under his drooping lids, his great black beard wagging as he slowly defined our present situation and our future movements.

Beneath him you might have seen the three of us—myself, sunburnt, young, and vigorous after our open-air tramp; Summerlee, solemn, but still critical, behind his eternal pipe; Lord Roxton, as keen as a razor-edge, with his supple, alert figure leaning upon his rifle, and his eagle eyes fixed eagerly upon the speaker. Behind us were grouped the two swarthy half-breeds and the little knot of Indians, while in front and above us towered those huge, ruddy ribs of rock which kept us from our goal.

"I need not say," said our leader, "that on the occasion of my last visit I exhausted every means of climbing the cliff, and where I failed I do not think that anyone else is likely to succeed, for I am something of a mountaineer. I had none of the appliances of a rock-climber with me, but I have taken the precaution to bring them now. With their aid I am positive I could climb that detached pinnacle to the summit; but so long as the

main cliff overhangs, it is vain to attempt ascending that. I was hurried upon my last visit by the approach of the rainy season and by the exhaustion of my supplies. These considerations limited my time, and I can only claim that I have surveyed about six miles of the cliff to the east of us, finding no possible way up. What, then, shall we now do?"

"There seems to be only one reasonable course," said Professor Summerlee. "If you have explored the east, we should travel along the base of the cliff to the west, and seek for a practicable point for our ascent."

"That's it," said Lord Roxton. "The odds are that this plateau is of no great size, and we shall travel round it until we either find an easy way up it, or come back to the point from which we started."

"I have already explained to our young friend here," said Challenger (he has a way of alluding to me as if I were a school child ten years old), "that it is quite impossible that there should be an easy way up anywhere, for the simple reason that if there were the summit would not be isolated, and those conditions would not obtain which have effected so singular an interference with the general laws of survival. Yet I admit that there may very well be places where an expert human climber may reach the summit, and yet a cumbrous and heavy animal be unable to descend. It is certain that there *is* a point where an ascent is possible."

"How do you know that, sir?" asked Summerlee, sharply.

"Because my predecessor, the American Maple White, actually made such an ascent. How otherwise could he have seen the monster which he sketched in his notebook?"

"There you reason somewhat ahead of the proved facts," said the stubborn Summerlee. "I admit your plateau, because I have seen it; but I have not as yet satisfied myself that it contains any form of life whatever."

"What you admit, sir, or what you do not admit, is really of inconceivably small importance. I am glad to perceive that the plateau itself has actually obtruded itself upon your intelligence." He glanced up at it, and then, to our amazement, he sprang from his rock, and, seizing Summerlee by the neck, he tilted his face into the air. "Now, sir!" he shouted, hoarse with excitement. "Do I help you to realize that the plateau contains some animal life?"

I have said that a thick fringe of green overhung the edge of the cliff. Out of this there had emerged a black, glistening object. As it came slowly forth and overhung the chasm, we saw that it was a very large snake with a peculiar flat, spade-like head. It wavered and quivered above us for a minute, the morning sun gleaming upon its sleek, sinuous coils. Then it slowly drew inwards and disappeared.

Summerlee had been so interested that he had stood unresisting while Challenger tilted his head into the air. Now he shook his colleague off and came back to his dignity.

"I should be glad, Professor Challenger," said he, "if you could see your way to make any remarks which may occur to you without seizing me by the chin. Even the appearance of a very ordinary rock python does not appear to justify such a liberty."

"But there is life upon the plateau all the same," his colleague replied in triumph. "And now, having demonstrated this important conclusion so that it is clear to anyone, however prejudiced or obtuse, I am of opinion that we cannot do better than break up our camp and travel to westward until we find some means of ascent."

The ground at the foot of the cliff was rocky and broken, so that the going was slow and difficult. Suddenly we came, however, upon something which cheered our hearts. It was the site of an old encampment, with several empty Chicago meat tins, a bottle labelled "Brandy," a broken tin-opener, and a quantity of other travellers' *débris*. A crumpled, disintegrated newspaper revealed itself as the *Chicago Democrat*, though the date had been obliterated.

"Not mine," said Challenger. "It must be Maple White's."

Lord Roxton had been gazing curiously at a great tree-fern which overshadowed the encampment. "I say, look at this," said he. "I believe it is meant for a sign-post."

A slip of hard wood had been nailed to the tree in such a way as to point to the westward.

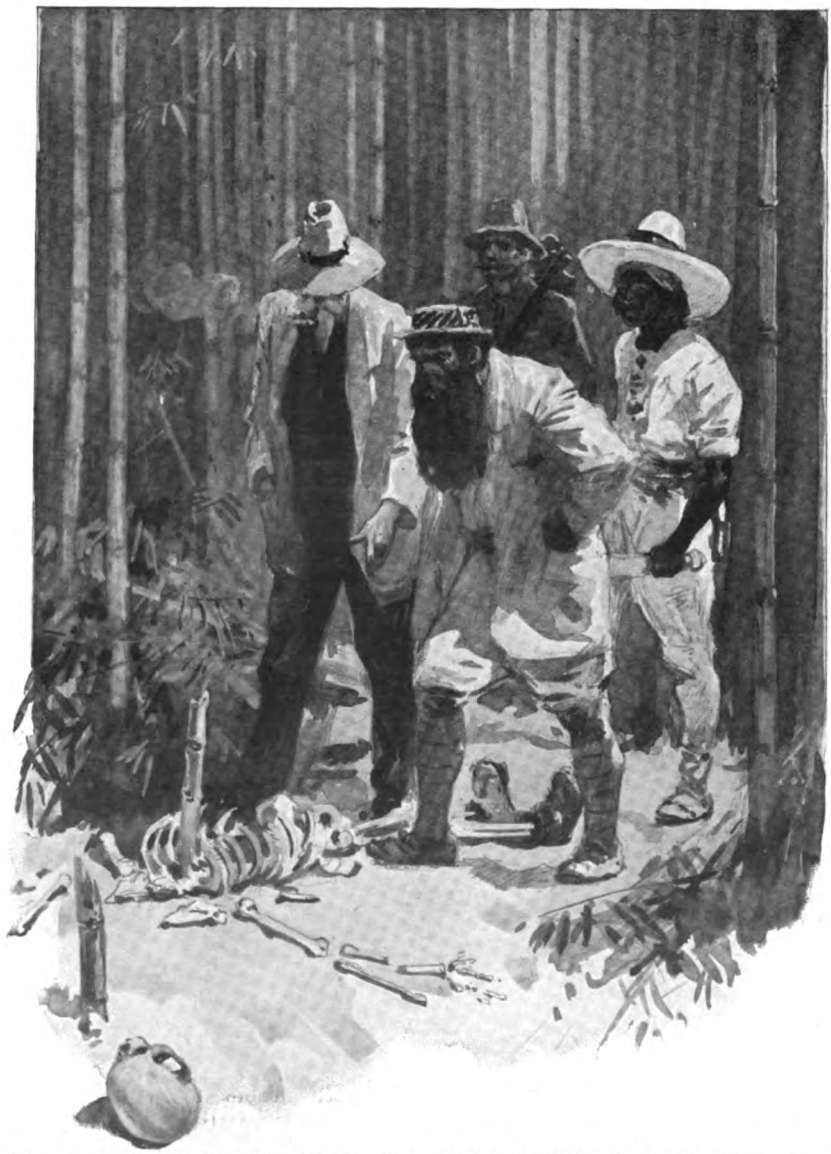
"Most certainly a sign-post," said Challenger. "What else? Finding himself upon a dangerous errand, our pioneer has left this sign so that any party which follows him may know the way he has taken. Perhaps we shall come upon some other indications as we proceed."

We did indeed, but they were of a terrible and most unexpected nature. Immediately beneath the cliff there grew a considerable patch of high bamboo, like that which we had traversed in our journey. Many of these stems were twenty feet high, with sharp, strong tops, so that even as they stood they made formidable spears. We were passing

along the edge of this cover when my eye was caught by the gleam of something white within it. Thrusting in my head between the stems, I found myself gazing at a fleshless skull. The whole skeleton was there, but the skull had detached itself and lay some feet nearer to the open.

With a few blows from the machetes of our Indians we cleared the spot and were able to study the details of this old tragedy. Only a few shreds of clothes could still be distinguished, but there were the remains of boots upon the bony feet, and it was very clear that the dead man was a European. A gold watch by Hudson, of New York, and a chain which held a stylographic pen, lay among the bones. There was also a silver cigarette-case, with "J. C., from A. E. S.," upon the lid. The state of the metal seemed to show that the catastrophe had occurred no great time before.

"Who can he be?" asked Lord Roxton. "Poor devil! every bone in his body seems to be broken."



"'WHO CAN HE BE?' ASKED LORD ROXTON. 'POOR DEVIL! EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY SEEMS TO BE BROKEN.'"

"And the bamboo grows through his smashed ribs," said Summerlee. "It is a fast-growing plant, but it is surely inconceivable that this body could have been here while the canes grew to be twenty feet in length."

"As to the man's identity," said Professor Challenger, "I have no doubt whatever upon that point. As I made my way up the river before I reached you at the hacienda I instituted very particular inquiries about Maple White. At Para they knew nothing. Fortunately, I had a definite clue, for there was a particular picture in his sketch-book which showed him taking lunch with a certain ecclesiastic at Rosario. This priest I was able to find, and though he proved a very argumentative fellow, who took it absurdly amiss that I should point out to him the corrosive effect which modern science must have upon his beliefs, he none the less gave me some positive information. Maple White passed Rosario four years ago, or two years before I saw his dead body. He was not alone at the time, but there was a friend, an American named James Colver, who remained in the boat and did not meet this ecclesiastic. I think, therefore, that there can be no doubt that we are now looking upon the remains of this James Colver."

"Nor," said Lord Roxton, "is there much doubt as to how he met his death. He has fallen or been chucked from the top, and so been impaled. How else could he come by his broken bones, and how could he have been stuck through by these canes with their points so high above our heads?"

A hush came over us as we stood round these shattered remains and realized the truth of Lord Roxton's words. The beetling head of the cliff projected over the cane-brake. Undoubtedly he had fallen from above. But *had* he fallen? Had it been an accident? Or——already ominous and terrible possibilities began to form round that unknown land.

We moved off in silence, and continued to coast round the line of cliffs, which were as even and unbroken as some of those monstrous Antarctic icefields which I have seen depicted as stretching from horizon to horizon and towering high above the mast-heads of the exploring vessel. In five miles we saw no rift or break. And then suddenly we perceived something which filled us with new hope. In a hollow of the rock, protected from rain, there was drawn a rough arrow in chalk, pointing still to the westwards.

"Maple White again," said Professor Challenger. "He had some presentiment that worthy footsteps would follow close behind him."

"He had chalk, then?"

"A box of coloured chalks was among the effects I found in his knapsack. I remember that the white one was worn to a stump."

"That is certainly good evidence," said Summerlee. "We can only accept his guidance and follow on to the westward."

We had proceeded some five more miles when again we saw a white arrow upon the rocks. It was at a point where the face of the cliff was for the first time split into a narrow cleft. Inside the cleft was a second guidance mark, which pointed right up it with the tip somewhat elevated, as if the spot indicated were above the level of the ground.

It was a solemn place, for the walls were so gigantic and the slit of blue sky so narrow and so obscured by a double fringe of verdure that only a dim and shadowy light penetrated to the bottom. We had had no food for many hours, and were very weary with the stony and irregular journey, but our nerves were too strung to allow us to halt. We ordered the camp to be pitched, however, and, leaving the Indians to arrange it, we four, with the two half-breeds, proceeded up the narrow gorge.

It was not more than forty feet across at the mouth, but it rapidly closed until it ended in an acute angle, too straight and smooth for an ascent. Certainly it was not this which our pioneer had attempted to indicate. We made our way back—the whole gorge was not more than a quarter of a mile deep—and then suddenly the quick eyes of Lord Roxton fell upon what we were seeking. High up above our heads, amid the dark shadows, there was one circle of deeper gloom. Surely it could only be the opening of a cave.

The base of the cliff was heaped with loose stones at the spot, and it was not difficult to clamber up. When we reached it, all doubt was removed. Not only was it an opening into the rock, but on the side of it there was marked once again the sign of the arrow. Here was the point, and this the means by which Maple White and his ill-fated comrade had made their ascent.

We were too excited to return to the camp, but must make our first exploration at once. Lord Roxton had an electric torch in his knapsack, and this had to serve us as light. He advanced, throwing his little clear circlet of yellow radiance before him, while in single file we followed at his heels.

The cave had evidently been water-worn, the sides being smooth and the floor covered

with rounded stones. It was of such a size that a single man could just fit through by stooping. For fifty yards it ran almost straight into the rock, and then it ascended at an angle of forty-five. Presently this incline became even steeper, and we found ourselves climbing upon hands and knees among loose rubble which slid from beneath us. Suddenly an exclamation broke from Lord Roxton.

"It's blocked!" said he.

Clustering behind him we saw in the yellow field of light a wall of broken basalt which extended to the ceiling.

"The roof has fallen in!"

In vain we dragged out some of the pieces. The only effect was that the larger ones became detached and threatened to roll down the gradient and crush us. It was evident that the obstacle was far beyond any efforts which we could make to remove it. The road by which Maple White had ascended was no longer available.

Too much cast down to speak, we stumbled down the dark tunnel and made our way back to the camp.

One incident occurred, however, before we left the gorge, which is of importance in view of what came afterwards.

We had gathered in a little group at the bottom of the chasm, some forty feet beneath the mouth of the cave, when a huge rock rolled suddenly downwards and shot past us with tremendous force. It was the narrowest escape for one or all of us. We could not ourselves see whence the rock had come, but our half-breed servants, who were still at the opening of the cave, said that it had flown past them, and must therefore have fallen from the summit. Looking upwards, we could see no sign of movement above us amidst the green jungle which topped the cliff. There could be little doubt, however, that the stone was aimed at us, so the incident surely pointed to humanity—and malevolent humanity—upon the plateau.

We withdrew hurriedly from the chasm, our minds full of this new development and its bearing upon our plans. The situation was difficult enough before, but if the obstructions of Nature were increased by the deliberate opposition of man, then our case was indeed a hopeless one. And yet, as we looked up at that beautiful fringe of verdure only a few hundreds of feet above our heads, there was not one of us who could conceive the idea of returning to London until we had explored it to its depths.

On discussing the situation, we determined that our best course was to continue to coast round the plateau in the hope of finding some other means of reaching the top. The line of cliffs, which had decreased considerably in height, had already begun to trend from west to north, and if we could take this as representing the arc of a circle, the whole circumference could not be very great. At the worst, then, we should be back in a few days at our starting-point.

We made a march that day which totalled some two-and-twenty miles, without any change in our prospects. I may mention that our aneroid shows us that in the continual incline which we have ascended since we abandoned our canoes we have risen to no less than three thousand feet above sea-level. Hence there is a considerable change both in the temperature and in the vegetation. We have shaken off some of that horrible insect life which is the bane of tropical travel. A few palms still survive, and many tree-ferns, but the Amazonian trees have been all left behind. It was pleasant to see the convolvulus, the passion-flower, and the begonia, all reminding me of home, here among these inhospitable rocks. There was a red begonia just the same colour as one that is kept in a pot in the window of a certain villa in Streatham—but I am drifting into private reminiscence.

That night—I am still speaking of the first day of our circumnavigation of the plateau—a great experience awaited us, and one which for ever set at rest any doubt which we could have had as to the wonders so near us.

You will realize as you read it, my dear Mr. McArdle, and possibly for the first time, that the paper has not sent me on a wild-goose chase, and that there is inconceivably fine copy waiting for the world whenever we have the Professor's leave to make use of it. I shall not dare to publish these articles unless I can bring back my proofs to England, or I shall be hailed as the journalistic Munchausen of all time. I have no doubt that you feel the same way yourself, and that you would not care to stake the whole credit of the *Gazette* upon this adventure until we can meet the chorus of criticism and scepticism which such articles must of necessity elicit. So this wonderful incident, which would make such a headline for the old paper, must still wait its turn in the editorial drawer.

And yet it was all over in a flash, and there was no sequel to it, save in our own convictions.

What occurred was this. Lord Roxton had shot an ajouti—which is a small, pig-like animal—and, half of it having been given to the Indians, we were cooking the other

half upon our fire. There is a chill in the air after dark, and we had all drawn close to the blaze. The night was moonless, but there were some stars, and one could see for a little distance across the plain. Well, suddenly out of the darkness, out of the night, there swooped something with a swish like an aeroplane. The whole group of us were covered for an instant by a canopy of leathery wings, and I had a momentary vision of a long, snake-like neck, a fierce, red, greedy eye, and a great, snapping beak, filled, to my amazement, with little, gleaming teeth. The next instant it was gone—and so was our dinner. A huge black shadow, twenty feet across, skimmed up into the air; for an instant the monster wings blotted out the stars, and then it vanished over the brow of the cliff above us. We all sat in amazed silence round the fire, like the heroes of Virgil when the Harpies came down upon them. It was Summerlee who was the first to speak.

"Professor Challenger," said he, in a solemn voice, which quavered with emotion, "I owe you an apology. Sir, I am very much in the wrong, and I beg that you will forget what is past."

It was handsomely said, and the two men for the first time shook hands. So much we have gained by this clear vision of our first pterodactyl. It was worth a stolen supper to bring two such men together.

But if prehistoric life existed upon the plateau, it was not superabundant, for we had no further glimpse of it during the next three days. During this time we traversed a barren and forbidding country, which alternated between stony desert and desolate marshes full of many wild-fowl, upon the north and east of the cliffs. From that direction the place is really inaccessible, and, were it not for a hardish ledge which runs at the very base of the precipice, we should have had to turn back. Many times we were up to our waists in the slime and blubber of an old, semi-tropical swamp. To make matters worse, the place seemed to be a favourite breeding-place of the Jaracaca snake, the most venomous and aggressive in South America. Again and again these horrible creatures came writhing and springing towards us across the surface of this putrid bog, and it was only by keeping our shot-guns for ever ready that we could feel safe from them. One funnel-shaped depression in the morass, of a livid green in colour from some lichen which festered in it, will always remain as a nightmare memory in my mind. It seems to have been a special nest of these vermin, and the slopes were alive with them, all writhing in our direction, for it is a peculiarity of the Jaracaca that he will always attack man at first sight. There were too many for us to shoot, so we fairly took to our heels and ran until we were exhausted. I shall always remember as we looked back how far behind we could see the heads and necks of our horrible pursuers rising and falling amid the reeds. Jaracaca Swamp we named it in the map which we are constructing.

The cliffs upon the farther side had lost their ruddy tint, being chocolate-brown in colour; the vegetation was more scattered along the top of them, and they had sunk to three or four hundred feet in height, but in no place did we find any point where they could be ascended. If anything, they were more impossible than at the first point where we had met them. Their absolute steepness is indicated in the photograph which I took over the stony desert.

"Surely," said I, as we discussed the situation, "the rain must find its way down somehow. There are bound to be water-channels in the rocks."

"Our young friend has glimpses of lucidity," said Professor Challenger, patting me upon the shoulder.

"The rain must go somewhere," I repeated.

"He keeps a firm grip upon actuality. The only drawback is that we have conclusively proved by ocular demonstration that there are *no* water-channels down the rocks."

"Where, then, does it go?" I persisted.

"I think it may be fairly assumed that if it does not come outwards it must run inwards."

"Then there is a lake in the centre."

"So I should suppose."

"It is more than likely that the lake may be an old crater," said Summerlee. "The whole formation is, of course, highly volcanic. But however that may be, I should expect to find the surface of the plateau slope inwards with a considerable sheet of water in the centre, which may drain off, by some subterranean channel, into the marshes of the Jaracaca Swamp."

"Or evaporation might preserve an equilibrium," remarked Challenger, and the two learned men wandered off into one of their usual scientific arguments, which were as comprehensible as Chinese to the layman.

On the sixth day we completed our circuit of the cliffs, and found ourselves back at the first camp, beside the isolated pinnacle of rock. We were a disconsolate party, for nothing could have been more minute than

our investigation, and it was absolutely certain that there was no single point where the most active human being could possibly hope to scale the cliff. The place which Maple White's chalk-marks had indicated as his own means of access was now entirely impassable.

What were we to do now? Our stores of provisions, supplemented by our guns, were holding out well, but the day must come when they would need replenishment. In a couple of months the rains might be expected, and we should be washed out of our camp. The rock was harder than marble, and any attempt at cutting a path for so great a height was more than our time or resources would admit. No wonder that we looked gloomily at each other that night, and sought our blankets with hardly a word exchanged. I remember that as I dropped off to sleep my last recollection was that Challenger was squatting, like a monstrous bull-frog, by the fire, his huge head in his hands, sunk apparently in the deepest thought, and entirely oblivious to the good night which I wished him.

But it was a very different Challenger who greeted us in the morning—a Challenger with contentment and self-congratulation shining from his whole person. He faced us as we assembled for breakfast with a deprecating false modesty in his eyes, as who should say, "I know that I deserve all that you can say, but I pray you to spare my blushes by not saying it." His beard bristled exultantly, his chest was thrown out, and his hand was thrust into the front of his jacket. So, in his fancy, may he see himself sometimes, gracing the vacant pedestal in Trafalgar Square, and adding one more to the horrors of the London streets.

"Eureka!" he cried, his teeth shining through his beard. "Gentlemen, you may congratulate me and we may congratulate each other. The problem is solved."

"You have found a way up?"

"I venture to think so."

"And where?"

For answer he pointed to the spire-like pinnacle upon our right.

Our faces—or mine, at least—fell as we surveyed it. That it could be climbed we had our companion's assurance. But a horrible abyss lay between it and the plateau.

"We can never get across," I gasped.

"We can at least all reach the summit," said he. "When we are up I may be able to show you that the resources of an inventive mind are not yet exhausted."

After breakfast we unpacked the bundle in which our leader had brought his climbing accessories. From it he took a coil of the strongest and lightest rope, a hundred and fifty feet in length, with climbing irons, clamps, and other devices. Lord Roxton was an experienced mountaineer, and Summerlee had done some rough climbing at various times, so that I was really the novice at rock-work of the party; but my strength and activity may have made up for my want of experience.

It was not in reality a very stiff task, though there were moments which made my hair bristle upon my head. The first half was perfectly easy, but from there upwards it became continually steeper, until, for the last fifty feet, we were literally clinging with our fingers and toes to tiny ledges and crevices in the rock. I could not have accomplished it, nor could Summerlee, if Challenger had not gained the summit (it was extraordinary to see such activity in so unwieldy a creature) and there fixed the rope round the stem of the considerable tree which grew there. With this as our support, we were soon able to scramble up the jagged wall until we found ourselves upon the small grassy platform, some twenty-five feet each way, which formed the summit.

The first impression which I received when I had recovered my breath was of the extraordinary view over the country which we had traversed. The whole Brazilian plain seemed to lie beneath us, extending away and away until it ended in dim blue mists upon the farthest sky-line. In the foreground was the long slope, strewn with rocks and dotted with tree-ferns; farther off in the middle distance, looking over the saddle-back hill, I could just see the yellow and green mass of bamboos through which we had passed; and then, gradually, the vegetation increased until it formed the huge forest which extended as far as the eyes could reach, and for a good two thousand miles beyond.

I was still drinking in this wonderful panorama when the heavy hand of the Professor fell upon my shoulder.

"This way, my young friend," said he; "*vestigia nulla retrorsum*. Never look rearwards, but always to our glorious goal."

The level of the plateau, when I turned, was exactly that on which we stood, and the green bank of bushes, with occasional trees, was so near that it was difficult to realize how inaccessible it remained. At a rough guess the gulf was forty feet across, but, so far as I could see, it might as well have been

forty miles. I placed one arm round the trunk of the tree and leaned over the abyss. Far down were the small dark figures of our servants, looking up at us. The wall was absolutely precipitous, as was that which faced me.

"This is indeed curious," said the creaking voice of Professor Summerlee.

I turned, and found that he was examining with great interest the tree to which I clung. That smooth bark and those small, ribbed leaves seemed familiar to my eyes. "Why," I cried, "it's a beech!"

"Exactly," said Summerlee. "A fellow-countryman in a far land."

"Not only a fellow-countryman, my good sir," said Challenger, "but also, if I may be allowed to enlarge your simile, an ally of the first value. This beech tree will be our saviour."

"By George!" cried Lord Roxton, "a bridge!"

"Exactly, my friends, a bridge! It is not for nothing that I expended an hour last night in focusing my mind upon the situation. I have some recollection of once remarking to our young friend here that G. E. C. is at his best when his back is to the wall. Last night you will admit that all our backs were to the wall. But where will-power and intellect go together, there is always a way out. A drawbridge had to be found which could be dropped across the abyss. Behold it!"

It was certainly a brilliant idea. The tree was a good sixty feet in height, and if it only fell the right way it would easily cross the chasm. Challenger had slung the camp axe over his shoulder when he ascended. Now he handed it to me.

"Our young friend has the thews and sinews," said he. "I think he will be the most useful at this task. I must beg, however, that you will kindly refrain from thinking for yourself, and that you will do exactly what you are told."

Under his direction I cut such gashes in the sides of the tree as would ensure that it should fall as we desired. It had already a strong, natural tilt in the direction of the plateau, so that the matter was not difficult. Finally I set to work in earnest upon the trunk, taking turn and turn with Lord Roxton. In a little over an hour there was a loud crack, the tree swayed forward, and then crashed over, burying its branches among the bushes on the farther side. The severed trunk rolled to the very edge of our platform, and for one terrible second we all thought that it was over. It balanced itself, however, a few inches from the edge, and there was our bridge to the unknown.

All of us, without a word, shook hands with Professor Challenger, who raised his straw hat and bowed deeply to each in turn.

"I claim the honour," said he, "to be the first to cross to the unknown land—a fitting subject, no doubt, for some future historical painting."

He had approached the bridge when Lord Roxton laid his hand upon his coat.

"My dear chap," said he, "I really cannot allow it."

"Cannot allow it, sir!" The head went back and the beard forward.

"When it is a matter of science, don't you know, I follow your lead because you are by way of bein' a man of science. But it's up to you to follow me when you come into my department."

"Your department, sir?"

"We all have our professions, and soldierin' is mine. We are, accordin' to my ideas, invadin' a new country, which may or may not be chock-full of enemies of sorts. To barge blindly into it for want of a little common sense and patience isn't my notion of management."

The remonstrance was too reasonable to be disregarded. Challenger tossed his head and shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"Well, sir, what do you propose?"

"For all I know there may be a tribe of cannibals waitin' for lunch-time among those very bushes," said Lord Roxton, looking across the bridge. "It's better to learn wisdom before you get into a cookin'-pot; so we will content ourselves with hopin' that there is no trouble waitin' for us, and at the same time we will act as if there were. Malone and I will go down again, therefore, and we will fetch up the four rifles, together with Gomez and the other. One man can then go across and the rest will cover him with the guns, while he sees that it is safe for the whole crowd to come along."

Challenger sat down upon the cut stump and groaned his impatience; but Summerlee and I were of one mind that Lord Roxton was our leader when such practical details were in question. The climb was a more simple thing now that the rope dangled down the face of the worst part of the ascent. Within an hour we had brought up the rifles and a shot-gun. The half-breeds had ascended also, and under Lord Roxton's orders they had carried up a bale of provisions in case our first exploration should be a long one. We had each bandoliers of cartridges.

THE JOURNEY ACROSS THE TREE BRIDGE.

"Now, Challenger, if you really insist upon being the first man in," said Lord Roxton, when every preparation was complete.

"I am much indebted to you for your gracious permission," said the angry Professor; for never was a man so intolerant of every form of authority. "Since you are good enough to allow it, I shall most certainly take it upon myself to act as pioneer upon this occasion."

Seating himself with a leg overhanging the abyss on each side, and his hatchet slung upon his back, Challenger hopped his way across the trunk and was soon at the other side. He clambered up and waved his arms in the air.

"At last!" he cried; "at last!"

I gazed anxiously at him, with a vague expectation that some terrible fate would dart at him from the curtain of green behind him. But all was quiet, save that a strange, many-coloured bird flew up from under his feet and vanished among the trees.

Summerlee was the second. His wiry energy is wonderful in so frail a frame. He insisted upon having two rifles slung upon his back, so that both Professors were armed when he had made his transit. I came next, and tried hard not to look down into the horrible gulf over which I was passing. Summerlee held out the butt-end of his rifle, and an instant later I was able to grasp his hand. As to Lord Roxton, he walked across—actually walked, without support! He must have nerves of iron.

And there we were, the four of us, upon the dreamland, the lost world, of Maple White. To all of us it seemed the moment of our supreme triumph. Who could have guessed that it was the prelude to our supreme disaster? Let me say in a few words how the crushing blow fell upon us.

We had turned away from the edge, and had penetrated about fifty yards of close brushwood, when there came a frightful rending crash from behind us. With one impulse we rushed back the way that we had come. The bridge was gone!

Far down at the base of the cliff I saw, as I looked over, a tangled mass of branches and splintered trunk. It was our beech tree. Had the edge of the platform crumbled and let it through? For a moment this explanation was in all our minds. The next, from the farther side of the rocky pinnacle before us a swarthy face, the face of Gomez the half-breed, was slowly protruded. Yes, it was Gomez, but no longer the Gomez of the demure smile and the mask-like expression. Here was a face with flashing eyes and distorted features, a face convulsed with hatred and with the mad joy of gratified revenge.

"Lord Roxton!" he shouted. "Lord John Roxton!"

"Well," said our companion, "here I am."

A shriek of laughter came across the abyss.

"Yes, there you are, you English dog, and there you will remain! I have waited and waited, and now has come my chance. You found it hard to get up; you will find it harder to get down. You cursed fools, you are trapped, every one of you!"

We were too astounded to speak. We could only stand there staring in amazement. A great broken bough upon the grass showed whence he had gained his leverage to tilt over our bridge. The face had vanished, but presently it was up again, more frantic than before.

"We nearly killed you with a stone at the cave," he cried; "but this is better. It is slower and more terrible. Your bones will whiten up there, and none will know where you lie or come to cover them. As you lie dying, think of Lopez, whom you shot five years ago on the Putomayo River. I am his brother, and, come what will, I will die happy now, for his memory has been avenged." A furious hand was shaken at us, and then all was quiet.

Had the half-breed simply wrought his vengeance and then escaped, all might have been well with him. It was that foolish, irresistible Latin impulse to be dramatic which brought his own downfall. Roxton, the man who had earned himself the name of the Flail of the Lord through three countries, was not one who could be safely taunted. The half-breed was descending on the farther side of the pinnacle; but before he could reach the ground Lord Roxton had run along the edge of the plateau and gained a point from which he could see his man. There was a single crack of his rifle, and, though we saw nothing, we heard the scream and then the distant thud of the falling body. Roxton came back to us with a face of granite.

"I have been a blind simpleton," said he, bitterly. "It's my folly that has brought you all into this trouble. I should have remembered that these people have long memories for blood-feuds, and have been more upon my guard."

"What about the other one? It took two of them to lever that tree over the edge."

"I could have shot him, but I let him go. He may have had no part in it. Perhaps it would have been better if I had killed him, for he must, as you say, have lent a hand."

Now that we had the clue to his actions, each of us could cast back and remember some sinister act upon the part of the half-breed—his constant desire to know our plans, his arrest outside our tent when he was overhearing them, the furtive looks of hatred which from time to time one or other of us bounded the huge ebony figure of Zambo, our devoted negro. Even as we looked, he sprang upon the back of the fugitive and flung his arms round his neck. They rolled on the ground together. An instant afterwards Zambo rose, looked at the prostrate man, and then, waving his hand joyously to us, came running in our

"HE SPRANG UPON THE BACK OF THE FUGITIVE AND FLUNG HIS ARMS ROUND HIS NECK."

had surprised. We were still discussing it, endeavouring to adjust our minds to these new conditions, when a singular scene in the plain below arrested our attention.

A man in white clothes, who could only be the surviving half-breed, was running as one does run when Death is the pacemaker. Behind him, only a few yards in his rear, direction. The white figure lay motionless in the middle of the great plain.

Our two traitors had been destroyed, but the mischief that they had done lived after them. By no possible means could we get back to the pinnacle. We had been natives of the world; now we were natives of the plateau. The two things were separate and

apart. There was the plain which led to the canoes. Yonder, beyond the violet, hazy horizon, was the stream which led back to civilization. But the link between was missing. No human ingenuity could suggest a means of bridging the chasm which yawned between ourselves and our past lives. One instant had altered the whole conditions of our existence.

It was at such a moment that I learned the stuff of which my three comrades were composed. They were grave, it is true, and thoughtful, but of an invincible serenity. For the moment we could only sit among the bushes in patience and wait the coming of Zambo. Presently his honest black face topped the rocks and his Herculean figure emerged upon the top of the pinnacle.

"What I do now?" he cried. "You tell me and I do it."

It was a question which it was easier to ask than to answer. One thing only was clear. He was our one trusty link with the outside world. On no account must he leave us.

"No, no!" he cried. "I not leave you. Whatever come, you always find me here. But no able to keep Indians. Already they say too much Curupuri live on this place, and they go home. Now you leave them me no able to keep them."

It was a fact that our Indians had shown in many ways of late that they were weary of their journey and anxious to return. We realized that Zambo spoke the truth, and that it would be impossible for him to keep them.

"Make them wait till to-morrow, Zambo," I shouted; "then I can send letter back by them."

"Very good, sarr! I promise they wait till to-morrow," said the negro. "But what I do for you now?"

There was plenty for him to do, and admirably the faithful fellow did it. First of all, under our directions, he undid the rope from the tree-stump and threw one end of it across to us. It was not thicker than a clothes-line, but it was of great strength, and though we could not make a bridge of it, we might well find it invaluable if we had any climbing to do. He then fastened his end of the rope to the package of supplies which had been carried up, and we were able to drag it across. This gave us the means of life for at least a week, even if we found nothing else. Finally he descended and carried up two other packets of mixed goods—a box of ammunition and a number of other things, all of which we got across by throwing our rope to him and hauling it back. It was evening when he at last climbed down, with a final assurance that he would keep the Indians till next morning.

And so it is that I have spent nearly the whole of this our first night upon the plateau writing up our experiences by the light of a single candle-lantern.

We supped and camped at the very edge of the cliff, quenching our thirst with two bottles of Apollinaris which were in one of the cases. It is vital to us to find water, but I think even Lord Roxton himself had had adventures enough for one day, and none of us felt inclined to make the first push into the unknown. We forbore to light a fire or to make any unnecessary sound.

To-morrow (or to-day, rather, for it is already dawn as I write) we shall make our first venture into this strange land. When I shall be able to write again—or if I ever shall write again—I know not. Meanwhile, I can see that the Indians are still in their place, and I am sure that the faithful Zambo will be here presently to get my letter. I only trust that it will come to hand.

P.S.—The more I think the more desperate does our position seem. I see no possible hope of our return. If there were a high tree near the edge of the plateau we might drop a return bridge across, but there is none within fifty yards. Our united strength could not carry a trunk which would serve our purpose. The rope, of course, is far too short that we could descend by it. No, our position is hopeless—hopeless!

(To be continued.)

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A DERBY FAVOURITE.

By BERNARD PARSONS.

[Through the courtesy of Mr. E. Hulton, the owner of Lomond, we are able to present in the following article—illustrated with photographs specially taken—an account of the work of training a Derby favourite, of the greatest interest not only to devotees of the Turf, but to everyone who, as Lord Rosebery confessed of himself, "loves a good horse."]

SOME little time ago there resided at Newmarket a certain hard-working tout who augmented the none-too-large income he received from reporting training operations at headquarters for several minor sporting papers by sending his "latest unbeatable specials" to various confiding clients who, for some reason or other best known to themselves, regarded the worthy tout's judgment on racing matters as superior to their own.

Unfortunately, however, results after an all-too-brief span of fleeting success went to prove that the said tout's selections were far from infallible, for, truth to tell, the horses he wired to his clients failed to catch the judge's eye with such consistent and depressing regularity that finally, on the concluding of the Cambridgeshire meeting—his clients had for some time past been dropping off one by one—his one and only remaining patron, having backed his seventeenth consecutive loser, hastily summoned his adviser to him, and proceeded forthwith to upbraid him in caustic tones for the inaccuracy of his information.

The tout listened in silence until at length, more through want of breath than failing inclination, his patron broke down in his invective, when he furtively wiped his eyes with the back of a much-toil-stained hand, and mournfully expressed his wish that he could change his lot with that of a Derby favourite. "Derby favourites 'as the best

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF LOMOND AS A THREE-YEAR-OLD.

time of any living thing on earth, sir ; all they wants they 'as, and they never gets nothing but gratitude—when they win—and when they don't it's a haccident, sir, that's all."

Personally, after spending a day with Lomond at Treadwell House, Epsom, through the courtesy of Mr. E. Hulton, the owner of the son of Desmond, who, at the time of writing, stands at the head of the quotations for the Derby, and the kindness of Mr. R. Wootton, his trainer, I entertain no manner of doubt at all as to the accuracy of the roseate view the tout held of the good time he would have on his second time on earth, always providing the Fates "transmigrated" him according to his desires, for unless Lomond suffers from chronic discontent, which I understand is not the case, I at least saw enough to induce the belief that he has every reason to regard his equine existence as almost—if not quite—Utopian.

On the day of my visit we rose early, for at Epsom, as at many other training quarters, the most important part of the day's work is half over before the majority of people in town are thinking of even bestirring themselves to commence their daily round. A sharp shower, however, delays the morning's operations for a few minutes, and thus it is close on seven o'clock when I find myself, in company with Mr. Wootton, standing outside Box No. 46, Treadwell House, the country residence of the favourite for the most important prize the Turf has to offer.

A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF LOMOND, SHOWING WHAT AN EXCELLENT WALKER THE FAVOURITE IS.

Many racehorses are of such variable temperament that, even though they comport themselves with dignity when about to indulge in the serious occupation of racing, they make up for their docility when "under orders" by being unruly in their stables. But in this respect Lomond is exceptional. Indeed, although, like many descendants of Galopin, he is apt to be a little excitable at exercise, in

his stable he is as quiet and tractable as the proverbial "old sheep."

"A nice horse to 'do,' sir? I should just think he was," remarks Jack Oberne, Lomond's "boy," whose important duty it has been to "do" the son of Desmond and Lowland Aggie since he first arrived at Treadwell House, after being purchased for sixteen hundred guineas as a yearling at the Doncaster sales—the highest price that Mr. Hulton had, up till then, given for a yearling. "Why, he wouldn't hurt a fly, sir; and as for children—well, he's as good as a nurse. Mr. Wootton's youngest son, Master Dick—he isn't three years old yet—can do anything he likes with him in his box. You can take it from me, sir, he's as sensible as many human beings, and—well, a sight more sensible than most," cynically adds the Derby favourite's "valet," who is as devoted to his charge as he is fully alive to the grave responsibility of the duty with which he is entrusted.

THE STRING ON THE DOWNS—LOMOND IS THE NEARER HORSE OF THE LEADING PAIR.
From a Photograph.

A few minutes later Lomond has his clothes and saddle put on, and is made ready to join the string of horses which parade round the private enclosure adjoining the stables before setting out for the training ground. During the winter months, when Frank Wootton made a trip to India, Oberne rode the favourite at exercise every day; but since the premier jockey's return—Frank Wootton has headed the list of winning jockeys for the past three years—he has ridden the son of Desmond several times a week, and will, of course, steer him at Epsom on the fateful afternoon of June 5th.

"All present" having been called, and Lomond having amiably consented to pose for a photographer—in a manner that would do credit to a picture-postcard favourite—he is led out of his box to join the rest of the string. The morning is a cold one, but as the day's exercise has not yet actually commenced, unlike some of his stable companions, who show an inclination to try to unseat their jockeys, Lomond does not seem in the least perturbed by the biting keenness of the wind; he just walks around as soberly as an ancient hack, the while regarding the undue levity of some of his stable companions with an air of sorrowful boredom as of one who would say: "What fools to waste superfluous energy in that frivolous manner! You never know when you may want it on the racecourse. Why, therefore, waste it at home in the paddock?"

In a few minutes Mr. Wootton gives the order to start for the Downs, and shortly before half-past seven the horses set out in Indian file towards the training ground. To the real lover of horses a string of thoroughbreds never fails to provide a series of interesting character studies, for every horse possesses a distinct individuality of its own. That good-looking bay over there, I note, is evidently "a bit above himself" this morning, for he indulges in a series of fly-jumps which would inevitably unseat nine horsemen out of ten; but the little lad in the saddle merely taps him unconcernedly in the ribs with his heel, and, finally, finding his efforts to command the situation hopelessly unsuccessful, he rejoins the rest of the string again in quite sober fashion.

Then a bright chestnut with four white stockings suddenly shows an inclination to go for a gallop on his own account, another unasked-for exhibition which is also quickly curbed, and in a very few minutes the string is wending its way to the Downs in a manner which would not disgrace the orderly "crocodile" of a young ladies' seminary.

Reaching the training ground, after twenty minutes or so of walking, the time arrives for the first canter, in which Lomond, by way of a change, shows that his sheep-like amiability under the saddle is assuredly not caused by

ennui, but is merely rather the result of a thorough appreciation of the fact that stables were intended to rest, sleep, or doze in, and not for undue displays of high spirits ; for as, with swinging stride, the handsome bright bay with the white star canters past, he shows a distinct inclination to "get on" to the more serious side of racing. But Frank Wootton, gifted as he is with the lightest of hands, restrains his mount with that perfect ease which characterizes the true artist. What a wonderful gift to a jockey are perfect hands! It is not too much to say that Wootton, with a silken thread, could hold a pulling horse which would bolt with many an amateur with a "gag."

A few minutes' walk to enable the horses to cool down follows the first canter, and then it is time for the real business of the morning. A light sheet takes the place of his more heavy clothing, and I learn that Lomond is to do a gallop over a mile and a quarter with Haytor —a useful plater who won a small handicap at Leicester recently—and Paravid, with both of whom he has for some time past done much of his work.

Mr. Wootton stations himself close to where the horses are to pull up, and as soon as they can be espied in the distance Paravid, a four-year-old, who ran second in the Queen's Prize, ridden by little Smythe, is seen to be leading some three or four lengths, with Lomond—going well within himself and apparently without effort—lying second, while Haytor, who stays for ever, but is now lapsing into the "sear and yellow" stage of life, brings up the rear. A hundred yards or so from the finish, however, a sudden and rapid transformation takes place, for Lomond is momentarily allowed his head, and in far less time than it takes to describe his effort he sweeps past the leader as if the latter had suddenly been attached to a heavy roller. Naturally, the gallop is nothing at all in the nature of a trial, but the volcanic manner in which Lomond shoots past his stable companion is particularly impressive, and if the true art of racing lies in horses concealing the fact that they are racing, the thought crossed my mind at once that Lomond must assuredly be an equine artist of the first water.

What are his Derby credentials? After a first outing at Epsom, when I understand that little was expected of him, he came out the day before the Derby and was beaten two heads for the Woodcote Stakes by White Star (then the Doris colt) and Halberd, after losing probably at least a length, or even more, by a bad slip coming round Tattenham Corner. On Woodcote Stakes day I must also mention that he was afterwards found to be slightly shin-sore, and as out of his four subsequent races he won three, and only failed when trying to give eleven pounds to the smart Jaeger at Hurst Park, collateral form suggests that he at least did enough to prove himself at the top of the two-year-old tree. At the moment of writing Wootton tells me that Lomond has not been tried, neither have the stable yet backed him for a penny-piece, but it is, nevertheless, his trainer's belief that if Lomond makes relatively as good a three-year as he was a two-year-old, given ordinary

LOMOND, WITH WOOTTON UP.
From a Photograph.

luck he will annex both the Derby and the St. Leger.

After pulling up at the end of the gallop, warm clothing is thrown over "Epsom's hope," and for a quarter of an hour he is led about to cool down, the while he is also allowed to enjoy a few mouthfuls of grass, which he picks up here and there as the fancy takes him.

Lomond at work and Lomond at play are two curiously different animals. At exercise he had shown himself full of fire and dash, but with the important part of his morning duty over he is now once more the quiet, tractable Lomond I had seen an hour ago. I would mention, by the way, that an unusual affection for photographers would appear to be a hobby of his, for as he quietly walks around—a better walker you will not find in many a long day's march—he consents to be snapped here and there in the most amiable manner possible, evidently regarding the attentions of the photographer as an inevitable result of a distinguished reputation.

The morning's work is now over, and it is time for the favourite to return to Treadwell House to enjoy the luxury of a real good feed and a "wash and brush up." First of all comes the all-important toilet. Lomond's hood and bridle are removed, and then, commencing with the head and neck, his "boy" proceeds to clean him thoroughly. Then, and not till then, is he allowed his morning drink—a bucket of water. Oberne's next duty is to wash his charge's feet and sponge down his legs, the greatest care being taken to see that the latter are left perfectly dry. Saddle and clothing are next removed, and then, while contentedly munching his hay, an apparently uninterested Lomond is thoroughly dressed over with body-brush, sponge, wisp of straw, and rubber.

A few minutes later Mr. Wootton comes round to inspect the colt for himself. After running an expert eye over "the best two-year-old I ever trained," as he describes Lomond, he proceeds to carefully handle his legs and feet, an operation to which the horse submits with an air of the utmost unconcern, after which rugs and roller are put on, a bed of best wheat-straw is carefully laid down in the box, and breakfast is served, the menu consisting of oats, beans, and cut hay. By this time it is almost noon, and, the first part of the day's work being finished, Lomond's box is carefully locked, express orders being given that on no account, unless taken for an afternoon's stroll in the paddock, is the Derby favourite to be disturbed until "stables."

"Is Lomond 'bred' to win a Derby?" is a question that is sure to be asked by those who are interested in the science of breeding. Let me, therefore, on this point quote the views of Mr. W. Allison, one of the greatest authorities of the day on breeding.

"If I had to find a fault with Lomond's pedigree it would be that it is almost too good, which may well happen in these days of fashion," writes Mr. Allison. "Lomond shows no fewer than twenty-seven of the gilt-edged figures out of thirty-two in his pedigree, one nineteen and one thirteen, and he is inbred through maternal lines of sire and dam to No. 16 (Agnes). Nevertheless, Lomond belies his breeding from a biometrical point of view. He shows no Galopin and no Agnes, though both are prominent in his sire and dam. He has, in fact, taken after the family of his maternal grandsire, Alloway (brother to Morganette)—not that I mean he is like Alloway himself—who was so long that he seemed to want six legs, but nevertheless had superb action. There is a notable absence of Metchem in Lomond's pedigree, but there is a sufficient presence of Herod through Flying Duchess, Ion, Carnival, Thormanby, and Wild Dayrell. No. 16 family has been going very strong of late years, and here is a pedigree inbred to it, but, as I am sure, dependent this time more nearly on its more central constituents."

There you have "the figure guide" to Lomond's Derby prospects. But, after all, although interesting enough in their own way, "figure guides," like racing systems, are far from infallible. So let us return to the human side of life once more. While Mr. Edward Hulton's champion enjoys his midday nap I am able to learn many interesting sidelights from various inmates of Treadwell House as to Lomond's private character. Thus, I hear that one of his greatest delights in life is to enjoy a sand-bath, a luxury, by the way, which he is not allowed to-day on account of the early morning rain having made the sand sodden and damp—in other words, having imbued it with "cough-catching" qualities, which must be avoided at all costs.

Then I hear that everyone connected with the stable has fallen a victim to Lomond's charming manners—he is the kindest horse in the world is the opinion of everyone privileged to know him. The juvenile members of the Wootton family, the Misses Stella and Brenda and Master Dick Wootton, are particularly devoted to "the hope of Epsom," and during lunch Miss Stella, aged eleven, who, by the way, rides almost as well

as her brothers Frank and Stanley, is kind enough to whisper confidentially to me that she is "quite sure that Lomond will win the Derby." "Why sure?" I asked. "Because by some curious coincidence Lady Conyngham, who bred Lomond, paid her first visit to Treadwell House this year on St. Patrick's Day, and to make doubly certain of his winning the Derby, on looking over the favourite in his box, presented him with a bunch of shamrock, which he wore in his head-collar until the ravages of time suggested that this token of good luck would be more at home in the saddle-room."

Mr. Wootton himself, remarkably clever trainer that he is, is seldom ultra-sanguine concerning the prospects of any of his charges, for, like every racing man of experience, he knows full well that the bookmakers' best friend, the "glorious uncertainty" of the Turf, is liable at all times to crop up to upset the most carefully-laid plans. In the meantime he is kind enough to tell me that he is thoroughly satisfied with the progress that Lomond has made since his last appearance in public.

"Oh, yes, he's a nice-enough horse," he remarks later on, as we stand in the paddock adjoining the house, watching Lomond enjoying a quiet stroll on his own account, during the course of which, by the way, he frequently looks longingly in the direction of the sand-bath. "Very human things horses, aren't they? Like their two-legged brothers, they find it difficult to keep away from their pet luxuries; and if looks go for anything (which they do and they don't, as the village sage says—horses, you know, run in all shapes) he will keep them all busy. But there," he adds, philosophically, "the most that any trainer can do is to do his best for his horses and his patrons; and if doing my best will win Lomond the Derby for Mr. Hulton—well, my friend"—Mr. Wootton lays an impressive hand on my shoulder—"then you may take it from me that he has already as good as won it. But there's one sound maxim at racing, a trite maxim which many people overlook—and that is that, no matter how accurately an owner and trainer may sum up the ability of their own horses, until they meet horses belonging to other people they can never tell exactly how good the latter may be." There is surely much food for reflection for haphazard backers of horses in these random words of wisdom.

TAKING A MOUTHFUL OF GRASS AFTER EXERCISE.
From a Photograph.

After an hour's quiet stroll in the fresh air, Lomond is led back to his box "for tea," and then, shortly after six, we pay still another visit to the stables. Once more Mr. Wootton

runs an expert eye over the colt to satisfy himself that all is still well with him. Training a favourite for the most important race in the world is anxious work. For the next half-hour or so he is left standing, until his last meal of the day is served. The evening menu on this occasion comprises corn and chaff, items which are varied at intervals by a mass of mashed linseed, bran, and oats.

Lomond is evidently well aware that he is about to have the opportunity of doing himself well, for he gravely turns round and watches "dinner being served" with an air of undisguised interest. He is obviously a gourmet—although he is quite a good doer, it is impossible to imagine that so kindly a gentleman could be a gourmand—and finally, when Oberne remarks, "That's about all you want, old chap, to-night," he still displays no undue anxiety to turn to. Evidently in his early youth one of his copybook maxims must have been, "Manners maketh horses."

"I think he dines better alone, so let's be off," says Mr. Wootton, with a laugh, as, with a parting pat on the favourite's neck, he turns to leave the box, followed by the colt's valet, Jack Oberne, who mutters something which I take to be a friendly good night, and to which I add the sincerest of sincere "best of lucks." As we reach the stable-door Lomond sedately turns his head round, gazes for a moment in our direction, as if to say, "So you're not dining with me, after all? Good night, then," and finally, apparently satisfied that he has done all that a good host possibly can do, his sleek nose disappears in the manger, and he is left alone until the morning to think over the day's happenings and speculate—why shouldn't horses ruminate over the future just as human beings do?—on what may be going to happen on the morrow.

Three hours later not a sound is to be heard in the stables. Lomond and his immediate neighbours in the adjoining boxes, Paravid and Haytor, have obviously finished their after-dinner discussion on the pros and cons of the life of a racehorse. Haytor, I must tell you, is an amiable old gentleman who has reached the mature age in the life of a racehorse of nine. If only horses can talk to each other, therefore—and why on earth shouldn't they?—his worldly experience should be useful to his illustrious neighbour, for what Haytor does not know about racing by this time cannot be worth knowing.

For a moment I stand outside Box No. 46. Within all is silence. The moon drifts behind the clouds, and the only sound which reaches me is the hoot of an owl snugly ensconced in an ivy-covered wall close by. The day's work is over. The Derby favourite has settled down to slumber—to dream, maybe, that he is already taking part in the most important race of his career. The field has just turned into the straight. "What's that leading in black and scarlet cap?" "White Star, of course; he's two lengths in front, and going well within himself." "White Star wins!" shout a thousand voices as one. "No; here comes Coriander!" For a moment Coriander and White Star run neck and neck. To be sure, it's a great race—and a hundred yards from home the two look like fighting out the finish on their own.

Suddenly, with an electric rush, a bright bay shoots up on the rails on the inside. His jockey, crouching far forward over his neck, is riding as if his whole life depended on his overtaking the leaders. Inch by inch he gains ground. Will he get up in time? Three strides from the post White Star and Lomond are level, with Coriander a bare neck behind. With one last effort Frank Wootton seems literally to lift his mount in front. A roar goes up from the crowd, "The favourite wins—the favourite wins!" as, with long, sweeping stride, Lomond flashes past the post a neck in front of White Star.

In his dream Lomond has won the Derby! For the future peace of mind of a kindly four-legged gentleman, let me add an earnest hope that his dream may turn out something more convincing—a solid reality.

LOMOND INDULGING IN HIS FAVOURITE SAND-BATH.
From a Photograph.

"The Father."

By VIOLET M. METHLEY.

Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday.

THE idlers upon the quay at Vraine were moved to curiosity at sight of the brig which had just rounded the headland and entered their little bay.

"See her flag!" cried one man. "He who flies that must surely be a traitor to France."

"Maybe it is only ignorance," said another. "One can tell that she is but newly returned from a long voyage. The paint is flaking from her sides."

"They do not mean to anchor here. See, a boat is coming ashore. The brig is only standing by to wait for its return."

Besides her crew the boat carried a single passenger, who sat by the steersman in the stern-sheets. He leapt lightly ashore as they came alongside the quay, and the men pulled off at once to return to the brig.

The new-comer was a tall, slight man of about forty years of age. He glanced keenly from one to the other of the little group upon the pier, and then turned his steps towards the waterside inn, which bore the sign of the Brav' Matelot.

The thin, shrewd-looking innkeeper stood in the porch. He stared at the stranger inquisitively, with narrowed eyes, as he approached.

"'SEE HER FLAG!' CRIED ONE MAN. 'HE WHO FLIES THAT MUST SURELY BE A TRAITOR TO FRANCE.'"

"The brig there flies a strange flag, citizen," he said.

The other started and frowned. Then he surveyed the old man haughtily with raised eyebrows.

"It seems to me that you forget your manners, Pierre Fargeau," he said, coldly.

The old man stared in amazement.

"You know my name?" he began, but even as he spoke a look of recognition came into his eyes. "Surely—why, yes, it is M. le Vicomte de Beauvais—no, no, not M. le Vicomte *now*."

"Certainly M. le Vicomte *now*, to the best of my knowledge. And why not?"

"Oh, it is only the title, monsieur—I mean, citizen," stammered the old fellow, glancing nervously at the bystanders, who were listening with obvious curiosity.

The stranger shrugged his shoulders and beckoned peremptorily to Fargeau as he strode into the empty inn-parlour.

"Now," he said, sharply, "I should like some explanations. Why do you address me as 'citizen,' to begin with?"

"Why—why, it is decreed now that all men are free and equal. There can be no more formalities, no titles——"

"Ah! And the flag—the King's flag—you called it strange. Why was that?"

The old innkeeper pointed to a flagstaff upon the quay which was visible from the window.

"Because the tricolour is now the standard of the French people," he said, with half-nervous triumph. "That is the banner of the Republic."

"The—Republic?" De Beauvais swung round upon his heel and stared amazedly at the old man. "The Republic?"

"Yes. Did you not know?"

"I? I know nothing. I have been abroad for almost five years in the South Seas; part of the time a prisoner—but that does not matter now. Tell me what has happened—quickly."

"You have heard nothing of our glorious Revolution?"

"Rumours of change, that is all. And for more than a year past, nothing. You talk of a Republic. What of the King, then?"

"There is a King no longer. Capet, whom we once called so, was a traitor to the people. Therefore—he was executed last year."

"Executed! Dead! The King!"

De Beauvais stood white-faced and amazed, trying to grasp the incredible news.

"Yes. There are no Kings or Queens in France now—nor nobles, for that matter. The sovereign people rule. But you should be glad, M. le—citizen. You always loved liberty. You aided the brave Americans to become free."

De Beauvais laughed rather bitterly.

"Why, that is true, Fargeau; but when it comes so near home—well, it is rather a different matter. So everything is changed?" He paused, and a shade of keen anxiety passed across his face. "My son—he is safe?"

"Aye, Citizen Gilbert is very well," said the old man, reassuringly.

"Thank God! Or has *that* title also been abolished? He is at the château?"

"Yes; no one has molested him, knowing that you are a friend of liberty. Ah, he has grown into a fine, handsome young man!"

"A man? Why, yes, it is true; he is almost twenty-two. Strange, it seems——" He paused, and a soft look came over his handsome face. "He was only a boy when I saw him last. He knows that I am alive? He has received my letters?"

"Certainly, monsieur. I heard that you were expected, although no one knew when."

De Beauvais walked to the window as he questioned the innkeeper again in a light, careless tone, which seemed to hide a veiled anxiety.

"And M. de Vieuxville—he is still here?"

"Yes, he is at home, and the Citizeness Lucie also."

"And—she is *still* Mlle. de Vieuxville?" De Beauvais laughed half-nervously as he spoke.

"For the moment; but I do not think that it will be long before she changes her name to—to——"

"What?" the question came sharply.

"De Beauvais, monsieur," said the old man, slyly.

"Ah!" It was almost a sigh of relief. De Beauvais crimsoned like a boy beneath his tan. "You guess well, Pierre. Yes, it is not impossible that it may be so."

He rose and swung his cloak over his shoulders. Pausing, he considered himself critically for a moment in the dim mirror.

"I cut but a poor figure, Fargeau. I am five years behind the fashions; and, faith, my clothes have seen hard wear. But they must serve for the time being."

He turned towards the door, but the old man interposed, eagerly.

"Will you not come to the Municipality, sir? They will be proud to welcome you."

"Later—this evening, perhaps. Now, with all due deference to the gentlemen, I have an even pleasanter duty to perform. I must see my son first—and Mlle. de Vieuxville."

"Ah, yes, your son—and the Citizeness de Vieuxville. One can easily understand that you will find it more agreeable."

De Beauvais made his way quickly along the quay and turned aside into the road which led up through the woods to the Château de Beauvais and the house of old M. de Vieuxville.

His mind was in a whirl of exultant thoughts. It seemed as though his brightest hopes were to be realized. Lucie had been faithful to him all through these years of absence. Apparently it was well known that she only awaited his return to become his wife.

Heavens, how he loved the girl! If he but closed his eyes, he could see her image before him, vivid and clear as though pictured on the air. This was real love, not that kindly feeling which he had had for that first wife of his, Gilbert's mother. He had married her at the wish of his family, and she had died at the birth of the boy, leaving him a widower at nineteen—that was all her history.

This was another matter. What he felt now was the strong love of a man, a love which had only increased with the years of separation—a love which would last until death.

De Beauvais saw the grey walls of De Vieuxville's house before him, and he paused by a little doorway, a smile softening his stern face. Gilbert would pardon him, if he paid his first visit here.

He tried the door; it was unlocked. He pushed it open and entered a garden.

A grassy lawn lay before him, all chequered with crocuses, golden, white, and purple. On a seat beneath a tree an old man sat, half asleep. In the midst of the lawn was a moss-grown sundial, and beside it stood a man and a woman, talking earnestly, hand in hand. These two were lovers; a glance assured De Beauvais of that without a doubt. The two were lovers—and they were Lucie de Vieuxville and Gilbert, his son.

He stood by the gate, dumb and motionless, in the first shock of realization. An instant before he had paused outside the closed door, full of hope and triumph. Now—the door was opened.

The pair by the sundial turned when they heard the deadened sound of De Beauvais's footsteps on the turf. Gilbert started forward with a cry of welcome, but his outstretched hand fell to his side, and the words were frozen on his lips at sight of his father's face. The girl stood speechless, gazing at the elder man, her sweet eyes wide and troubled.

De Beauvais was the first to speak, and his voice was toneless, almost without expression.

"So—I am welcomed home."

The simple words broke the spell which had fallen upon Gilbert, and he spoke, eagerly and impetuously.

"Ah, father, father, what must you think? But let me tell you—let me explain——"

"Is there any need for explanation? Surely the facts are plain enough? You have been false to me—you, who should have defended what was mine, have stolen the thing which I most valued."

"You must hear me." The boy spoke now with dignity. "I have done wrong, but—ah, I loved Lucie for so long! I know that I ought to have left Vraine, but it was too hard for me. For months I kept silent. But one day I could guard my secret no longer, and I learnt that she shared it, for she loved me also."

Lucie spoke now for the first time.

"It was my fault," she said, and a sob broke her voice. "I should have sent him away. But—I cared too much."

Then suddenly De Beauvais laughed, bitterly and harshly.

"Oh, it is very plain that this is no place for me! Since you are everything to each other, I may go!"

Lucie made a little beseeching gesture.

"Oh, to think that I am the cause of all this!" she cried. She laid her hand gently on the elder man's sleeve. "Forgive us—father."

The word fell on the man's jarred nerves like a blow. He started back with an exclamation almost of physical pain. Afterwards he could recall the pleading sorrow in her face. Now, he saw nothing; he was almost beside himself with anger and misery.

"Ah, God!" he gasped, between his teeth. "You might have spared me that name."

Turning, without another word, he strode across the grass, through the little door, away down the road.

Scarcely conscious in his blind anger of how or where he went, he found himself at last on the quay once more, before the door of the Brav' Matelot. A group of men stood in the porch, grotesquely tricked out in a kind of motley uniform of tricoloured sashes, plumes, and huge worsted epaulets. They were the members of the Municipality of Vraine. Their leader, the village schoolmaster, stepped forward.

"Welcome, Citizen Beauvais," he said. "You loved liberty in years gone by; you return from your wanderings to find France free. Once again, welcome!"

De Beauvais stared at them, scarcely grasping the meaning of their words. He was conscious only of hot, unreasoning anger against all the world in general, against Gilbert, his son, in particular.

"Welcome! A fine welcome, truly, gentlemen!" he cried, passionately. "I came to seek a son—I find a traitor!"

A traitor? The hearers looked at each other uneasily. It was an ominous word in those days, and carried but one meaning. In the language of the times, France must be purged of traitors. Were they to discover that one was living in their midst? Truly, his own father must be believed—a father, too, who was so obviously in despair at his son's treachery.

De Beauvais repeated his words, mastered by his anger, wholly unconscious of the construction which his hearers put upon them, ignorant as he was of the state of feeling in these men's minds.

"Yes, a traitor, I tell you! I am ashamed that he bears my name."

He pushed through the little group and summoned Fargeau to show him a room.

The old man did so, and De Beauvais was left alone. For hours he paced up and down in impotent misery; but at last, wearied out, he flung himself upon the bed. Sleep came to him only when the dawn was breaking, and it was broad daylight when he awoke once more. He rose and rearranged his disordered dress. He was calm now, and he could think quietly, could even be ashamed of his anger the night before. He felt hopeless and dreary, but the burning resentment against his son was gone.

"SHE LAID HER HAND ON THE ELDER MAN'S SLEEVE. 'FORGIVE US—FATHER.'"

Once more he stood and stared at himself in the mirror. He looked older than his years in the pitiless morning light—small wonder that Lucie loved the man of her own age the best. Well, he must take up his life as best he could, and first he would send for the boy. He would tell him that he was forgiven, that his father's hard words of the night before had been only words, after all. He descended the stairs with this thought in his mind. He found Fargeau in the hall below, looking pale and disturbed; but in his own preoccupation he did not particularly notice the old man's uneasiness.

"Have you someone here whom I can send at once to the château with a message for my son?" he asked.

"But—but he—M. Gilbert—is not at the château."

"What do you mean?"

"He—he was arrested last night."

"Arrested?" De Beauvais leant heavily upon the balustrade at his side. "Arrested? And why?"

"Why? But—it was on your own denunciation!"

"My—denunciation?"

"Yes, it is certain. You told the citizen municipals that he was a traitor. In consequence, they have arrested him——"

He stopped helplessly, for more words would only have been addressed to the empty air. De Beauvais was gone, striding along the quay to the town-hall, bareheaded and white-faced.

He burst unceremoniously into the room where the municipal officers were engaged in doubtless important deliberations.

"There has been a serious mistake, sirs," he said, sternly and abruptly. "You altogether misunderstood my words last night. You must release my son at once. He is no traitor to France. I spoke in anger, and what I said referred only to a private matter, which is no business of yours, nor of anyone beside myself."

The officials were taken aback, and their pride was hurt. De Beauvais's words and tone were peremptory, almost insolent. He was treating them, the municipals of Vraine, with scant respect.

Still, there were excuses to be made for him, and Lesoir, the schoolmaster, answered him almost ingratiatingly.

"Ah, it is easily understood, Citizen Beauvais. You repent already that you denounced your son. Certainly, it is but natural in a father, but—the thing is done. You must console yourself with the knowledge that you have behaved like a true Brutus. Last night you seemed as though inspired. If all acted like you there would soon be no traitors remaining in France."

De Beauvais retained his self-control, although with great difficulty. He sought for words with which to convince the officials, he argued and persuaded with all the skill at his command; but in vain. The men persisted in believing that this was only natural remorse—an attempt to undo his righteous work of the night before. Finally it appeared that his appeals were, indeed, so much breath wasted.

"We could not release him in any case," said Lesoir. "The matter is not now in our hands."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, merely this, citizen. We have no tribunal here, so we sent the prisoner under guard to Nantes early this morning."

"To Nantes? But they must release him. There is no evidence."

Lesoir shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, as to that, very little evidence is needed when one is denounced as a traitor to the Revolutionary Tribunal. If one is suspected, well, the citizen judges think it best to be on the safe side."

"And what is the punishment?"

"Why, death, citizen. But console yourself. It is, of course, *possible* that he may be found innocent. And, in any case, you have deserved well of France, even if, like the patriarch, you have indeed sacrificed your only son upon the altar of the country."

His words fell upon deaf ears. De Beauvais leant on the table before him, his face white as paper, heedless of all around him, with but one thought clear in his mind—he was the murderer of his own son.

The municipal officers stirred uneasily in their seats. Here was a situation with which they did not feel competent to deal. Suddenly De Beauvais drew himself up and spoke in a quiet, even voice.

"Then I suppose, gentlemen, that there is nothing more to be said."

He saluted them gravely and left the hall.

His mind had suddenly cleared. The need for action found him ready. He must go to Nantes immediately—that was certain. But first there was something else to be done. He must see Lucie. All his personal feelings were forgotten now. Nothing mattered, except that Gilbert must be saved.

He found the girl in her garden. She was surprised and confused when she saw De Beauvais, but when she looked into his face

she held out her hands with a little exclamation of fear and pity.

"Ah, what has happened?" she cried. "Tell me."

She had not heard of Gilbert's arrest, and the sight of her stricken face when he told her the news cut De Beauvais to the heart. He concealed nothing of his own share in the matter; in his overmastering grief and remorse he even exaggerated his fault.

"It is I who have done this—I, his father," he said. "Ah, child, child, can you ever forgive me?"

With an impulsive gesture, the girl put both hands upon his shoulders.

"Ah, yes," she cried. "Now, this minute! You did not mean it; it was all a mistake."

For a moment De Beauvais stood silent, with bowed head and clenched hands. Then he spoke, and his voice and face were alike quiet and resolute.

"I am going to Nantes at once," he said. "Gilbert shall be saved, he *shall*. I swear it to you, Lucie. Now, listen to me. It will not be safe for the boy to remain in France. He must escape at once by sea to England, and it would be far best if you and your father accompanied him. May I leave it to you to make all arrangements, so that you will be ready to depart immediately that Gilbert joins you? Even if I am not able to come with him, can I trust you to lose no time in escaping?"

"'FATHER, IS IT YOU?' HE SAID, AND THE WORDS ENDED IN A SOUND WHICH WAS ALMOST A SOB."

Lucie looked up into his eager face, cheered by his strong confidence.

"Yes, you may trust me," she said, simply.

"Thank you. And now I must go. Farewell, Lucie, and, if you forgive me, call me once more by the name that you used last night, the name which angered me then."

The girl raised her sweet eyes to his.

"Farewell, father," she said, gently.

De Beauvais bent and kissed her hands. Then, without another word, he was gone.

De Beauvais arrived in Nantes late that afternoon. The Revolutionary Tribunal and its servant, the guillotine, were very busy, so much so that the townspeople trembled and outvied each other in patriotism. At the inn where he put up his horse, De Beauvais learnt that the prison was full to overflowing, and that large batches were tried and sentenced daily to make room for more. Revolutionary justice was not dilatory. All the more need for De Beauvais to hasten. There was one step which must be taken at once. He must gain admittance to the prison; he must, at least, find out when Gilbert would be tried.

For hour after hour next day De Beauvais paced up and down in an antechamber; it was late in the afternoon before he was at last admitted to the presence of the great man. Then more time wasted in persuasion, argu-

ment, entreaty, until at last De Beauvais left the town-hall with the precious pass. It was growing dusk when he arrived before the prison. On showing his permit, he was taken to the room of the head jailer, whom he found overwhelmed with business.

"De Beauvais, De Beauvais?" he repeated. "Aye, I know the name, although I could not pick you out the man. I am overworked here at the prison, citizen. I have no time to learn to know one of my guests from the other." He laughed harshly. "Wait a bit, though. I fancy——" He consulted a list which lay before him, and then looked up with a half-pitying expression. "See here, citizen, here is the name you ask for, on this paper."

"And what does this list mean?"

"It means that if you want to see your man, you must do so without delay. These are the names of those condemned to death to-day. To-morrow morning, early, they will be taken to the guillotine."

De Beauvais's pale face grew a shade paler, but he did not hesitate. He had foreseen this possibility, and his plans provided for it.

"Then, in that case, may I see my friend at once, citizen?" he said, quietly.

The man consulted a book, and then led De Beauvais hastily to a room in an adjacent corridor.

"He is here," he said, as he unlocked the door. "But you have little time, citizen, for the prison is closed before sunset. I will send one of my men for you in a few moments."

The large room was crowded with prisoners and dimly lighted. It was some moments before De Beauvais discovered Gilbert standing in one of the deep window embrasures. He laid his hand on the boy's shoulder without speaking. Gilbert turned hastily.

"Father, is it you?" he said, and the words ended in a sound which was almost a sob. He had been feeling so desperately lonely, with the prospect of certain death before him, oppressed with the thought of his father's anger and Lucie's sorrow. Now all was changed at the sight of his father's face and the touch of his warm hand-clasp.

De Beauvais hurriedly drew his son into the shadow of the window-recess. He spoke softly, but his voice was confident and even cheerful.

"There is no time to lose; we must hasten," he said. "I have a pass here; you will be able, all being well, to leave the prison at once—in a few moments. Do not stop to ask me questions, Gilbert; there will be time enough to talk—afterwards." He laughed softly. "Now, you must obey me exactly. Take my cloak and wrap it round you—so. Now my hat; pull it down well over your eyes—so. Remember that you represent me. When the jailer comes you are to go with him, showing this paper at the door, and walk straight out of the prison. Go to the Cerf d'Argent in the Rue de Lyons, and ask for the Citizen Beauvais's horse; they have orders to give it to you. Then ride straight to Vraine; you must be out of the town before sunset. And afterwards you will take all your instructions from Lucie. I have made her my deputy." Again he laughed softly.

"Father, you have seen her?"

"Yes, certainly."

"You have forgiven us?"

"Again, certainly. It is you who must forgive me. But Lucie will tell you all. There is no time now."

"But can you not come with me?"

"No, no; that is impossible. Two cannot go out in the place of one. I shall follow you later."

"I cannot go unless I am certain that you are in no danger."

De Beauvais caught his son's hands and looked him full in the eyes.

"See here, Gilbert," he said, cheerfully and steadily. "My plans have all been well and carefully laid. Do not risk spoiling them by opposing me now. I swear that by this time to-morrow I shall be free—as free as you. You can take my word for it. I have an absolutely infallible pass which will take me from the prison."

"Then, in that case——"

"Ah, there is the jailer! You must go at once. Do not delay for a moment, or the town gates will be closed. Now, farewell."

"No—*au revoir*."

"Ah, yes—*au revoir*."

One more long hand-clasp, and Gilbert was gone. The door clashed behind him, and De Beauvais stood in the window, straining his eyes through the gathering twilight.

A quarter of an hour passed thus. It seemed an eternity before he saw that for which he had waited. A mounted figure appeared in the square before the prison, a figure which he recognized. One of the gates of the town was within sight. The rider passed through it some few moments before the sunset gun boomed out the order to close the barriers.

De Beauvais turned from the window. His hands were stiff and sore from the force with which he had, almost unknowingly, gripped the bars in his suspense. There was

a look of triumph on his face ; for his plan had been successful—the eventual happiness of Gilbert and Lucie was assured. As for himself —well, he had only now to make use of that pass to liberty, the infallible pass of which he had spoken to Gilbert.

It was still early next morning when the head jailer came to read the list of those condemned to die that day. As each name was mentioned one of the prisoners left his fellows, and was led through another door to the room where they awaited the final summons. The man read quickly and mechanically ; evidently his only pre-occupation was to finish the business as soon as might be. Name after name was ticked off ; the list was a long one. The tumbrils would be full this morning. The jailer never raised his eyes from the paper before him. These prisoners were all alike to him ; he scarcely knew one from the other, as he had said. They were here to-day and gone to-morrow, and that was an end of them.

He had reached the last name now.

" Gilbert Adrien de Beauvais."

The answer came without an instant's hesitation :—

" I am here, citizen."

De Beauvais had made use of his pass to liberty.

"THE ANSWER CAME WITHOUT AN INSTANT'S HESITATION, 'I AM HERE, CITIZEN.'"

EDWARD WHYMPER AS I KNEW HIM.

By COULSON KERNAHAN.

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier.

[The late Edward Whymper, who was celebrated throughout the world as the most intrepid and adventurous of all climbers, was in private life known to few, and this portrait-study, by one who knew him well, will be found to give a remarkably vivid idea of a man of the most striking character and personality.]

THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF EDWARD WHYMPER WAS TAKEN THREE DAYS AFTER THE TERRIBLE MATTERHORN DISASTER, IN WHICH HIS THREE COMPANIONS PERISHED.

"IN the Memoir of Tennyson by his son there will be a letter — only one—to myself," said Whymper to me in 1897. "Except for the fact that it was one of the last, if indeed not the very last, letters Tennyson penned, it doesn't strike me as being important enough for inclusion. But it has a curious history. I had sent Tennyson a copy of one of my books, 'Travels Among the Great Andes of the Equator.' Here is his reply. I'll read it to you:—

"'DEAR SIR,—Accept my thanks for your most interesting volume. I don't think I have been higher than about seven thousand feet, and so I look on your Chimborazos and Cotopaxis with all the greater veneration. Yours very truly, TENNYSON.'

"Now you can hardly call that a characteristic or even a particularly interesting letter," continued Whymper; "but the writing appears to have given the poet some trouble, for the present Lord Tennyson tells me that after his father's death he found several drafts of it—I think he said six—in a blotting-pad. It was, as I say, one of the last, if not the very last, letters Tennyson ever wrote, and one of two things about it is true. Either his approaching end had so affected his powers that he found it difficult to frame even an ordinary letter of acknowledgment, or else, realizing that his letters would one day inevitably be collected and printed, he was too fastidious an artist to let even a casual note of thanks come from his pen without striving to impart to it some touch of distinction and originality, some turn of a phrase which would give a hint of the power and the personality of the writer. What's *your* solution of the problem?"

As I had no solution to offer, Whymper told me another story of Tennyson which by this time may or may not—I do not know—have got into print.

At a garden-party a rather gushing young girl went up to the hostess and said: "Oh, is that really, as I'm told, Lord Tennyson sitting there by himself smoking on that rustic seat?"

"Yes, my dear, that is he," was the reply.

"Oh, I should so like to meet him. Do introduce me," said the girl.

"My dear, Lord Tennyson hates to be bothered by strangers," answered the hostess, "and one reason, perhaps, why he comes to see me is that he knows I never exploit him in that way."

"Oh, but I should love to be able to say I've met him," persisted the other.

"Well, *say* you have met him and leave it at that," was the answer.

The girl, however, would take no refusal, so, losing patience, her hostess said:—

"Very well. If he is rude to you—as he can be to people who force themselves upon him—your blood be upon your own head."

"Lord Tennyson," said the hostess, when the two had walked together to the seat where the Laureate was smoking, "this is Miss B——, daughter of an old friend of mine, who is very, very anxious to have the honour of saying 'How do you do?' to you."

"How d'you do?" responded Tennyson, gruffly, and scarcely looking up.

Seating herself beside him, the girl attempted awkwardly to carry on some sort of conversation, but as all she got in reply

"'YOU'RE LIKE THE REST OF THEM,' TENNYSON GRUNTED. 'YOU'RE LACED TOO TIGHTLY. I CAN HEAR YOUR STAYS CREAK.'"

was an occasional "Humph!" or else stony silence, she lost her nerve and began, school-girl-wise, to wriggle and to fidget in her seat.

Then the great man spoke. "You're like the rest of them," he grunted. "You're laced too tightly. I can hear your stays creak."

Abashed and embarrassed, the girl withdrew. Later in the afternoon Tennyson came behind her and, laying a hand on her shoulder, said, kindly, "I was wrong just now, young lady. It wasn't your stays I heard creaking, but my braces. They're hitched up too tightly. Sorry." And he lounged away.

The story may not be new and may not be true, but Whymper found huge enjoyment in the telling of it, possibly because he had himself the reputation of sharing Tennyson's dislike to the intrusive stranger.

If ever a man carried out in practice the precept, "To know yourself is wisdom; not to know your neighbours is genius," that man was Edward Whymper.

During the thirteen years in which I was living at Westcliff and he was living at Southend I was, I believe I am correct in saying, the only neighbour or fellow-resident whose home he ever entered or who was invited to visit his house. If I use the word "house" rather than "home" of the building in which he passed much of his life, it is not merely because he had chambers at St. Martin's House, Ludgate Hill, but because a more unhomelike place than Whymper's Southend residence can hardly be imagined. To ensure solitude and quiet he had made an arrangement by which he took practically the whole of what is called an "apartment house." It was a tall building with basement-rooms below and at least three storeys above. In the top storey Whimper himself lived, and in the very bottom—the basement, in fact—his housekeeper or landlady and her family had their rooms. All the intervening storeys were, by Whymper's command, left vacant. The windows of the basement were curtained, but Whymper's own room was curtainless, carpetless and barrack-bare except for a few necessary pieces of furniture, and photographs of his own taking—peaks he had climbed, mountain wastes and wildernesses he had explored, scenes on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the like. On the floor was a rolled-up mattress to which he pointed. "That," he said, with a queer smile twisting at the turned-down corners of his mouth, "is my bed. The rugs and pillow are inside. At night I unroll the thing and there I am. What could be simpler?"

And here I may remark that his habits in the matter of sleeping were, like his habits in the matter of meals—unusual. Four o'clock in the afternoon was his favourite and not unfrequent hour for dining, after which he would sometimes go to bed, getting up again late in the evening for the nocturnal rambles which he loved. I have often heard him expatiate eloquently on the joys of finding himself afoot and alone when more conventional folk were abed, and I have known him extend his tramps from past midnight till day was breaking.

"Come and crack a flask with me on Sunday next, any time you like after 8.30 p.m.," he wrote to me, and half-past eight on the evening in question saw me knocking at his door.

"I hope you are a smoker?" was his first remark, as he produced a parcel of fat and long Manila cigars, each carefully cased in silver paper. They had been in his possession he told me (I could well believe it) for twenty-five years, and better cigars I have never smoked. Then, as he happened to be in the mood for talking and I am a good listener, he talked incessantly, incisively and brilliantly, till nine, ten, eleven had come and gone, when I began to feel hungry, and still no sign of supper. Twelve and half-past twelve came, and I fear my attention wandered.

"And now," said Whymper, laying down the pipe at which he had been puffing with curious and rhythmic regularity (in smoking, as in everything else, he was methodical, and had one counted the seconds that passed between each puff the intervals would have been identical), "and now what do you say to supper?"

Had I answered him truthfully I should have replied: "Say? What can I say, except 'Thank Heaven!' and that I'm starving?" instead of which I answered with apparent politeness but hidden irony, "Thank you. When you're quite ready." I regretted it the next moment, for, taking me too literally at my word, he resumed his pipe, relighted it, and, pointing the stem at a photograph of himself upon the mantelshelf, remarked, "I'm extraordinarily particular about small matters. Does anything strike you in that portrait?"

"It's a very good likeness," I sighed, with a strange sinking at the stomach, "and very characteristic, inasmuch as you are smoking, if I mistake not, that identical pipe."

He smiled cryptically. "Does nothing else strike you? Look again!"

I groaned inwardly, but looked.

" And the same suit ? "

" Anything else ? "

" Well," I said, desperately, " you look so cheerful, so well-fed, and so happy, that I can only suppose you had just had your supper. Now, as I lunched at one o'clock, and haven't had as much as a cup of tea since, I'm horribly hungry and in want of mine."

Saying no more than a mere " Come along," and carrying the pipe and the photograph in his hand, he led the way into the next room, where supper—all cold—was upon the table. But such a supper ! Anchovies, chicken, calves'-feet jelly, clotted Devonshire cream, and other delicacies, with rare old Burgundy and the best of champagne.

When I had been abundantly helped, Whymper took up the photograph which he had laid down to carve, and, again pointing at it with the pipe-stem, said :—

" What I wondered whether you'd notice was that the smoke coming from the bowl of the pipe has been painted in upon the negative. There was no smoke visible in the original picture. When you get to know me better you'll find that I'm slow but minutely accurate and methodical, even about little things. I think you told me once that you set some store by the many signed portraits that have been given to you by your literary friends. Since the portrait was the cause of keeping you from your supper, and if you'd care to add so uncouth a face as mine to your gallery, I'll give it to you. But I'll sign it first."

It was well that he had warned me that he was slow and methodical as well as accurate. Never was there such a business as the signing of that portrait. First he carefully washed and examined his pen, trying it at least half-a-dozen times upon a sheet of note-paper. Then the ink did not run as freely as it should, and further protracted operations of a cleansing and re-filling nature were necessary. Had it been a death-warrant or a cheque for a hundred thousand pounds to which he was momentously affixing a signature, he could not have gone to work more carefully. In a round, neat, clerkly hand he slowly and laboriously penned his name, " Edward Whymper," with the date beneath the portrait—and the deed was done.

I have described thus lengthily the slow and methodical way in which he set about signing this photograph for the reason that, trivial as the incident may seem, it is illustrative of the character and methods of the man. He walked slowly, thought slowly, worked slowly, and talked slowly, not because of any sluggishness of brain or body, but because every word, every action, was calculated and deliberate. It was because he was so slow that he was so sure.

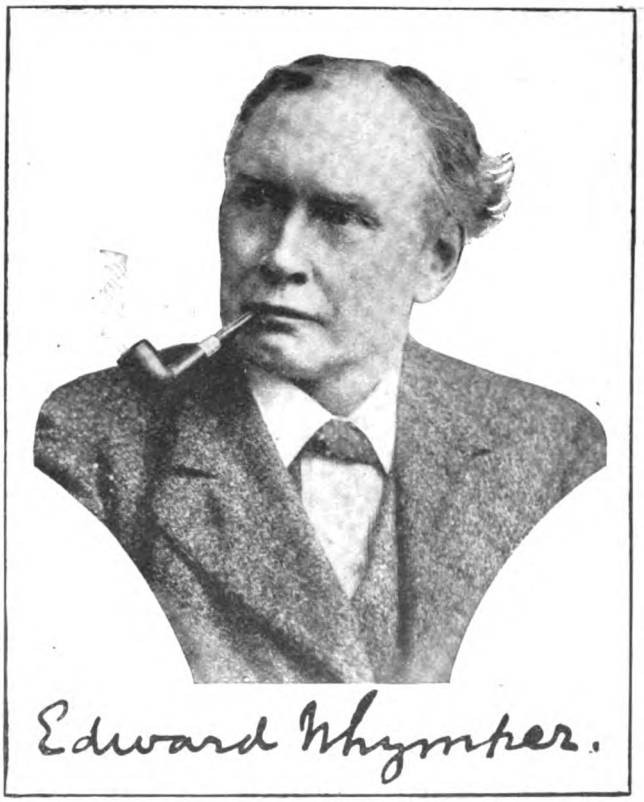
Of all the men I have ever known, none so habitually refrained from talking shop as Whymper. Hence of Whymper the mountaineer (and mountaineering was, in a sense, with him a profession), as well as of Whymper the artist and the lecturer, I have nothing of interest to say. One reason, perhaps, is that of mountaineering I know comparatively nothing, and of art even less. Of Whymper the lecturer I am more competent to speak, as for ten years I was his fellow-lecturer, constantly either preceding or following him upon the same platform all over the country.

Of one provincial platform and Press experience, however, he was incontinently communicative and explosive. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, and, I believe, upon an improvised platform, formed possibly of planks laid upon barrel-heads. At the side of the platform and close to the platform edge was a square opening, caused by the fact that three of the planks were too short. Whymper had been warned of this, but his attention being concentrated upon his subject, the matter presumably slipped his memory, and his lecture, which was illustrated by magic-lantern slides, being given in the dark, he stepped back and to the side of the platform to indicate with his pointer a certain spot upon the screen, and so fell down this hole and broke his collar-bone. Naturally this, to put it mildly, exasperated him, but his exasperation then was as nothing to his fury when in a newspaper he read a notice of the incident. It was headed, " One of Life's Ironies," and was to the effect that, " though Mr. Whymper, who had made the first ascent of the Matterhorn when four of his companions had lost their lives, had probably climbed more dangerous peaks than any man living or dead, and without any serious mishap to himself, it was surely one of life's little ironies that he should receive his most serious hurt by falling off a platform while peacefully and, presumably, safely addressing a Young Men's Christian Association audience in the provinces."

Whymper, as I have said, never or rarely talked shop, but he did talk—though never egotistically—of himself. He told me that he came of a Suffolk family, but could trace his descent, though he still had hopes of doing so, no farther back than his great-great-grandfather. The men of his race

rarely married. When they did marry they were nearly always the fathers of girls. His brother Frank was, he told me, Postmaster-General of India. As proof of his own extraordinary physical activity and stamina, he said that he had actually walked the entire length of the Canadian and Pacific Railway, being nearly accidentally killed while doing so. Speaking of his own career, he said that not mountaineering, nor exploring, nor authorship so fascinated him and gratified him as his discoveries in geology.

One of his geological anecdotes concerned a fossil forest in Greenland, which, when Whymper heard of, he at once set out to explore. There he found a large fossil cone, which he was at great pains to split into two halves, that he might the better examine it. The cone was sent to a certain famous German professor, an expert of world-wide reputation in fossil flora, who wrote saying that he attached much importance to the find. He asked Whymper to come to see him, which Whymper did. Producing the split cone, the professor pronounced it a magnolia—in fact two magnolias, and of different species.



THIS IS THE PHOTOGRAPH WITH THE PIPE REFERRED TO IN THE ARTICLE.
From a Photograph by] *[F. Boissonnas, Geneva.*

"No, no," said Whymper. "One magnolia. There can't be any doubt about that."

"You are mistaken," said the professor, curtly, annoyed at being contradicted. "I have examined each under the microscope, and I assert positively that they are of a different species."

"One," repeated Whymper.

"Two," insisted the other.

Then Whymper joined the two halves!

Of his mountaineering experiences he said but little, and never once, during the thirteen years that I knew him, did he, of his own accord, refer to the historic Matterhorn tragedy. He did, however, tell me of the circumstances in which he became a mountaineer. "It was purely accidental," he said. "The idea of climbing had never occurred to me, one reason being as you, who have done some climbing yourself, will readily appreciate, that it costs money. I was then a young fellow with all his way to make in the world, and was looking out for a means to make money, not to spend it, and was, in fact, rather at my wits' end to know how to earn a livelihood. The profession I was supposed to follow was art, and even thus early my draughtsmanship and woodcut work were, I think I may say, creditable. Anyhow, more than one person who was competent to judge thought so, and, in fact, said so. It was owing to somebody saying so that I got the job which led to my becoming a mountaineer. There was a feeling among climbers that the record of their work required illustrating. They're human like the rest of the world, and some of them fancied that it would add to the *éclat*, the importance, and the heroism of their achievements if they could be depicted crossing a crevasse that yawned like a blue hell below them; holding on for dear life, and like a fly to a wall, against a perpendicular rock, with a sheer

abyss and drop of a thousand feet beneath them; or skyed upon some heaven-piercing and hitherto inaccessible peak that made un-climbing folk turn sick and giddy to think of.

"You know the sort of thing—Professor Tyndall crossing the Great Crevasse, on this or that mountain; Mr. Leslie Stephen negotiating the most difficult and dangerous pass on t'other one, or somebody else setting the British flag on a hitherto unsurmounted peak. The question was how to do it, and whom to get to do it. To-day they'd do it by photography; but photography wasn't then what it is now, and it was evident that their man would have to be a capable draughtsman, and that he'd have to be a man of nerve, stamina, and power of endurance, as he, as well as they, would have to do the climbing. Well, to cut a long story short, someone who had chanced to see my work in art, and to think well of it, suggested me as a likely man. I was glad of a job and jumped at it, but once having started climbing—as I necessarily had to—in six months I had climbed peaks that no one else had ever attempted; and that is the history in brief, if not the whole story, of how I became a climber."

Edward Whymper was a man of few friends—I had almost written of no friends—for, though he was upon what, in another than he, would be described as terms of friendship with many of the world's most distinguished men, and though he enjoyed their company and their intercourse as they enjoyed his, I should describe the bond which held him and them together as "liking" and interest in each other and in each other's achievements rather than as friendship in the closer sense of the word. The mould into which he was cast was austere, stern, and could be forbidding. He was a "marked" man wherever he went; and in all companies—a man of masterful personality who inspired attention and respect in everyone, and something like fear in a few, but who, except in the case of children, rarely inspired affection. That he was aware his manner was not always conciliatory—was, in fact, at times forbidding—seems likely from a story which I have heard him tell on several occasions, and always with infinite gusto.

"I was walking up Fleet Street one day," he began, pursing up his mouth and almost smacking his lips over his words, as if the flavour of them were pleasant to the palate, "when I chanced to see a sixpence lying upon the ground. Now, according to the law of the day, anything we find in the street or in a public place must be taken to the nearest police-station. I wasn't going to be at the bother of picking up a sixpence merely to take myself, and it, to the police-station, so I cast an eye around, and, walking just behind me, I saw a poor ragged devil without so much as a shirt to his back or a pair of shoes to his feet. I didn't require to speak or even to point to the sixpence. I just caught the fellow's eyes and looked with my own two eyes at the sixpence upon the pavement. That was quite enough. He followed my glance, saw the coin lying there, and knew that my glance meant, 'You can have it if you like, my good fellow,' and was down on it in a moment. Well, I didn't stop to let the fellow thank me, but just walked on.

"It so happens, however, that I'm peculiarly sensitive to outside impressions. If I'm in the street, and someone is taking stock of me—even though I can't see who it is—I'm conscious of it in a moment. If I'm in a hall, listening, say, to a lecture, and someone behind me has recognized me, or is interested in me for any reason, I'm just as aware of it as if I had my eyes in the back of my head. I passed up Fleet Street and along the Strand till approaching Charing Cross, when I became suddenly aware that someone behind was watching me, as if for a purpose. I turned, and there was my ragged, shirtless, bootless devil of a tramp, who had followed me all that way, poor devil, I supposed to thank me. So I thought it decent to slow my pace, and when he was just alongside of me I half turned to give him the chance to speak, and waited to hear what he had to say. What do you think it was? To express his thanks? Not a bit. When he was level with me, he hissed, almost spat in my ear, a string of foul names. 'Too proud to pick up a sixpence, are you?' And the anathemas began again.

"That, I said to myself at the time," continued Whymper, "is all the thanks you get for trying to do a good turn to the British vagrant. But, on thinking it over, I've come to the conclusion that there was something unintentionally offensive—or, shall we say, patronizing?—in the way I looked at the man and then at the sixpence, something which he resented so bitterly that he had to follow me all that way to spit it out."

Another incident which vastly amused him at the time happened when he and I had walked out from Southend to Shoeburyness, a distance of some four miles. It was on a Sunday morning, and, when we arrived at Shoeburyness, he remarked: "I had some very salt bloaters for breakfast. Do you

mind if, Sunday morning as it is, I call at the first inn to slake my thirst ? "

" Of course not," I replied.

As it was within the prohibited hours, when inns are closed except to *bonâ-fide* travellers—by which is meant those who have travelled three miles from the place where they slept the previous night—we found the inn-door shut. Whymper knocked sharply and loudly at it in his usual masterful way, and when it was opened by a frowzy-looking fellow in shirt-sleeves Whymper said, dryly, in more sense than one : " I am thirsty and want a drink, please."

" Are you *bonâ-fide* travellers ? " inquired the fellow.

" Well," remarked Whymper, partly to the fellow and partly to me, " there was a time early in my career when some doubts were cast upon my qualifications as a mountaineer, and even upon my word in regard to my statement as to what had happened ; but this is the first time I have been challenged in regard to my being a *bonâ-fide* traveller. I'll say nothing about the qualification of my friend here, but considering that, since the last time I passed this hostelry, I have travelled some seven or eight thousand miles, I think I'm entitled to describe myself as a traveller in a very *bonâ-fide* sense indeed. As a matter of fact, we have come from Southend this morning, which, I believe, is outside the statutory three miles. Do I look, my good fellow, like a man who'd tell you a lie about a thing like that ? "

" 'ARE YOU BONÂ-FIDE TRAVELLERS ?' INQUIRED THE FELLOW."

" I don't know," replied the man, looking Whymper very hard in the face ; " but I'll tell you what you do look like. You look to me like a man who, if he'd made up his mind to have a drink, would have it whether he was a *bonâ-fide* traveller or not, and wouldn't let no one else stop him from having it, and that's more."

" I observe, my man," said Whymper, sententiously, as the door was opened to admit us, " that you are no indifferent judge of character ; but I am curious also to know what you'd say to having a drink yourself."

His curiosity was soon gratified, for "Two of gin, cold," was what the man said.

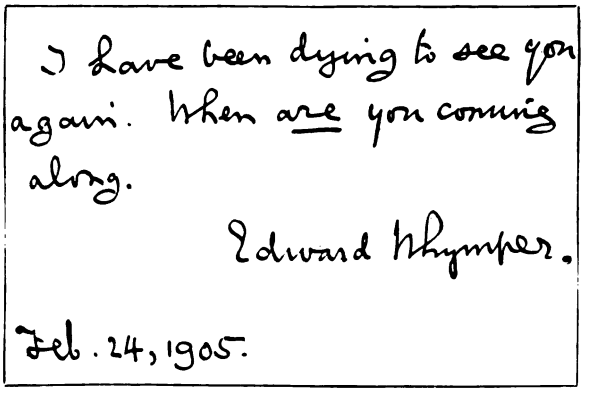
To those who knew Whymper only slightly, and—overlooking the sensitive breathing nostrils, so wide and circular at the opening—saw only the cold hardness of his face and eyes, the rat-trap-like snap of mouth and jaw, he seemed a man of iron; and this impression the story of his indomitable courage, his dogged determination to succeed where others had failed, went far to confirm.

That such a man—a man rough-hewn, as he seemed, out of block-granite and with sinews of steel—could be cognizant of the fact that he had "nerves," much less could suffer from them, would occur to few. None the less, I have reason to know that the shock of that tragedy in early life among the Alps, when, powerless to help, he had to stand inactively by and see his four companions hurled to certain death, left its mark upon him to the end of his life, and was sometimes re-enacted in his dreams. In his later years, when his iron constitution began to weaken, and when his nerves were less steady than of old, any sudden reference to that early tragedy would, in his more irritable moments, annoy and anger him, and would elicit a reply the shortness and curtness of which made those who did not know him well imagine him to be churlish or surly.

With children, however, he was another man, and, grim as he could be to "grown-ups," children invariably liked and trusted him. My earliest experience of this was on the evening after my first supper with him. He had been to London, and as I was walking towards the station to purchase an evening paper, I saw him stalking in front of me, arrayed in a black great-coat, top-hat, and black leather leggings. In one hand he carried his bag, and by the other he clasped the hand of a tiny girl child, poorly clad and hatless, whom he stooped to comfort as tenderly as could any woman, and, in fact, took out his own handkerchief to wipe away her tears. The little mite, who hailed from East London, had been sent by some charitable person for a week by the sea to one of the many holiday homes for the poor in Southend. How she had become lost I do not remember, but lost she certainly was, learning which Whymper had comforted, quieted, and coaxed her into telling him where her temporary home was, and when I saw him he was on his way to take her there.

My own stepson, then a lad of twelve, and a cadet on H.M.S. *Worcester*, was devoted to him, being especially proud that the greatest of mountaineers was at the trouble of giving him lessons in climbing. Up and down the cliff-slopes of Southend Whymper marched the lad, impressing upon him the importance of always going at one steady and uniform rate, never, only in exceptional circumstances, when haste was absolutely necessary, forcing the pace or indulging in sprinting; teaching him to walk from the hips, mechanically and machine-wise, so that no strain was put upon the heart and lungs, and instructing him in the control and use of the breath. When, after the holidays, the boy went back to the *Worcester*, he sent Whymper his autograph-book, asking him to inscribe his name, and in it the man whom some people thought grim, surly, and morose wrote: "I have been dying to see you again. When *are* you coming along? — EDWARD WHYMPER. February 24, 1905."

The boy, whom Whymper always spoke of as his "friend," is at this moment in Canada. He is too young to feel as some of us, who are young no longer, now, alas! feel — that "Old friends are the best friends, and it is to the grave we must go to find them." But that lad is only one of many of his years to whom Whymper showed constant kindness, and who will, to their lives' end, hold the name of the great mountaineer, who was also a true child-lover, in honour, reverence, and affection.


I have been dying to see you again. When are you coming along.

Edward Whymper.

Feb. 24, 1905.

WRITTEN IN AN AUTOGRAPH-BOOK BELONGING TO A CADET ON H.M.S. "WORCESTER."

The Boy Who Read Kipling.

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrated by W. Dewar.

"BASSETT! Bassett! Where's Bassett?"

The shouts grew louder, stayed at first good-tempered, then became something indignant; finally won on into the roar of a baffled populace robbed of its due sensation, vainly clamorous for the hero of the day. He was hidden from them; he was in the dressing-room—they knew it—and full five thousand spectators refused to leave the ground. "Bassett!" they called. "Bassett! Bassett!" There was no answer, only—from the now calm members in the pavilion, whose egress they impeded—smiles which excited them the more.

"I say," said someone, presently. "This isn't good enough. They're cutting the ground to rags. Why doesn't young Bassett come along?"

A committee-man—one of those leisured persons who redeem their winter idleness by much good summer service to the game of games—turned to the speaker, saw him serious, and took the matter in hand.

"I'll see what can be done," he said. "But the beggar's so blooming modest you may have to wait all night!" After which hopeful utterance he sought the dressing-room door.

"Harry, you've got to come and show yourself!"

The man who had won the match for his county on a worn pitch, by a dashing piece of cricket, against the best bowling of the strongest county in England, shook a sleek, black head, and his dark blue eyes gleamed at the committee-man a half merry, half serious disinclination to obey.

"Oh, I say, Chalford, that's all rot. I'm not a bally actor. Let the beggars howl!"

"Bàss—Bàss—Bàss, Bàss, Bàssett!" came the roared-out answer from the ground. And there was now in it a very definite note of resentment; a plain hint, an angry showing that well-meaning, if hot, humanity resented its hero-worship being put to scorn.

"Better go and show yourself for a second," said the captain, from the locker where he sat. "This win of ours'll probably do cricket no end of good in these parts."

"All right—if you think *that*, it's another pair of shoes," said Harry Bassett, cheerfully. "I'll cut along at once!" In another minute he was confronting the mob.

It made a strange, a truly English picture, that apotheosis of youth in the temple of cricket, that loud approving, by men of all ages, of the bank clerk as he stood there on the balcony nodding his thanks. In the distance the grey cathedral; at its foot the railed-in terrace, thronged now with folk from close and city, summoned to the spectacle by the ascending clamour and shout. And, between field and terrace, the ancient Severn, gleaming, sluggish, sun-kissed. To the right—to the right of the pavilion — the ladies' enclosure and stand. To the left the shilling seats, still packed with applauding folk. And before the pavilion the mob—half frenzied with the aftermath of victory, hat-waving, shouting, jumping up; ruining with cruel heel-marks the sticky, rain-soddened turf. For the man on the balcony—no scion of the "county," but one of their own citizens, one who was with them, of them, across the bank's counter, in daily common touch—had achieved a great performance; great in generalship; great in stamina and tactics; colossal in its triumph over skill and odds.

"Hurrày! Well played, Bassett! Good old Bassett! What price Murcester! Bràvvo, Bassett! Bràvvo!"

He bowed his thanks to them, flushed with a natural pleasure, enjoying humanly what he had pretended to himself that he despised. It was jolly to be liked, he was thinking, and he liked them for liking him, and he had been an ass not to show himself before. Then, with another bow, he half turned from them, made as if to leave the balcony, yet did not descend the stairs.

For his eyes had met the eyes of Joyce Calvert as she stood in the ladies' enclosure; and in that beautiful second all had seemed to him well. He had won the match for his county; he had played the innings of his life; a priceless not-out eighty on a wicket where

to score five-and-twenty, even, would have been worth a hundred at another, an easier time. And in one swift glance, across the crowd that severed them, he had sent her his *spolia opima;* had laid these plaudits, this culminating moment of his glory, at her feet. She—this fair-haired, mobile-featured, silk-shirted, silk-collared, club-tied, coat-and-skirted English girl—was his queen of love and beauty as much as ever old-time maiden had been queen of them at tournament or joust.

It was Romance, the ancient and imperishable, the "angel-playmate"; Romance, the world's dear heritage that the world creates and consumes. And at that moment, as never yet in his lifetime, everything to Harry Bassett (who could have turned no phrase nor made one) seemed exquisitely beautiful and good. Yet for one moment only. He knew, knew too completely, too bitterly — could not, even in his triumph, lose the knowledge of it—how ill, how bad things were.

Then he ran downstairs to the dressing-room. Men came in and congratulated him; he could have dined out a dozen times over, but he refused them all alike. He bathed, he changed; took and gave many handshakes; then, bronzed and tall, strolled from the empty cricket-ground, and, outside the gates of it, walked more briskly across the Severn's bridge. As he passed people nudged each other, looked their interest, openly admired.

Meanwhile Harry Bassett, without eyes for anyone, went hurrying on his way. He reached the Cross, turned into the Foregate, entered a large confectioner's shop. Past the counter and the pay-desk stairs led to a first-floor room. He ascended them, went through some curtains, stood looking round. Half the people taking tea there were acquaintances; he nodded, smiled, and stood still. Then he saw what he sought. He crossed leisurely, carelessly, to a little table—in the far corner of the room. And there came a silence, almost audible in its suddenness; then looks, head-turnings, glances, and a gabbling, guarded and low. But those two people, the little drama's actors, played to no audience, had no heed of any save themselves.

"Halloa, Joyce!"

"Halloa, Harry!"

And the room, envying, saw hand meet hand in greeting; jumped, in its gossip, at the delights of a flirtation, divined nothing of the tragedy; guessed no whit of how, in the very midst of that chattering tea-room, two hearts that, all the long week, had yearned for each other were leaping, responsive, unseen.

"Harry, it was ripping; it was the innings of your life. And *how* they shouted for you! Nothing like it has ever happened in Murcester before."

He smiled—he was human, and her praise was very dear.

"Yes, it *was* jolly; I don't mind admitting it. Of course one was lucky, but one happened to come off. And, Joyce, I'm—oh, hang it all!—I'm jolly glad you were there."

"I'm glad, too, Harry. I——"

But he did not let her finish. Her plight, his love for her, kept his pleasure brief.

"I say, never mind cricket," came his interruption. "Tell me, how are things at Wyvernhern? Are they still so awfully bad?"

"Awfully!" The word, honest and involuntary, slipped, irrevocable, from her lips. Then, as she saw him wince at it, came a cry of penitence, an unselfish person's outburst of regret.

"I say, I didn't mean to worry you. Never mind, Harry; it will all, somehow, come right."

But Harry Bassett, not less but more knight-errant for the teachings of outdoor games, had to hear the truth.

"Tell me, Joyce. Tell me everything. How, if you don't tell me, can I ever be any use?"

She still hesitated, weakened; then, glad in her heart, gave way, inclination overmastering unselfishness.

"It's the people, Harry—the people father brings to the house, you know. I can—— He's never cruel to me, but it's his friends—his horrible friends."

"You mean——?" And Harry Bassett was silent; knew enough to know most of what she meant. Her father, his gross, his well-known drunkenness, his loose living—had not all Murcester all these things by heart? But as John Calvert drifted downward—as he squandered his patrimony, rioted his substance away—he was taking to Wyvernhern the comrades of his base consorting, the hangers-on who sponged upon him, who praised him, cozened him, toadied to him, helped him on his downward path. They came to Wyvernhern, and Joyce had to be civil to them, to sit at meals with them, to listen to their loud, coarse speech.

"They—they are worse than ever?" he whispered.

She nodded; gave him the added hatefulness; made everything quite plain.

"They—*they* are—well, I can endure *them*—but it's worse—far worse than that. It's Mr. Fortnum, Harry."

"Fortnum!" Harry Bassett looked at her; jumped at the truth of it, guessed at the horrible worst. "But Joyce, he's the biggest blackguard in Murcester—though he isn't—he doesn't drink like——"

"He wants to marry me, Harry. He's always with father at the Feathers. He comes to Wyvernhern in his motor; he comes to take us out. Father insists upon my going. Mr. Fortnum puts father by the chauffeur—and sits in the back with me. He pesters me, Harry. He never ceases—I can see his red face now—oh, it's horrible, Harry; he comes every day. Those three days you were at the Oval he came. And it was only by a trick that I got to the ground to-day. I think he gives father betting tips—it's no good saying anything—and, Harry, I can't go on. It's getting on my nerves, Harry." Her trembling lips, her twitching nostrils, the clasping, unclasping hands: all these signs, despite her flushed young face and the normal clean good-healthiness of her, told their cruel tale. "Harry, if it wasn't for you—if I didn't sometimes see you—I'd leave England altogether. I'm sure Aunt Edie—mother's sister—would take me at Lucerne."

"Leave England, Joyce!" And Harry Bassett, at the thought of it, went pale beneath his bronze.

"Yes; if it wasn't for you, Harry—you and Mrs. Hussingtree. It's past all bearing. I can't—I can't go on!"

He looked at her, mazed and marvelling, as a man looks who, having never known

"HARRY, IT WAS RIPPING! IT WAS THE INNINGS OF YOUR LIFE."

trouble, runs up against it for the first time in his life—sat dumb and heart-stabbed by the state of nervousness to which she, the healthiest, most athletic of girls, had been driven by her father and her father's friend. He knew himself, as he had never before known himself, for the detrimental that he was; felt, now, his own great impotence in the real battle, the fight in the larger, not the tented, field. His just-won triumph came to leer at and mock him; applause that had been dear an hour ago now seemed empty and vain. And he longed, deeply, passionately, to do something, to make some

sacrifice which should prove that his love was true.

"Joyce," he said, presently, "it's better to part for a little than that you should stay here—and get ill."

She shook her head at him. "Aunt Edie would be good to me—but I can't go from you—I can't!"

He leaned across the table; knew her too weak, too nerve-racked to do the strong, wise thing; realized the strength that she needed must come to her from him. And, for just one fugitive second, his right hand touched her left.

"Dear," he said, softly, "it isn't so easy—what one asks."

"Isn't it, Harry?"

"No; you know it isn't—and if one didn't——" He broke off quickly, then as quickly went on: "If the future's worth having it's worth waiting for—and if it's a big love it'll get bigger—even though one isn't with one, Joyce—all the time."

He looked at her for her answer. Her answer did not come.

"Joyce, you'll promise?" he said again.

She was silent; then she nodded, gave him her consent (watched in the giving by all the gabbling throng—"My dear, she isn't going to marry him—that's what they're talking about; see how serious they are. She's engaged to that awful Fortnum person—I saw her yesterday in his car").

"I'll promise—I'll promise, since you ask me. I'll promise—to prove to you that I can make sacrifices, too. But, Harry, dear, I sha'n't—I sha'n't know how to say good-bye!" Then, suddenly, her whisper came to him, quick, eager, afraid. "I shall cry if I stay here any longer; people are looking at us—I must go; oh, I must go!" And she rose hurriedly and walked doorwards across the long, full room. Though as she went, with a woman's instinct, to Harry Bassett, who followed her, she uttered an audible commonplace, waved acquaintances greeting, carried herself as one with whom all the world is well. But outside, as a car drew level with them, her lips quivered again and her voice came very tremulously upon Harry Bassett's ears.

"Harry," she whispered—and she was crying—really crying now—"don't, oh, don't let it be Switzerland. I've promised—but oh, Harry, I don't want to go away!"

It was then, at the sound of her voice and the sight of her suffering, that an infinite, as yet unjustified, faith in himself and his own capacity for making something out of nothing consumed Harry Bassett, fairly carried him off his feet. And as he put Joyce Calvert into the tram he committed himself to a promise hard indeed to keep. For cricket is cricket, and life is a battle, and who wins the first may lose the second, and lie with the trodden slain.

"You sha'n't, Joyce. You sha'n't, if I can help it. By Heaven, you sha'n't!"

And he went down the ancient Foregate fired with the white-hot passion to achieve; though it is not easy in this, the twentieth century, for a knight adventurer, however bold, to rescue his lady-love from peril and bondage unless he have money, that faith which removes mountains, or, failing these, the rare, dynamic force. Harry Bassett, county cricketer and detrimental, second cashier in the Murcester branch of Boyd's Amalgamated Bank, had not the first, had been deprived by Fate and Circumstance of the second, and had yet to prove that he possessed the third.

It was not his fault that his will exceeded his achievements. He was the victim of that terrible handicap imposed by modern conditions upon those who mature late. He had been a nonentity at Rugby; his parents, cumbered with a huge family, had tipped him, like a piece of rubbish, into the bank. And the life of a provincial bank-clerk is so ordered for him that it kills the aspiring instinct and drugs the immortal soul. Harry Bassett, maturing slowly out of spotty hobbledehoyhood into striking handsomeness, ripening from tall ungainliness into truly magnificent manhood, dragged out the common existence of his fellows till cricket—three-parts the salvation of him—pulled him to the front. Then he had met Mrs. Hussingtree—widowed, childless, wealthy; kind-hearted enough to be generous to youth. A woman of fine, strong character, she had seen his possibilities; had made it her task to foster intelligence, to stir the aspiring instinct which cricket had fanned to life. Joyce Calvert came to help her; love brought Harry Bassett such heeding of the future as, unaided, Mrs. Hussingtree could never have induced. It was a big thing, not a little thing; for Joyce and Harry had drifted, not flirted, which meant that their love was sound. For the man it was the test of character, the touch-stone which must show whether—save for his cricket prowess—he was, like a hundred thousand others, without that honest, healthy egoism which impels the exception on his way. One of twenty-five clerks in a bank in a country town? He might have

been one of twenty-five hundred; numbers are no barrier against the dynamic force. As it *was* in Harry Bassett—as Mrs. Hussingtree's instinct had shouted to her—only it needed strong opposition to set it concentrating; to send it, like a juggernaut, ahead.

He was back in his rooms now: in his square, high-ceilinged sitting-room, with its photographs of cricket and football teams, its bat-racks, golf-clubs; its innumerable ensigns of sport. It was cleanly, finely Philistine; a man's room, not a woman-man's, yet as innocent of woolly mats and wax fruiteries as of fat-necked Rossetti ladies and the anæmic gentry of Burne Jones. There were easy-chairs and a Chesterfield; there were cups; and caps on the photograph-frames; and a small bookcase chock-a-block with books—some Doyle's, some "Q.'s," and a Dumas or two, several treatises upon banking, a stray Stevenson, five or six second-hand Badmintons, volumes by Grace and Ranjitsinhji, volumes by Braid and Taylor, and a volume of Warner's as well. And, cheek by jowl with them, in one red, magnificent row, a dozen or more Kiplings, magnificent to possess. The room of a real live person; a room which would have given a modern the horrors, but where a true—not a canvas—knight-errant would choose, re-incarnate, to stay.

Harry Bassett went into his bedroom, got into a dinner-jacket (Mrs. Hussingtree had, indeed, been good to him), and came back to his evening meal: the chop, the sweets, the salad for which club fare and well-kept tables had found themselves disdained. He took a book, according to his habit, and the custom of men who live alone. The book was "Plain Tales," the story "Consequences," and he already had it by heart. But he read it, every word of it; and, having finished it, he read it again. By that time (he read slowly) he had finished the frugal meal. He got up, strode about the room, paused by the mantelpiece, looked at Joyce's photograph, picked up the book again, turned over a page or two; finally put it back on its shelf.

"They all got on," he said to himself, marvelling. "The beggars all got on!" It was, of course, an exaggeration, since in the same book is the story of the boy who threw himself away. But Harry Bassett was right enough in the main. The people—most of the people—in those dozen books on his bookshelf *did* get on, since they did things, and, therefore, deserved to; which was why, in her wisdom, Mrs. Hussingtree made excuse for giving him a red-covered, elephant-medallioned volume every time he made fifty runs. Happy is the boy—indeed, half life's battle is won for him—who may call a well-bred, far-sighted, middle-aged woman his friend. It was to Mrs. Hussingtree, who had never advised him wrongly, that Harry Bassett was going for guidance now—quickened with a new and splendid, brain-rioting, Kipling-begotten scheme.

He got upon a tram, rode up to the Cross; took another tram, and reached Bellinghall, which looks over and down upon the many-churched Severnside town. On a path in the garden he found her, rejoicing at the outcome of the early morning's rain. She was white-haired; she was dressed in black; there was lace about her shoulders; five-and-forty were the precise number of her years. She had features and distinction; carriage, complexion, charm. She looked her age; yet looked, also, as if she would never look any older than now.

"Harry," she said, coming to meet him, "I congratulate you. It was the innings of your life!"

"I suppose it was," said Harry Bassett, who had, just now, forgotten, yet would remember for the remainder of his days. "But—er—I want to ask you about something; as usual, I want your help."

Mrs. Hussingtree looked at him, saw his graveness, and turned towards the house. "It's Joyce, Harry?" she questioned. He nodded, dashed into his tale, gave her the whole hard truth. "It's killing her," he ended; "it's simply killing her. I must marry her; I must take her away. The bank's no use to me—I must get out of it quickly. I'm going to start a coal business——"

"A coal business!"

"Oh, it's a splendid scheme—really. I mean it—other people have done it—and made a huge success. There's Brackenbury, the Loamshire bowler—you know him——"

"By name, Harry. Go on."

"Well, *he* was a bank clerk—and he started in the coal trade, and he knocks out seven hundred a year at it now. He's got Loamshire solid; it's his cricket that's done it—and why shouldn't I do the same? There are lots of people who'd help me—lots of 'em. There's Shorting, at the Town Club, and Wright and Fowler at the factories—oh, and heaps more, if I really took it on. And I could marry Joyce almost immediately—and take her out of that beastly household; and, oh, I say, Mrs. Hussingtree, don't you really think it's a chance?"

Mrs. Hussingtree did not answer imme-

diately; sat looking, mothering, sympathetic, at his flushed and eager face; then she poured on a scheme that was risky and problematic the ice-cold water of her middle-aged common sense.

"It's a chance, Harry, certainly. But you'd have a struggle, and you've been twelve years in the bank. Why not — why not go to Birmingham, see the general manager, and ask him for a branch?"

"A branch?" He gasped his astonishment at her, fairly taken aback. "But I haven't got an earthly. He'll only see me, as he sees everyone who calls, and send me away empty, like everyone else. He's got a regular name for seeing people — and doing nothing for them; and besides, it's ridiculous. I'm only second cashier in a second-class branch."

"MRS. HUSSINGTREE LOOKED AT HIM, SAW HIS GRAVENESS, AND TURNED TOWARDS THE HOUSE. 'IT'S JOYCE, HARRY?' SHE QUESTIONED."

"With a connection, Harry, and a reputation, and a whole host of friends. If they're worth money in business they're worth it in banking, too. And"—she could not very well tell him that his face and figure were his finest assets—"you've other qualities, Harry—qualities which with some people might count for much. And Mr. Gordon—he's an old Rugby International, you know—he was low down in the Bank of England when I knew him, and he isn't altogether a fool."

"Gordon! You know him?"

Mrs. Hussingtree did not answer immediately, and when she did speak she was looking at her shoe. She had known Harry Bassett for a long time; she had, in fact, made him what he was. But that was no reason why she should tell him that she, who had married at thirty, had married the wrong man, and that the right man had never seen fit to marry anyone else. So she told just half the truth.

"I know him, Harry. And I know this, too. He isn't the man to waste his time;

and if, as you say, he sees everybody and sends them away empty, doesn't it strike you that he's looking for something—something that he wants and can't find? Go and see him, tell him what you're worth, and ask for a branch like a man. Go in and win, and if luck's against you—well, there's always the coal, and I'll—I'll see you get properly launched. But try your own job, Harry, dear. Try Mr. Gordon first. And if he won't give you anything, I'll promise you this, too, though I haven't met him for—for centuries. I'll go and see him myself. He—I knew him very well once, Harry. And—I think he'll remember me well enough to know that I'd sooner perish than ask him to be interested in anyone who—who wasn't any use. You see, Harry, he used to read Kipling to me——"

She broke off very suddenly, looked at that jogging foot again, and said no more. But Harry Bassett was now at grips with all that she had told.

"You mean he's a white man," he said, slowly. And he added, after a little silence, "By Jove, Mrs. Hussingtree, there's a chance!"

In Mrs. Hussingtree's eyes, as she answered him, there were, as it seemed to Harry Bassett, tears of pleasure—and Harry Bassett chanced to be right. But (even great women have their weaknesses) whether those tears were shed for Harry's prospects or his praises, only Mrs. Hussingtree could have told. And then, most astoundingly, she got up and put out her hand.

"Good night, Harry. Go home and go to bed."

At her words and action Harry Bassett rose to his feet and stared.

"But it's hardly nine, Mrs. Hussingtree—unless you *want* me to go?"

"I do, Harry," came her answer. "I want you to get a good rest. Have that milk of yours—try and sleep sound. Go into Birmingham by the ten-fifty. I'm going in by the eleven-forty-five. If you fail—well, I'll make *my* effort. Meet me, at one exactly, on the steps of Boyd's Bank."

"Right!" said Harry Bassett. He shook hands and turned to go. Then, as he reached the door, he swung impulsively round. "I say, you *are* a good sort," he called. "You're a perfectly ripping good sort."

"Am I, Harry?" wondered Mrs. Hussingtree. "Anyway, go and get to bed. Remember, to-morrow you break a lance for Joyce!"

Then as he left her, and she heard him hurry down the drive, Mrs. Hussingtree went over to her bureau and took paper and pen. She wrote one letter—it was a brief one—to Joyce. Then, pen in hand, paper before her, she sat long and pondered much.

"I won't write," she decided, finally. "It would be foolish to send him a letter. I'm sending him what's better—a *man!*" And she rose from her bureau and put pen and paper away.

Harry Bassett slept dreamlessly, as only a tired man in perfect condition can manage, in the face of stress, to do. In the morning he rose and, kneeling at his bedside, sought for that faith which he feared lest he might lack. He was not a "modern," and who breaks a lance for his lady is stayed, not shamed, by prayer. He shaved with immense care, dressing with the quiet scrupulosity of the healthy-minded man. And noon found him in Birmingham, rested, resolute, before the mock Tuscan front of Boyd's Amalgamated Bank.

He entered the building, walked boldly to the counter, handed in his card. A cashier, bald and languid, turned and beckoned with his hand.

"Porter!" he cried. "Porter!" He turned to Harry Bassett again. "Who do you wish to see, please? I didn't quite catch what you said."

"The general manager," said Harry, quietly.

The cashier stared, and gave the porter Harry's card. The man passed up the counter among the crowd of stool-seated, book-filling ledger-clerks and disappeared behind a distant door. In a minute he was back again, and the bald cashier explained.

"If you'll go up there, Mr.—er—Bassett"—he pointed to the right—"you'll see a swing-door. The porter'll meet you on the other side." Harry Bassett's heart went bump, bump as he passed into the corridor beyond.

"The general manager is engaged, sir," said the porter. "But if you'll sit down"—he pointed to a wooden bench like the seat in a railway waiting-room—"he will see you when he is disengaged."

"Thank you." And Harry Bassett sat down. His heart had begun to bump again, and he disliked himself very much. And—a life of discipline and a public-school training *does* count for something—he proceeded to take himself in hand. He forced himself to think of one thing only: that thing Joyce's trouble and stress. He concentrated his mind upon it—upon the need for bringing that stress and trouble to an end. It was up to him to do something, achieve something, to break a lance for her—if need be, to draw sword,

wield mace. How to do this he didn't know —he only knew that he was face to face with odds innumerable, which he knew that he must overcome. He had heard once that a man could get anything—anything in life—if only he wanted it enough. So he set about assuring himself that he wanted promotion, fixed heart and soul and brain on it, leaned forward, like Rodin's Penseur, hugging the single thought. "I want it—I must get it. By Heaven! I must, I will!" And as he sat there in that frenzy of aspiration which, at certain moments, is the common lot of the normal—which drives the Philistine to deeds and impels the craftsman to create—two men, themselves healthy Philistines, were talking about him in a room close by.

"Then this is the Murcester Bassett, Mr. Hopetown? The boy you suggested as being suitable for Budley—and who I said was too young?"

"Yes, sir," the chief inspector nodded. "I'm getting out Laverock's papers, since you think he's the most—the least unsuitable man. Here is Bassett's record." The chief inspector put down a *dossier* on the table. "You see he has passed that Institute of Bankers' examination. He is really"—the chief inspector ventured to air an already much-expressed conviction—"he is really a highly capable officer—an extremely fine young man. And cricket—a great asset for a place so given over to sport as Budley. Still, since you think——"

The general manager swung round upon the chief inspector, whom he was used to call the "eyes and ears" of the Bank; who, with himself, had pulled a feeble corporation—a hotch-potch of little private corporations—into a sound and composite whole. "He's too young, Hopetown," he said, decisively; "ever so much too young. And cricket isn't everything—and I can't give it to him, in spite of the dearth of good men. But I'll see him—oh, yes, I'll see him. I'd like to make his acquaintance. His turn will come by and by."

"Very good, sir; I'll call him in to you." The chief inspector walked out. The general manager rang the bell. "Bring in the gentleman who is waiting to see me," he said to the porter. And Harry Bassett was ushered in.

"Mr. Bassett, sir."

"How do you do?"

Harry Bassett, coming forward, saw a long, lean, florid, clean-shaven man extend a courteous hand. He took it, shook it; then each looked at the other with long and measuring looks. And Harry Bassett could have sworn that he felt the general manager start.

"Sit down, Mr. Bassett."

Harry Bassett sat down; waited for the general manager to begin. But there was silence—uncomfortable, interminable, made endurable only by what Harry Bassett beheld. For the general manager looked less like a bank official than anyone he had ever seen. To begin with, he was good-looking; to go on with, he was exceptionally well dressed; he was the picture of fitness and health. He had a pleasant voice, an agreeable manner—and he gave the impression of distinguished, well-bred strength.

"You *are* a white man," thought Harry Bassett, "whatever you may chance to do!" And the concentration, which had relaxed a little, tightened up again, that instinct to do the best for himself growing very quick and fierce.

"You have come to see me about something, Mr. Bassett," said Gordon, breaking the silence at last.

Harry Bassett hesitated a second; then flashed out his answer, breaking a lance for Joyce.

"I want a managership," he said, boldly —and looked his chief full in the eyes.

The lance shivered on the shield of impassivity; for reply there came an untranslatable "Yes!" And the knight-errant, himself, as he hoped, impassive, felt himself being sized up and docketed by eyes that seemed to twinkle, yet, somehow, to stay stern. Silence seemed called for; silence Harry gave. It was the general manager who broke it—with an epitome of his clerk's career.

"You were at Rugby. You entered the bank at eighteen—and at Murcester you are second cashier. You have played cricket regularly; and in your holidays—as at present—you have played for the county and got runs. Yesterday you took an undefeated eighty. Am I not correct?"

"Perfectly correct, sir," answered Harry Bassett, marvelling as never in his life. The general manager nodded and pursued:—

"An excellent innings, my paper tells me —one of the very best. But surely, Mr. Bassett, no reason for my giving you a branch. It is not, for instance, as if you had any special qualification to urge."

Now, "special qualifications" were the words used to Tarrion, in the story called "Consequences," by the strong man whom Tarrion went to see. And Harry Bassett,

only half consciously, fell into a Kiplingism in his reply.

"I can offer you the 'Common Touch,' Mr. Gordon. And the 'Common Touch' doesn't grow on trees. If one plays cricket one meets people—all sorts of people, in all sorts of ranks of life. And the 'Common Touch' brings business, sir; it's a thing that a branch manager wants. If it's no use to the bank, sir—well, there are other businesses, and I'll take my wares outside."

It was the mace, full-swung, fierce-falling; do—resist favouritism, set merit first, scorn to "graft" or "job." But no man—an Englishman least of all men—can resist advantaging that type which most resembles himself, that type which he understands most thoroughly, which is builded after his own heart. And Harry Bassett and Gordon were built on the self-same model.

Mrs. Hussingtree, who had loved Gordon and, tricked by her mothering instinct, had married the consumptive whom she nursed till that consumptive's death—Mrs. Hussing-

"'I WANT A MANAGERSHIP,' HE SAID, BOLDLY—AND LOOKED HIS CHIEF FULL IN THE EYES."

it was an ultimatum—Harry Bassett meant what he said. And the man who heard him knew it, and looked at him long and hard. He himself had once delivered such an ultimatum; he had once wanted something high out of reach of him, and had got it because he wanted it enough. And men who delivered such cartels were growing rarer. This challenge pleased, not angered, him; made him see that Harry Bassett could want things, too. This boy—this man of thirty—was like himself; he compelled sympathy. His cause was good, though Gordon did not know it. He turned the stars in their courses to his aid. A man may—most Englishmen

tree had fashioned Harry Bassett after Gordon's mental and moral image; had, having Gordon for ideal, made her *protégé* all that which the Gordon she had known had been. So now the sympathy was all-conquering, unconquerable; Gordon was drawn, won over, to Harry because he *understood*. He knew only that this boy, as he himself formerly, had the true dynamic force; that if he, Gordon, did not make use of it others quickly would. And, pulled from his first decision by Harry's personality, by Harry's "wanting enough," he felt now as Richelieu felt towards d'Artagnan—"I must positively make this fellow mine." And he sat staring

—silent and staring—at this boy who so made him mindful of his own struggle, of his own, and chequered, youth, when he, too, by hard, clean fighting, had burst the barriers, had got what he sought from age. Then at last, still silent, he rang his bell.

"I'm done," thought Harry Bassett, and set his teeth and pressed together his lips. "He's going to have me shown out of the building. By Heaven, that coal business shall succeed!"

And his hands found the sides of his chair, and he half rose from it—to go out.

But, even as he hesitated, the chief inspector entered, bearded, spectacled, active, all wires. Gordon turned to him, and, speaking, smiled.

"This is Mr. Bassett, of Murcester, Mr. Hopetown. You know each other, I think."

"How d'you do?" said the chief inspector.

"How d'you do, sir?" Harry Bassett rose, shook hands. Gordon—the smile was wider—spoke again.

"You were recommending Mr. Bassett to me, Mr. Hopetown, only a day or two ago."

"That is so, Mr. Gordon." The chief inspector looked a little surprised.

"And I thought that you over-estimated the importance of his—er—connection, and that he was rather junior—in fact, a trifle young."

"Yes, sir. That is, in effect, the case."

"Well, I've changed my views, Mr. Hopetown, as a result of meeting him, and—well, you can carry your original suggestion through."

"Certainly, sir."

The chief inspector looked as if he would speak to Harry Bassett, then deemed it wise to leave the words unsaid. His chief was a strong man, strong enough to own to his mistakes and to revise his decisions; but the strongest men are always the most human, and it was not well, by congratulating the man about whom Gordon had been mistaken, to underline the fact that the general manager had, in the initial instance, erred. So he turned and went to his room again—just threw at Harry a nod, a kindly smile. Harry Bassett sat still, opposite Gordon, his lips firm-pressed no longer, but quivering like any neurotic girl's. He had won, he was to be given something—so much at least he knew. But was the something worth having, or was the victory Pyrrhic, and would it be well to accept or to forego?

Then Gordon set his mind at rest.

"Mr. Bassett," he said, slowly—and his voice showed the pleasure which he felt so strongly, yet which stayed to him so strange and incomprehensible—"Mr. Bassett, I am sending you to Budley as manager——"

"As manager!" gasped Harry Bassett. "As manager!" he repeated to himself. A wave, a wave of triumph, surged in him, sent his brow and cheeks aflame. Gordon gave him grace a second, then went on with his speech.

"Yes, as manager, Mr. Bassett, because I think you are the right man. Budley is a sporting centre. We have lost an immense number of customers; the late manager was weak—exceedingly weak. Budley is a thoroughly bad office, which needs a young, vigorous, and, above all, popular man." Gordon paused, shifted in his chair, then went on again, explaining things to his new centurion, excusing to himself his own incomprehensible *volte face*. "I don't send you to Budley *because* you're a good cricketer and because I like people who play games. If you were good at croquet or cat's-cradle it would be all the same to me. It's because of what cricket's done for *you*, not what you've done for *it*. If I hadn't seen you, I tell you frankly, you would not have had the job. But I have met you, and, as you say, you've met all sorts of people; you've got personality and—er—other qualities as well. And for that reason you're an asset to the bank. I'm giving you Budley for one reason—one only—because I think you're worth money to us; that, in short, in your own words, you've got the 'Common Touch.'"

"Yes, sir." Harry Bassett, who would have perished rather than seem emotional, dared not utter his thanks. Then, to save awkward silence, he gave credit where credit was. "They're not my words; they're Kipling's, sir, you know."

"Yes, they're Kipling's. But you've taken them to heart. And—you like Kipling—you read him a lot?"

"Read him!" came Harry's exclamation. He forgot, in his enthusiasm, what he owed to Mrs. Hussingtree and Joyce. "Why, he's taught me everything in the world. I should have been a waster if I hadn't read him—but he bucked me up no end!"

The other nodded; looked approvingly at the man whom he was going to promote. Then, suddenly, involuntarily, as if compelled to it, he dropped officialdom; answered as man to man. "He's helped me, too," he said. "He's always beside my bed." (He spoke to Harry Bassett, as it were, from a common footstool in the temple of praise.)

And then, quoting softly, almost to himself, he began :—

"'If you can dream and not make dreams your master.'"

He paused, and looked at Harry as who should say, "Go on!" And Harry was not slow to take him up.

"'If you can think and not make thoughts your aim.'"

"'If'"—it was Gordon's turn again—"'If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster.'"

"'And,'" said Harry, smiling at him, "'And treat those two impostors just the same.'"

The general manager looked at Harry Bassett for a full half minute, felt himself nearer, closer to this boy than he had been close or near to anyone these ten years. And then, carried away by his liking, he clapped his new centurion on the shoulder, and picked up his hat.

"We must talk," he cried, cheerily. "We must talk Kipling together. Come and lunch at my club!"

"'MARY!' SAID THE GENERAL MANAGER, STARING AT MRS. HUSSINGTREE."

A minute later two men, in a world of men, went down the corridor and out past the counter towards the teeming street. And they ran full tilt into two other people in the portico over the steps.

"Joyce—Mrs. Hussingtree!" cried Harry Bassett. He had forgotten, this half hour, that two such people lived. A man will fight for, or be inspired by, a woman—but in the hour of battle and in the first great flush of triumph he thinks of himself alone.

"Mary!" said the general manager, staring at Mrs. Hussingtree. "Mary—it is—it *is!*"

"Yes, it's I, Douglas," said Mrs. Hussingtree. And she blushed, as only a fair woman can. But she smiled, too—for she saw that the victory was hers. Then, tactfully, she turned to Joyce Calvert—interrupted Harry's triumphing whisper; touched the girl on the arm.

"We're in the way, Joyce. We must be going. Harry's made a new friend."

"And I've found an old one," said the general manager, looking into Mrs. Hussingtree's still beautiful blue eyes. "I understand now why he likes Kipling and who gave him Kipling to read; and I understand why—why I had to give him what I meant to refuse. I was taking him out to lunch with me, but"—he looked at Joyce, then back at her chaperon, sized up, saw the situation at a glance—"but I won't keep him now. He can come back to the bank again between four o'clock and five. In the meantime"—he looked questioningly at Mrs. Hussingtree—"suppose we went and lunched?"

"I shall be charmed—if it won't bore you," said Mrs. Hussingtree, blushing again.

"Bore me? Not exactly. We'll go—yes—we'll go to the Queen's!"

And as he set himself beside her he gave Joyce and Harry one final, kindly glance.

"You must have lots to talk about—go and talk about it alone. I commend you Fletcher's—Fletcher's, in Corporation Street. They will make music to you. I hope it may match your mood."

Hairdressing as a Fine Art.

That the mode of wearing the hair should suit the wearer's type of face—that is, in brief, the art of hairdressing. In order to throw light on this subject, we arranged that two ladies of different types should give sittings to some of the best-known London hairdressers, who carried out their own ideas as to what style was best suited to the respective sitters, and gave their reasons for so doing. The results were then photographed, and the photographs, which are reproduced in the following pages, were submitted to a number of well-known artists, who have been good enough to give us their opinions as to which form of hairdressing has proved the most successful. The result cannot fail to be of the greatest personal interest to every woman.

M. CALLE, Manager of the Hairdressing Department, Messrs. H. P. Truefitt, Ltd., 16, Old Bond Street, W.

I will not go so far as to say that "artistic hairdressers are born, not made," but let me hasten to say at once, therefore, that the arrangement of the hair is a study—not an accident, as it would seem to be regarded by those who have not studied the art of the coiffeur. For example, if a woman is endowed by Nature with a long face—that is to say, a face longer than that of the average woman—there is one golden rule that she must always bear in mind when arranging her hair—namely, to do it as artistically full at the side as possible—always, of course, taking care not to overdo the fullness. Again, the woman with what I think may best be described as "a round face" will be wise to keep the fullness of her hair at the side within bounds, and to dress her hair in front as high as she reasonably can, thereby adding that length to her face which she lacks. One more golden rule. The woman with a suggestion of an oval face should, as far as possible, endeavour to preserve that suggestion of "ovalness" by dressing her hair "ovally." You ask me why I selected the particular style of coiffure for the illustration (1) on this page. My reply is that, after studying my subject's face for some considerable time, I was convinced that the style of coiffure best suited to her would be a mixture of Grecian, Empire, and Calot "arrangement," for her face is oval—and to the oval face this style of dressing is particularly well suited.

NO. 1.—THIS COIFFURE WAS EXECUTED BY M. CALLE, OF TRUEFITT'S, AS BEING, IN HIS OPINION, THE BEST ADAPTED TO SET OFF THE TYPE OF FACE.

Many years' experience has proved to me that, beyond all manner of doubt, a woman may make or mar herself by the manner in which she has her hair dressed. To the average Frenchwoman this remark will surely come more or less as a truism, for your modern Frenchwoman possesses more truly artistic instincts in this direction than the average Englishwoman, who all too seldom studies the formation of her face when giving directions for the dressing of her hair.

M. ANDRÉ HUGO, Sloane Street, S.W.

The styles of dressing the hair shown in photographs Nos. 2 and 3 were carried out by M. André Hugo, who prefers to allow the result of his work to speak for itself rather than to explain his reasons for choosing the particular styles shown in the illustrations.

The Principal Hairdresser at the Maison Nicol, 50, Haymarket, S.W.

My reason for selecting the particular style of coiffure shown in illustration No. 4 on page 659 lies in the fact that the subject possesses an oval and yet at the same time a suggestion of

a broad face. With a countenance of this kind, fullness of the dressing of the hair over the ears, as there depicted, is absolutely essential, for the sole and simple reason that the said fullness tones down the broadness of the face, thereby accentuating its suggestion of artistic "ovalness." I would mention, by

NO. 2.

NO. 3.

NOS. 2 AND 3.—TWO CHARMING COIFFURES, BY M. ANDRÉ HUGO, DESIGNED TO SUIT THE TWO RESPECTIVE TYPES OF BEAUTY.

the by, that this particular style of coiffure is equally suitable for either day or evening costume. On the other hand, the second subject, No. 5, I remarked, when about to dress her hair, possessed a face somewhat more narrow in proportion than that of my previous client, for which reason I saw at once that her particular style of beauty would be rendered all the more beautiful were that narrowness minimized in suggestion. This suggestion I think I may say I succeeded in emphasizing by making the parting of the hair occur slightly on one side, and at the same time dressing it in rather a loose and fluffy manner at the sides. In the dressing of the hair there is no more unpardonable error than to imagine that one given style of coiffure is suited to each and every subject. No; to make the most of her hair a woman should at all times study the contour of her face, and to a smaller extent the length of her neck, for, while it is obviously true that a suggestion of length is advisable in the case of a woman possessed of rather a short neck, it is also equally wise for the woman possessed of a perfect neck—that is to say, a neck erring rather on the side of excessive length than of shortness—to allow that neck to be shown to the best advantage—in other words, not to permit it to be hidden by having her hair dressed too low.

The Chief Hairdresser, Messrs. Unwin and Albert, Regent Street, W.

My reason for selecting the particular style of head-dress shown in No. 6 lies in the fact that it is peculiarly well suited to the individual features and classic profile of the subject's face. Let me try to explain exactly why this is so. If you take a line from the chin to the extreme tip of the aigrette, you must surely see at once how even is the balance of the effect. Again, take a line to the nape of the neck and you will find still another graceful line from the chin and face, making the whole effect of the shape of the dressing extremely artistic. The *négligé* wave of the hair is also extremely well suited to the subject's face, in that it gives it a soft undulating instead of a hard line, thus combining to lend to the whole face an expression of graceful softness which I think I am justified in considering is "what every woman wants."

Some ladies, of course—especially those with "full" faces—can stand a full Pompadour dressing, without the head seeming to be in the slightest degree "over-weighted." On the other hand, other ladies—those whose features are, perhaps, slightly thin—could

NO. 4.

NOS. 4 AND 5.—THESE ARE THE STYLES EXECUTED BY THE MAISON NICOL AS THEIR IDEAL.

not possibly hope to wear this particular style of head-dress and still look their best. Ladies with thin, classical features can, however, wear a semi-parting effect, and will be wise to do so, for the result of the semi-parting effect will be found thoroughly well suited to the

NO. 6.—A CHARMING DESIGN BY MESSRS. UNWIN AND ALBERT.

"geographic nature" of their features. May I suggest to lady readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE that if, at all times, they carefully study the contour of their face and features before finally deciding to select any particular style, they will certainly greatly add to their personal appearance?

M. ROBERT, Proprietor of the Maison Robert, 225, Regent Street, W.

You ask me why I selected the particular style of head-dressing shown in photographs Nos. 7 and 8. I rejoice to think that the questions are easy to answer—that is to say, from

NO. 5.

the point of view of one who has ever been taught to regard the dressing of the hair as an art, the acquirement of which calls for a special and thoughtful training. First, let me turn my attention to photograph No. 7. This "Græco-Roman" style I have found is particularly becoming to a lady with a "larger" type of face than the subject to be described in photograph No. 8. The style, too, serves to show off to the greatest advantage such a subject's well-shaped neck. As far as "the subject" of No. 8 is concerned, I selected this style of dressing because my training has taught me that it is invariably becoming to a lady with rather a small face, which also suggests "roundness" rather than "thinness." The centre parting and the waved bandeau, flat round the face, never fail to show to advantage the features of such

a wearer, and, better still, are in artistic keeping with the present style of gown, while, when this style is followed in evening wear, the osprey mount most assuredly adds a picturesque setting to this particular style, making it at once distinctive and distinguished.

M. HENRI COPIE, William Street, Albert Gate, S.W.

The lady's type of feature and colouring shown in No. 9, together with the nature of her hair, indicate a light, loose, and somewhat "fluffy" treatment. Any suggestion of hardness or severity seems inappropriate here. The face calls for softness and simplicity—the fair hair framing, or rather enveloping, it like a cloud, a floating mist. No consciously-ordered decorative scheme is called for; no towering, elaborate composition by the artist-coiffeur; but rather such a treatment as the lady herself would be prompted to adopt naturally in contemplating her charms in the looking-glass. The second type of head (No. 10), more classical in feature and more regular in the proportions of its facial architecture according to the Greek canons, would demand, if not a repetition, a continuation of these elements in the more severe and carefully-balanced poise of wave and curl and in the closer relation of the outlines of the mass to the harmonious proportions of the face.

NO. 7.—A "GRÆCO-ROMAN" STYLE BY THE MAISON ROBERT.

We now come to the opinions of the eminent artists to whom the photographs have been submitted, and who have been good enough to supply us with their views.

Mr. ALFRED DRURY, A.R.A.

In my opinion, No. 1 and No. 5 are the most artistic and suitable styles of hairdressing for the two "sitters" selected for this interesting experiment by THE STRAND MAGAZINE. If I were bound to reduce my selection to one, my vote would go to No. 1, the sitter's wealth of hair at the back striking me as being quite perfectly arranged, although—I do not wish to be hypercritical—there is a hard line over the forehead that strikes me might have been avoided with advantage.

Mr. JOHN HASSALL, R.I.

In selecting from the various styles of hairdressing shown in this article, I find it exceedingly difficult to decide between No. 2 and No. 3. In fact, I feel disposed to take leave to—in the language of the Turf—say that "the judge was unable to separate the two leaders." My reason for selecting these particular styles lies in the fact that they are both exceedingly well suited to the types of faces they "crown," and, in addition, are not over-elaborate—a great charm.

I have often wondered why the fair sex as a whole does not regard a course of lessons for the dressing of the hair as essential a factor in their education as—well, what shall I say?—learning to play the piano indifferently well. As I view the matter, a woman can spoil herself with the greatest ease by careless or inappropriate dressing of the hair, although there can be little doubt that modern methods in this respect are greatly improving, in proof of which one has only to turn to the delightful styles here shown.

Mr. E. J. SULLIVAN, A.R.W.S.

To make my choice between the methods of hairdressing here shown I must employ a

process of elimination, leaving out all those in which it strikes me artificial aid has been employed, and afterwards making my selection from others that rely on the dressing of the hair alone for the effect produced. In doing this I am left to decide between Nos. 1, 2, and 3, and I find it exceedingly difficult to choose between the second and third of these. On the whole, however, I think that No. 2 is the most effective, showing as it does the natural growth of the hair below the temples, and altogether providing a charming head-dress for the style of face upon which it rests.

SIR JAMES LINTON, P.R.I.

Of the methods of hairdressing shown in this interesting article, I must say at once that the styles which make the greatest appeal to me are No. 8, No. 5, No. 2, and No. 1. My reason for selecting these particular styles lies in the fact that they strike me as being the most artistic and the most generally effective for the contour of the face and features of the "sitters." I have often been struck by the difference in a woman's appearance made by really artistic arrangement of the hair from that which is somewhat careless. Badly or unsuitably-dressed hair may easily help to spoil the prettiest face. On the other hand, careful and artistic arrangement of the hair must inevitably serve to add additional charm to the appearance of even "an ugly duckling" among women.

NO. 8.—M. ROBERT'S COIFFURE FOR A LADY OF THE TYPE OF THE SITTER.

Mr. HARRINGTON MANN, the distinguished portrait-painter.

Many of these styles appear to me quite excellent. I understand, however, that I am bound down to one choice, and, this being so, I must give my vote to No. 5, as this appears to me to illustrate the most suitable style of head-dress for the "sitter's" particular type of face and head. The contour and balance in this style are to be greatly admired. And yet, while selecting No. 5 as what strikes me as the most artistic style of hairdressing shown in these illustrations, I feel bound to say that No. 3 strikes me as being also most artistic on account of its appealing simplicity. The coiffeur would appear to have gained his effect quite naturally and without the ultra-free use of curling-tongs, for which reason the result appeals to me strongly, for I must acknowledge that, personally, I think that the average woman generally looks more artistic with her hair dressed loosely instead of in a manner which suggests that a great effort has been made to strive after effect. In giving the foregoing criticisms I have endeavoured to regard the illustrations from the standpoint of an artist. Speaking, however, more as a member of the general public, and less as an artist, I think I should probably have been inclined to select No. 8, as, at a casual glance, this illustration perhaps provides the prettiest picture of all, although with the dressing of the hair a selection must always naturally be a matter of individual taste.

SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A.

All the illustrations shown in this article, which, obviously, must be of great interest to women, appear to me to be so excellent—I particularly like No. 1—that I must beg leave to be allowed to be excused from giving any definite expression of opinion as to which particular style of hairdressing is the most artistic. As I understand the art of hairdressing, in the "casual" sort of way most of us regard

it, it appears to me that the real art of making the most of the hair and "setting it out" to the "best advantage" is to so arrange it that it suits the general contour of the face. In this respect photographs No. 2, No. 5, and No. 3 strike me as being particularly good.

Mr. F. H. TOWNSEND, the well-known black-and-white artist and Art Editor of "Punch."

The various styles of dressing the hair

NO. 9.

shown in this exceedingly interesting article strike me as being of such all-round excellence that I find it a most unenviable duty to have to select one style in particular as making the greatest appeal to me. In the circumstances, however, I feel that I must give my vote to photograph No. 2, which strikes me as being particularly well suited in every respect to the type of beauty it has the good fortune to rest upon. As far as the art of dressing the hair is concerned, as a humble admirer of artistic efforts in this respect, it always seems to me that it must be practically impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule, such as, "Here is a pretty style of head-dress which cannot fail to suit women." However pretty and artistic a style may be, there is nothing quite so certain as that it will not suit *all* women. In fine, a woman's hair, as I understand the art from the standpoint of an outside critic, must at all times be arranged to suit the style of face under consideration. For the sake of example—a fair-haired girl with tip-tilted nose can afford to have her hair arranged in a manner suggesting "looseness." On the other hand, a dark, almost Hebraic type of woman, with hair dark, coarse, and greasy—I, of course, use the words "coarse" and "greasy" in their best sense—must inevitably arrange her locks carefully and severely—low down at the back for choice, and drawn in tightly at the sides. As far as "the average woman" is concerned, photograph No. 5 strikes me as providing an excellent method for dressing the hair in almost every respect.

NOS. 9 AND 10. — M. HENRI COPIE'S COIFFURES FOR THESE TWO TYPES OF BEAUTY.

SIR LUKE FILDES, R.A.

Of the pretty illustrations shown in this article, Nos. 2 and 3 make the greatest appeal to me, largely on account of their simplicity. In neither of these illustrations of the art of

NO. 10.

the coiffeur is what can perhaps best be called "the touch of the hairdresser" too apparent, and this, so it seems to me, is exactly as it should be, for, although untidiness in any form is abhorrent to me, I must say that I certainly prefer to see hair dressed naturally in preference to in a style which suggests over-elaboration. If it be true that "a woman's crowning glory is her hair," surely it is obvious that that crowning glory needs particular attention. As far as the styles shown in this article are concerned, purely as an individual expression of opinion, I would like to say that I look upon each and every one as providing a style which could not offend the eye of even the most hypercritical among critics.

Sports of Mugby.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

Illustrated by Emile Verpilleux.

I.

MR. SAMUEL POTTER, cheesemonger and provision merchant, looked out from his shop-door and surveyed High Street, Mugby, on the morning of the day of Mugby Races with a pleasurable internal thrill, not unqualified by a certain flutter of trepidation; it was the thrill, in fact, of the unaccustomed plotter, the flutter of the beginner in secret adventure.

Mugby High Street was the picture of tradesmanlike respectability, and in all Mugby there was no milder pattern of respectability, in appearance, than Mr. Samuel Potter himself; which is as much as to say that there was no milder pattern in the world. For the world contained no duller place than Mugby, where, if dullness were not always respectability, at any rate respectability was always dullness. Such a pattern was Mr. Potter—in appearance; and his visible ambitions went not a yard beyond the border of Mugby. But if you could have read the ambitions that were not visible, if you could have plumbed the imaginings of his inmost soul—why, then you would have been surprised, as no doubt you would be if you could similarly penetrate anybody else.

Mugby Races were a nuisance—that every respectable tradesman in Mugby agreed. True, they were at Mugby Heath, three miles off, with a separate railway-station; but Mugby itself and all its tradesmen were so very respectable that they felt a contamination of rowdiness even three miles off, and, as a matter of fact, the three miles precluded any benefit to Mugby trade. It was a fool of a distance altogether.

Mugby Races always fell on early-closing day, and the Mugby shops closed on that day even a little earlier than usual, to emphasize the general disapproval of the anniversary. This morning Mr. Potter surveyed successively the shop-fronts of Cripps the greengrocer, Hopkins the undertaker, Tubbs the chemist, and Dodson the draper, and wondered vaguely which would be most horrified could he have guessed at the desperate project slumbering in the brain of himself, Potter, the cheesemonger.

Mr. Potter's visible ambition spread not a yard beyond High Street, Mugby, as I have said; but if you could have pierced below the respectable surface and read his inmost mind, you would have found him a terrible fellow—a sportsman, no less.

But this secret, interior sportsmanship was wholly platonic—the mere private habit of an imaginative lifetime. From boyhood up, in his secret self-communings, Mr. Potter had pictured himself engaged in phantasmagorial feats of sport: bringing down a brace of grouse on one side and a pheasant and a rabbit on the other, with a clean right-and-left from the same trusty rifle with which he had bowled over a magnificent stag at a thousand yards' range not five minutes before; leading the field, hounds and all, in a gallant burst straight across a dangerous country obstructed by many seven-foot brick walls, and riding down the fox in a spinney after a ten-mile gallop; beating both 'Varsity eights alone in a sculling outrigger for Doggett's coat and badge; hooking the largest conger-eel on record with the dry fly; and scoring a century of goals off his own bat for his county in Association Rugger. From all which it may be perceived that Mr. Potter's sportsmanship was of the most highly theoretical and ideal, not to say ghostly, character; and the mind is the better prepared for the desperate project lurking that fine morning in Mr. Potter's breast. *He was going to Mugby Races!*

Not brazenly, openly, before the shocked

eyes of his fellow-townsmen, but deviously across meadows, with all the horrid joy of a stealthy adventure. Moreover, he was going to bet on a horse.

It arose through Bigsby. Bigsby was a commercial traveller in lard, and he looked in on Mr. Potter once a fortnight. Bigsby was no sculler or gunner, but a far more desperate character, whose darkling fascination grew on Mr. Potter every fortnight. Bigsby knew all about races and the horses running in them; and, more, he freely communicated his information. He told Mr. Potter—when it was certain that neither Mrs. Potter nor the shopman was listening—what was a certainty for the Derby, a dead snip for the Cesarewitch, and a perfect ankle-biter for the City and Suburban. And when, a year ago, he had prophesied a positively inevitable for the Mugby Stakes itself, and the horse had won, Mr. Potter had become strangely excited.

"BIGSBY TOLD MR. POTTER WHAT WAS A CERTAINTY FOR THE DERBY."

After that he paid special attention to Bigsby's vaticinations. Mostly he found he had forgotten the name of the horse—they were such odd names—as soon as Bigsby had

left; but two or three times he remembered, and on these rare occasions, stealthily consulting the sporting column of his daily paper after the race, he ascertained that the traveller had really picked the right horse each time out of any number from a dozen to a score. Mr. Potter began to think the matter over very seriously.

He took a stump of pencil, a bill-head, and some rules of arithmetic. A bet of a sovereign on each of the horses whose performances he had verified would have produced a total profit of seventeen pounds ten. Consequently, one of five pounds on each horse would have brought in eighty-seven pounds ten, and by the same process he perceived that a bet of fifty pounds would have made eight hundred and seventy-five, and one of—but you could go on multiplying to any extent, and the prospect was dazzling. The cheesemongery was all right, in a humdrum sort of way, but nothing like this.

Of course there were serious arguments against betting; all sorts of ruin followed when you lost, and nothing could be less respectable than ruin. But if you only made bets when winning was certain (and Bigsby was astonishing)—why, then, eh? What could be more profitable and, for that reason, proper?

This was the state of Mr. Potter's cogitations when the time of Mugby Races was coming round again. This time Bigsby was more positive than ever. In fact, he was rather sorry that the result was so wholly foregone and indisputable; he would much have preferred the credit of picking out the winner from a doubtful field. But as things stood there was only one in it—Magpie, of course. Nothing but a loaded gun, fired straight at the quadruped's head, could prevent Magpie winning the Mugby Stakes by the length of a street.

"It will be simply a sinful throwing away of money," said Bigsby, "not to back Magpie—if you can get on. The nuisance is that everybody knows it, and the price is so short. Evens Magpie, as early as this, in a field of very near twenty—well, *you* know what that means."

Mr. Potter didn't know in the least, but he nodded sagaciously, and then glanced nervously along the counter, lest he were overheard.

"I've never laid a bet," he said; "but of course it would be all right when it's quite certain."

The word "bet" left Mr. Potter's lips with a strange shock. It seemed not quite a proper word. It had a bold, raffish flavour, and even from the days of his upbringing he had formed the habit of dodging it conversationally with the milder substitute "lay"—"I lay we won't come, after all"; "It's upstairs, I'll lay anything," and so on.

"Of course it would be all right when it's *quite* certain," said Mr. Potter.

"Why, of course," replied Bigsby. "But Magpie's almost *too* much of a certainty. Spoils the race—nothing else in it. It'll be odds on before the day, and not easy to get on at that."

Truly, as Bigsby had said, it would seem sheer improvidence to neglect such an opportunity as this. Ordinary betting, of course, was quite indefensible. But when one saw the opportunity of acquiring just as much money as one might arrange for, and at the expense of a low bookmaker—well, what respectable tradesman could hesitate about the propriety of that?

"I will lay," said Mr. Potter to himself, dodging the raffish word again; "I will go to the races and lay on Magpie. Nobody will know but myself. It will be early-closing day, and Maria will go to my aunt's."

Moreover, when he had won all the money he could get, he would make Maria a handsome present, and so atone for any furtiveness that might oppress his conscience; and in the same way he would cut out that bounceable person, Dodson the draper, who had just put his name down conspicuously for ten pounds in the subscription raised to clear off the debt incurred by the last bazaar in aid of the chapel funds.

There was a lack of excitement about cheesemongery in Mugby which bored the secretly romantic soul of Potter, and, as a fact, if he had but known it, all his sporting aspirations were nothing but the natural rebellion of that same secretly romantic soul. For years the one excitement vouchsafed him had been the anticipation of a visit from Maria's rich Uncle Wilkins from the north, which had never come off. Maria had always believed that, once her Uncle Wilkins had been made acquainted with Samuel, great good fortune would somehow follow. Uncle Wilkins would certainly, at the lowest, make a large corner for Samuel in his will, and, more probably, struck by his nephew's business capacity, he would "put something into" the business. Long had Mrs. Potter cherished these hopes, and had brought Potter himself to share them; often had the invitation been extended to Uncle Wilkins, and as often had

Uncle Wilkins promised to "drop down on them" unexpectedly at some odd time. But Uncle Wilkins had never come, and even Maria's hope had waned, while to the ardent soul of Mr. Potter the indefinite prospect of a surprise visit from his wife's uncle was all too inadequate a supply of excitement to outlast the years. And so, by revulsion of spirit, Uncle Wilkins's neglect made Samuel Potter a sportsman.

Thus, in the state of mind produced by all this internal disturbance, Mr. Potter looked out on Mugby High Street on the morning of race day. Such was the disgust of the Mugby tradesmen at the races that the shutters always went up a little before the regular time on race-day, and somehow to-day they went up sooner than ever. There was an animated competition between the shutters of Cripps the greengrocer and Hopkins the undertaker, which Cripps's boy won by a bare shutter. Mr. Potter's shopman got permission to go early to visit his grandmother's grave. Mrs. Potter was already gone to Aunt Hannah's, and nothing remained to hinder the sportsman's departure.

"THERE WAS AN ANIMATED COMPETITION BETWEEN THE SHUTTERS OF CRIPPS THE GREENGROCER AND HOPKINS THE UNDERTAKER, WHICH CRIPPS'S BOY WON BY A BARE SHUTTER."

II.

A QUICK step behind, a cry of "Ha! caught you!" and a hand fell on Mr. Potter's shoulder. He turned with something like a gasp of horror, but it was only Bigsby.

"Ha!" cried Bigsby, heartily. "The Mugby contingent goes a-footback to Mugby Races. All alone?"

"Why, yes," answered Potter; "I should hope so. There's sure not to be anybody else from Mugby." He felt shocked, indeed, at the suggestion. "Why are you here?" For the place was a footpath over a field between Mugby and the heath.

"Got stuck up at Hockwood and missed the train; the one I got in only came to Mugby, and not a thing on wheels to be found. So I'm hoofing it, like you—and we shall just about miss the first race. So trot!"

Trotting was uncomfortable for Mr. Potter, for, to the best of his ability, he had dressed his part. He had a yellow box-cloth coat, much too hot for the weather, and the brimmiest hat in his possession. Also he had field-glasses on one sling and a satchel on another. These two implements of sport he had fondled lovingly for days, as a boy fondles a new fishing-rod or cricket-bat. There were sandwiches in the satchel, because Mr. Potter could think of nothing else to put in it, and, anyhow, a satchel was the proper thing, as you might see in the illustrated papers. Things that hang on slings *will* flop when you run, so the trot soon ceased.

"The Stakes is the second race," Bigsby remarked, while Potter recovered his breath. "I want to get a bit on Magpie if I can, but it won't be easy. You might get some sort o' price at a big meeting, but hardly here. They'll just bar it, I'm afraid."

Mr. Potter's face fell. If you couldn't bet on a certainty, what was the good of the whole business? That was the one thing that redeemed the system from depravity; now it all seemed more disgraceful than ever.

They climbed the last stile and came in view of the heath. The green ring of the course was set about with patches of moving crowd, and a confused clamour of shouts told that the first race had started.

"Missed it," said Bigsby. "I thought so.

We needn't hurry now; there's half an hour before the Stakes."

They strolled on easily, and presently reached the open part of the course. Mr. Potter threaded the struggling crowd at the heels of Bigsby, who rescued him twice from betting on a certainty in a game of three cards played on the top of an opened umbrella. Presently they arrived at a row of strikingly-dressed and rather noisy gentlemen, each with his satchel hanging before him.

"Fiver one—there y'are, elevener two Bluestar!" shouted the first, aggressively, at Bigsby.

"Magpie," answered Bigsby. "What price?"

"Full Magpie," replied the shouter, hastily turning to Mr. Potter. "'Ere, 'levener two Bluestar or Chadwick!"

"BIGSBY RESCUED HIM TWICE FROM BETTING ON A CERTAINTY IN A GAME OF THREE CARDS PLAYED ON THE TOP OF AN OPENED UMBRELLA."

They moved on to the next of the row—a very hoarse man with a Union Jack round his hat.

"'Leven to two," bayed this patriot; "'leven to two bar one!"

"Evens Magpie?" queried Bigsby.

"Bar Magpie; 'leven to two Chadwick or Bluestar, tenner one anything else."

"Odds on Magpie?" persevered Bigsby.

"No Magpie—'ere, give someone else a chance. 'Levener two! 'Levener two, bar one!"

From number two in the row they went to number three, thence to number four, and so all down the line, with the same result each time. It was no good. There was no betting on this certainty, and the bottom had fallen out of Mr. Potter's new world. The Turf was a disappointment—a gigantic engine of national demoralization.

Bigsby stood for a moment at the end of the line and considered. Then he said:—

"You stay just here while I run over to the enclosure; perhaps I can do it there."

Mr. Potter took his stand at the end of the line of bookmakers and began to look about him. Presently a man in the crowd, taking a look at him and another at his satchel, came up and said:—

"Do you want to lay?"

"Yes," said Mr. Potter, eagerly. "I do—very much."

"Magpie?"

"Certainly."

"Make it evens?"

"Yes, evens."

"Right—a quid," said the man, promptly producing a sovereign and thrusting it into Mr. Potter's hand.

All Mr. Potter's disgust at the state of the Turf vanished on the spot. This was extraordinary—this touching confidence of a perfect stranger. He hadn't expected it. Not only was this sterling sportsman ready to bet against a certainty, but he recognized the certainty and paid the money over beforehand. Never again would Mr. Potter suffer a word against the frequenters of race-meetings.

"Got a ticket?" asked the man.

"A ticket?" repeated Potter. "No."

"Well, you ain't put it down."

"Oh, I sha'n't forget," protested Potter; and then bethought him that some acknowledgment of this gentleman's confiding faith was only proper. So he dived into his pocket and produced a large card headed "S. POTTER, CHEESEMONGER AND PROVISION MERCHANT," with his address below, and little ornamental remarks, about supplying families and respectfully soliciting orders, scattered round.

"All right," said the sportsman, making a note on the back of the card and holding it up. "Magpie a quid."

But now Mr. Potter was confronted by a large, staring man wearing horse-cloth tweeds and waving enormous grey Dundreary whiskers. He had overheard the transaction, and now thrust forward a sovereign of his own with an aggressive drive of an enormous hand.

"Magpie, evens," said the apparition; and at that moment two other bystanders took up the cry and pushed before him with money extended in their hands.

Mr. Potter found himself the centre of a small but very eager crowd, who thrust money on him from every side. Bigsby would seem to be a duffer, after all. If he had stayed he might have shared this overwhelming tide of luck. In the midst of it Mr. Potter received a shock; for he looked in the face of one of his eager customers and saw Cripps the greengrocer. Cripps was startled, too; but he handed over his money, a little shamefacedly, and was succeeded, of all marvels, by Dodson the draper! Dodson stopped, coughed, stuffed his hand back into his pocket, and nodded uneasily; then he mumbled vaguely about the fine afternoon and turned away. He was trying to look as though he had come that way by accident.

"MR. POTTER FOUND HIMSELF THE CENTRE OF A SMALL CROWD,

Mr. Potter was surprised at the behaviour of his fellow-townsman, and more when he perceived Hopkins, the undertaker, hovering undecidedly at the edge of the crowd. And then there burst through the press, with two half-crowns extended in his hand—his own shopman!

There was a horrid gasp of mutual recognition, and the wretched hireling turned tail and ran—no doubt in the direction of his grandmother's grave. And then appeared through the press the amazed face of Bigsby; and with that there was a shout of "They're off!" and everybody scrambled for a place to see the race.

Bigsby shouldered the triumphing Potter aside and demanded, "What's all this? What have you been up to?"

"Laying," replied his friend, jubilantly. "Quite a lot of people wanted to bet against Magpie, after all."

"Laying! G'law! Do you know what you've done? D'you know what laying *means?*"

"Yes, betting, of course. I've been laying Magpie with all this lot, and they've paid their money in advance."

"My wig, you've done it!" gasped Bigsby, his eyes protruding like those of a lobster. "Laying is betting *against*, you blithering chump! Those bookies are layers! All this crowd have been *backing* Magpie, and you'll have to pay 'em!"

Everything inside Mr. Potter from his chin downwards seemed to turn over and fall into bottomless space. He gasped and stammered incoherently, and Bigsby heard what he said better than he heard himself.

"Explain!" cried Bigsby, in reply. "I think I see you *explaining* to this crowd when they want their money! Can you pay 'em? Because you're in the soup if you can't, my hearty! Halloa! *Now* they're off!" And he took what space he could get on the side of a hillock to watch.

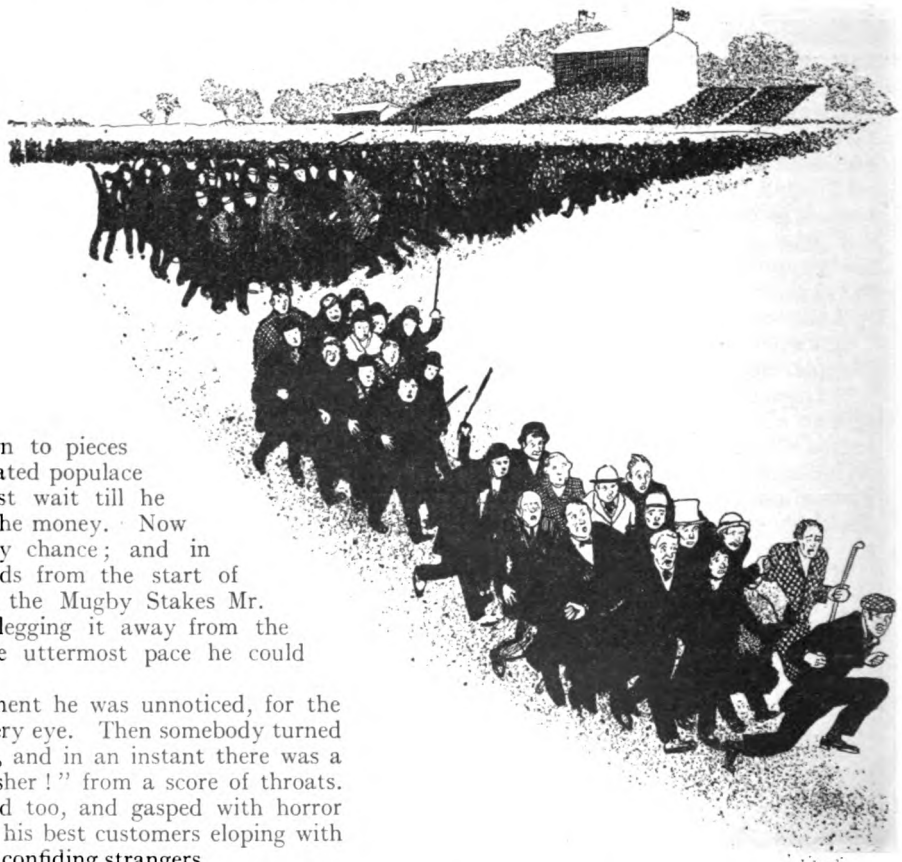
There had been a false start, but now the race was really begun. There was a roar of shouting, and then a clamour of cries. "Magpie! Magpie all the way! He's coming out a'ready! Magpie!"

Mr. Potter stared wildly about him. The situation was terrible—desperate; and he had about two minutes to decide how to meet it. Of course, he would have to pay—but

WHO THRUST MONEY ON HIM FROM EVERY SIDE."

how? The money he had brought with him would be short by forty—fifty—sixty pounds or more. And his nearest resource was the bank at Mugby!

There was nothing else for it. Either he must be torn to pieces by the infuriated populace or they must wait till he could fetch the money. Now was the only chance; and in fifteen seconds from the start of the race for the Mugby Stakes Mr. Potter was legging it away from the course at the uttermost pace he could tear.



For a moment he was unnoticed, for the race drew every eye. Then somebody turned with a shout, and in an instant there was a cry of "Welsher!" from a score of throats. Bigsby turned too, and gasped with horror to see one of his best customers eloping with the money of confiding strangers.

The confiding strangers went after Mr. Potter in a crowd. Cripps the greengrocer, gazing on the scene, was surprised and scandalized, but resolved to call on Potter in the morning rather than interfere. As for Hopkins the undertaker and Dodson the draper, they experienced a virtuous satisfaction. *They* had not been betting; and they were able to contemplate the utter downfall of their erring townsman with self-approval and no pecuniary loss. Even Mr. Potter's shopman, had the scene been visible from his grandmother's grave, might have found occasion for a little self-righteousness on his own account.

But the hunted cheesemonger guessed nothing of this, having urgent business of his own. He scampered madly ahead, with the angry yells of his pursuers ringing in his ears, and saw nothing of the last and only service Bigsby was able to render him. For the man of tallow followed with the crowd, and, selecting what seemed to be the speediest among the pursuers, contrived to blunder against him so that they both came down in a sprawl together.

The heavy yellow coat and the flopping satchel sadly incommoded the flying Potter. The coat was buttoned, and he could hardly drop it without stopping; but the satchel was different. He snatched at the strap and flung it over his head, and the act saved him. For the hungry pursuers, seeing him thus apparently abandon his plunder, flung themselves on the satchel in a struggling heap. In a tornado of snatching, grabbing, and scrambling, the scrummage failed at first to realize that the tumbling sandwiches came from the satchel, and they tore and dragged it this way and that, while the innocent welsher pegged away breathlessly a field and a half off.

But he did not get wholly clear. He was making his best for a path behind a hedge when he was suddenly aware of a fearful apparition approaching from another part of the course—the staring man in the horse-blanket clothes, who came bounding with appalling strides, and whiskers flickering in the breeze like the wings of an avenging angel, to cut him off.

Mr. Potter was leaving the rest, but this ogre was inevitable. His arms swung like sails on a windmill and his legs seemed to take a field in two leaps.

"Two pun'—two pun'!" he roared, as he came nearer, shaking a fist like a loaf and spreading a palm like a malt-shovel.

Mr. Potter steadied his run and plunged his hand into the mass of coins in his pocket. This debt, at any rate, he could pay on the spot—and he'd got to.

"Two pun'!" repeated the apparition, seizing Mr. Potter's collar. "Two pun', yo' gallus thief!"

Mr. Potter never hesitated, but popped the two sovereigns into the malt-shovel as though they were red-hot. And the next instant the loaf hit him in the ear and something else—perhaps it was a foot—lifted him from the rear and dropped him in the ditch by the hedge.

Mr. Potter uprose breathless and dusted his coat. The crowd was no longer near—indeed, it seemed to have stopped—and the ogre in horse-blankets was louping away over the fields, with his whiskers flying over his shoulders. But the misunderstood sportsman wasted no time and took no chances. He put the hedge between himself and the race-course, and he started for Mugby at a forlorn trot, the money in heavy lumps jingling in his pockets and mocking him as he went.

It seemed clear that this racing and betting was a villainous and unprincipled business, after all. Even a man whose strict morals would only permit of his betting on a certainty was liable to be tripped up by some shameful technicality like this. It was all scandalous. As to Cripps and Hopkins and Dodson, he was grieved and surprised to find them taking part in it; and in regard to that shopman—but there!

It was a weary way to Mugby now, and he hurried and worried every yard of it; for his address was known, and he had a horrid apprehension that the mob would besiege him in his house as soon as the races were over. He emerged at last in the familiar High Street, and then remembered what he should have remembered before. Mugby market-day being Saturday, the little branch bank shut on early-closing afternoon instead.

It was the worst shock he had had since the whisker-man had caught him. But it must not stop him—he would knock up the manager and appeal for help. If he couldn't get at the money he might do something—lend him some, or guarantee him to the infuriated mob, or something. So Mr. Potter hammered and rang wildly at the private door till a tousle-headed servant appeared, only so far

"HE SNATCHED AT THE STRAP AND FLUNG THE SATCHEL OVER HIS HEAD, AND THE ACT SAVED HIM."

aroused from a nap as to be resentful of the disturbance.

No, Mr. Kenrick *wasn't* in. Nor Mrs. Kenrick. Nor not nobody else wasn't in nohow. And no saying when they would be in.

Mr. Potter was insistent, desperate. Where was Mr. Kenrick? Where should he go for him?

The handmaid was unsympathetic. Couldn't say. "I dunno," she said at last, "but it's my belief he's gone to the races!"

Mr. Potter's world was crumbling about him. Here was Kenrick, the bank-manager, type of all solid respectability—gone to the races! Cripps, and Hopkins, and Dodson, and now Kenrick!

He turned and made for Tubbs's—the chemist. The only chance now was to get some friend to cash a cheque, or to get several to advance as much as possible till the morning. Tubbs was the most likely.

Tubbs's young man, a short youth with a large head, left in charge in case of emergency, looked up from a game of spillikins played with a boxful of matches, and was surprised to be asked for his master.

"He's out," he said. "Didn't you know?"

"No," replied Potter; "where has he gone?"

"Well, he told me not to say, but it won't matter to you. He's gone to the races—in a wagonette."

Tubbs, too! And in a wagonette! The world was a worse place than Mr. Potter had ever supposed it—this part, at any rate. He sat down in the shop and gasped his astonishment. The young man sniggered.

"There's lots of 'em gone this year that don't go usually," he said. "It seems there was a certainty for the Mugby Stakes, and that fetched 'em. Haven't *you* been?" he added, pointing suddenly to the field-glasses.

Mr. Potter left Tubbs's sad and apprehensive. These things had all taken time, and the afternoon was waning. What else could he do? He would go to his Aunt Hannah's, make a clean breast of the whole business—it would certainly come out to-morrow, anyhow—and borrow any money she and Mrs. Potter might have between them.

"SOMETHING LIFTED HIM FROM THE REAR AND DROPPED HIM IN THE DITCH."

He trudged wearily and reluctantly round to the little villa in the lane by the end of the High Street, and was met at the door by a very bright and shiny small servant.

"Missis?" said the small servant. "No, she's gone out. Didn't you know? Her and Mrs. Potter went in a wagonette with Mr. Tubbs and some friends!"

There was not another illusion left in the world for Mr. Potter—not one. His own wife and—Aunt Hannah! He turned out into the lane to meditate on the depravity of the age. And behold—the wagonette itself coming down the lane!

He advanced to meet the vehicle as it pulled up. At any rate, Aunt Hannah and his wife should make *their* confession first; that was tactics.

And then suddenly, from the depths of the wagonette, there sprang up like a jack-in-the-box, even to the whiskers, the ogre in horse-blanket tweeds! He sprang up and out, and he made for Mr. Potter with a bounce. Mr. Potter ran round by the horses' heads. What else could he do? The ogre doubled back, and Mr. Potter dodged the other way. The ogre came with a rush up one side of the equipage, shouting, "Eh! Eh! Coom here! I'll pay yo!" And Mr. Potter went with another rush down the opposite side.

This was terrible. Everybody stood up in the wagonette and called and chattered unintelligibly. Mr. Potter, on the off-side of the vehicle, saw his aunt's front door open, and made a wild dive toward it under the carriage. The ogre, about to chase him round behind, saw the plunge, and dived to meet it, from the opposite side. Their heads met with a crash, and they sat together in the road-way, locked in each other's arms.

Mr. Potter's impulse was to scream for help, but the malt-shovel hand was thrust across his mouth, and the ogre said, whispering and thrusting something into his hand, "Shut oop! shut oop! Here's tha money, and you say nowt o' me bettin', see?"

And truly the two sovereigns were back in Mr. Potter's hand. He spluttered wildly, and made for the kerb, but found himself gripped by the arm.

"Shut oop, see?" repeated the ogre. "Magpie crossed his legs and was beat. Shut oop about me bettin', now!"

"Why, Uncle Wilkins, what *are* you doing?" asked Mrs. Potter, by this time safely on the ground, with Aunt Hannah beside her. "And you, too, Samuel; what sort of game is this?"

"Tooch," replied the divine figure from the north, scrambling out and lifting once more his whiskers to the breeze. "Tooch. I were always fond o' playing tooch, from a lad. Wasn't we playing tooch?" he added fiercely, turning to Mr. Potter as he rose.

"Yes, of course," assented Mr. Potter, hastily. "Capital exercise, touch. I—I felt it would do me good."

"But you didn't know Uncle Wilkins, did you?" persisted Mrs. Potter. "He was coming to give us that surprise visit, and went to the Heath station by mistake. We met him there, at the—on the Heath. I'd have known him *anywhere;* but how did *you* recognize him?"

"Oh, I'd know him anywhere, too," replied the cheesemonger, his mind being chiefly occupied with the blessed realization that the certainty was a failure and all the money in his pockets was really his own after all. "Anywhere—a mile off!"

"Wonderful how people notice a fine-lookin' man," archly observed Aunt Hannah, who had been wishing all the afternoon she had brought her other bonnet.

"Yes, it is," agreed Mrs. Potter. "And I *am* glad to see you and Samuel such friends at once, uncle. Though I did wonder what you were up to, and I certainly never saw Samuel break out like that before. But there—high spirits is catching, no doubt!"

"I believe they are," said Mr. Potter, rapidly recovering his equanimity, with his hands deep in his bursting pockets. "I don't believe I ever felt more high-spirited in my life!"

"'I DON'T BELIEVE I EVER FELT MORE HIGH-SPIRITED IN MY LIFE!' SAID MR. POTTER."

Sun, Wind, and Wave.

How They May Provide the Power of the Future.

By ARTHUR T. DOLLING.

THE four elements are four mighty giants who are, as yet, but imperfectly tamed and harnessed to do man's bidding. When one reflects upon these stupendous forces of Nature, it seems ridiculous that, after all these centuries, puny flesh and blood, whether of man or beast, should be put to any muscular effort at all in the cause of commerce and industry. The combustion of coal, laboriously drawn from the bowels of the earth by manual labour in order to produce the dynamic force of steam, seems a clumsy expedient when billions upon billions of units of power, inherent in the wind and the waves, lie idle upon the surface of the earth, at our very doors. Why are these forces not utilized for the service of industry?

The recent coal strike has set the wits of the world's inventors at work harder than ever to solve this question. Sir William Ramsay declares there is no necessity to mine coal at all. Use the caloric power it furnishes, but leave it in the bosom of the earth, instead of dragging it piecemeal to the surface. In that way earth, the first of the elements, would join hands with fire in producing power, and a million coal-miners would be free for the purposes of agriculture, which, although becoming more and more mechanical, will always require human supervision.

By this plan thirty per cent. of the coal energy can be converted into useful work, instead of a meagre fifteen per cent., which, by present methods of coal consumption, is the best efficiency obtainable.

1. Sir William Ramsay's scheme of burning coal underground, air or steam being blown down one pipe and gas drawn up the other.

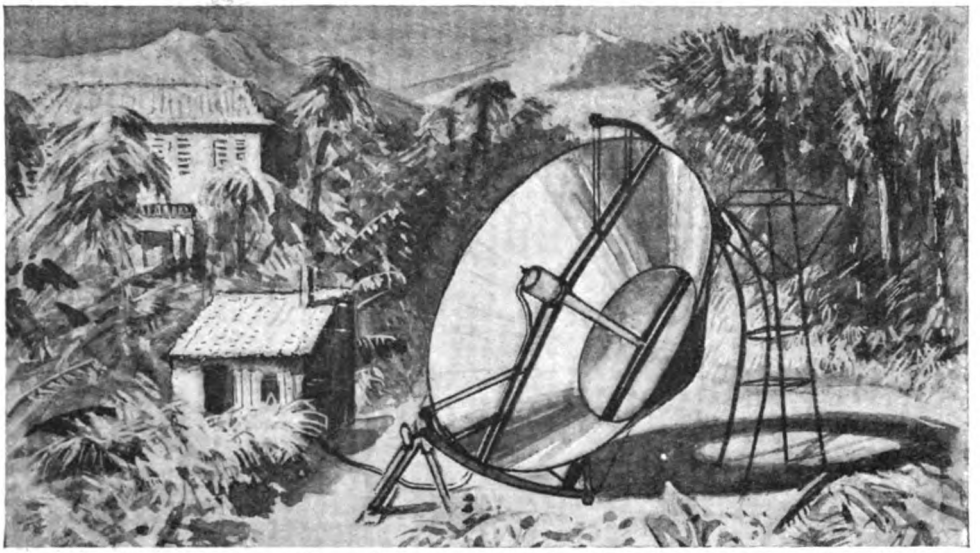
"There is absolutely nothing," says Sir William, "so far as I can see, to prevent a bore-hole from being put down until the coal stratum is reached, and concentric tubes being used to set the coal on fire (by electricity), and to blow air down to enable the coal to burn as a preliminary operation. When sufficient heat has been engendered, the amount of air sent down might be restricted. Coal with plenty of air gives off carbon di-oxide CO_2. When half-burned it gives CO, or what is called Dowson's gas, which is used for gas-engines. If steam were blown in it would give a mixture of hydrogen and carbonic oxide, or water-gas, which also is frequently used for gas-engines. Bring your gas-engines to the mouth of your pit or bore-hole, and produce your power there."

The foregoing illustration (1) will make the details of this striking scheme quite easy to understand.

This power is to be used to generate electricity, and in this form the coal energy can be distributed over hundreds of miles with a further waste that is almost negligible. Thus we may double the life of our coal-mines, and, in addition, the smoke problem will have become a thing of the past.

But the power yielded by coal is finite—science can already look ahead and discern the limits of Britain's coal supply. Earth's oil supply is vaster, but here the problems of production and transportation are very great. Inventors from an early period have turned their attention to that wondrous reservoir of heat from which we, in these islands, derive a diluted and strictly limited quantity, but, even as it is, possibly capable of supplying all our wants. Several inventors have devised ingenious solar engines which will boil an egg on a winter's day. But from the cooking of an egg to the running of a factory is a great gulf fixed. Will that gulf ever be bridged? Yes, if conditions imperatively demand it. If necessary, lenses and instruments of leviathan size could be constructed which would so focus the sun's rays as to produce a hundred times more heat than any solar engine hitherto in use in this country.

Some years ago, in the garden of the Tuileries, in Paris, there was witnessed a remarkable experiment with M. Pifri's latest improvements in the solar generator (2). There was set up on this occasion, in the garden near the large reservoir at the foot of the Jeu de Paume stairs, an insolator that measured 3·5 metres in diameter at the opening of the reflector. The steam obtained in the boiler carried by the reflector at its focus was utilized by a small vertical motor of thirty kilogrammetres power, which actuated a Marinoni printing press working off an average of five hundred copies of a newspaper per hour.



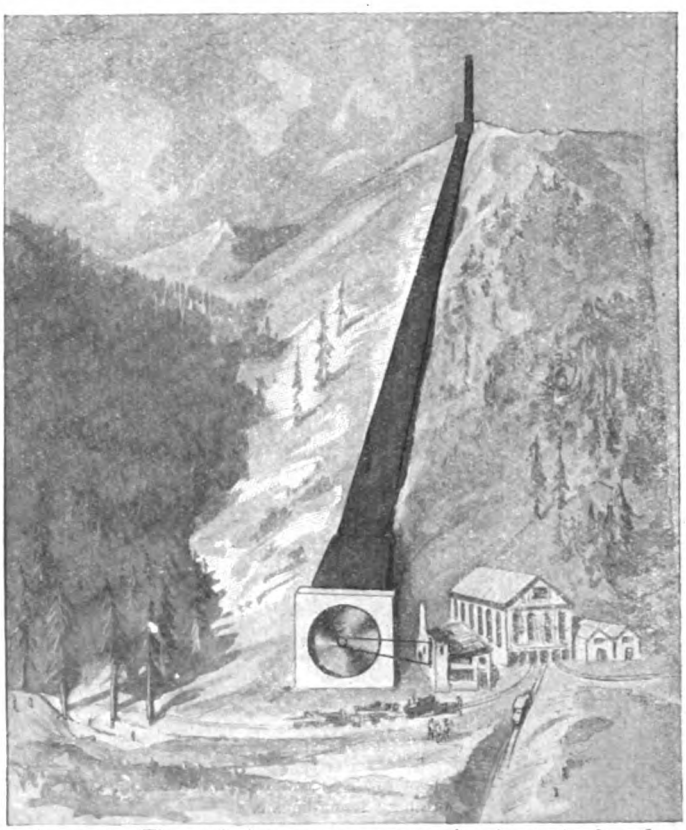
2. Pifri's Solar Generator — The sun's rays are concentrated on a central boiler, which drives an ordinary steam-engine.

Solar heat is the basis of the new Funke apparatus (3). It is used to create a current of air by which a reciprocating engine or turbine is driven. The air is heated by the sun

in a broad channel, or flue, situated on the south side of a hill and terminating in a tunnel and chimney. The motor is placed at the entrance to the tunnel, and the channel may be roofed by an absorbent of heat which will give out energy even after sunset. Several new solar engines have lately been patented, and one—that invented by Mr. Shepherd—is now working in Philadelphia.

A solar stove seems like going back to barbarism and sun-baked viands, but to grill a chop or stew a partridge by the heat of the sun is quite a different matter. The Adams apparatus now in use in India and Egypt consists of a conical reflector made of wood and lined with common silvered sheet glass (4). Inside there is placed a coffin-cylinder-wise vessel enclosed by a glass cover. The cooking vessel is raised about four inches from the bottom, and the glass cover is five inches longer than the vessel and two inches wider, which leaves an interval of four inches of hot air under the boiler, and one inch all round and at the top.

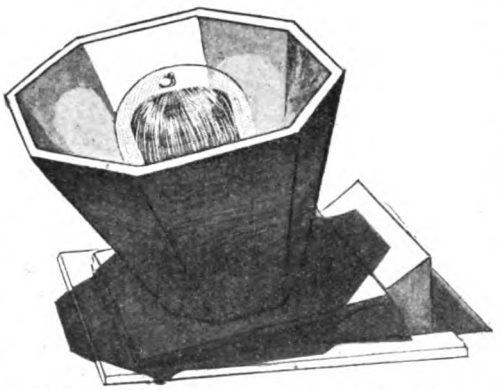
The wedge under the apparatus is to keep it inclined, so that the rays of the sun may fall perpendicularly on the boiler, glass being diathermanous to the direct or reflected rays of the sun and non-diathermanous to obscure heat. The rays penetrate the glass and, striking on the vessel, become transformed into obscure heat, when they are retained by the glass. The glass cover over the boiler is made octagonal because, in that form, common window-glass can be used. Of course, a glass dome such as is used for covering clocks and statuettes would be better, and equally of course a copper reflector electro-plated with silver would be better than any reflector. Both of these articles are made octagonal in order that cheap material may be employed. The position of the apparatus requires to be changed about every half-hour, to face the sun in its apparent course from east to west.



3. The Funke Apparatus—The sun's heat creates a strong draught up the long flue, which drives a gigantic fan.

The rations of seven soldiers, consisting of meat and vegetables, were thoroughly cooked by it in two hours in January, the coldest

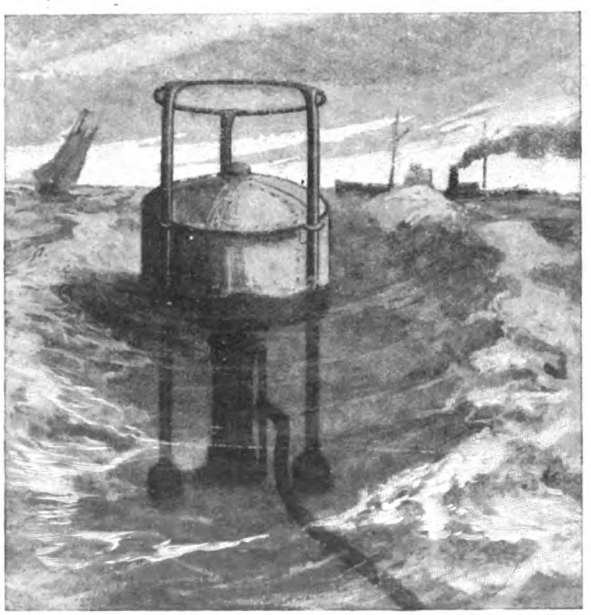
month of the year in Bombay, and the men declared the food to be cooked much better than in the ordinary manner. Several people in Deccan have tried it, and always with success. If the steam be retained the dish is a stew or a boil; if it be allowed to escape the food is baked. It now only remains for Lord Haldane to adapt this contrivance for summer home use amongst the Territorials.



4. Adams's sun-cooking apparatus, now in active use in India and Egypt.

Mr. Frank Shuman, of Philadelphia, has recently completed and tested one of his sun-engines, which is to be used in Egypt for pumping up water. It can lift three thousand gallons of water every minute to a height of thirty-three feet, when working in favourable weather at Philadelphia. In the hotter climate of Egypt it will naturally do much more work in the same time.

The most important feature of a sun-engine is the steam-generator. In the engine which Mr. Shuman has built for Egypt the water-"boxes" which catch the rays of the sun to generate steam have each a space of six feet between the tops of their two mirrors, and they are massed together over a space of five thousand square feet. When the mirrors are included the total heat-catching area is about ten thousand three hundred square feet.



5. Brossell's invention for utilizing the power of waves.

Mr. Brossell's invention is one of at least a hundred of the same class — an apparatus for compressing and exhausting air by the action of the waves (5). It consists of a tank open at the bottom, which is placed so that the closed top is above high-water mark and the bottom below low-water mark. The action of the waves compresses air in the upper part of the tank and forces it through the valve into a pipe leading to a motor. The air is drawn into the tank again through pipe and valve. Should the valve cease to act, a valve prevents undue compression in the exhaust-pipe, and if more air is required in the tank, a chamber fitted with a valve, arranged on the high-pressure side of the motor, allows the ingress of air.

A simple form of tidal engine was patented by Mr. Laird only last year. A huge walled basin is formed on the seashore into which the tide flows over a long mill-wheel, the power being conducted by belts to a dynamo. When the tide ebbs—basin being full—the motion of the wheel is reversed. It is calculated that, according to this method, enough electricity would be produced to run all the trains on a railway having its terminus on the coast, or to work in conjunction with another tidal wheel at the other end of the line.

The Merlini wave-mill is a float arranged

on a very similar principle above a pumping device, and actuated by the rise and fall of the waves. The piston-rod of the pump is rigidly and directly secured to the bottom of the float, which is guided by framework.

Another apparatus, patented by Messrs. Reynolds, utilizes the forward and receding motion of the waves (5). As will be seen from the illustration, the large suspended shutters are set in motion by the action of the tide, and are attached to air-pumps which supply compressed air for use in driving engines on the land.

Most tidal engines are, however, based on the principal of a floating mass, slowly rising and falling with irresistible force and actuating complicated machinery multiplying the velocity of the central axis. The force of the tide is terrific, and there is no doubt that some way of harnessing it for the benefit of man will shortly be found.

As to wind-engines, their name is legion, most of them being, of course, variations and amplifications of the familiar windmill, not, however, so familiar in England as it deserves to be. With a surface sufficiently exposed great power is obtainable for operating a dynamo. One cannot help marvelling at the general neglect of this source of industrial energy. They are used for draining purposes in Holland and Norfolk and for mining in several countries. It was Lord Kelvin who first proposed to utilize them in charging electric accumulators. A single windmill at Faversham, of fifteen horse-power, raised, in ten months, twenty-one million gallons of water from a depth of one hundred and nine feet; but American windmills have far exceeded this record of usefulness. These latter have the sails arranged in an annulus or disc, the sails consisting of narrow slats arranged radially, each board inclined at a constant angle of weather. In what are called centrifugal governor mills the slats are set in a bar; by rotating the bar the slats are brought end on to the wind, the action resembling the shutting of an umbrella. The slats are held up to the wind by a weight, and are also connected to a centrifugal governor. If the speed of the governor increases the balls fly out and lift the weight, and at the same time the sails are partially furled. There are five hundred windmill patents in America alone. If a single horse-power wind-engine were affixed to the roof of every London house, think of the enormous saving to the hands, the legs, and the backs of half a million housewives and domestic servants. Every family could then keep its horse or at least its horse-power; every householder could afford a motor; and, from an artistic standpoint, what a great gain to the eye it would be to see London a city of windmills.

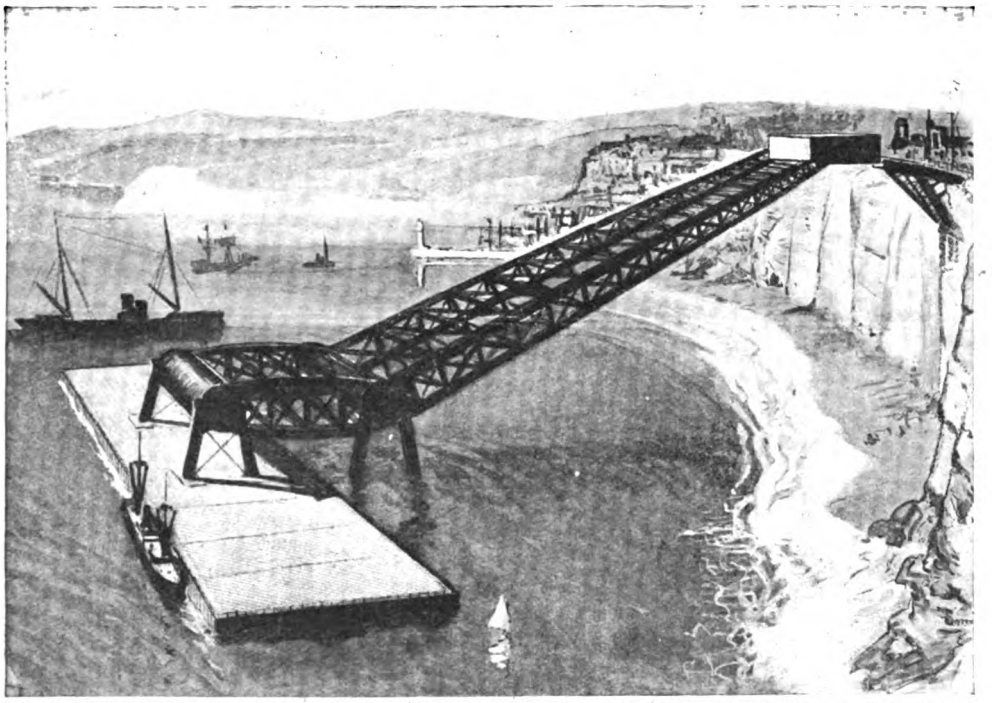
6. The Reynolds Tidal Engine—The force of the tides sets in motion the huge shutters, which are attached to air-pumps.

Our last example (7) is yet another instance of an invention, due to a writer of fiction,

which may very well in time take its place in practice. It appears, indeed, to be quite as likely as many of the inventions which have actually been tried and found feasible. The writer and inventor is a Frenchman, Octave Beliard, and a translation of his story appeared in our last Christmas Number, but without an illustration such as that which we now give, and which makes its ingenuity very much easier to understand. The following is the description :—

" We were just then rounding a spur of the mountain, and suddenly there appeared before me the most colossal object I have ever beheld. On that side the waves broke on the very flank of the mountain. On the shore, two Cyclopean pillars supported a steel axle twenty feet in diameter, on which turned a gigantic angular lever. This lever, the construction of which recalled to some extent the framework of the Eiffel Tower, was made up of great steel beams, united by an intricate network of cross-beams and ties. Its smaller arm, relatively rather short, was bolted at its extremity to a great raft floating in the sea—a raft that was ten times larger than the largest steamer afloat, and heavily laden. The long arm of the lever, more than six hundred feet in length, supported at its extremity an immense tank, of a sufficient capacity to hold some three hundred tons of water.

" ' You see,' said our guide, ' the incoming tide, while it causes the raft to rise, raises at the same time the smaller arm of the lever and, consequently, lowers the extremity of the longer arm to sea-level. The tank at once, of course, fills with water. As the tide ebbs again the raft descends, dragging down the smaller arm after it, while the long arm, little by little, rises, until the extremity is at the height of the crater, where the tank tilts and empties its contents. Six hours are occupied in the ascent, six in the descent. As you are aware, there are two tides in the twenty-four hours, so that every day six hundred tons of water, more or less, are raised to the boiler. To set up the machine necessitated an enormous amount of labour, but ever since its erection it has gone on working by itself, and will continue to do so indefinitely, without any attention whatever.' "



7. Beliard's scheme for raising water—As the huge raft sinks or rises with the tide, the receiver on the long arm is filled, lifted, and emptied into a lofty reservoir.

JUDITH LEE.

The Experiences of a Lip-Reader.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton.

X.—The Restaurant Napolitain.

ONE of my most thrilling adventures was the result of my desire to look out of as many of life's windows as one may. My friend, Dr. Rodaccini, an Italian physician, practising among his compatriots in London, being aware of my insatiable curiosity, suggested to me that I might find something of interest in a function to which he had been invited. It was a ball given by the restaurant-keepers and waiters who had come from a certain district in Italy, and who associated themselves into a sort of club. Dr. Rodaccini invited me to go with him, and I went.

The ball was held in a street off Leicester Square, in a series of good-sized rooms, which I understood were, in the ordinary way, used by theatrical companies for purposes of rehearsal. The rooms were filled by as cheerful, light-hearted, well-dressed an assembly as one might wish to see.

Not long before I had been to Italy on one of those errands which sometimes did take me abroad; an institute had been established for the oral instruction of the deaf and dumb, and my services had been retained to assist the staff in putting the work on a sound footing. I have, as I may have remarked before, what is called the gift of tongues, and I had come back to London knowing Italian almost as well as my mother tongue.

The band was playing a waltz. I had noticed all the evening an extremely pretty, fair-haired girl who had been an object of much attention from the men. When an Italian girl has fair hair she is nearly always worth looking at—this one was lovely. Her partner of the moment was, in his way, almost as good-looking as she was. As I watched them a short, broad, stout man, with a round, bald head and no neck, took the girl's partner by the arm and drew him away from her. The girl's face had been all smiles and gaiety, but at sight of this man she changed countenance, shrank away from her partner, and slunk off towards the other end of the room. Her act was eloquent. The big man drew the younger towards the wall and, going close up to him, whispered in his ear. No doubt his intention was that his words should be private and confidential, but as I had my eyes upon his face, and he had one of the most easily-read mouths I ever saw, what he whispered was plain enough to me.

"It is not enough to warn you? Good! You have been warned for the last time. I do not waste words on such as you."

The big man gave the youngster a contemptuous push which sent him cannoning against an advancing couple, and came, with the little, rapid steps of a short-legged, fat man, towards where I was standing. Just as he had nearly reached us the couple with whom the youngster had collided stopped within a couple of feet of where we were. The big man instantly addressed the lady:—

"Pardon, madam, if I speak to Gaspare—for one moment. It is important."

The lady yielded her partner with what struck me as a curious smile. Indeed, there was a meaning smile on Gaspare's face as he went off with the big man—and the big man himself was smiling. One felt, somehow, that with neither of them was it natural to smile. When the big man and Gaspare had passed through an open doorway by which I and my dancing partner were standing, I said to the latter:—

"Do you happen to know who that gentleman with the bald head may be?"

He replied, as if he knew him well:—

"That is Signor Alessandro, of the Restaurant Napolitain, in Greek Street. His restaurant is well known. He is a rich man, Signor Alessandro—a man who is well esteemed."

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He might be; but somehow I felt that he never would be esteemed by me. I disliked him still more when, a short time afterwards, I saw him walking off with the fair-haired girl, her arm through his, as if she were an unwilling captive. She was not looking very gay then. Her cheeks were white; fear was in her eyes. The good-looking youngster with whom she had been dancing stood against the wall as she went past. She never glanced at him—I felt she dare not—but the big man whispered—I saw his words quite distinctly:—

"I will settle with you to-night."

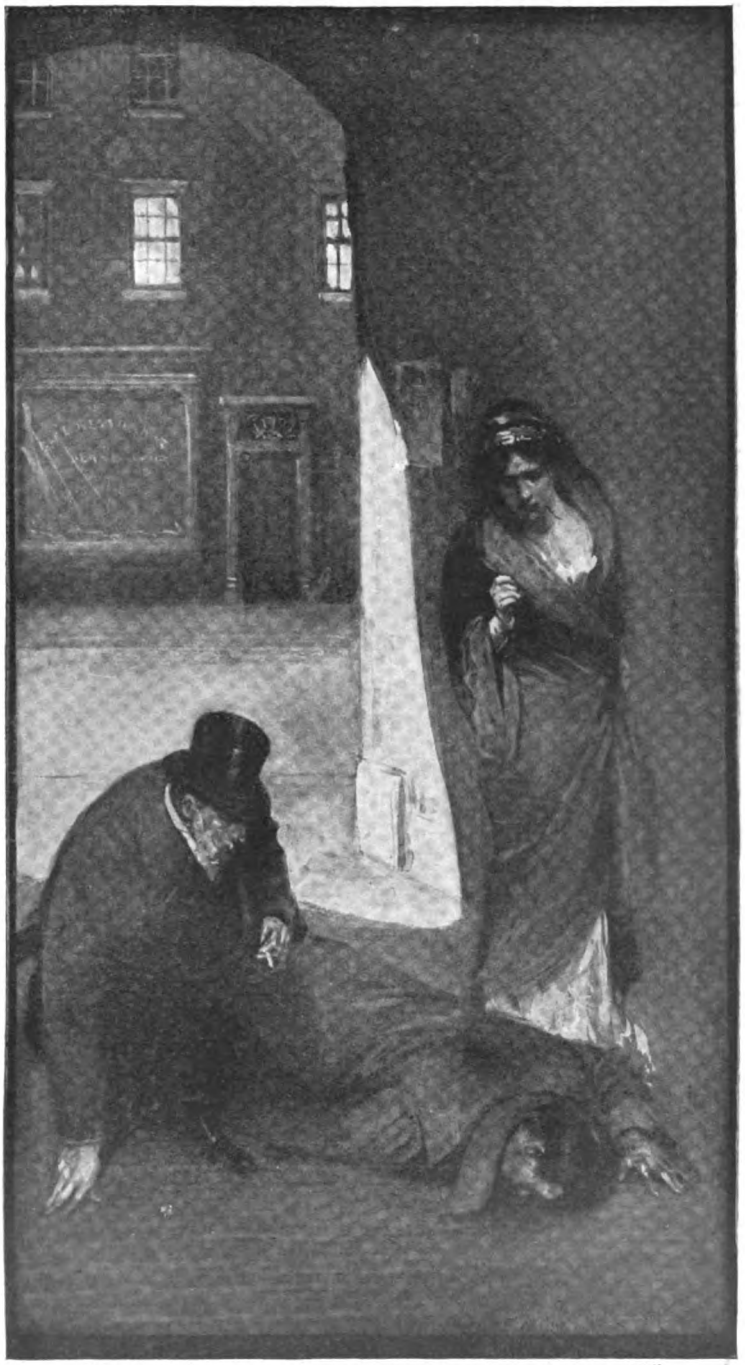
The young man made as if he would have rushed after the vanishing pair, but he was stopped by someone who touched him on the arm—it was the lady with whom Gaspare had been dancing. She whispered in her turn, and I saw her words. She spoke the broadest Neapolitan:—

"Are you, then, in such a hurry for the finish?"

She just whispered her question and went on; and that young man seemed to cling to the wall as if it were a friend.

My instinct told me there was more to come, but I did not know that there would be so short an interval between the first and second acts.

When I had had enough of the dance I left. Dr. Rodaccini suggested that we should stroll a little before he put me into a cab. I was willing. He took me along a street whose name I do not know. Presently we came to a house with an archway which led, it seemed, into some sort of yard. In this archway someone was lying. I saw him first; I



"'DOCTOR,' I CRIED, 'WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?'"

stooped to see what was wrong. It was the youngster who had danced with the fair-haired girl. He lay on his face, quite still.

"Doctor," I cried, "what's the matter with him?"

But somehow I knew before I was told—a knife had been driven into his back, and he was dead. The thing made me hot with rage; it seemed so hideous, so monstrous, so cruel, so out of harmony with all that had gone before—that he should have been struck down and killed almost on the threshold of the ballroom by a coward who had not even dared to attack him from the front. When others came to render what assistance they might I stole away. The sight of that dead young man recalled Signor Alessandro, of the Restaurant Napolitain; how he had whispered that he would settle with him that night. He had kept his promise within a few minutes of its being given—this was the settlement. Now I would settle with him.

I had no evidence to take to the police. They would want more evidence than a whisper that I had not heard, but seen. I meant to get that evidence in my own way. I had some idea of the whereabouts of Greek Street—I would find the Restaurant Napolitain.

I had to be directed twice—by a policeman and the driver of a taxicab. At last I came to it. There was the name on the wall at the corner.

As I stood there I became conscious that a man was on the pavement on the other side of the road. A window opened in the house in front of which he was standing. A woman put her head out. I knew her—she was the woman who had been dancing with Gaspare. Then I knew that the man on the pavement was Gaspare. The electric light shone on the woman's face, so that I saw it as clearly as if it had been the brightest day. She began with a question:—

"Well, is it done—the little business with Emilio?"

He said something which I could not see, since his back was towards me; but I could guess what it was from her rejoinder.

"That is fifty pounds in your pocket—and also mine—eh, Gaspare?"

Then, diverting her attention for a moment from her friend, she saw me.

"Hush!" she said. "There is someone opposite. I will see you to-morrow, at the usual time." She withdrew her head, then instantly put it out again. "Bring the money—my share!"

Grimly she laughed, and again withdrew. This time the window shut and the blind came down, and the man on the pavement turned and stood and looked at me. Then, with his hands in his coat-pockets, he strolled off down Greek Street. I turned and watched him as he went. He paused under a lamp which, attached to a building, projected over the pavement. He rapped at the door with his knuckles, and was almost instantly admitted.

When he was in I strolled up the other side of the road. Over a small window, which was divided into three long panes, was a board: "Restaurant Napolitain. Alessandro." Almost exactly opposite was an entry which ran by a picture theatre. I drew a little back into it and waited.

Not very long—hardly ten minutes. Then the door of the restaurant opened. Two men came out—Signori Gaspare and Alessandro. I could hear their voices, but I could not see their faces. After a few words they parted. As Alessandro was about to return indoors I quickly crossed over to him.

"I want to speak to you," I said.

"Pardon?" It was a question; he was probably wondering where I had come from.

"I want to speak to you," I repeated. "I'll come inside."

I was inside before he guessed my intention and he was still on the door-step. Clearly this was a restaurant; in the uncertain light I could see the marble tables. Presently he followed, coming closer to me than I liked.

"What do you mean by coming into my place like this? I will have no nonsense. You make a mistake if you think so."

I had no clear plan of action; I just felt that I wanted to strike—and I struck.

"That fellow Gaspare, with whom you were talking, has just killed a young man named Emilio."

I could not see his face very clearly, but I think it very probable that he was startled.

"Of what are you talking?" He spoke very quietly. He was one of those big men with soft voices, whom a wise woman never trusts.

"You know very well of what I'm talking. He killed him at your instigation; you've just paid him fifty pounds for doing it."

I rather lost my head, or I should have chosen my words more carefully. I knew the man was dangerous. He pushed the street-door to; it shut without a sound.

"Don't you dare to touch me!" I was a little scared; the darkness was like a shroud—the silence was ominous.

"Come," he said; "I want to talk to you."

He gripped me by the wrist and began to

pull me along. I was powerless to offer any effectual resistance. I caught at a marble table as we passed. He snatched me away without pausing in his stride.

We came to a door, which he opened. We were in a passage with stairs and a light somewhere above.

"I advise you to release me," I told him, "and to be careful what you do. However it may be in Naples, you can't commit murder with impunity here."

He said nothing, but he caught me in some way by the shoulders, and began to run me up those stairs as if it had been level ground. I am agile, but his agility was amazing.

We came to a landing; he swung me round a corner and along a passage. At the end there was a door, through which he thrust me; having done so, he shut it, and I heard him turn the key. He himself remained outside.

It would be futile to attempt to describe my feelings—they were chaotic. For some seconds I stood shaking with rage and gasping for breath. I realized what an idiot I had been in saying nothing to Dr. Rodaccini, to the police, to anyone, before turning out on this mad adventure. No one had a notion where I was.

When I again became, in some degree, mistress of myself I tried to think what was the best thing I could do. If I had been a man I should have had matches about me somewhere, and thus have been able to see in what sort of place I was. Being a matchless woman I had to feel. First along the wall. I was in a good-sized room; I took twelve fairly long steps before I came to a corner which showed I was at the end of it. When I came to the table something caused me to put up my hand. I touched something overhead; it was the bulb of an electric light. I pursued my investigations, and found what I sought. In an instant the room was lit in a fashion which, after the previous darkness, was almost dazzling.

It was a sitting-room. There were two doors; one which I took to be that through which I had been propelled, and a second, by the fireplace, which perhaps led to an adjoining apartment. What I took to be the window was guarded by iron shutters, painted white.

I sat down on a chair feeling rather bewildered. Soon my courage, which had gone a little at the knees, stood up straight again. Probably, if I stayed there, sooner or later Signor Alessandro would return, and I ought to be prepared to meet him. There was a poker standing up against the fireplace, but I did not fancy that a poker would be of much service against him.

I examined the doors—first the one through which I had come. It was as solidly constructed a door as I have met; it would need a great deal of breaking down.

Then I went to the other door. There was a small brass bolt on my side. I drew it back—nothing resulted. I got that poker, gripped it hard, and brought the point with all my force against the panel. I did it twice—the third time the point went through. I used that poker as a lever, and broke away enough of the woodwork to enable me to insert my hand and arm. I felt for the bolt which I believed to be on the other side and found it, slipped it back, and the door was open.

It was a sleeping apartment. There was a bed with the usual equipments of a bedroom. The room was certainly empty. By aid of the light which came from the room I had just left I saw that there was a switch near to the bed. When I got the room lighted I saw something which pleased me almost more than anything else could possibly have done.

In that bedroom there was a telephone, with the receiver on the mantelpiece. I rushed to it. With what anxiety I waited to learn if my call had been heard! In a second or two there came the operator's familiar query:—

"What number, please?"

I asked for a number which I knew very well. There was another interval of waiting, then there came a voice:—

"Who are you?"

I daresay my voice trembled as I asked a question in my turn:—

"Is that Scotland Yard?"

"Yes; who is speaking?"

I fancy I very nearly jumped. I knew I was within reach of a friend.

"Judith Lee. Can I speak to Inspector Ellis?"

"If you'll hold the wire, Miss Lee, I'll ascertain."

I held the wire—I did hope they would not cut me off. What seemed to me at that moment to be the faintest voice I had ever heard answered before they had a chance:—

"I'm here; just come in and just going out. Where are you?"

"I'm in the Restaurant Napolitain, in Greek Street, which I believe belongs to a man named Alessandro."

"We know the gentleman very well. What on earth are you doing there?"

"There's been murder done—in a street near Leicester Square."

"How do you know that? The report has only just come in."

"A young man named Emilio has been murdered by a man named Gaspare, at the instigation of the Alessandro who owns this restaurant. I can't stop to tell you how I know it, but perhaps you can guess. I was idiot enough to think I could tackle Alessandro single-handed. He has locked me in a room on the first floor of his restaurant."

A cheery voice came back.

"That's all right. We've had an eye on Signor Alessandro and his Restaurant Napolitain for a good long time. I'm obliged to you for putting the game into our hands. We shall probably be with you inside ten minutes."

They seemed to me to be a pretty long ten minutes. I had no means of knowing how the time was passing. Suddenly I caught the sound of a footstep in the passage without. It was not a very audible footstep, but my ears were wide open. Then I heard someone turning the key in the lock.

I had still that poker in my hand, and something in the feel of it not only set my courage up but gave me an idea. First of all I switched off the light, then I stood by the side of the door at which it opened, and I held that poker tight; and the moment the door began to open, and I dimly saw the figure of a man without, I raised that poker above my head and brought it down with all my might.

Something had happened to someone—someone who went down on to the floor with quite a thud. I leaped right over him. There, in the passage beyond, was Signor Alessandro; I knew him—and that time I was on to him before he knew that I was coming. I struck him with the point of that poker in the chest, and I think I hurt him, because he made a curious sound, staggering back without making any effort to seize me as I passed.

Seeing a staircase beyond, I made for that. There was a light on the landing at the top; a passage to the left, one to the right. I chose the one to the right. There was a door at the end. I did not stop to consider what might be beyond, but I caught hold of the handle and turned it. The door yielded. I found myself in a room with the fair-haired girl whom I had seen dancing with the youngster who was dead.

That did startle me. I had been occupied with so many other things that, at least for the time being, I had forgotten her existence. It was a bedroom. A ball dress was thrown over a chair—the dress in which she had been dancing. Her hair was hanging loose over her shoulders; even then I thought what beautiful hair it was. She was standing in a stooping position, with her arms held out as if to ward off a blow. Apparently she had taken me for quite another person, from whom she had reason to fear the worst.

Having realized on whom I had intruded, I paid attention first not to the occupant of the room, but to the door. There was no key.

"Where's the key to this door?" I asked.

"Who are you?" she replied. "What do you want? What do you mean by coming in here?"

I persisted in my inquiry.

"Haven't you a key to this door?"

She shook her head. "No; they won't let me have one."

"Haven't you anything with which you can keep the door fastened against intrusion—even for a few moments? Help me with that chest of drawers and the bed. If we can get them up against this door we may manage to keep them out just long enough."

Without understanding what it was I would be at, she did as I asked. Together we rigged up a sort of barricade. As she helped she rained questions.

"Who are you? Who is coming? Of what are you afraid? What has happened? Tell me, I beg of you."

She spoke quite good English. She was getting almost as excited as I was.

"They have killed Emilio."

She stared at me, her hands against her breast.

"Emilio! I feared it! Alessandro swore that he would do it. When I saw him speak to Gaspare I feared still more."

"What is Alessandro to you? Are you his wife?"

"He is the patron; he wants me to be his wife, but I do not want to marry him. It is my mother who would force me. If it were not for him she would starve. He is a rich man, Alessandro. He says to my mother: 'If Lucrezia will marry me'—I am Lucrezia—'all will be well. I will give you a regular income; you may live in comfort for the rest of your life. If not, out into the street you go; you die in the gutter, you starve, besides the other things you know I can do to you.' He can do many things, Alessandro. 'As for the nonsense Lucrezia talks,' he says, 'young girls do not know their own mind. You bid her to marry me; I will see that she obeys her mother.' But I do not want to marry him—I do not."

"What position do you occupy in this place?"

"I am the cashier. I have been here nearly a year. I wish I had never come at all. Until lately Emilio was a waiter. He is from the same village from which I come; we have known each other all our lives. How can I help being fond of him, since he is so kind, so generous, so tender, and so thoughtful? And also he is so handsome."

"'WHERE'S THE KEY TO THIS DOOR?' I ASKED."

"Are you the only woman in the house?"

"In general there are two others. We had, all three of us, a holiday until the morning. I was to sleep with my sister, whose husband has a restaurant at Brixton. But when Alessandro saw me dancing with Emilio he said that I must come home with him. I did not dare to disobey. He threw Emilio out of the restaurant, not yet a fortnight ago, because of something he thought he had discovered—I don't know what. Since then he has been scolding me all the time. Gaspare told me only the other day that if I was not more attentive to Alessandro's wishes, more careful to keep him in a good temper—I know what he meant—he was afraid that something might happen to Emilio."

"Who is this man Gaspare? It is he who is the actual murderer."

"Oh, yes, I know; it is always like that."

"Always like that? What do you mean? Who is this man?"

The girl dropped her voice still lower; she glanced round as if fearful that a listener might be hidden in the corner. Clearly the girl, with her susceptible Sicilian temperament, was half out of her mind with fear and grief, and other troubles besides.

"I don't know who you are, or why I tell you; but I feel you may be a friend, and I am so much in need of a friend. I have not one friend in all the world, for even my mother is against me. And now that you say Emilio is dead, it is still worse. I will be revenged on them—I will be revenged! You ask me who Gaspare is. I will tell you. I care not what they do to me; since it is he who has killed Emilio, I will tell you. He is of the Mafia—Alessandro is of the Mafia; all of them are of the Mafia. This house, this Restaurant Napolitain, this is where they meet; I will show you the room in which they have their meetings. Gaspare is just back from America. It is not the first time he has been there, not the first time he has been chased by the police. I know! They think I don't, but I do. As for Alessandro, with him it has come to this—he scarcely dares to show his face in the street for fear of the police. They are after him all over Europe, and if they once catch him—rich or poor—ah! it is all over with him. I know, and he knows I know. It is partly because he knows that he so wishes to make me his wife. He thinks to shut my mouth; but now that they have killed Emilio I will open it to its widest. I care not what they do to me! No, no, I care not!"

I do not remember to have ever before seen anyone in such a whirlwind of passion. None the less, she had her wits about her. Suddenly, with a gesture, she requested silence.

"There are footsteps on the stairs. Who is it coming?"

"There are two of them. Alessandro is one; I think Gaspare is the other, but I am not sure. Whoever it is, I hit him with this poker."

"That is good. I hope you hit him hard. I will hit him hard when I have a chance, I promise you. I also have a knife."

To my amazement she stooped and whipped a gleaming blade out of her stocking. I foresaw lively times ahead. I did not wish Inspector Ellis to come and find me engaged in a fight to death with understudies for carving-knives. I deemed it desirable to get that knife from the fair-haired damsel.

"Do not use that. Let me have it."

"Why should I let you have it? No, no; I will keep it for myself. I can use it better than you."

As she spoke someone without tried the handle. When it was found that the door would not yield a soft voice demanded, in the broadest argot of Naples:—

"Lucrezia, what have you against the door? Don't fool; open at once."

The girl said nothing. She beckoned me to the other side of the room.

Throwing back a door which was covered with the same paper as the wall, she disclosed an aperture behind. "That is a door at the back; it is locked; they do not think I have the key, but I have."

While she took a key from some curious hiding-place in her corsets she burst, as it were, into a sudden flood of explanation.

"This house is very old. It belongs to the Mafia; it is their headquarters in London. Strange things have happened in London—they happen still, though the people of London do not think it. This house could tell them tales. The police—they guess—but have no proof. What can the police do without proof in London?"

While words had been pouring from her at the rate of I do not know how many a minute she had been unlocking that door. At last it stood open—just as the door of her bedroom yielded to the vigorous attack which was being made on it from without. As I passed through the door at the back of the cupboard I saw Alessandro rush into the bedroom, and behind him Gaspare. I thought they would catch the girl, but she was too quick for them. With surprising speed she had whipped the key out of the lock, was through the door, had shut it, and was locking it again on the other side. The closing of the door had left us in pitch darkness; some vigorous Sicilian adjectives were coming from the other side of it.

"Where are we?" I asked. "I can see nothing."

"This is a recess—here is another door; it is not locked." She opened it, but it did not make things much clearer. "These steps lead down into the restaurant. Be careful, they are steep."

Those steps were certainly steep. I went down backwards, as down a ladder. In the darkness it was not easy. The girl's voice as she followed came from above.

"At the bottom is a door. They think it is locked, but it is not. I am not so simple as they suppose."

I began to be of that opinion myself.

There, sure enough, was a door, and it was not locked—it yielded to a turn of the handle. I could not see her, but I felt her arm. Her voice seemed less confident.

"This is the restaurant. I do not know what we can do now. The door into the street is certainly locked and shuttered. I promise you I will use my knife. Have you a knife?"

"I want no knife," I told her, "nor must you use yours. We shall not improve matters by making bad worse. Besides, the police are coming."

She stopped suddenly.

"What do you mean by the police are coming? Who has told them?"

"I sent a message to a friend of mine at Scotland Yard—through the telephone."

"The telephone! Then—you have been in that room?"

"I don't know what you mean by that room. I have been in a room—a bedroom. Alessandro locked me in a sitting-room. I broke down the door which divided it from the next room, which is a bedroom; and there was the telephone."

"There is only one apartment in the house in which there is a telephone, and that is the one which belongs to the chief of the Mafia. He is there sometimes for days without anyone knowing he is in the house—or, I fancy, even in England. There has been history made in those two rooms. I know it, although I am only a girl. Here's a knife for you."

She thrust something into my hand, which I refused to take.

"Thank you, I would rather do without it. Inspector Ellis promised that the police should be here within ten minutes. They will be here before any harm can be done to us."

"You think so? We shall see. Gaspare and Alessandro move quickly—they will hide us where the police will never find us. For my part, I have no faith in the police; they always come a little too late—I know. I have a knife, and I will use it. If you are wise you will take this one and use it also."

I still refused to take the knife, though there was that, both in her tone and in her words, which grated on my nerves. When, presently, a door at the back opened, I was more than ever disposed to wish that my adventurous spirit had not lured me into the Restaurant Napolitain.

I did not need the girl to tell me what the opening of that door portended; I knew it for myself; but she did tell me.

"You see now they are coming; we shall soon know which it is to be—us or them. Down behind my desk."

We were standing behind the sort of counter which served as buffet and caisse combined. She drew me down as the door opened, but I peeped round the corner. Alessandro came in, and behind him Gaspare. I fancied the latter held himself as if he were in pain; that poker, which I still retained, had not come down for nothing. Alessandro held an electric torch above his head. It tickled me—even then!—to see them whisper to each other, wishing to remain unheard, while all the time the flare of that torch upon their faces told me everything they said.

It was Gaspare who whispered first. "They are not here." His glance travelled over the restaurant.

Alessandro's eyes also searched. "They must be here. If they are not here, where are they? They could not get out of the house."

There was a moment's pause, then Signor Alessandro added, with what I had no doubt was genuine feeling, "I will cut both their throats when I get them."

"Lucrezia's? Her pretty throat?"

"From ear to ear. I will send her to Emilio; and that black-faced devil's spawn, only let me get her within reach of my hand."

The last delicate allusion, I took it, was to me. Even allowing for the poetic licence which one associates with the language of Sicily, the prospect which these two gentlemen offered to the imagination was not alluring; to say nothing of the fact that I was solemnly convinced that they would do their best to be as good as their word.

The girl behind me did something—tried to change her position, or to keep under cover; anyhow, she moved, and a board creaked just loudly enough to be audible. Alessandro heard. Leaning towards Gaspare, I saw him whisper: "They are behind the caisse—we have got them—quick! You go one side and I the other."

"Look out," I whispered to the girl, "they know where we are. We will give them a chase before they get us." I stood up straight, and by way of a little diversion I brought the poker down on the top of the counter. "You pair of murderous villains!" I cried; "do you think you have us at your mercy? We'll teach you better!"

In my excitement, giving the poker a flourish, I swept half-a-dozen bottles off the buffet, and they fell crashing to the floor.

"Is that your black-faced beauty?" inquired Gaspare, aloud. "It looks as if she means to ruin you; she starts to destroy your stock-in-trade."

"Be careful how you come." This was the girl, who was standing by me, even more excited than I was. She was flourishing a knife in either hand. "For each of you I have a knife. I will pay you with them for Emilio."

Acting on Alessandro's advice, they came at us from either side. As Alessandro passed, leaning over the counter, I knocked the torch out of his hand, and in the same instant, turning towards Gaspare, I struck him with the poker a blow which was more than own brother to the first. He staggered back with curses which were deep but not loud. I was past him in a flash. I hesitated whether to make towards the door which I knew led to the staircase; but he made a grab at me and almost caught my skirt. I rushed across the restaurant among the marble tables.

"Gaspare! Gaspare!" It was Signor Alessandro's voice, considerably raised. Apparently he was having a little argument with Lucrezia, of which, in the darkness, he was not getting the best. There was a crash —what had happened I did not know; it sounded as if more bottles had fallen to the floor. Then I knew that Lucrezia, following my example, had got past Alessandro and was seeking refuge among the marble tables. Then there was silence, broken by Alessandro's voice:—

"Gaspare, I believe that cat has knifed me in half-a-dozen places; my fingers are wet with my own blood."

Then came Gaspare's voice; he seemed angry. I should not like to report his exact language; your true Sicilian can be vigorous; but in effect he said:—

"That black-faced friend of yours has struck me for a second time with that poker. I swear to you by all the saints that she shall not strike me again. Give us some light, we can do nothing in this darkness. Where are your switches?"

Alessandro said something which I could not catch; but I could hear him moving, and presently the whole place was flooded with electric light.

"Can they see these lights outside?" asked Gaspare

"Not a glimmer. The door and windows are so constructed that from the street nothing can be seen."

"Then to business!" And Gaspare started to carry out what I presume was his idea of business.

There ensued a scene as remarkable, I take it, as any which was ever enacted in a London restaurant. They chased us. those two men. In the hand of each was a knife. I daresay Gaspare's was still stained with Emilio's blood. I knew quite well what would happen if he got that knife within reach of me. I also knew that at any moment the police might be knocking at the door. If Inspector Ellis had carried out his undertaking literally they would have been there before. I scouted Lucrezia's idea that they were always too late. Then Gaspare came towards me.

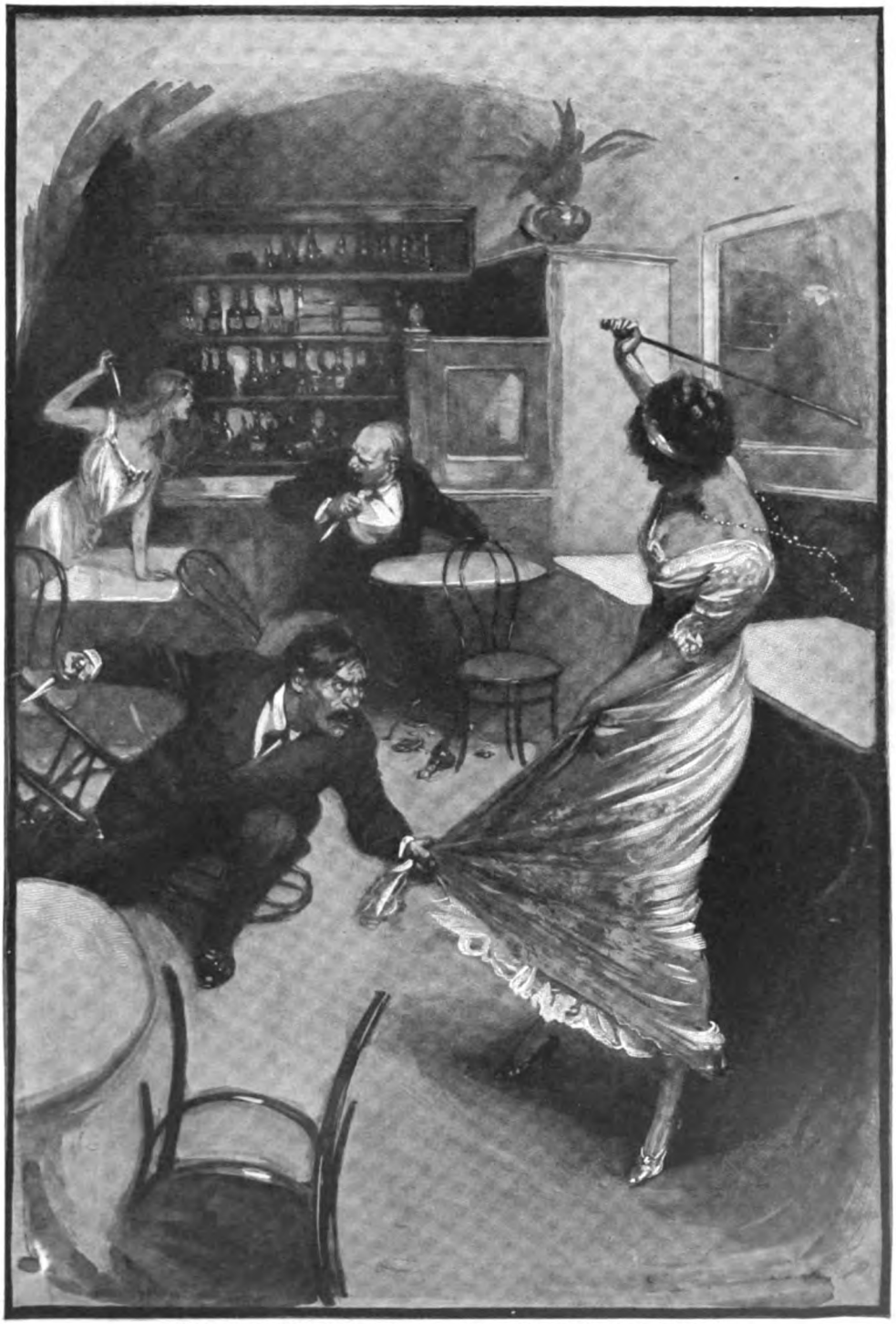
I suppose in that restaurant there were a dozen marble-topped tables—oblong, round, and square. Most of the chairs had been piled upon the tables; I was entrenched behind a row of them. When Gaspare came towards me at one end I pushed them towards him; he swept the lot of them upon the floor, and came round my side of the table towards me. I retreated as he came, but I could not get away from Gaspare. Among the tables we twisted and twirled; sometimes I vaulted them, sometimes I ran round.

I had pushed a chair in his way, and he fell over it, and in falling he caught me by the skirt with so sure a hold that he all but dragged me over with him. I lifted the poker and struck him again and again; but, though he was still in difficulties with the chair, I could not make him loose his hold. He held me with his left hand. Suddenly I felt something prick me; he had struck me with the knife which was in his right. Frantically I lashed out again at him with the poker. I fancied I had struck the wrist which held the knife, but I was not sure. I was straining every nerve to tear myself loose, when all at once the skirt did give way—but not with the result I had hoped for. As it yielded, the strain being unexpectedly relaxed, I slipped, and he, probably without intention, gave an unlooked-for jerk. Down he went on his face, and down I went on him.

At that same moment there came a hammering at the front-door—a loud, insistent hammering—and I knew that Inspector Ellis's ten minutes had expired.

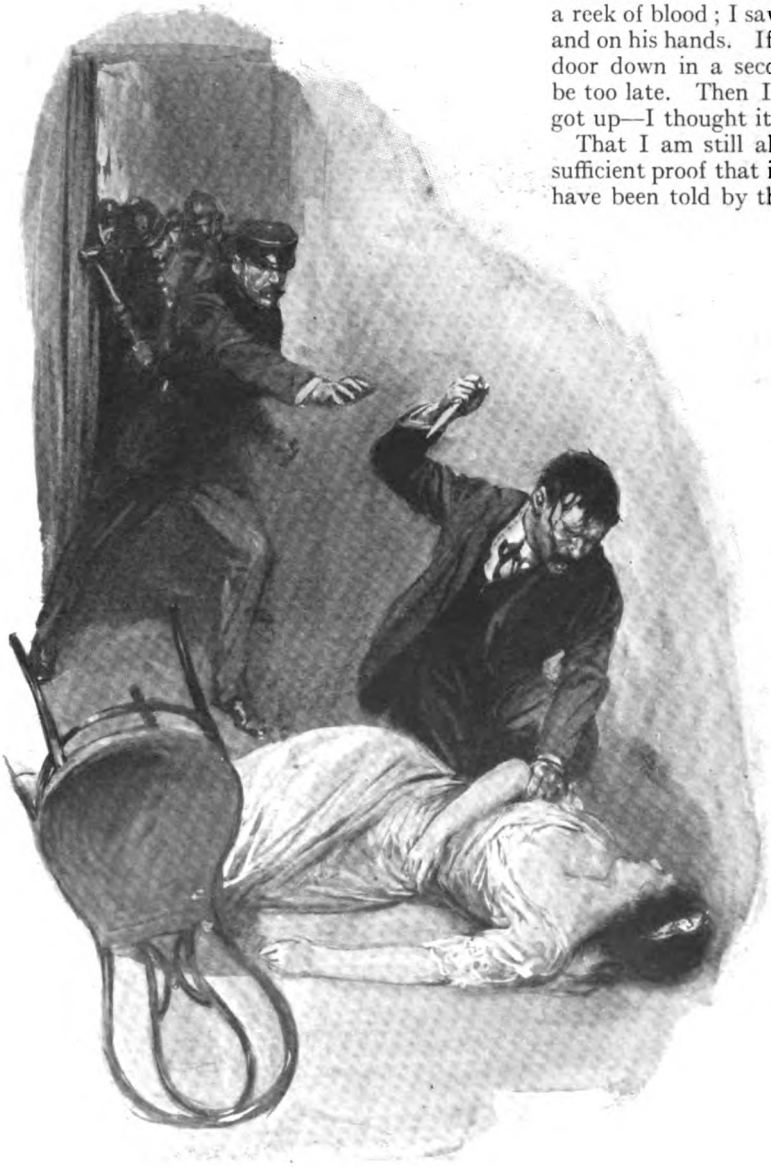
With the sound of the knocking there came a scream from Lucrezia and something very like a roar from Alessandro. I was conscious that they were striking at each other with their knives, and that each was getting home in turn. Then I felt Gaspare's knife in my shoulder. I twisted myself round; I felt it again. I caught him by the wrist. He slipped the knife from his right hand to his left—I do not know how, but he did it. It pricked me again.

Out in the street they were breaking down



"I LIFTED THE POKER AND STRUCK HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN."

the door. The force of their blows shook the building. That door was not easy to break down. In my agony—because Gaspare's knife hurt—I wondered how long they would take to do it. Those men were like two wild beasts; if they could kill us first they would care nothing for what might happen to themselves afterwards.



"HE SAW A MAN ON HIS KNEES, WITH A KNIFE HELD ABOVE HIS HEAD, AND A WOMAN IMMEDIATELY IN FRONT OF HIM UPON THE FLOOR."

Gaspare got at me with his knife again and again, but he never had a chance to get home with a good, straight blow. Somehow I managed to break the force of each one before it reached me. But he had cut me all about the neck and shoulders. I was a reek of blood; I saw it falling on his face and on his hands. If they did not get that door down in a second or two, it would be too late. Then I reeled, and Gaspare got up—I thought it was too late.

That I am still alive to tell the tale is sufficient proof that it was not too late—I have been told by the merest fraction of a second. Inspector Ellis informed me that when he and his men succeeded in forcing an entrance he saw a man on his knees, with a knife held above his head, and a woman immediately in front of him upon the floor; that he rushed forward and caught Gaspare's wrist just as it was in the act of descending. When Gaspare turned and saw him, somehow he slipped from his hold, stood up straight, buried the knife in his own bosom, and fell down across me—dead.

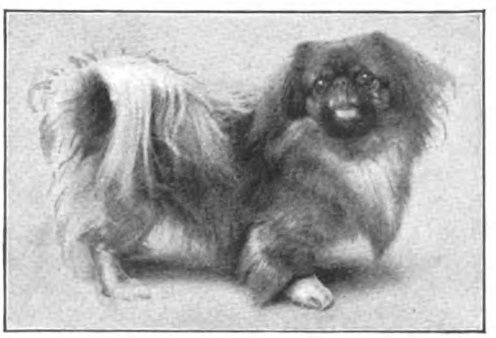
Lucrezia had even a worse time than I had—and I was nearly three weeks in the ward of a hospital. They took Signor Alessandro alive; all the world knows that he expiated his crimes upon the gallows. There are still three marks upon my chest in front which I am told will never pass away, so I am not likely to be without reminders — if any were needed — of my adventure at the Restaurant Napolitain.

"The Best Dog I Ever Saw."

By WELL-KNOWN AUTHORITIES.

TO-DAY, according to a well-known member of the Kennel Club, the most popular breeds of dogs are wire-haired terriers, bull-terriers, Scottish terriers, Pekingese, Pomeranians, and Dandie Dinmont terriers, the value of various specimens of which may vary from a few shillings to well over four figures.

In order, therefore, to give readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE an idea of the best possible types of the most fashionable breeds of the day, we have collected the views of various experts on "The Best Dog I Ever Saw." From this standard owners of the various types of dogs mentioned in the article will be able to see at once how near to, or far from, perfection are their own four-legged friends.



CHAMPION CHU-ERH OF ALDERBOURNE.
AN IDEAL PEKINGESE.
Selected by Mrs. Weaver.
From a Photograph by T. Fall.

Mrs. WEAVER, one of the best-known present-day authorities on the Pekingese.

The two most perfect specimens of Pekingese dogs that I have ever seen, and of which photographs are given in this article, are Champion Chu-erh of Alderbourne, who has won a list of championships far too numerous to mention, and who has been since his puppyhood the property of Mrs. Ashton Cross, and his contemporary—in other words, his litter-brother—Sutherland Ouen ten T'ang, both of whom, I am proud to say, I had the good fortune to breed.

So far as the latter Pekingese is concerned, I would mention that he has never been exhibited, but is, nevertheless, the father of many champions. Both Ouen and Chu-erh are perfect specimens of Pekingese, and between them they can boast of having had the notable effect of fixing the type for the future development of the Pekingese breed, not only in England, but the world over.

I have frequently noted, by the way, that even with many really enthusiastic dog-lovers the origin of the Pekingese would seem to be more or less unknown, and as the annals of dog-lovers yield nothing more astonishing than the fame that has been achieved during the last ten years by the Pekingese, it may be of interest if I touch briefly on a subject which I have studied deeply for many years past.

Pekingese dogs are the product of that palace life in Peking which would seem now to be passing for ever into the limbo of forgotten things, so that the present is surely an appropriate time for touching briefly on the history and character of the dog which has leapt into favour in the past few years in an extraordinarily meteoric manner.

In 1860 the Summer Palace of Peking was sacked by European soldiers, the first shaking-off of that extraordinary fabric of Eastern rule which we now see laid in the dust. Amongst the loot were eight of the Imperial dogs, which had hitherto never been allowed outside the confines of the palace, save under penalties that included death in various fashions, such as stoning or being cut into a thousand pieces, either of which methods had not unnaturally been found sufficiently drastic to discourage dog-stealing.

The dogs looted in 1860 are persistently described as being five in number, but there must have been eight at least. They were found hidden in the apartments of the Emperor's aunt, an unfortunate lady who committed suicide on the approach of the soldiers. One was given to Queen Victoria, who had its portrait painted by Landseer; one pair became the property of the late Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and another pair were acquired by Admiral Lord John

Hay. Admiral Oliver Jones (then Captain) brought home one further dog, and a pair were secured by another officer, from which was bred a puppy that lived in England for nearly seventeen years.

From these eight priceless creatures were bred all the Pekingese that England could boast of for another generation, and, remaining in few hands, they continued comparatively unknown. At length, however, a few were obtained from the palace by methods into which it would be impertinent to inquire, but it seems clear that they had begun life as the personal pets of the late Dowager-Empress, known as "Old Buddha." How jealously watched they were is shown by the fact that at the later siege of Peking, when the foreign Embassies were in such great danger and were believed even to have fallen, the palace dogs were removed in the first palankeen which departed for Sin-gan-fu as the foreigners entered the Forbidden City.

SUTHERLAND OUEN TEN T'ANG.
ANOTHER IDEAL PEKINGESE.
Selected by Mrs. Weaver.
From a Photograph.

What are the characteristics of a breed which took so lofty a place in the affections of the Imperial family of China? They cannot be described better than in the words of the redoubtable old Empress herself:—

"Let the Lion Dog be small; let it wear the swelling cape of dignity round its neck; let its face be black; let the forehead be straight and low, like unto the brow of an Imperial harmony boxer; let the eyes be large and luminous; let its ears be set like the sails of a war-junk; let its nose be like that of the Monkey God of the Hindus; let its forelegs be bent, so that it shall not desire to leave the Imperial precincts; let its feet be tufted with plentiful hair, that its footfalls may be soundless; and for its colour let it be that of the lion, a golden sable to be carried in the sleeve of a yellow robe, or the colour of a red bear, or a black bear, or a white bear, or striped like a dragon, so that there may be dogs appropriate to every costume in the Imperial wardrobe. Thus shall it preserve its integrity and self-respect."

Those who only know the Pekingese from a "hearsay point of view" are apt to imagine him as a lapdog of no character, and as a yapping little beast to be scorned of masculine mind. This "character study" is, however, very inaccurate. The Pekingese is at all times a person of dignity, albeit he is small, and even centuries of luxurious upbringing in palace precincts have not destroyed the sporting instincts or warped an affectionate nature; for, in his own way, the Pekingese is quite "a mighty hunter," and, in a game country, is apt to give his owner no small anxiety.

Regarded purely as a pet, there is an intimate pleasantness about the Pekingese which I think fully accounts for the very great popularity the breed now enjoys. At the present time there would seem to be no reasonable limitation to the value of Pekingese, for quite recently as much as five thousand pounds was refused for a certain well-known dog. Good, typical Pekingese can, however, be secured for anything from twenty to thirty pounds, while specimens which lack the points that win at dog-shows, but which are nevertheless charming companions, can be secured for very considerably less.

Mr. H. R. B. TWEED, the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of the South of England Scottish Terrier Club, and one of the greatest experts of the day on "Scotties."

As a breeder of Scottish terriers for fifteen years, and as an enthusiastic devotee of all dogs in general, and of Scottish terriers in particular, I find it no easy matter to reduce the many good dogs I have seen down to one which I can conscientiously describe as "the best of all." Still, after mature consideration I feel justified in giving my vote to Champion Laindon Locket, who, I consider, fully deserves the compliment of being described as "the ideal Scottish terrier," for, as the photograph shows, she is as good a typical specimen as any breeder is likely to find in a lifetime.

Purely from a show point of view the

"Scottie" is as good a terrier as can be bred, and, as he is a remarkably healthy and hardy fellow, those who extend to him their patronage are saved a deal of anxiety. As a pet, in my humble opinion there is no dog to equal the Scottish terrier. He is as sensible as many human beings—and probably more sensible than most—he is also intensely companionable, and an excellent house-dog. As a sportsman, too, he is a fine all-round chap. A reliable dog with the gun, he is a first-rate performer in driving rabbits out of the hedge, and will "bolt" a fox as well as any dog in the world. Indeed, the grandam of Laindon Locket was frequently used by the Essex Union Hunt for this purpose.

Now to come down to his personal qualities. My own experience proves to me that the Scottish terrier, although rather "terse" in manner with strangers, is, nevertheless, on the whole, a particularly good-tempered dog, who possesses one quality of inestimable value as a friend. When once he has given his friendship to his master or mistress he will remain faithful for life, for all the cajoling in the world will not help in the least to persuade him to transfer his affections elsewhere.

CHAMPION LAINDON LOCKET.
AN IDEAL SCOTCH TERRIER.
Selected by Mr. H. R. B. Tweed.
From a Photograph.

Those readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE who may be thinking of "taking up" Scottish terriers either for show, sport, or sale may, perhaps, here be interested to learn what should be the general appearance of a member of this species, according to the South of England Scottish Terrier Club. "The face should wear a very sharp, bright, active expression, and the head should be carried up. The dog (owing to the shortness of his coat) should appear to be higher on the leg than he really is, but at the same time he should look compact, and be possessed of great muscle in the hind-quarters. In fact, a Scottish terrier, though essentially a terrier, cannot be too powerfully put together. He should be from nine inches to twelve inches in height."

In conclusion, as a real lover of all dogs, from the homeless mongrel without a point of good looks to boast of, and with not a friend in the world to sympathize with his "ugly-duckliness," down to the—I say "down" advisedly, because the other fellow is always "up," and, therefore, needs no idle praise—most valuable show-dog that ever carried off a championship, I may, perhaps, be allowed to include a note of pathos into these few lines by telling a little story of an old favourite of mine.

Once I lost two of my Scotties for three days, when, by chance, walking along the bank of an old sunk lane, filled with bushes and used as a rabbit-warren, I heard a faint bark under my feet. After a vigorous dig both terriers were unearthed, rather weak, of course, but otherwise none the worse for their imprisonment. They had gone to ground in a rabbit burrow, and scratched so much earth behind them that they could not get out. One of these lived for many years afterwards. When in his dotage he took a fancy to a friend's house, three miles away, where there were more rabbits. But he came home to die at last, for I found him one morning, stiff and covered with hoar-frost, in the flower-bed under the low window which had always been his favourite place.

Mr. BERTRAM STEER, the well-known authority on Wire-Haired Fox-Terriers.

In my opinion the best wire-haired fox-terrier I have ever seen is Champion Newmarket Cackler, whom I regard as an ideal specimen of this class of dog. The correct size, eighteen pounds, Champion Newmarket Cackler has the head and bone of a twenty-two-pound terrier. His head is splendidly proportioned, of great length, with rare expression, dark, well-placed eyes, and whiskers, like his coat, of the very hardest, the whole being finished off by a pair of small, beautifully-carried ears. He also excels in neck, shoulders, and hind-quarters; is possessed of a short, level back, while his front and feet are simply phenomenal.

However, although the wire-haired fox-terrier is a very adaptable dog for show purposes, I am inclined to think that his social side is his *forte*, for to me the wire-haired fox-terrier, as a friend, appeals as the best of all dogs. He is essentially a sportsman in the true sense of the word, and at the same time he is a really intelligent and sympathetic fellow, with the grit of a hero, for he will take any amount of really-deserved punishment without flinching, but woe betide his master or mistress if he is done an injustice to. There is something uncanny in the manner in which a wire-haired terrier diagnoses the real cause of chastisement. If he knows he has merited it his demeanour is as of one who would say, "Well I've asked for it, and I've got it—so that I've got no reason at all for 'kicking'; and I don't feel inclined to kick, either, for it was worth it." On the other hand, if he is punished unjustly he never forgets or forgives the ill-treatment he has suffered, and I would never think of trying to make a pal of a terrier that I might perhaps have chastised without sufficient cause.

With regard to the "points" of a terrier, to a very great extent it is a futile policy to dwell upon them, for the "fashion" in terriers changes as often as does the fashion in dress, and as it takes longer to breed a dog than it does to make a dress—well, it is obviously impossible to keep pace with the ever-changing vogue in terriers.

My advice, however, to the enthusiast who proposes to take up the breeding of wire-haired terriers, either as a hobby or more or less of a business, is to breed an average good all-round dog. Having done this, he will find that he has a good worker and a staunch friend.

I have, by the way, heard many really excellent sportsmen say that it is impossible to keep a dog for sport and as a friend at the same time. With this point of view, however, I must disagree, and to those who hold this opinion I would therefore say, "Have you ever tried it? I think not." No; I have proved myself, times without number with many wire-haired terriers, that, providing they are properly and firmly trained, they will always be found excellent workers as well as real "pals."

Another word of advice to those who may be thinking of keeping wire-haired terriers, either for profit or pleasure, is never to let a young dog mix with an older dog who has acquired bad habits, such as hunting chickens, sheep, etc. The wire-haired terrier is so intelligent and so quick to "pick up" things that it is not safe to bring him into contact with other dogs who have strayed from the path of strict rectitude. Finally, I may say that three qualifications are essential in the training of terriers—unlimited patience, firmness, and tact. Given these, the owner of a wire-haired terrier will find that he can teach his pupil almost anything. One thing, however, he will have no need to teach his dog—the art of being a good and faithful companion, for your wire-haired terrier possesses the sense of reciprocity to a most marked extent. Treat him fairly, and he will be your friend for life; misjudge him, and you will make a life-long enemy.

CHAMPION NEWMARKET CACKLER.
AN IDEAL WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIER.
Selected by Mr. Bertram Steer.
From a Photograph.

Purely for breeding purposes an ideal couple of wire-haired terriers, in my opinion, are Churt Snigger and Kits of Churt, who, although by no means perfect, as any expert can see at a glance, have, nevertheless, produced offspring which are as near as possible perfection according to the modern standard, a result which I think I may say tends to bear out my opinion that the best sire is not necessarily the best dog.

Mr. STANLEY MAPPIN, one of the best-known authorities of the day on the Pomeranian dog, who holds two world's records for breed entries.

I have very little hesitation in saying that the best specimen of Pomeranian I have ever seen is Champion Sable Atom, who is, in my opinion, an ideal Pomeranian in every way.

However, although I have devoted a good deal of time to the breeding of Pomeranians for show purposes, I feel bound to say that the Pom is equally interesting when judged from a purely "pet dog" standpoint. Some people, I am well aware, are prone to declare that he is apt to be uncertain in temper. My own view on this question is certainly not in accord with this criticism, for although to strangers the Pomeranian may be a trifle uncertain at times, this fault —if fault it can be described — is merely the outcome of the intense fidelity he feels towards his master or mistress. In other words, I am convinced that any irregularity in temper is merely the result of loyalty on his part, and not an example of offensive ill-humour.

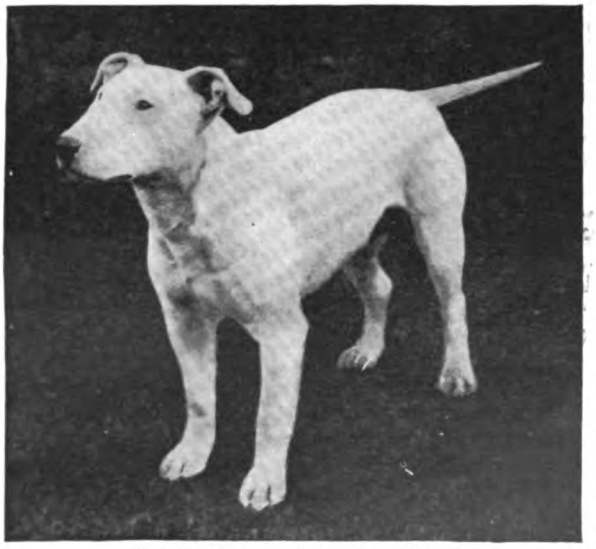
CHAMPION SABLE ATOM.
AN IDEAL POMERANIAN.
Selected by Mr. Stanley Mappin.
From a Photograph by T. Fall.

Still another unjust stigma under which Pomeranians are clouded by those who have had little experience of the breed is that they are extremely delicate. This, however, my own experience has taught me is certainly not the case so long as they are not unnecessarily pampered. On the whole, the Pomeranian is a thoroughly healthy dog, always providing he is treated on sound, common-sense lines; but, as with human beings so with dogs, the result of foolish mollycoddling is almost bound to be injurious to the health.

In conclusion, I should like to say that, as a friend, the Pomeranian has certainly more than his fair share of good qualities to recommend him. Very obedient, teachable, and very tractable, he will be found an excellent guard to property, for he is very watchful and jealous of the personal property of those to whom he belongs, and thus, although he cannot fight — or perhaps I should say if he attempts to fight he is likely to suffer for his temerity—he can at all times be entrusted to sound a note of warning, for "giving tongue" is one of his best-loved hobbies.

COUNT HOLLENDER,
an expert on the Bull-Terrier, very well known in the dog world.

To choose between champions is no easy task, and I find it an exceedingly difficult matter to select one bull-terrier of the many first-class specimens I have seen as "the pick of the bunch." Still, as I have to name one dog, I feel disposed to give my vote to Champion Bloomsbury Cheeky, a dog it is no easy matter to "fault," though I feel bound to say that if he had Champion Bloomsbury King Spot's eyes and Czar's tail he would be all the better. From the photographs before me, Champion Bloomsbury King Spot, Champion Bloomsbury Cheeky, Champion Bloomsbury Czar, and Champion White Noel, I should like to see Champion White Noel with Cheeky's bone and the improvements in Cheeky I have already named —while, in one respect, King Spot is probably the best of all, for he certainly has the most perfect feet.



CHAMPION BLOOMSBURY CHEEKY.
AN IDEAL BULL-TERRIER.
Selected by Count Hollender.
From a Photograph.

However, with dogs as with horses, expert opinions are invariably at variance, for, while I select Champion Bloomsbury Cheeky as the best bull-terrier I have ever seen, such eminent authorities as Mr. Ralph Hodgson and Mr. Barnard regard White Noel as perhaps the finest dog now before the public. No doubt White Noel is a

perfect dog as regards his body, but, to me, it always seems that he has not sufficient length and strength of face.

Before reverting to the personal qualities of the bull-terrier I feel, in honour bound, that I must make mention of Hampstead Heathen, owned by Mr. Gannoway, for there is very little doubt that this terrier would have swept the board had it not been for a mark on his back, which, according to ruling, disqualifies a dog. A dog can be marked on the head but not on the body, and many famous dogs have, in consequence, been disqualified for this reason.

To touch on the "human" qualities of the bull-terrier is to me a very pleasant task, for, in my own humble opinion, a well-trained bull-terrier is one of the most polished gentlemen in the world. Like his coat, he is thoroughly "white," and it is only fit that the gamest, bravest, most loyal, and one of the most intelligent dogs of the whole animal world should be from stem to stern a true-born Britisher. Bill Sikes and the fighting fraternity, however, have not helped him to popularity, and thus, so far as the bull-terrier is concerned, he affords a striking and unfortunate example of the truth of the old adage, "Give a dog a bad name," etc.

CHAMPION WHITE NOEL.
AN IDEAL BULL-TERRIER'S BODY.
Selected by Count Hollender.
From a Photograph.

But let anybody take up any book on the dog, and, although all the competent authorities are agreed that the bull-terrier will fight to the death if provoked, yet almost every writer frankly acknowledges that, redoubtable fighter though he is, the bull-terrier is the last dog in the world to start a fight, though, if he does fight—well, like the champions of old, "he will fight until he can fight no more." To my certain knowledge the only detriment, if detriment it can be called, that has ever been justifiably put forth against the bull-terrier is his pluck. And, after all, is not this only what one should expect from the British gentleman of the dog world with a certain amount of dignity and with his honour at stake?

And now let me try to summarize some of the sterling qualities of the bull-terrier.

As a guard and personal companion he is second to none. He is an ideal house-dog, on account of his short coat and perfect manners in the house—when well trained—and he is, moreover, of a particularly quiet and affectionate disposition. He is also an exceedingly intelligent dog, whose love for his master or mistress is only equalled by that for his master's or mistress's children. From a child the bull-terrier will stand any amount of "ragging" and pulling about, and I have frequently noticed with interest that he would seem to be far keener on guarding children than even adults—a characteristic which assuredly suggests his "Sherlock Holmes" powers of discrimination and kindly common sense. One of the least noisy of all dogs, bull-terriers seldom give tongue, and when they do so it is only when it is wanted, for the sound of a bull-terrier making his presence known is anything but an encouraging noise for a burglar or intruder to hear. Experience has proved to me, too, that bull-terriers are of the hardiest and strongest dogs extant, and, in addition to being naturally splendid sporting dogs, they can also easily be taught to retrieve, while, despite their enormous jaw-power, like many human beings who are strong—and particularly kind because they know well their strength—they are extremely gentle.

I would here like to make special mention of the claims of the female bull-terrier. A well-trained female I have always found

a particularly lovable companion. To all outward appearances they are quiet, docile, and even "soft," for they will run away to avoid other dogs, while seldom or never will they leave the heel. They seem, too, to possess all the wonderful instinct of a good mother, where guarding or protecting their mistress is concerned.

I have known three so-called "soft" females who never had a fight in their lives and who would run away from dogs to avoid a quarrel, and yet, in their own humble way, each was as game as the proverbial pebble when necessity arose. Thus, one, as Mr. Ralph Hodgson, the well-known poet and expert on bull-terriers, will tell you, saved her master's life by clinging to a bear's throat, and afterwards, on escaping, came back unscathed. Another was the famous Delphinium, who saved a child's life from the water and, on bringing her charge safely to dry land, at once trotted back to fetch the nurse. The third I have in my memory killed a tramp dog because his master was burgling a house, and, despite being terribly beaten about by the tramp, pinned him and held on to him until the police came up, when she literally fainted from her efforts. All these females, I would mention, had the reputation of being cowards, or, rather, "soft," and for the benefit of those of a sceptical turn of mind I would also lay stress on the fact that every one of these stories is unimpeachably authentic. Touching on the bravery of female bull-terriers reminds me that I once had one who, although at ordinary times extremely nervous of entering the water, nevertheless, when only eight months old, dived off a six-foot plank to save my life—as she thought—when I was swimming one day.

Yes, in every respect the bull-terrier is a great fellow, and in his courage and devotion there is something almost heroic. Those who base their opinions on hearsay are apt to regard him as a dog so quarrelsome as to be almost a bully. As a matter of actual fact, however, such is not the case at all, and as one who has had no better friends in life than various bull-terriers, several of whom are still with me, and others of whom, unfortunately, have been knocked out by Time, I have always tried to fight for the rights of the bull-terrier as a veritable "Colonel Newcome" among gentlemen as I would fight for my own if necessary.

In giving the following description of the bull-terrier "as he should be," I am quoting from the Bull-Terrier Club:—

General appearance: The general appearance of the bull-terrier is that of a symmetrical animal, an embodiment of agility, grace, elegance, and determination.

Head: The head should be long, flat, and wide between the ears, tapering to the nose, without cheek muscles. There should be a slight indentation down the face, without a "stop" between the eyes. The jaws should be long and very powerful, with a large black nose and open nostrils. Eyes small and very black, almond shape preferred The lips should meet as tightly as possible, without a fold. The teeth should be regular in shape, and should meet exactly; any deviation, such as "pig-jaw" or being "underhung," is a great fault.

Ears: Cropped dogs cannot win a prize at shows held under the Kennel Club rules if born after March 31st, 1895. The ear to breed for as settled by this club is a small, semi-erect ear, but other ears do not disqualify.

Neck: The neck should be long and slightly arched, nicely set in the shoulders, tapering to the head without any loose skin, as found in the bulldog.

Shoulders: The shoulders should be strong, muscular, and slanting, the chest wide and deep, with ribs well rounded.

Back: The back short and muscular, but not out of proportion to the general contour of the animal.

Legs: The forelegs should be perfectly straight, with well-developed muscles, not out at shoulder, but set on racing lines and very strong on the pastern joints. The hind-legs are long and, in proportion to the forelegs, muscular, with good, strong, straight hocks, well let down near the ground.

Feet: The feet more resemble those of a cat than a hare.

Colour: Colour should be white.

Coat: Short, close, and stiff to the touch, with a fine gloss.

Tail: The tail should be short in proportion to the size of the dog, set on very low down, thick where it joins the body, and tapering to a fine point. It should be carried at an angle of about forty-five degrees, without curl, and *never* over the back.

Weight: Fifteen to sixty pounds.

Mrs. T. M. SIMPSON SHAW, Honorary Secretary Dandie Dinmont Terrier Club, owner of the Alpin Kennel of Dandie Dinmont terriers, of Aveley, Essex; a successful breeder and exhibitor.

Of the present-day show specimens of the Dandie Dinmont terrier I unhesitatingly award the palm to Champion Alpin Slitrig because—quite apart from his undeniable beauty—he most nearly conforms in all respects to the standard of points adopted at a meeting of "Breeders and Admirers" of this game little aristocrat of the dog world not long after they constituted themselves into a club for the breed, at the Fleece Hotel at Selkirk, on November 17th, 1875. How well and thoroughly these gruff old stalwarts did their work is shown by the fact that these "points" as laid down and adopted by them nearly forty years ago define with great precision, and with hardly any modification since, the standards of type, shape, size, colour, carriage, expression, and so on, which

govern, or *ought* to govern, the decisions of judges to-day. It should be added that, in framing those definitions, the originators had the benefit of all the highest expert advice available at that time as to the working and other qualities of this business little terrier. Nor was this important duty done hurriedly, for it took the committee who dealt with the matter the greater part of eleven months of almost continuous labour to lick the standard of points into its final shape.

Champion Alpin Slitrig is a mustard, exceptionally low to ground yet sound, with a good length of body, well arched and evenly balanced on correct legs; his head is perfect, his carriage and deportment just what is most wanted, whilst his weight — an ounce within twenty-two pounds—stamps him as the ideal Dandie. Further, he is full of Dandie character and idiosyncrasies so essential and yet so difficult to define or describe.

CHAMPION ALPIN SLITRIG.
AN IDEAL DANDIE DINMONT.
Selected by Mrs. T. M. Simpson Shaw.
From a Photograph by T. Fall.

The Dandie is indeed a dog of long descent; his traditions go back far beyond the days when Sir Walter Scott, in "Guy Mannering," made him famous a hundred years ago. Then he was—as he is now—a game little terrier of masterful character, profound intelligence, and purposeful business habits, a dour douce chiel, an ideal "friend of man." He steps out of tradition into history precisely as we find him to-day.

He is a small dog, but a great one; his pluck and staying powers are of the best; in him is embodied the personification of dignity; his very gait shows it. He acknowledges but one master and sticks to him as long as he lasts; other adult members of the household are tolerated, but it is for his master that he lives and moves and has his being. The children he regards as part of his master's belongings, to be guarded and protected with the utmost care and solicitude.

He never picks a quarrel and has wonderful forbearance and self-restraint under provocation, until pressed beyond endurance, and then he goes in to win. Having entered upon a quarrel, then he is implacable, and nothing but the death of his enemy—or his own—will terminate the feud. His sense of right and wrong is of the nicest; he is never guilty of anything petty or mean; and—he never forgets.

He is a splendid house-dog, one of the understanding kind, who can readily discriminate between the friend of the family and the vender of cyclopædias or sewing-machines, and on a word or sign will enjoy putting undesirables to flight. His master's thought he reads like a book; he anticipates his every wish; he shares his joys and sorrows. There is no other dog so easily house-trained, and he is a most particular little gentleman, at the same time enjoying life and all rough-and-tumble adventures that come in his way.

His appearance is quaint and taking, different quite from that of any other kind of breed. His short legs, long body, massive head, gay tail-carriage, and jaunty air make up a most fascinating, commanding personality. In colour he may be either *mustard* or *pepper*, and in either case the hair on the top of his head, or topknot as it is called, should be profuse, white, and silky. He is a first-rate water-dog, can kill with the best, and yet a good, well-schooled Dandie in wise hands is always under perfect control.

This breed is probably not so well known as some of the other terrier breeds, but its adherents are steadily growing in numbers. Anyone who becomes possessed of a Dandie and has learnt to value his fine qualities remains staunch and true, and seldom or never takes up another sort. Of late the Dandie has gained many new admirers in America, India, Africa, and Australia, as he becomes readily acclimatized and suits himself easily to new surroundings, and is now to be found leading an active, healthy, useful life under greatly divergent circumstances the world over.

And he carries his nationality with him; he is a Border terrier through and through—a real Britisher.

The Mesmeric Lady.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

Illustrated by T. Peddie.

"HALLOA, Broughton, you are a swell!" cried Dr. Webley, one Sunday afternoon at Scarborough, in the middle of August, as he came face to face with an old fellow-student of his at one of the big London hospitals.

"A change for the better, eh?" chuckled Dr. Broughton, a good-looking young fellow of two or three and thirty, as he stepped out of a smart motor-car which was standing in front of one of the best hotels and shook hands with his old friend.

When they last met, three years before, Broughton, unable to afford to buy a practice, had been practically starving in London.

"Awfully glad, old chap. How did it come about?" asked Webley.

"I—married," explained Broughton, with a satisfied smile.

"Oh, I see. Married money?"

Broughton smiled still more and nodded.

"And what are you doing?"

"Oh," replied Dr. Webley, "I'm taking a practice up in Lancashire. Big population. It ought to be all right."

Dr. Broughton shook his head.

"I don't know about that," said he. "Those teeming millions are no good to a doctor. They go to quacks, to whom they pay sixpence for a bottle of coloured water and a bread pill. Come and dine with us this evening. I want to introduce you to my wife."

But Dr. Webley excused himself, knowing that "money," when you have married it, has a habit of growing exceedingly unattractive.

This meeting and this warning went right out of his mind until, having taken up the Lancashire practice and found it very disappointing, he was suddenly reminded of Broughton's words when, as he crossed the market-place one autumn evening, he found himself wedged in the middle of an excited crowd, all pushing and squeezing to get to a large tent rigged up in a corner, in front of which a brass band was playing.

He had already had thrust into his hand a flaring handbill which informed him that the MESMERIC LADY (in large capitals and followed by six notes of exclamation) was in the town for that night only, and would give advice to all sufferers "while under the influence of a mesmeric trance." Advice only, half a crown; advice and medicine, five shillings.

Dr. Webley was indignant. Out of curiosity he went inside the tent with the rest of the struggling crowd, and found that the stream waiting for treatment, and all ready with their crowns and half-crowns, vastly exceeded in number the patients that a whole month brought to avail themselves of his own properly-qualified skill.

On a stage at one end of the tent was a large gilt arm-chair, in which a woman, dressed in fantastic Oriental costume, was sitting, with her head back and her eyes closed. A voluminous veil of white silk, embroidered in gold, was fastened on her head with a brass bandeau, from which a barbaric ornament of gold and pearl beads hung down to the middle of her forehead. This silk veil went all over the chair and hung down on each side of her head, but did not cover her face or her neck, which was hung with gold beads. Over this silk veil was one of some shimmering transparent material, which covered her face without concealing it.

As far as one could judge, the woman was young and handsome, and her right hand, which held a glittering pencil, was white and delicate.

At each end of the stage was a flight of wooden stairs, and the stream of "patients" followed each other up the one and down the other as fast as they could be dealt with.

The procedure was as follows: A hoarse young man, dressed in shabby red velveteen and spangles, whom Dr. Webley took to be the husband and accomplice of the Mesmeric Lady, led the deluded victims, one by one, up to the lady's right hand, made him or her sit in a chair placed for the purpose, take up one brass-mounted end of a speaking-tube which came through a small hole in the white

silk veil, and describe his or her "symptoms" in a low voice, which was supposed to reach the Mesmeric Lady by means of a brass-mounted bell at the other end of the tube, conspicuously bound to her right ear by gold cords passed round her head and chin.

wrote a number on the paper, which he then gave to the "patient" in exchange for his money, and directed him to go down by the one staircase while he beckoned to the next sufferer to come up by the other.

When Dr. Webley reached the tent the

"THE MESMERIC LADY, WITHOUT OPENING HER EYES, SCRAWLED SOMETHING UPON A PAPER ON THE LITTLE GILT TABLE IN FRONT OF HER."

Each person was warned to be brief, and, on being jogged at the elbow by the man in velveteen as a warning that time was up, dropped the speaking-tube or had it taken away from him, while the Mesmeric Lady, without opening her eyes, scrawled something upon a paper on the little gilt table in front of her.

Then the man in red advanced to the table,

five-shilling patients were being treated, and they were to come round to the tent at an hour appointed to receive their medicine on giving their number.

To his rage and disgust, he reckoned up the takings during one half-hour, and found that the amount exceeded five pounds.

Then came a batch of half-crown patients, who brought money in at a rate even faster,

since each sat no more than a minute, and was not accorded the privilege of having his pulse felt.

The doctor was amazed at the credulity which allowed these swarms of invalids, real and imaginary, to be satisfied when they got for their hard-earned silver nothing but two written lines of advice, with which, however, all appeared perfectly content.

At last his anger got the better of his prudence, and he broke out, to a sturdy-looking Lancashire man of forty or so who stood beside him in the crush, into invectives against the folly of the crowd, the inaction of the police, and the obviously fraudulent nature of the whole affair.

"Nay, nay, mister," said the man, good-humouredly, "it can't be fraud, seein' t' lady does us good. I've been treated myself by her a twelvemonth coom Christmas, and no doctor never did me half the good as what she did. And so, says I, fraud or no fraud, it's all one to me, and when there's aught amiss with me I waits till t' lady cooms again to t' market-place, and away goes my half-crown."

But all his neighbours did not take the doctor's expostulations so good-humouredly; and when a group of rough lads recognized him, and tried to shout down his protest against the proceedings, there arose a jeering chorus around him, someone knocked his hat off, and he would have stood a chance of some rough handling if the young man in the red velveteen and spangles had not yelled out a hoarse threat to turn the lights out, and hushed the tumult with promptitude which spoke of experience.

His nearest neighbours, however, still continued to gibe at the doctor, though without any renewed attempt at violence.

"A fine one to talk of poisons!" cried one lad, in answer to an injudicious remark of Dr. Webley's about quacks and the harm they may do in their ignorance. "I'll warrant, doctor, you'd like for to poison t' lot of us, for coomin' to t' lady instead o' coomin' to you!"

"And if 'twas poison what t' lady give us, why aren't we all dead? I'd like for to hear him answer me that," said another.

The doctor thought it wiser to say no more, and presently the crowd shifted, and he found himself surrounded by fresh groups. By and by, braving the gibes of those who might recognize him, he mounted the platform himself and took his place in the patients' chair as one of a five-shilling batch.

Thrusting his hand through the hole in the white silk veil pointed out to him by the man in red, Dr. Webley felt his wrist held with a grasp which convinced him that, whatever might be the limitations to her medical knowledge, the Mesmeric Lady had felt enough pulses in her time to know the way to do it.

He proceeded to describe his symptoms through the speaking-tube in the following manner:—

"I suffer from blood to the head and a violent acceleration of the heart's action when I see crowds of ignorant and foolish people trusting themselves and their ailments to the clumsy and inefficient treatment of unqualified persons. I suffer also from an inclination to call in the police to stop what I know to be a vulgar and impudent fraud upon the credulous."

Dr. Webley uttered these words in a low voice, but with great deliberation, and watched to see what effect they would have upon the woman.

To his surprise and disappointment, there was no change in the bored look of indifference which her handsome face had worn throughout the evening.

A thought struck him, and he gave the tube a jerk, the result of which convinced him that, in spite of the apparatus so ostentatiously attached to her right ear, the words uttered at his end did not reach hers at all.

He was intensely interested, and anxious to find out how the thing was worked. But the man in red was looking curious, and he now abruptly cut short the patient's sitting, with the intimation that time was up. He at the same time gave the doctor a rather ungentle push across the stage, and, calling out "Number six hundred and thirty-nine," handed him a folded piece of paper and told him to call for his medicine after eleven.

The doctor got down from the stage and opened his paper. It contained the following words, written in a small, neat hand, and headed with the printed word, "Advice":—

"Refrain from poking your nose into other people's business, and the symptoms will at once subside."

The doctor burst out laughing. But the humour of the rogue did not change his determination to get to the bottom of the business.

In the first place, he exerted himself to get hold of such of the papers of advice as he could induce the patients round about to let him see.

He found that the charlatan's wit had stood him in good stead, and as one after the other, he read instructions which, in the circumstances indicated by the sufferers, were much

as he would have given himself, Dr. Webley became convinced that the Mesmeric Lady and her accomplices had, by some means or other, become possessed of the rudiments of a medical education, or at least that they had mastered the contents of a work dealing with a certain number of common ailments.

And it occurred to him as possible that one at least of the confederates, of whom there were probably several, might turn out to be a chemist's assistant.

But these facts did not diminish his disgust that these crowds of fools should be ready, under the influence of a brass band and brightly-lighted tent and a little childish mummery, to give their half-crowns and crowns for commonplace advice given in circumstances of uncomfortable publicity and with too much haste to be anything but superficial, when they would not, for an even smaller fee, put themselves into the hands of a highly-qualified man who could examine and advise them at leisure.

He went out of the tent, and hung about until the clock of the town hall struck the half-hour after eleven, when the man in red shouted that the lady's trance was over, and that the people must "clear out."

They obeyed like a flock of sheep, the more readily that the man in red velveteen began to turn the lights out.

Ten minutes later those persons whose numbered tickets entitled them to medicine were filing in and out of a smaller tent where a perspiring man in a cloth cap and shirt-sleeves was handing out bottles, ready corked and labelled, as fast as he could.

The doctor was much interested to know what would be prescribed for his ailment. And once again his sense of humour almost got the better of his annoyance when he had handed out to him, not medicine, but a small bottle of Bass's bitter ale.

Nevertheless he smothered his feelings of hilarity, as before, and waited until the crowd had melted away and the tents were deserted by all but the two men in charge.

Then he sauntered towards the living van, a brightly-painted affair, which stood at a short distance from the tents. As he approached, taking care to do so under cover of an empty stall, he saw that a woman was sitting on the steps of the vehicle, and in spite of the fact that she had divested herself of her fantastic finery and was wearing a long rug coat and a close motor-hood, he had no difficulty in recognizing the handsome young woman before him as the Mesmeric Lady of an hour before.

He walked suddenly out of the shadow into the light cast by the little lamp that hung outside the carriage, and the woman uttered a scream.

"Don't be alarmed, pray, madam," said Dr. Webley, in a dry tone. "You are, I believe, the lady who prescribes for patients suffering from all kinds of ailments; and, as I am a medical man myself, I shall be glad if you will give me, in confidence, of course, some details as to your qualifications."

The woman, who was looking very tired, stared helplessly into his face.

"I don't know anything about it," she said, hurriedly. "There's some mistake. I don't know what you mean."

"Then I'm afraid I must put it more plainly than I like to do in speaking to a lady," said the doctor, instinctively assuming a less aggressive tone when he noticed that her voice was perfectly refined, and that she glanced at him with the shy, helpless perplexity of a great baby. "You pretend to prescribe for various ailments, and you use such strong remedies as nux vomica in your medicines. Such things cannot lawfully or safely be done by unqualified persons."

"Oh, I'm qualified—I'm qualified," said she, hurriedly.

"I'm afraid you would have a difficulty in showing me your diplomas, madam," said Dr. Webley. "No; I know more than this. I know that you are a mere cipher, a dummy, in this fraudulent business. The tube which is attached to your ear brings no record of symptoms to you. The tube has two working ends, one into which the patient speaks, and the other which leads, not to your ear, but to someone else's. It is to that someone else, the prime mover in this fraud on the public, that I wish to speak."

The woman hesitated, stammered, turned very red, and burst into tears.

Dr. Webley felt very uncomfortable, but he was determined to find out the principal of the infamous business, and to warn him as to the consequences of persisting in his dangerous career. He murmured some apologetic words, and then the woman suddenly looked up on hearing a man's rapid footsteps approaching. Dr. Webley turned, but even before he did so he heard a muttered exclamation, and the other man, with a smothered ejaculation, took to his heels.

"Hi!" cried the doctor, as he fled in pursuit.

Across the market-place they ran, down one street, up another, into the churchyard and out again. At last the man pursued stumbled

and fell, and in an instant the doctor was upon him.

For a minute the other tried to hide his face. Then, realizing that he was beaten, he suddenly looked up, and the amazed Dr. Webley recognized the handsome features of Wilfred Broughton, M.D. Lond.

"HE WALKED SUDDENLY OUT OF THE SHADOW INTO THE LIGHT CAST BY THE LITTLE LAMP THAT HUNG OUTSIDE THE CARRIAGE, AND THE WOMAN UTTERED A SCREAM."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Webley. "What are you doing here? Surely you don't mean that *you*——"

Broughton was on his feet, brushing the mud off his clothes.

"That I—am making a hundred a week by unprofessional conduct, instead of starving in respectability? Yes, that's the case," said he, coolly.

"You must give it up," said Webley, sternly.

Broughton shook his head.

"And starve again? Not me!" said he.

Dr. Webley's anger flashed up within him at this contented degradation.

"Then I must expose you," said he, sternly.

The other turned to him quickly.

"For Heaven's sake, don't do that," he said, earnestly. "I do no harm. My wife

is only a figure-head, as you guessed. I hear the complaints, prescribe, make up the medicines. She scrawls—*nothing* on one paper, and my red velveteen assistant substitutes another paper, on which I have written the advice. I hide behind her chair, and it's I who feel the patient's pulse."

"I know that. It's a disgraceful business. I must put an end to it."

"Oh, you can do that, and welcome," said he, contentedly. "If you report me to the Medical Council for unprofessional conduct my public will never hear of it, and it will do me no harm. But for Heaven's sake don't expose me to my public as a qualified medical practitioner. My receipts would go down to zero to-morrow, and even the brass band and the red velveteen and spangles wouldn't save

"HE SUDDENLY LOOKED UP, AND THE AMAZED DR. WEBLEY RECOGNISED THE HANDSOME FEATURES OF WILFRED BROUGHTON, M.D. LOND."

"For mercy's sake, don't!"

Broughton's tone was tremulous with feeling. But the other stood firm.

"I must. I owe it to the profession. I shall report you to the Medical Council."

Broughton's agonized countenance grew clear in a moment.

me. For the sake of my wife, come, Webley, be merciful. You go and cure all the wise folk your way, and leave me the fools. The game's a better one than yours, though it's beneath you to play it."

Dr. Webley allowed himself to be persuaded, and retreated—thoughtfully.

Some Strange Predicaments.

By T. C. BRIDGES.

Illustrated by W. E. Wigfull.

IT is always a mistake to jump to conclusions, and here is an instance in point. One day last summer a wealthy American who lives in Paris was playing baccarat at the Casino at Enghien. The gentleman in question has a simple system of his own. He loses only a fixed sum, and, when this is gone, stakes no more.

On this occasion he had reached his limit losses, and, turning to a lady who was sitting next him, remarked: "There goes my last louis. I shall not play any more." At the same time he took a little tortoise-shell box from his pocket, opened it, and slipped a small white lozenge into his mouth. Next thing he knew was that he was in the hands of four stalwart attendants, who caught him from behind, swung him out of his chair, and carried him out of the Casino into a small room adjoining. Refusing to listen to his angry protests, they hastily laid him on a sofa, forced his jaws open, and poured a strong emetic down his throat.

The consequences were so immediate and disastrous that the poor man was beyond speech for the next quarter of an hour. By that time it was too late for his explanation that the lozenge was merely sulphate of quinine, and that the Casino authorities were idiots for jumping to the conclusion that he had lost his last penny and taken poison.

Ignorance of local customs will sometimes land the ignorant one in a dreadful dilemma. Some little time ago a carnival to celebrate the birthday of a Western town was attended by a party of Ute Indians. Another visitor was a telegraph manager, a new arrival in the place. He was much interested in the Indians, and made each of their number a small present. To the youngest of the party, a particularly pretty young squaw, daughter of the chief, he gave a string of beads, a gift which she accepted with evident pleasure.

A week or two later he received from the young squaw a handsome jacket of deer-skin embroidered with beads. He was a little surprised, but took it merely as a return for the small courtesies he had shown to her people. Some days afterwards a friend who understood Indians and their customs informed him that this exchange of presents constituted an Indian betrothal. He had proposed by offering the beads, she had accepted by sending the jacket. Panic-stricken, the manager at once wrote to the chief of the Indians explaining that he did not want a wife, that he already had one, and that the whole thing was a mistake

"TO A PARTICULARLY PRETTY YOUNG SQUAW HE GAVE A STRING OF BEADS."

due to his ignorance. The reply was that the preparations for the wedding were already well advanced, and that if he failed to turn up there would be serious trouble.

The upshot was that the poor man, panic-stricken, applied to his company to change his headquarters, and he has never since dared so much as to show his nose in the State which harbours his would-be bride and her fierce old father.

Talking of matrimonial tangles, it is hardly possible to conceive anything more embarrassing than to find oneself wed without knowing it. That such a situation is not wholly impossible is proved by the strange experience of Count Robert de Pomereu, a French nobleman, who has served as Mayor of Heron, near Rouen, and also as deputy for the department of Seine-Inférieure.

The count himself is a bachelor. Imagine, then, his amazement at receiving one day a letter from a lady signing herself the Comtesse de Pomereu, and upbraiding him for not behaving as a married man should do, and deserting herself and his only child! At first he believed the letter to be a hoax, but subsequent inquiries proved that this was not the case. The lady showed her marriage certificate, dated April 19th, 1892, and signed with the name Robert de Pomereu. Moreover, the certificate, although the ceremony had been performed in New York, had been properly registered at the French Consulate in that city. Distracted, the count took the advice of counsel, and learned to his horror that, according to French law, he was in the inconceivable position of being married to a lady whom he had never so much as set eyes upon. The only way to extricate himself from the dilemma was to bring an action for divorce, and this he was compelled to do. The identity of the swindler who personated the count remains a mystery.

Next to being married by mistake, one can hardly imagine a more unpleasant predicament than that of unconsciously becoming a highway robber. This was the misfortune which befell a well-known Spanish soldier, General Martinez Campos, and the way of it was as follows:—

"GIVE UP THAT WATCH, YOU SCOUNDREL, OR I'LL CHOKE THE LIFE OUT OF YOU."

The general, on his way home from his club one winter evening, was hustled in the street by an unknown man, and, clapping his hand to his waistcoat, made the discovery that his gold watch and chain were missing. If not very young, the general is an extremely active man. He rushed after the unknown, caught him up, seized him by the throat, and hissed in his ear, "Give up that watch, you scoundrel, or I'll choke the life out of you." The man tremblingly gave up watch and chain, and the general, chuckling a little at his success, continued his journey home. On arriving at his house he went up to his bedroom. Judge of his amazement when he saw, lying on the dressing-table, his own watch and chain, which he had evidently left

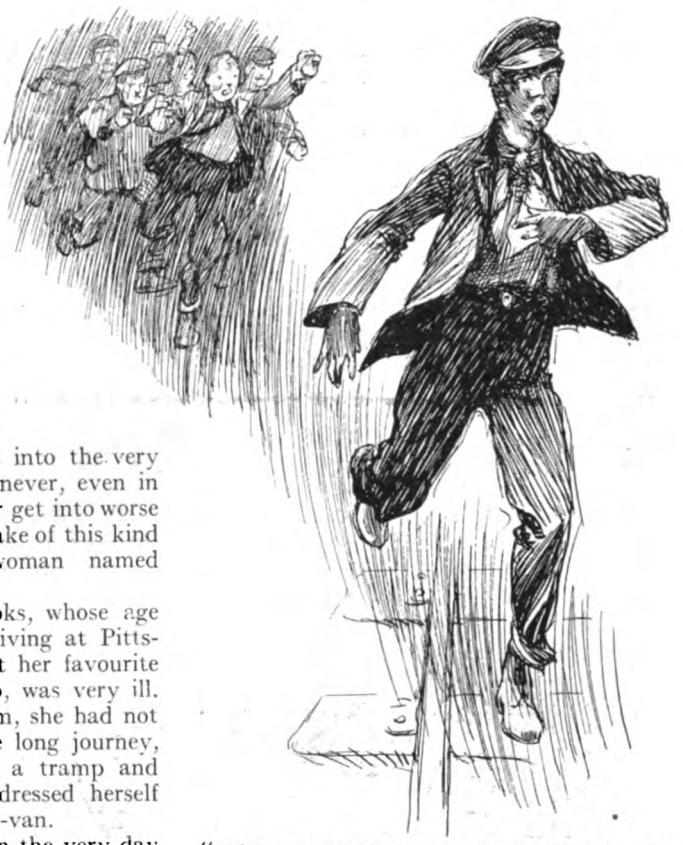
there on going out! He snatched out the watch which he had, as he believed, recovered from the thief. It was a strange one! Evidently the unknown had taken the general for a robber, and handed over his own watch. General Campos did the only thing he could do — advertised for the owner. And that was how the story came out.

Cases of mistaken identity often crop up, both in real life and in fiction, and some novelists are fond of using this device to get their heroes into the very hottest of hot water. But never, even in fiction, did any individual ever get into worse trouble as the result of a mistake of this kind than did an American woman named Catherine Rooks.

A few years ago Miss Rooks, whose age was then twenty-three, was living at Pittsburg, when she got news that her favourite brother, who lived in Chicago, was very ill. Intensely anxious to go to him, she had not money enough to pay for the long journey, so determined to travel like a tramp and steal a ride. She therefore dressed herself as a man and hid in a luggage-van.

Now, it so happened that on the very day she started a horrible murder was committed by a negro at Newcastle, a town on the way between Pittsburg and Chicago. As the luggage train pulled into the siding at Newcastle a mob of forty or fifty men, intent on hunting down the murderer, came rushing up. Seeing the crowd, the young woman was terrified, and, jumping out of the truck, ran away. The sight of her face, blackened with coal-dust, made the mob believe that she was the man they wanted, and with a roar of fury they rushed in pursuit. They caught her before she had gone a hundred yards, and dragged her to the nearest tree. A rope was noosed round her neck, and she was ordered to say her prayers.

Terror struck her absolutely dumb. It was not until the rope was actually tightening around her neck that she managed to give a last despairing scream. The tones were so unmistakably feminine that the startled lynchers slackened the rope at once. As they did so her cap came off and her hair fell about her shoulders. Then the mob fully recognized their error, and promptly took the rope off and asked her pardon. Trem-



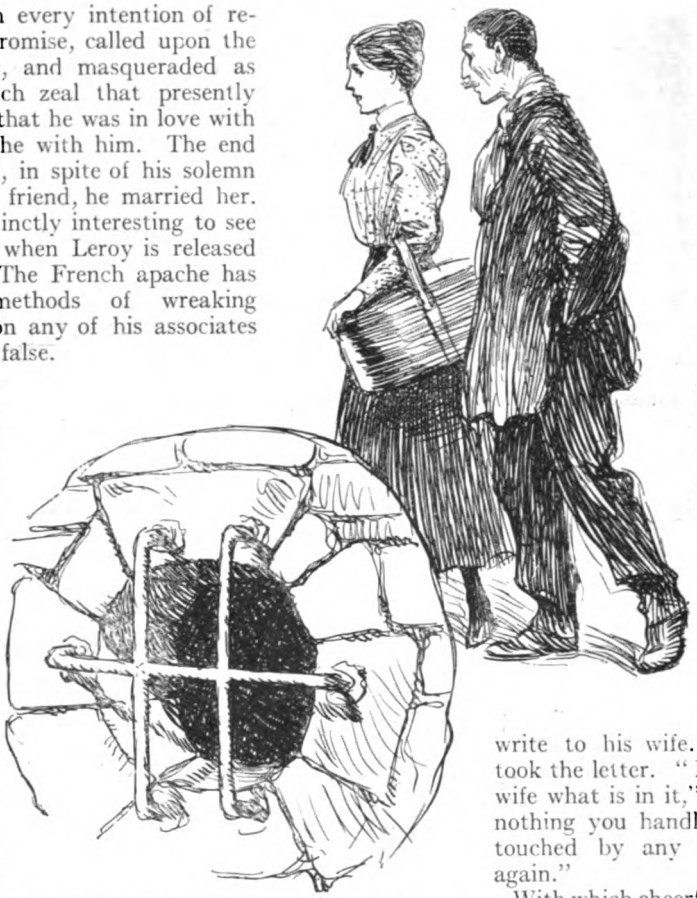
"SEEING THE CROWD, THE YOUNG WOMAN WAS TERRIFIED AND RAN AWAY."

blingly she told her story, and, to make some amends, the men hurriedly took up a collection, realizing enough money for her to continue her journey to Chicago in comfort.

Talking of likenesses, one would not care to be standing at present in the shoes of a certain Frenchman, whom we will call by the name of Dubois. Some years ago Dubois lived in the same street at Lyons with a friend named Leroy, who was as nearly as possible his exact double. Leroy got into trouble. He committed a burglary, and soon found that the police were on his track.

Feeling pretty certain that he would be caught, he sought out Dubois and implored him, on the strength of their friendship, to promise that if he—Leroy—were sent to prison Dubois would, by impersonating him, keep from the young woman to whom he was engaged the knowledge of the disgrace that had befallen her lover. Dubois promised, and, sure enough, a few days later Leroy was laid by the heels and sentenced to a long period of imprisonment.

Dubois, with every intention of redeeming his promise, called upon the young woman, and masqueraded as Leroy with such zeal that presently he discovered that he was in love with the girl and she with him. The end of it was that, in spite of his solemn promise to his friend, he married her. It will be distinctly interesting to see what happens when Leroy is released from prison. The French apache has unpleasant methods of wreaking vengeance upon any of his associates who play him false.



"DUBOIS MASQUERADED AS LEROY WITH SUCH ZEAL THAT PRESENTLY HE DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS IN LOVE WITH THE GIRL AND SHE WITH HIM."

A doctor's blunder was the means of landing an American named Early in about as ghastly a predicament as could well be imagined. John R. Early, who had been a private in the American army, after his discharge got work in a pulp mill in North Carolina. Noxious fumes caused an illness, signs of which were redness and swelling on face, hands, and feet. Early was obliged to give up his work, and went to Washington, hoping to be able to obtain a pension. While there the swelling grew worse, and he went to a doctor.

To the doctor he jokingly said: "It isn't leprosy, I hope, doctor?" Little did he imagine in what terrible trouble that innocent remark was going to land him. As it happened, two cases of leprosy had recently been discovered—one in Washington, one in New York; and apparently the doctor at once made up his mind that Early's was a third. He went away, locking the door behind him. At one in the morning he returned with another doctor. These two ordered Early to get up, dress, and enter an ambulance which was waiting outside the house. He demanded to know what was the matter, but got no answer. There was no help for it but to obey, so he got into the ambulance, and was carried away he did not know where.

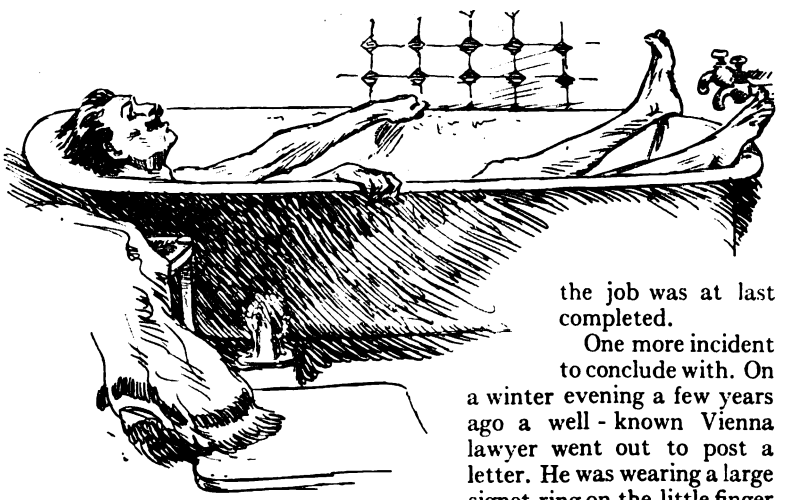
At dawn the ambulance was stopped, and he found a tent pitched near a stream and guarded by two soldiers, who informed him that no one would be allowed to come within ten feet of him. He asked to be permitted to write to his wife. The doctor took the letter. "I will tell your wife what is in it," he said, "for nothing you handle will ever be touched by any human being again."

With which cheerful pronouncement he left. For a whole year the unfortunate Early lived in the strictest seclusion, utterly cut off from all human intercourse. If it had not been for his wife he would certainly have been in the same miserable condition for the rest of his life. She, however, moved heaven and earth to get him re-examined, and eventually a well-known skin expert was induced to do so, and found that poor Early was perfectly free from any infectious or contagious disease.

Blunders on the part of telegraphists have often had odd, and sometimes disastrous, results. An amusing story of a comedy of errors caused by a telegraphic error comes from St. Gemmes, near Angers. A policeman and another man were told off by the mayor of Cholet to take a lunatic named Legrand to the asylum at St. Gemmes. The lunatic seemed to the policeman to be in the full possession of his senses, so much so that the officer fully anticipated trouble when they should reach the asylum. He therefore

stopped at a wayside inn and called for drinks for himself and his companions, his idea being to make the lunatic too intoxicated to resist. The result was what might have been anticipated. Not only the lunatic, but the other two arrived eventually at the asylum in the state popularly known as "blind to the world." They were all utterly incoherent, and the superintendent was quite unable to make out which of them was the lunatic. In order to ascertain, he telegraphed the mayor of Cholet. The mayor replied in one word, "Legrand." The message arrived in two words, "Le grand," which, of course, means "the tall one." The policeman, who was in plain clothes, happened to be much the tallest of the three, and was at once placed in a cell, while the other two, including the real lunatic, were allowed to go. When the unfortunate policeman came to his sober senses he naturally made a vehement protest, of which—equally naturally—no notice whatever was taken. And for four long days he was left to kick his heels in his cell, thinking of the wigging he was due to get when he returned.

Those who have read that delightful old book of Max Adeler's, "Out of the Hurly-Burly," will remember an absurd adventure of one of the characters, a young man, who goes to call upon the girl he is in love with, and accidentally sits upon some glue which has been spilt by a careless workman upon the edge of the veranda.



"WAKING UP, HE FOUND TO HIS HORROR THAT HIS HAIR, BACK, AND LEGS, WERE SECURELY GLUED TO THE BATH."

Time passes, the hour grows late, and the lady begins to yawn, but the poor young man is too bashful to explain the reason why he is obliged to remain immovable. At last, in sheer despair, he blurts out, "Miss Bessie, do you think your father would lend me his front porch for a day or two?" The girl, thinking that he has suddenly taken leave of his senses, bolts into the house to find her father. He comes out and the unlucky swain explains his predicament. But by this time the glue has set, and the only way to release the prisoner is to saw out a piece of planking. There is a ridiculous sequel in which the young man sneaks home by unfrequented by-ways with a square foot of board glued to the seat of his trousers.

A somewhat similar episode occurred not long ago in real life. Mr. Jackson, superintendent of the poor-house at Portland, Oregon, repainted a zinc bath with a preparation of enamel, purchased in a local shop, which was warranted to dry hard. A couple of days later he took a hot bath and, while reclining comfortably in the water, went to sleep. Waking up, he found to his horror that his hair, back, and legs were securely glued to the bath. He could not reach the bell; the door was locked. The only thing was to shout. The water was nearly cold by the time his cries were heard, and then the door had to be broken down. Even after that it was a most difficult and painful piece of work to prise him loose, and he required a doctor's attention when the job was at last completed.

One more incident to conclude with. On a winter evening a few years ago a well-known Vienna lawyer went out to post a letter. He was wearing a large signet-ring on the little finger of his right hand, and as he pushed the letter through the slit of the letter-box this caught and held his hand fast. All efforts to release himself proved fruitless. Within ten minutes the whole street was blocked by an enormous crowd and he was the centre of a storm of chaff. The police had to come to the rescue to keep the people back, but they could do nothing to release the prisoner. Not even the police dared meddle with a letter-box. It was not until authority had been obtained from the head post-office that workmen were allowed to unscrew the box and take it to pieces, and so release the unfortunate lawyer.

THE LITTLE HUMPBACKED HORSE.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Re-told from the Russian by
Post Wheeler.

Illustrated by
H. R. Millar.

IN a village across the ocean there once lived an old peasant who had three sons. The eldest, Danilo, was the most knowing lad in the place; the second, Gavrilo, was neither clever nor dull; and the youngest, who was named Ivan, was called "Little Fool Ivan."

Now one morning when the peasant went to his haystack he found, to his dismay, that someone in the night had stolen some of the hay, so that evening he sent his two eldest sons to watch for the thief.

On this night there was a biting frost and heavy snow, and Danilo said to Gavrilo, "Why should we freeze stiff to save a little worthless fodder?" So, finding a warm corner, they lay down, wrapped themselves in their thick fur coats, and went to sleep.

"HE SAW A WONDERFUL MARE AS WHITE AS SNOW."

In the morning they saw that some of the hay had been stolen. They rolled in the snow, went home, and knocked at the door till their father let them in.

"Did you see the thief?" asked he.

"We heard him prowling not far off," answered they; "but we shouted, and he dared not come nearer."

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Their father praised them, and the next night sent Little Fool Ivan to watch.

Suddenly, just at midnight, Ivan heard the neigh of a horse, and, looking out from the bush, he saw a wonderful mare, as white as snow, with a golden mane curled in little rings, eating the hay.

"So," said Little Fool Ivan to himself, "you are the thief of our hay!"

The mare came nearer and nearer, and at last Ivan leaped out, seized her tail, and jumped on to her back, wrong side before.

The white mare's eyes darted forth lightning. She curled her neck like a snake, reared on her hind legs, and shot off like an arrow. She raced over fields, she flew like a bird over ditches, she galloped like the wind along mountains, and dashed through thick forests. But, run as she would, and rear and snort as she might, she could not throw off Little Fool Ivan.

At last, just as day was beginning to dawn, the mare stopped, and, panting, spoke to him with a human voice. "Well, Ivan," she said, "since you can sit me, it seems you must possess me. Take me home and give me a place to rest for three days. Only, each morning, just at sunrise, let me out to roll in the dew. And when the three days are up I will bear you three such colts as were never heard of before. Two of them will be Czar's horses, of brown and grey, and these you may sell if you choose. But the third will be a little humpbacked horse only three feet high, with ears a foot long, and him you shall neither sell for gold nor give as a gift to anyone whatsoever. So long as you are in the world he shall be your faithful servant. In return for these three colts you shall release me and give me my freedom."

Little Fool Ivan agreed. He rode the white mare home, hid her in an empty shepherd's corral, whose entrance he covered with a horse-cloth, and went and knocked at the door of his father's house till his brothers let him in.

When they saw him they began to question him. "Well, no doubt you saw the thief! Perhaps you even caught him! Tell us."

"To be sure I did," he replied. "I jumped on the thief's back and laid hold of the villain's tail, and he ran a thousand miles or more. My neck was nearly broken in the end, and you may believe I am tired!"

So saying he lay down by the stove without taking off even his bark sandals and went to sleep, while his brothers and his father roared with laughter at the story, not a word of which, of course, they believed.

Little Fool Ivan kept the white mare hidden from all other eyes. For three mornings he rose at daybreak and let her out to roll on the dewy meadow, and on the fourth morning, when he went to the corral, he found beside her, as she had promised, three colts. Two were most beautiful to see; they were of brown and grey, their eyes were like blue sapphires, their manes and tails were golden and curled in little rings, and their hoofs were of diamond, studded with pearls. But the third was a tiny horse like a toy, with two humps on his back and ears a foot long.

Ivan was overjoyed. He thanked the white mare, and she, released, curled her neck like a snake, reared on her hind-legs, and shot off like an arrow.

Time went on till it befell one day that his eldest brother, Danilo, who had been to town for a holiday, returned late at night and, missing his way in the darkness, stumbled into the shepherd's corral. Hearing a sound, he made a light, and to his astonishment saw the three young horses.

"So—ho!" he thought. "Now I understand why Little Fool Ivan spends so much time in this old corral!" He ran to the house and woke his brother Gavrilo. "Come quickly," he said, "and see what three horses our young idiot of a brother has found for himself!"

When they came to the corral the two fine horses were neighing and snorting. Their eyes were burning like beautiful blue candles, and their curling gold manes and tails and their hoofs of diamond and pearls filled the two brothers with envy.

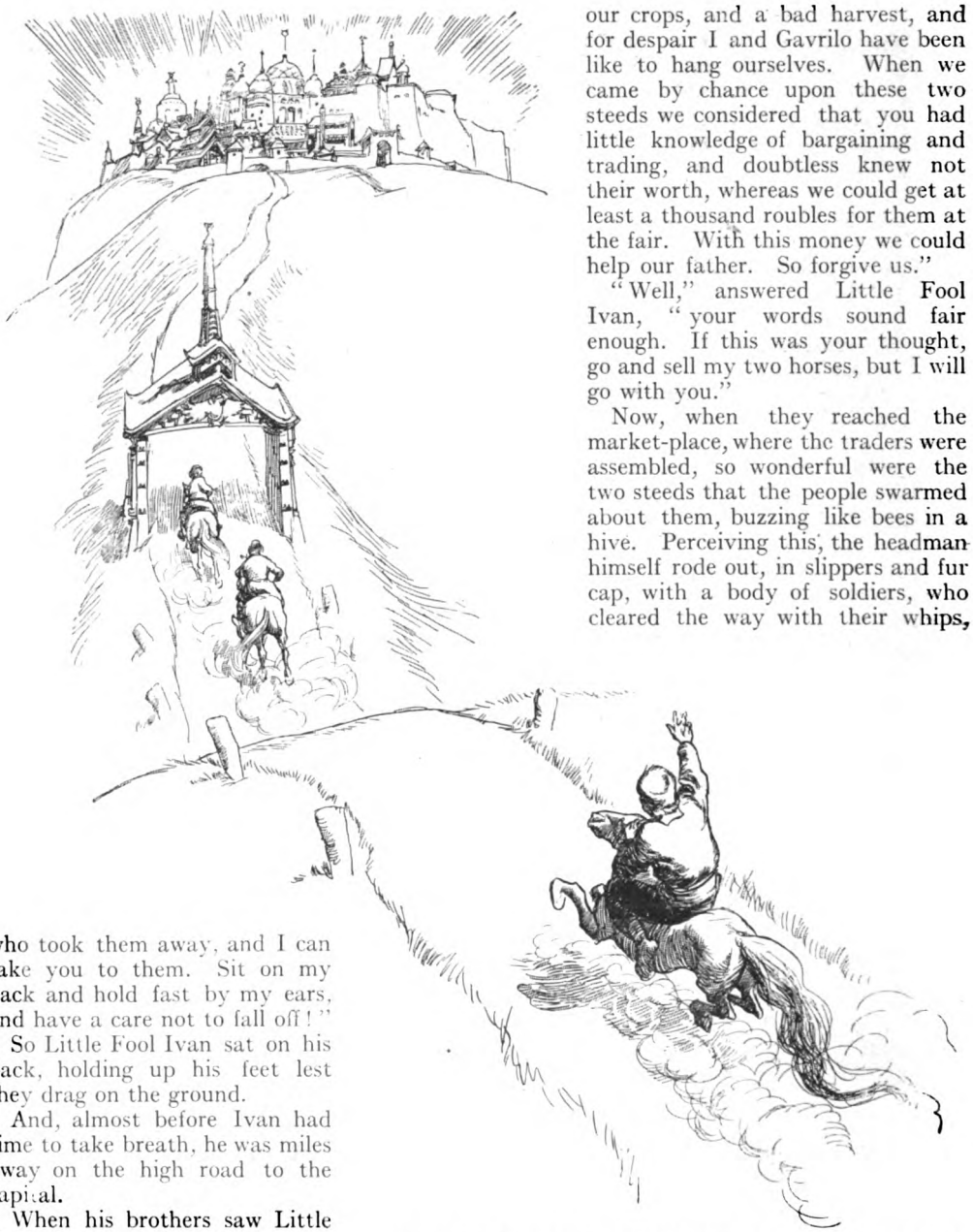
"We ought to have the horses," said Gavrilo, "and not Little Fool Ivan. Next week is the fair at the capital. Many foreigners will come in ships to buy linen, and it is said that even Czar Saltan will be there. Let us come here by night and take the horses thither and sell them."

So the two brothers agreed, and went home planning how to spend the money.

When the next week came round, accordingly, they took the two fine horses out of the corral and set off for the capital.

Next morning, when Ivan came to the corral, he found, to his grief, that the beautiful pair had vanished. There was left only the little humpbacked horse that was turning round and round before him, capering, clapping his long ears together, and dancing up and down with joy. Ivan began to weep.

At this the humpbacked horse neighed, and spoke in a human voice: "Don't worry, little master," he said. "It was your brothers



"'FOR SHAME, YOU RASCALS!' SHOUTED HE. 'YOU MAY BE MORE CLEVER THAN I, BUT I HAVE NEVER STOLEN YOUR STEEDS.'"

our crops, and a bad harvest, and for despair I and Gavrilo have been like to hang ourselves. When we came by chance upon these two steeds we considered that you had little knowledge of bargaining and trading, and doubtless knew not their worth, whereas we could get at least a thousand roubles for them at the fair. With this money we could help our father. So forgive us."

"Well," answered Little Fool Ivan, "your words sound fair enough. If this was your thought, go and sell my two horses, but I will go with you."

Now, when they reached the market-place, where the traders were assembled, so wonderful were the two steeds that the people swarmed about them, buzzing like bees in a hive. Perceiving this, the headman himself rode out, in slippers and fur cap, with a body of soldiers, who cleared the way with their whips,

who took them away, and I can take you to them. Sit on my back and hold fast by my ears, and have a care not to fall off!"

So Little Fool Ivan sat on his back, holding up his feet lest they drag on the ground.

And, almost before Ivan had time to take breath, he was miles away on the high road to the capital.

When his brothers saw Little Fool Ivan coming after them like the wind on his toy horse, they knew not what to do.

"For shame, you rascals!" shouted he, as he overtook them. "You may be more clever than I, but I have never stolen your steeds!"

"Our dear little brother!" said Danilo. "There is little use denying. We took your two horses, but we did so with no thought of wrong. As you know, this has been a poor season with

so that he came to the middle of the market and saw the horses with his own eyes.

And, bidding the crier proclaim that no buyer should buy them, he rode to the Palace of the Czar and told him of them.

The Czar could not sit still for curiosity. He ordered his State carriage and rode at

once to the market, and when he saw the horses tugging at their halters and gnawing their bits, with their eyes shining like sapphires, their curling golden manes, and hoofs of diamond and pearls, he could not take his eyes from them, but asked who owned them.

"Your Majesty," said Little Fool Ivan, "I am their master."

"What will you take for them?" asked the Czar.

"Fifteen caps full of silver," answered Ivan, "and five roubles besides."

"Good!" said the Czar, and ordered the money to be given to him. Then ten grooms, with grey hair and golden uniforms, led the pair to the Royal stables. On the way, however, the horses knocked the grooms down, bit their bridles to pieces, and ran neighing back to Ivan.

Then the Czar called him to his presence and said: "It seems that my wonderful steeds will obey only you. There is nothing for it but to make you my Chief Equerry and Master of my Stables." And he ordered the crier at once to proclaim the appointment. So Little Fool Ivan called his brothers Danilo and Gavrilo, gave them the fifteen caps full of silver, and the five roubles beside, kissed them, bade them not neglect their father, but to care for him in his old age, and led the horses to the Royal stables.

Five weeks went by, while Ivan wore red robes, ate sweet food, and slept his fill. Each morning at sunrise he took the horses to roll in the dew on the open field, and fed them with honey and white wheat till their coats shone like satin. But the more the Czar praised him the more envious many in the Court were of him.

The one who hated him most was the officer who had been the Czar's Master of Horse before his coming. Every day this man pondered how he might bring about Ivan's ruin, and went to all those Court officials who were envious of the new favourite, and bade them hang their heads and go about with sorrowful faces, promising, when the Czar asked the cause, to tell him what would ruin Little Fool Ivan. They did so, and the Czar, noticing their sad looks, asked:—

"Why are you cast down and crestfallen?"

Then he who had given this counsel stood forth and said: "O Czar, we grieve not for ourselves, but we fear your new Master of the Stables is a wizard and an evil-doer and familiar with Black Magic. For he boasts openly that he could fetch you, if he chose, in addition to your two wonderful steeds, the fabled Pig with the golden bristles and the silver tusks, with her twenty sucklings, who live in the hidden valley of the Land of the South."

Hearing this the Czar was wroth. "Bring before me this wild boaster," he said.

Thereupon they ran to the stables, where Little Fool Ivan lay asleep, and kicked him wide awake and brought him to the Czar, who looked at him angrily and said: "Hear my command. If in three days you have not brought hither, from the hidden valley of the Land of the South, the Pig with the golden bristles and silver tusks, together with her twenty sucklings, I will deliver you to an evil death!"

Little Fool Ivan went out to the stables weeping bitterly. Hearing him coming, the little humpbacked horse began to dance and to flap its ears together for joy, but as soon as he saw his master's tears he almost began to sob himself. "Why are you not merry, little master?" he asked. "Why does your head hang lower than your shoulders?"

Ivan embraced and kissed the little horse and told him the task the Czar had laid upon him. "Don't weep," said the pony; "I can help you. Nor is this service so very hard. Go to the Czar and ask of him a bucket of golden corn, a bucket of silver wheat, and a silken lasso."

So Ivan went before the Czar and asked, as he had been bidden, for the wheat, the corn, and the silken lasso, and brought them to the stables.

"Now," said the little humpbacked horse, "mount me, with the grain and the silken rope, and we will be off, for the way is far."

Ivan put the silver wheat and the golden corn into stout bags, slung them across the pony's neck, and, with his silken lasso wound about his waist, mounted, and the little humpbacked horse darted away like an eagle. He scoured wide plains, leaped across swift rivers, and sped along mountain ridges, and after running without a pause for a day and a night he stopped in a deep valley on the edge of a dreary wood, and said: "Little master, this is the Land of the South, and in this valley lives the Pig with the golden bristles. She comes every day to feed in this forest. Take the golden corn and the silver wheat and pour them on the ground in two piles, at some distance apart, and conceal yourself. When the Pig comes she will run to the corn, but the sucklings will begin to eat the wheat, and while the mother is not by you may secure them. Bring them to me,

and tie them to my saddle with the silken lasso, and I will bear thee back. As for the Pig, she will follow her sucklings."

Little Fool Ivan did all as the little horse bade him. He entered the forest, put the corn and wheat in two piles, hid himself in a thicket near the latter, and rested till evening, when there came a sound of grunting, and the Pig with the golden bristles and silver tusks led her young into the forest. She saw the corn, and at once began to eat it, while the twenty sucklings ran to the wheat. He caught them, one by one, tied them with the silken lasso, and, hastening to the little horse, made them fast to his saddle-bow. Scarcely had he mounted when the Pig perceived them, and, seeing her sucklings borne away, came running after them, erecting her golden bristles and gnashing her silver tusks.

"THE PIG CAME RUNNING AFTER THEM, ERECTING HER GOLDEN BRISTLES AND GNASHING HER SILVER TUSKS."

The little humpbacked horse sped away like a flash back along the road they had come, with the Pig pursuing them, and, after running without stop for a night and a day, they arrived after dark at the Czar's capital.

When they reported to the Czar that Little Fool Ivan had performed his task, the Czar bestowed high rank and all manner of honours upon him, till, for hatred and malice, the envious ones were beside themselves.

They conferred together, and, coming before the Czar, they said: "O Czar, your Master of Horse is now boasting that he could fetch from across three times nine lands, where the little red sun rises, the beautiful Girl-Czar whom you have so long desired for your bride, who lives on the ocean in a golden boat, which she rows with silver oars."

Then was the Czar mightily angered.

"Summon this boaster again before me," he commanded, and when Little Fool Ivan was come in, he bade him bring him the lovely Girl-Czar within twelve days, or pay the forfeit with his head. So, for the second time, Ivan went weeping to the little humpbacked horse and told him the Czar's will.

"Dry your tears, little master," said the other, "for I can assist you. Go to the Czar and ask for two handkerchiefs cunningly embroidered in gold, a silken tent woven with gold thread and with golden tent-poles, gold and silver dishes, and all manner of wines and sweetmeats."

Ivan lost no time in obeying, and when they were ready brought them to the stables.

For six days they rode, a hundred thousan l

miles, till they reached a forest at the very end of the world. Here they stopped, and Ivan alighted on the seashore.

"Now pitch your tent on the white sand," said the little horse. "In it spread your embroidered handkerchiefs, and on them put the wine and the gold and silver plates piled with sweetmeats. Then hide behind the tent and watch. From her golden boat the Girl-Czar will see the tent and will approach it. Let her enter it and eat and drink her fill. Then go in, seize and hold her, and call for me." So saying, he ran to hide himself in the forest.

Ivan pitched the tent, prepared the food and wine, and, lying down behind the tent, made a tiny hole in the silk through which to see, and waited. And before long the golden boat came sailing over the blue sea. The beautiful Girl-Czar alighted to look at the splendid tent, and, seeing the wine and sweetmeats, entered and began to eat and drink. So lovely was she that no tale could describe her, and Little Fool Ivan could not gaze enough. He forgot what the little horse had told him, and he was still peering through the hole when the beautiful maiden sprang up, left the tent, leaped into her golden boat, and the silver oars carried her far away on the sea.

"THE GIRL CRIED OUT AND FOUGHT TO BE FREE."

When the little humpbacked horse came running up, Ivan, too late, repented of his folly. "I am guilty," he said. "And now I shall never see her again!" And he began to shed tears.

"Never mind," said the little horse. "She will come again to-morrow; but if you fail next time we must needs go back without her, and your head will be lost."

Next day Little Fool Ivan spread the wines and sweetmeats, and lay down to watch as before; and again the lovely Girl-Czar came rowing in her golden boat and entered the tent and began to regale herself. And while she ate and drank Ivan ran in and seized and held her and called to the little horse. The girl cried out and fought to be free, but when she saw how handsome Little Fool Ivan was she quite forgot to struggle. He mounted and put her before him on the saddle, and the humpbacked horse dashed away like lightning along the road they had come.

They rode six days, and on the seventh they came again to the capital, and Little Fool Ivan —with a sad heart, since he had fallen in love with her himself — brought the lovely girl to the palace.

The Czar was overjoyed. He came out to meet them, took the maiden by her white hand, seated her beside him beneath a silken

curtain, on a cushion of purple velvet, and spoke to her tender words.

"O Girl-Czar, to whom none can be compared!" he said. "My bride that is to be! For a long time I have not slept, either by night or day, for thinking of your eyes!"

But the beautiful Girl-Czar turned from him and would not answer, and again and again he tried his wooing, till at length she said: "O Czar, you are wrinkled and grey, and have left sixty years behind you, while I am but sixteen. If I should marry you the Czar of all Czardoms would laugh, saying that a grandfather had taken his grandchild to wife."

Hearing this, the Czar was angry. "It is true," he said, "that flowers do not bloom in winter, and that I am no longer young. But I am nevertheless a great Czar."

Then she replied: "I will marry no one who has grey hairs and who lacks teeth in his head. If you will but grow young again, then will I marry you willingly."

"How can a man grow young again?" he asked.

"There is a way, O Czar," she said, "and it is thus: Order three great cauldrons to be placed in the courtyard. Fill the first with cold water, the second with boiling water, and the third with boiling mare's-milk. He who bathes one minute in the boiling milk, two in the boiling water, and three in the cold water becomes instantly young, and so handsome that it cannot be told. Do this, and I will become your Czaritza, but not otherwise."

The Czar at once bade them prepare in the courtyard the three cauldrons, one of cold water, one of boiling water, and one of boiling mare's-milk, minded to make the test. The envious courtiers, however, came to him and said:—

"O Czar, this is a strange thing, and we have never heard that a man can plunge into boiling liquid and not be scalded. We pray you, therefore, bid your Master of Horse bathe before you; then you may be assured that all is well."

Now, this counsel seemed good to the Czar, and he straightway summoned Little Fool Ivan and bade him prepare to make the trial.

When Ivan heard the Czar's command he said to himself: "So I am to be killed like a sucking-pig or a chicken!" And he went sorrowfully to the stables and told the little humpbacked horse.

"You found me the Pig with the golden bristles," he said, "and the beautiful Girl-Czar; but now these are all as nothing, and my life is as worthless as an old boot." And he began to weep bitterly.

"Weep not, master," said the little horse. "This is indeed a real service that I will do you. Now, listen well to what I say. When you go to the courtyard, before you strip off your clothes to bathe, ask the Czar to permit them to bring your little humpbacked horse, that you may bid him farewell for the last time. He will agree, and when I am brought there I will gallop three times around the three kettles, dip my nose in each, and sprinkle you. Lose not a moment then, but jump instantly into the cauldron of boiling milk, then into the boiling water, and last into the cold water."

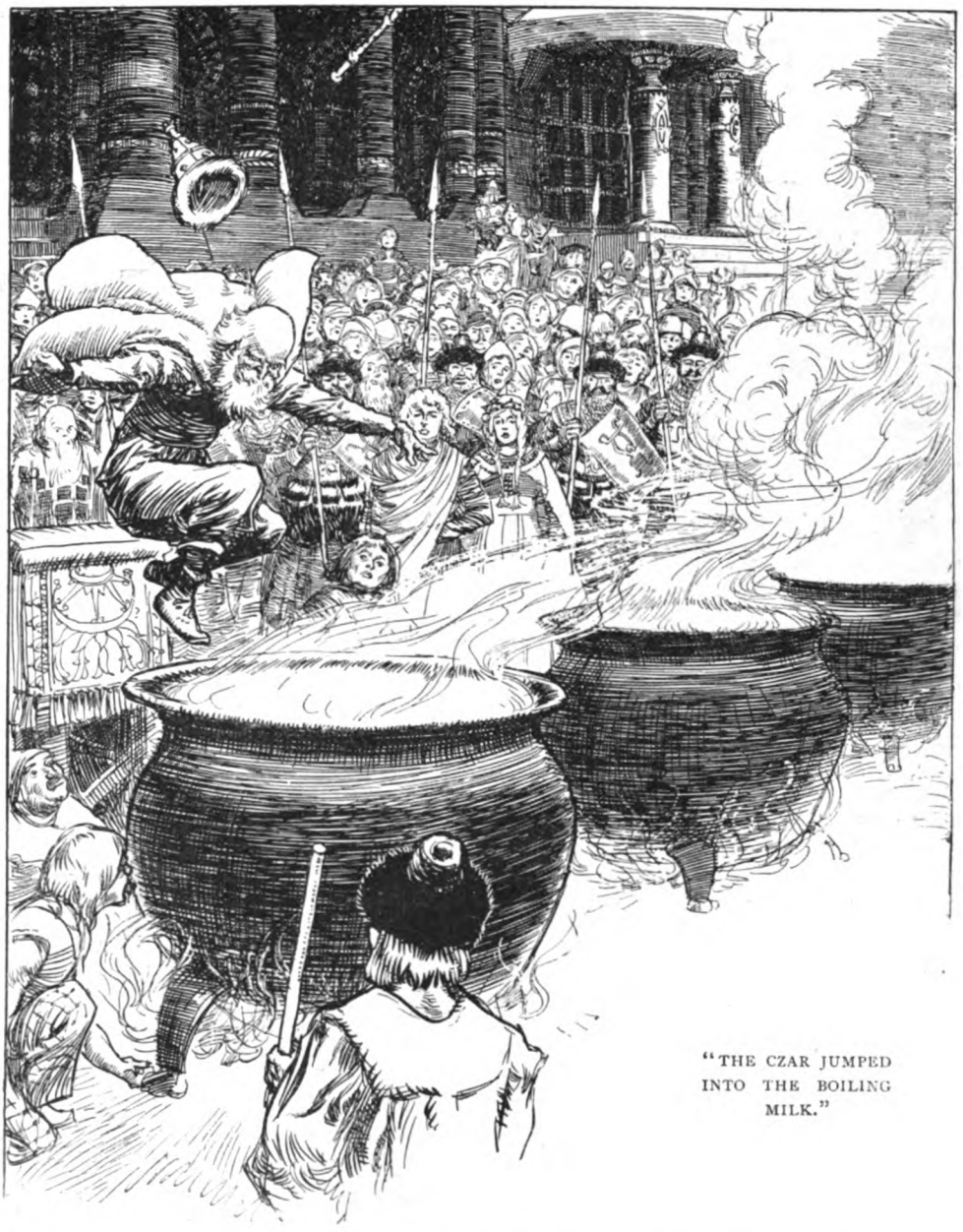
Scarcely had he instructed him when the officers came to bring Ivan to the courtyard. All the Court Ministers were there to see, and the place was crowded with people, while the Czar looked on from a balcony. The two cauldrons were boiling hot, and servants fed the great fires beneath them with heaps of fuel. Little Fool Ivan bowed low before the Czar, and prepared for the bath.

But, having taken off his coat, he bowed again and said: "O Czar, I have but one favour to ask. Bid them bring hither my little humpbacked horse, that I may embrace him once more, for the last time!"

The Czar was in good humour, thinking he was so soon to regain his youth, and he consented, and presently the little horse came running into the courtyard, dancing up and down and clapping his long ears together. But as soon as he came to the three cauldrons he galloped three times round them, dipped his nose into each, and sprinkled his master, and, without waiting a moment, Little Fool Ivan threw off his clothes and jumped into the three cauldrons, one after the other. And while he had been good-looking before, he came from the last cauldron so handsome that his beauty could neither be described with a pen nor written in a tale.

Now, when the Czar saw this he could wait no longer. He hastened down from the balcony, and, without waiting to undress, crossed himself and jumped into the boiling milk. But the charm did not work in his case, and he was instantly scalded to death.

Seeing the Czar was dead, the Girl-Czar came to the balcony and spoke to the people, saying: "Your Czar chose me to be his bride. If you will, I will rule this kingdom; but it shall be only as the wife of him who brought me from my own!"



"THE CZAR JUMPED INTO THE BOILING MILK."

The people, well pleased, shouted: "Health to Czar Ivan!" And so Little Fool Ivan led the lovely Girl-Czar to the church, and they were married that same day.

Then Czar Ivan ordered the trumpeters to blow their trumpets and the butlers to open the bins, and he made in the palace a feast like a hill, and the officers and princes sat at oak tables and drank from golden goblets, and made merry till they could not stand on their feet.

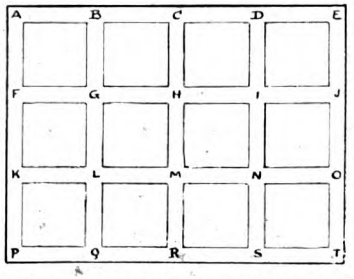
But Little Fool Ivan, with his Czaritza, ruled the kingdom wisely and well, and grew never too wise to take counsel of the little humpbacked horse.

PERPLEXITIES.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

91.—INSPECTING A MINE.

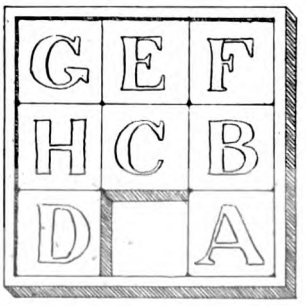
THE diagram is supposed to represent the passages or galleries in a mine. We will assume that every passage, A to B, B to C, C to H, H to I, and so on, is one furlong in length. It will be seen that there are thirty-one of these passages. Now, an official has to inspect all of them, and he descends by a shaft to the point C. How far must he travel, and what route do you recommend? The reader may at first say, "As there are thirty-one passages, each a furlong in length, he will have to travel just thirty-one furlongs." But this is assuming that he need never go along a passage more than once, which is not the case. Take your pencil and try to find the shortest route. You will soon discover that there is room for considerable judgment. In fact, it is quite a perplexing little puzzle. When you think you have solved it, try to find the inspector's shortest routes, starting from points A and B respectively. Also discover the best point in the mine from which to start. We will assume that a shaft descends at every point.



92.—THE LETTER BLOCK PUZZLE.

HERE is a little reminiscence of our old friend, the Fifteen Block Puzzle. Eight wooden blocks are lettered and placed in a box, as shown in the illustration. It will be seen that you can only move one block at a time to the place vacant for the time being, as no block may be lifted out of the box. The puzzle is to shift them about until you get them in the order—

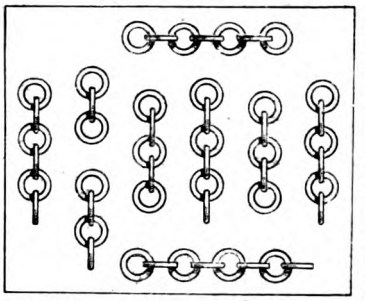
A B C
D E F
G H



This you will find by no means difficult if you are allowed as many moves as you like. But the puzzle is to do it in the fewest possible moves. I will not say what this smallest number of moves is, because the reader may like to discover it for himself. In writing down your moves you will find it necessary to record no more than the letters in the order that they are shifted. Thus, your first five moves might be C, H, G, E, F; and this notation can have no possible ambiguity. In practice you only need eight counters and a simple diagram on a sheet of paper.

93.—A CHAIN PUZZLE.

THIS is a puzzle based on a pretty little idea first dealt with by the late Mr. Sam Loyd. A man had nine pieces of chain, as shown in the illustration. He wanted to join these fifty links into one endless chain. It will cost a penny to open any link and twopence to weld a link together again, but he could buy a new endless chain of the same character and quality for two shillings and twopence. What was the cheapest course for him to adopt? Unless the reader is cunning he may find himself a good way out in his answer.



Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

88.—THE EXCHANGE PUZZLE.

MAKE the following exchanges of pairs: H—K, H—E, H—C, H—A, I—L, I—F, I—D, K—L, G—J, J—A, F—K, L—E, D—K, E—F, E—D, E—B, B—K. It will be found that, although the white counters can be moved to their proper places in 11 moves, if we omit all consideration of exchanges, yet the black cannot be so moved in fewer than 17 moves. So we have to introduce waste moves with the white counters to equal the minimum required by the black. Thus fewer than 17 moves must be impossible. Some of the moves are, of course, interchangeable.

89.—THE TRUSSES OF HAY.

ADD together the ten weights and divide by 4 and we get 289lb. as the weight of the five trusses together. If we call the five trusses in the order of weight A, B, C, D, and E, the lightest being A and the heaviest E, then the lightest, 110lb., must be the weight of A and B; and the next lightest, 112lb., must be the weight of A and C. Then the two heaviest, D and E, must weigh 121lb., and C and E must weigh 120lb. We thus know that A, B, D, and E weigh together 231lb., which, deducted from 289lb. (the weight of the five trusses), gives us the weight of C as 58lb. Now, by mere subtraction, we find the weight of each of the five trusses—54lb., 56lb., 58lb., 59lb., and 62lb. respectively.

90.—THE STOP-WATCH.

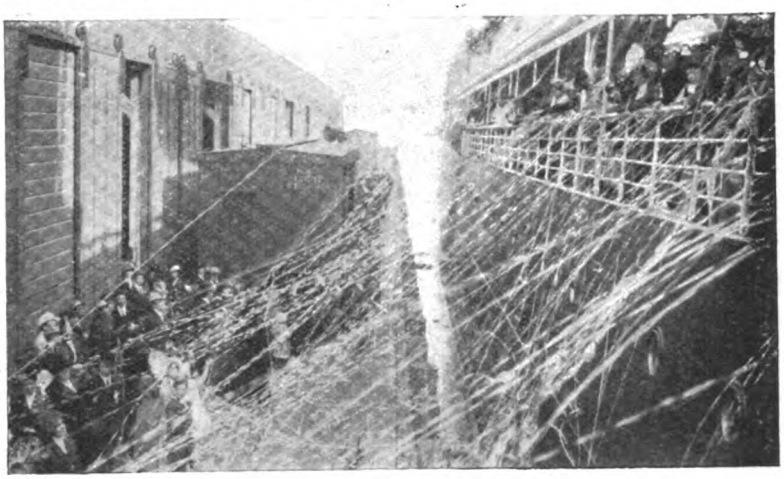
THE time indicated on the watch was 5 5-11min. past 9, when the seconds hand would be at 27 3-11sec. The next time the hands would be similar distances apart would be 54 6-11min. past 2, when the seconds hand would be at 32 8-11sec. But you need only hold the watch (or our previous illustration of it) in front of a mirror, when you will see the second time reflected in it! Of course, when reflected, you will read XI as I, X as II, and so on.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A PRETTY CUSTOM.

THIS picture, showing the liner *Sierra* leaving San Francisco for Honolulu with a big crowd of tourists bound for Hawaii to see the floral parade and visit the volcano of Kilauea, illustrates a pretty custom that marks the departure of most passenger ships for the island port. When the passenger goes aboard he is handed a package of serpentine confetti. He throws a coil of the coloured paper to each of his friends on the wharf, retaining one end of the string until the steamer's moving parts the fragile ties.—Mr. G. L. Campbell, 1,727, Euclid Avenue, Berkeley, Cal., U.S.A.



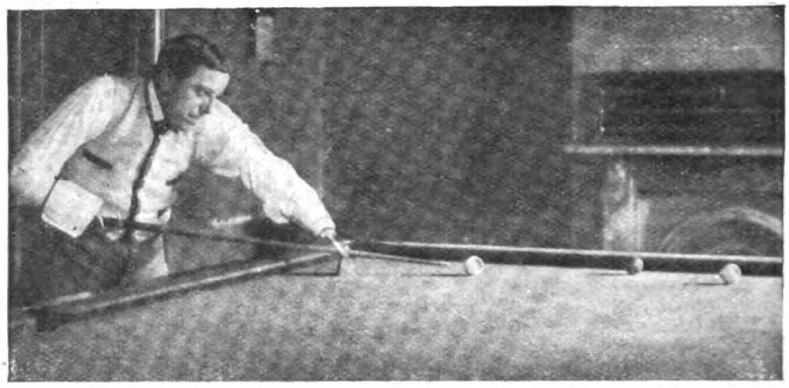
ORIENTAL POLE-CLIMBERS.

AN interesting feature of some sports held at Tourane, in French Indo-China, is here shown The Annamites are seen negotiating a particularly stiff pole-climb to secure the prizes of umbrellas and other articles which are suspended at the top for those who can reach them. Judging from the photograph, competition was very keen, while those who gained the awards certainly earned them by their exertions.—Mr. C. K. Edmunds, Tourane, Annam.

FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

THIS extraordinary object was recently picked up at sea near Greystones, County Wicklow. It was travelling at a great speed, keg upwards, and had to be towed ashore. The keg must have been at the bottom of the sea, perhaps in some sunken ship, for a century, with the result that thousands of the most wonderful creatures imaginable had got fixed to it. These animals, or fish, were in a mass five feet high and four feet in circumference. They have snake-like bodies, and terminate in the most beautifully-shaped and gorgeously-coloured shells of orange, white, and blue, and have the extraordinary power of propelling themselves through the water by wings. The Irish Zoo are interesting themselves in the wonderful "freak," and are contemplating its purchase for the Gardens. The keg was found to contain a quantity of old parchment, which, though quite undecipherable, goes far to prove that it must originally have contained a message from the deep.—Mr. Edward Archer, Somerton, Greystones, Co. Wicklow, Ireland.

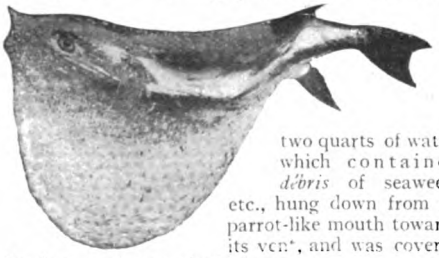
PLAYING BILLIARDS WITH ARTIFICIAL ARMS.



THE subject of the accompanying photograph had the misfortune, some ten years ago, to lose both arms from above the elbow, but so expert has he become in the use of his artificial limbs that he has taken to billiards with no little success. Mr. Harold Cave, who owns the Star Restaurant, Irthlingboro, thus describes the manner in which he handles his cue: "I had a piece of leather screwed on to the side of the cue, passing my right arm through it, with a thin strap, twelve inches farther back, buckled round my arm. The puzzle then was, how was I to steady it through my other hook? At last I hit upon an idea which answered very well. I had a piece of oak tapered off all round and two eyes screwed into the top, so that I could pass the left hook through them, as will be seen in the photograph. My highest break is twenty, and highest score eighty-two in half an hour, though I hope to be able to beat these figures."—We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. E. J. Riley, Limited, the well-known billiard-table makers, for the interesting photograph showing Mr. Cave at the table.

A QUEER CATCH.

THIS fine specimen of the rare stellated globe-fish was obtained by Mr. Fred Tiltman, a fisherman living here. It was twenty-three and a half inches long between the eye and fork of tail. Its abdomen, which was largely distended with about



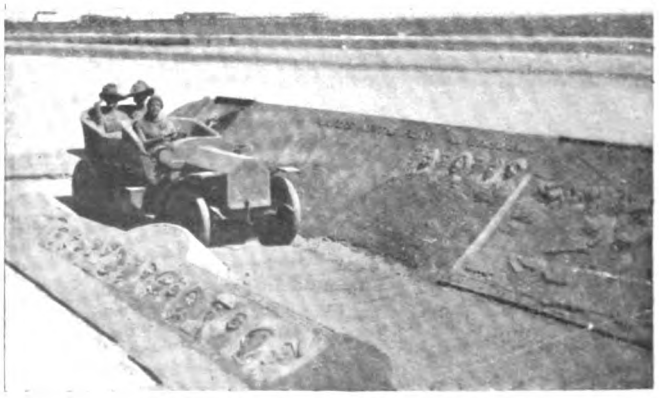
two quarts of water, which contained *débris* of seaweed, etc., hung down from its parrot-like mouth towards its vent, and was covered with spines, each one of which arose from a distinct stellated root of four processes—hence its name (*Tetrodon stellatus Donovan*). The body of the fish was of a steel-blue colour and scaleless, and the fins were very long and of great strength. The toughness of its abdominal bag was very great, a sharp knife making little impression on it.—Mr. Frederick G. Tiltman, Downderry, St. Germans, Cornwall.

REAL TEDDY BEARS.

THESE dwarf or "fruit bears" were taken from life in Brisbane, Queensland. They are actually the original species of "Teddy" bears, of Roosevelt fame, and, though wild, are practically harmless, though possessing formidable claws. Those shown in the illustration have, of course, been tamed. They are grey in colour, with muzzles absolutely black. In Queensland they may be purchased for five shillings each, but are rather difficult to rear north of the line. Their principal diet is fruit and blue-gum leaves.—Mr. John Dowling, Harragrove, Morgan Avenue, Torquay.

AUTOMOBILE MODELLED IN SAND.

YOU have from time to time published many your "Curiosities" modelled in sand, photographs in pages of figures but rarely, I think, one so well conceived and carried out as that I now send you. The work was done on the famous beach at Atlantic City, and attracted a great deal of attention.—Mr. Robert Porteous, 68, Madison Avenue, Jersey City, U.S.A.



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'The Daily Chronicle'

CHEESEMAKING AS A SCIENCE.

Interesting information concerning cheeses, of which there are 156 kinds made in various countries, was given by Mr. A. Brewer, a member of the Institute of Hygiene, in a lecture on "Cheese and Cheesemaking," at Battersea Polytechnic.

Mr. Brewer described in detail the various processes in the making of cheese, and the methods of testing the condition of the finished product. As an example of what is known as "hard" cheese he cited Canadian Cheddar, and in the forefront of the "soft" category he placed St. Ivel Lactic cheese. The great dietetic value of the last-named was, he said, due to its purity and the fact that it contains an abundance of the organic phosphates.

The makers had achieved a great success, for they had produced a cheese which, owing to the rapid action of the special culture used, converted the curd into a cheese ready for the consumer. He hoped that the community would soon awaken to the great advantages of cheese generally as a substitute for flesh foods, and of this cheese in particular, which had a health value peculiar to itself.

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1.—Doing Up Covers and Curtains.

JANE had been feeling downhearted. The coal strike had affected us badly, halving the income and doubling the expenditure, and the results of Jane's spring cleaning were extremely depressing.

The blue casement curtains, so carefully washed and ironed, looked faded and woebegone; and as for the cretonne cover on my favourite easy chair—well, Jane was simply vicious on the evening when she tied it into place after "doing it up" for the seventh year running.

"The aggravating bit of it is," said Jane, "that the stuff is as strong as when it was new; but just look at the colour! It's like—like"—and she caught her breath in a warning little sob—"like the middle part of a badly-washed roller towel."

As with curtains and chair cover, so with sideboard cloth, table covers, and cushion slips; and my house-proud little woman, who had been reckoning on spending seven or eight pounds upon brand-new furnishings, couldn't seem to get the better of her disappointment, until one day——

One day, quite early in the morning, Jane was tidying up the books and papers in the sitting-room, when a magazine fell open at a certain page, and her eye caught the words, "PLEASANT CHANGES IN THE HOME," set in big letters along the top.

Jane stood right still and read it, and found that the pleasant changes all had to do with Drummer Dyes—the wonderful little magicians that will so change and beautify all sorts of faded and shabby curtains and covers that nobody would think they were anything but new.

"That was enough for me," said Jane, "and when I found that the dyes and Dolly Creams cost only a penny each—why, I made up my mind in next to no time, and before an hour had passed I had bought six penny Drummer Dyes from the grocer, and had slipped off that wretched chair cover, clean and ugly as it was, and had got it and the art linen sideboard cover and the miserably shabby table covers all in a heap on the centre table. Then I took down the blue casement curtains, and last of all down came the white curtains with crochet tops, because I thought that if my blue casement curtains were going to be dyed a pretty sage-green, then I would have the short curtains cream for a change, and the Dolly Cream seemed to be just the very thing to colour them a soft buff shade, not flaring yellow, and not mousey grey."

"'There, John William Angus,' she said."

I quite expect Jane had a high old time of it, as she was just bubbling over with the joy of it all, and I shall never forget the proud look on her bonnie face when she dragged me into the renovated room almost before I had scrambled across the threshold.

"I slipped off that wretched chair cover."

"There! John William Angus," she said. "*There!* And six penny Drummer Dyes did the whole lot. Now doesn't everything look almost as good as new?"

"That is because of the cunning way you used the dyes, you dear little witch," said I; but Jane declared that nobody could make a mistake in the use of Drummer Dyes.

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"Wisdom in the House"—
FRY'S PURE COCOA
See Page 22.

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THE VARNOID SEAL

Guarantees that your Bedstead will always retain its brilliancy

Bedsteads with the Varnoid Seal attached cannot go tarnished or spotty, as all without it are sure to do sooner or later. The Varnoid Seal is the guarantee that the brass has been treated with the Varnoid process, and cannot corrode, tarnish, or wear.

Varnoidised Bedsteads actually cost you no more than the perishable kind, so insist on seeing the Varnoid Seal attached to the lowest Rail of Bed-head.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, SEE PAGES 94 AND 95.

The Valet AutoStrop Blade
An improved, new-process blade for the AutoStrop Safety Razor.

TO-DAY, after countless experiments with various processes, steels and machines, we are able to offer the public the perfect "Valet" AutoStrop Blades. These new blades are a combination of the finest materials with the most expert skill in manufacture. No blades have ever previously been made with such care or inspected so rigorously. They are exactly suited to the mechanical stropping device of the AutoStrop Safety Razor, because the edge of the blade meets the strop at precisely the same angle at which the edge is ground and finished in our factory.

It is our honest conviction that the new "Valet" AutoStrop Blade provides the highest form of shaving comfort and satisfaction which has yet been devised.

"Valet" AutoStrop Blades cost 4/6 per packet of 12, or 2/6 per packet of 6. They are obtainable at all dealers. See that each packet bears the name "Valet" AutoStrop Blades.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

—the only safety razor which strops itself mechanically, on the expert barber's correct stropping principle

—therefore the only safety razor which will always give you a shave of velvet smoothness. There is nothing to take apart for stropping or cleaning—therefore no loss of time or temper. The same blade lasts for months, because it can always be stropped to give a perfect shave—you therefore save the continual expense for new blades necessary with all ordinary safety razors.

"No Blade so Keen, No Shave so Clean."

All high-class dealers sell the AutoStrop Safety Razor and "Valet" AutoStrop Blades. Ask your dealer for an AutoStrop Safety Razor on 30 days' Trial, and convince yourself that it is the highest form of shaving comfort and satisfaction.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor, complete with horse-hide strop, one dozen blades, in neat leather case..... **21/-**

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. Ltd
61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

Also Paris, Milan, New York, Toronto, Hamburg, Sydney, Dublin.

The Lightest Hat of its kind in the whole world—weighing but 1¼ ounces

the "Aero" Folding Felt is a hat which should form part of the wardrobe of all men who value a combination of Comfort and Good Style. Primarily intended for Neglige Wear—it serves that purpose through and beyond. When a cap would not be permissible,

The "AERO" FOLDING FELT

would be in good taste—apart from being more Stylish and more comfortable. For Evening Wear . . Garden Wear . . Golf . . Cycling . . Tennis . . Boating—for all but strictly formal occasions—this hat is ideal in every respect.

. . Adaptability is a strong feature of the "Aero." Being extremely pliable, it can be shaped by the wearer to suit his face, his taste, or the occasion—the possible shapes being almost endless in variety.

. . It is made of a good quality felt, so soft and pliable that the hat can be folded and put into one's pocket. It is practically waterproof; heavy rain might penetrate it, but would not injure it.

. . Supplied in the following colours: Dark Green, Light Green, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Grey, Black, and White.

Price 4/6, Post Free in U.K. . . . . Abroad, 5/-

. . This hat can be obtained from any of our branches except the Gracechurch Street one, or Post Free from our Mail Order Department at 388, Strand. In ordering by post, please state the size of hat usually worn, and the Colour required. Remittance must accompany all orders, but the hat will be exchanged (if not approved) or the money refunded. Please mention "Strand Magazine."

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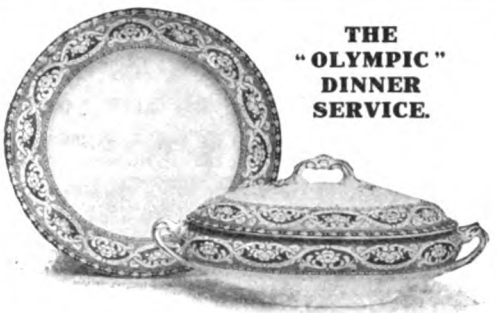

THE "OLYMPIC" DINNER SERVICE.

£30,000 in Free Gifts.

During the next few months we shall give away absolutely free, and without restriction of any kind, 50,000 Combination Tea and Breakfast Services—the speciality which has made us famous—to purchasers of the new "Olympic" Dinner Service we have just introduced.

These gifts cost no less a sum than £30,000.

The "Olympic" Dinner Service, 65 Pieces, 35s. for Cash.

The design is charmingly carried out in Imperial Blue, having a Cameo effect which gives the impression of three distinct colours, and conveys at a glance the infinite care which has been taken to embody the most tasteful ideas obtained from old specimens. The service, a few pieces of which are illustrated on this page, includes:

12 Meat Plates,
12 Soup Plates,
5 Dishes (assorted sizes),
12 Pudding Plates,
12 Cheese Plates,
2 Vegetable Dishes and Covers,
1 Sauce Tureen with Stand and Ladle,
1 Gravy Boat, and
1 Soup Tureen and Stand.

To purchasers of this Service, whether for cash or on the Gradual Payment plan, we shall present free of all charge:—

The "Olympic" Combination Tea and Breakfast Service

for six persons, including Tea Cups, Saucers and Plates, Breakfast Cups, Saucers and Plates, Egg Cups, Tea Pot, Hot Water Jug, etc., in all 50 pieces. Full particulars on application.

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SEND 5s. ONLY,

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Our Catalogue of big bargains in Tea and Dinner Services, Toilet Services, Kitchen requirements, and Glassware, will be sent free on receipt of a postcard.

THE CERAMIC ART CO., Ltd.,
"Crown" Pottery, STOKE-ON-TRENT.

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I offer a genuine guaranteed Remedy for tobacco or snuff habit, in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar **nervousness** and craving for **cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco,** or **snuff**; they are **poisonous** and seriously **injurious to health,** causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, **sleeplessness,** gas, belching, **gnawing,** or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach; **constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigour, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy,** neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will-power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, **heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite,** bad teeth, **foul breath,** enervation, lassitude, **lack of ambition,** falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. **It is unsafe and torturing** to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by merely stopping—don't do it. The gentle, safe, agreeable way is to **eliminate the nicotine poison** from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves, and genuinely overcome the craving. You can give up tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better, while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the **wonderful 3 days' method.** Inexpensive, reliable. Also **Secret Method** for conquering habit in another **without his knowledge.** Full particulars, including my **book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit,** sent in plain wrapper, **FREE.** Don't delay. Keep this; show it to others. This advertisement may not appear again. Address: **EDWARD J. WOODS, 10, Norfolk Street (353 T.C.), Strand, London, W.C.**

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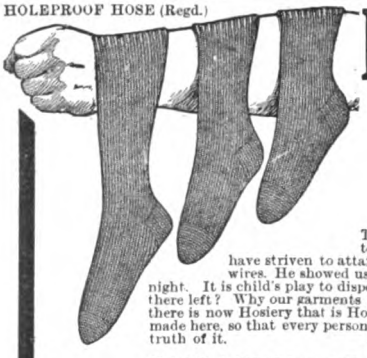

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Wear 'V.&H.' Guaranteed Hosiery.
If not "Holeproof" we will give you

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To save uncongenial labour, to make life happier and sweeter for every human being, to increase the leisure time of the overworked—these things are the objects which inventors have striven to attain. Bell, the inventor of the telephone, placed all the world on chatting terms over the wires. He showed us how to laugh at space. Edison supplied electricity and enables us to brighten the darkest night. It is child's play to dispel the thickest gloom now. And the Airmen have mastered the art of flying—so what is there left? Why our garments still **WEAR OUT.** But your Hosiery need not, if you will keep pace with the times, for there is now Hosiery that is Holeproof. The explanation of the amazing durability of "V. & H." Holeproof Hosiery is made here, so that every person can see for himself, or herself, the genuineness of it. Your own brain will show you the truth of it.

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This "V. & H." Holeproof Hosiery is made in a new way from a specially privately manufactured yarn. This little-known yarn is lighter in weight and at the same time tougher and stronger than any other brand. It is so pliable that it gives to continued pressure and wear, just as a sponge may be depressed by gripping in the hand, but still have no damage done to its fabric. There is hardly any spring or elastic stretch in ordinary hose, even of the most expensive kind, and this accounts for the rapid appearance of holes and thin places. Not thick and clumsy, but smart, luxuriously comfortable, shapely, and well-made, "V. & H." Holeproof Hosiery is a revelation to all except those who wear the most costly hose.

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Then, if within that time a hole should appear, send them back to us at once with ticket, and we will present you with new hose without extra cost.

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Patterns loaned Free (state requirements and mention "Strand Magazine").

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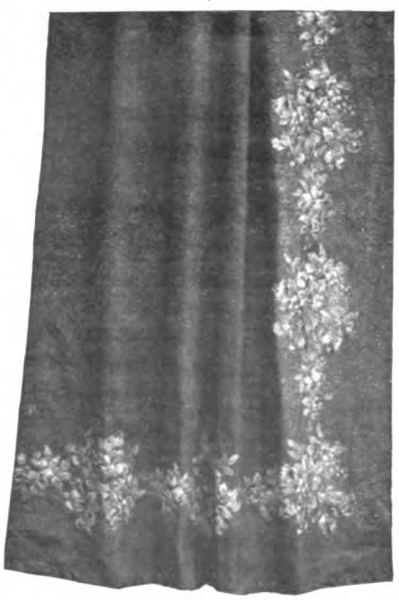

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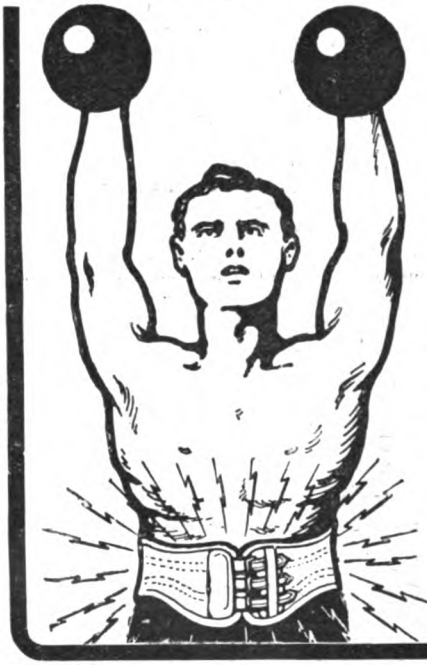

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They are now free from pain, and awake refreshed and full of energy—are light-hearted and self-confident.

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FREE GIFT FOR "RUN-DOWN" HAIR

Astonishing Record of Results of Two Minutes' Daily "Hair-Drill."

MEN AND WOMEN DELIGHTED AT IMMENSE IMPROVEMENT IN THEIR HAIR'S APPEARANCE AND LUXURIANCE SHOWN IN A FEW DAYS.

Men and women are delighted at the two minutes' daily "Harlene Hair-Drill" Record of Results.

The illustration here given shows how rapidly your hair improves in appearance and luxuriance when this wonderful hair-cultural method (which you can now follow for a week Free) is practised.

Try it to-day.

You will be delighted, too!

For no matter how weak or faded your hair may be at the present moment it becomes thick, luxuriant, glossy, and full of colour directly you practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" for a few days.

You have now the opportunity of proving this free of cost to yourself.

WHEN YOUR HAIR GETS "RUN-DOWN."

Your hair, remember, gets "run-down" just as your body gets "run-down."

It loses some of its vitality and a good deal of its natural strength.

The symptoms of this condition are easily recognised. The first sign that your hair is getting "run-down" is generally a loss of its natural gloss and brightness. It becomes dull.

Perhaps it loses its colour (either partially or altogether) and turns grey or white.

Scurf forms upon the scalp. The scalp itself becomes irritable. Then your hair becomes weak in growth. It splits at the ends. It comes out when you brush it. Finally, if you take no steps to put it right, it falls out profusely, so that you run the imminent risk of becoming Bald, either in patches or all over your head.

This record clearly shows the rapid results that follow the practice of two minutes' daily "Harlene Hair-Drill." You will be astonished at the improvement that takes place in your hair's appearance after this famous Hair-Cultural method has been followed for a few days. The complete Outfit for practising "Hair-Drill" for a week free will be sent you on receipt of the coupon below.

WHAT YOUR HAIR REQUIRES TO KEEP HEALTHY.

But you need not permit this impoverished condition of your hair (so harmful to you both socially and in business) to remain. All your hair requires in order to recover its colour, lustre, and abundance is extra nourishment and gentle exercise.

This you can give it by means of "Harlene Hair-Drill." And a complete Outfit for practising this wonderful toilet method is sent you free on application.

It includes the following:—

VALUABLE CONTENTS OF THIS GIFT OUTFIT.

(1) **A bottle of Harlene for the Hair,** the famous tonic grower and dressing, used daily by thousands of men and women who care for their appearance, from Royalty downwards.

(2) **A package of Cremex for the Scalp.** A delightfully cleansing and stimulating Shampoo Powder for Home use.

(3) **A Book containing the full directions for practising daily "Harlene Hair-Drill,"** as advised by Mr. Edwards himself.

Use this Outfit for two minutes daily.

It contains everything required for nourishing your hair and bringing it back to its normal standard of health and attractiveness.

It gives to the hair-roots just the nourishing food elements they require.

It tones up the hair-growing cells, rendering them just as vigorous as when you were a child.

It prevents your hair becoming starved and weak, and eventually withering away.

It keeps your hair healthy, just as "tooth-brush drill" with a good quality dentifrice keeps your teeth both healthy and white.

TRIPLE HAIR-HELP FOR BOTH SEXES AND FOR CHILDREN.

Every man who wishes to "get on" in business should practise daily "Harlene Hair-Drill" and keep himself smart, well-groomed, and young-looking.

Every woman who wants to retain the full glory of her youthful charms should accept this opportunity of making and keeping her hair bright, glossy, and attractive-looking.

Every mother should see that her children's hair gets this same daily benefit also. It keeps the hair free from dust, fluff, scurf, and stickiness. It renders it silky in texture, and full of brightness, gloss, and sunshine.

All this is the result of practising "Harlene Hair-Drill" for two minutes every day.

Here is the coupon. Fill it up and send it (with 3d. in stamps to pay the postage of Outfit) to-day to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C. The Outfit will be yours by return. You will be delighted at the astonishing rapidity with which it improves your hair, both in growth and in beauty—all in a few days. Write to-day.

And after you have used the "Harlene" and Cremex sent you in the Free Outfit you can procure further supplies from any high-class chemist or stores at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle. Cremex, 1s. box of seven, or single powders, 2d.

FREE "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" COUPON

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me free of charge a complete Outfit for growing luxuriant and attractive hair in a few days by means of two minutes' "Harlene Hair-Drill" daily. I enclose 3d. in stamps to pay postage of above to any address.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

The Strand Magazine, June, 1912.

MR. SANDOW ORGANISES
NATIONAL HEALTH-BY-POST SERVICE
for the Benefit of Sufferers Unable :: to Call upon him Personally. ::

How "Strand Magazine" readers who are over-stout, out of condition, Dyspeptic, Neurasthenic, or suffering from any of the Health Troubles mentioned below, can, no matter where they live, consult Mr. Sandow through the post, and cure themselves of their health trouble at home.

MR. EUGEN SANDOW, the world-famous and most widely consulted health specialist of the day, has for the especial convenience of sufferers who desire to avail themselves of his advice and aid, but cannot call upon him personally at his Curative Institute, 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W., organised a National Health-by-Post Service. By this Service, perfect in all the many complex details of its organisation, Mr. Sandow makes it possible for every man and woman, no matter where they live, to be as closely in touch with him as though he stood in the flesh beneath their own roof, to receive his advice as clearly as from his own lips, and in their own homes bring about the improvement in their health they wish to obtain.

Mr. Sandow has made it possible for everyone to spend half an hour with him through the medium of his 24 illustrated books on health and his letters of Personal Health Advice, which are sent free and post-paid to every inquirer.

The titles of these invaluable health guides are given below. Each book is a straightforward talk to the individual on his or her health trouble. It literally brings Mr. Sandow into the heart of the home, into your own private presence, and tells what the science of natural Health Culture will do for you if you are "over-stout," out of condition, or suffering from one or another of the complaints (mentioned below) which Mr. Sandow's Treatment is so highly successful in ameliorating and curing.

Proof of the wonderful efficacy of the Sandow Treatment is furnished upon the authority of that well-known journal of high repute, *Truth*, which, after close and careful investigation of Mr. Sandow's method and its results, declared that completely successful cures were effected in 94 out of every 100 cases treated, while in 99 out of every 100 cases the patient's health was materially improved. Reason for this high percentage is to be found in the fact that Mr. Sandow never accepts a case for treatment unless—after careful diagnosis—he is convinced that the sufferer will benefit.

Call upon Mr. Sandow, if convenient to yourself, writing beforehand to make an appointment for a consultation, for which no charge is made and no obligation to take treatment involved. If you live at a distance too great to call, you can avail yourself of the Health-by-Post Service organised by Mr. Sandow. Simply select the book that deals with your condition or illness, and fill in and forward the form below. There is nothing to pay for either book or personal letter of advice. Both are sent post free. Address:—

Mr. EUGEN SANDOW, The Sandow Curative Institute, 32, St. James's St., London, S.W.

WRITE TO-DAY

for whichever of the 24 books in Mr. Sandow's Health Library (titles given below) deals with your condition or complaint, and tells you how to cure it, and for a letter of advice and opinion upon your case.

Book and Letter are sent quite free and post-paid.

Choose the Book which dealswith your own case and write for it to-day on the form below. It will be sent you FREE.

1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia
2. Constipation and its Cure
3. Liver Complaints
4. Nervous Disorders in Men
5. Nervous Disorders in Women
6. Obesity in Men
7. Obesity in Women
8. Heart Affections
9. Lung and Chest Complaints
10. Rheumatism and Gout
11. Anæmia: Cause & Cure
12. Kidney Disorders
13. Lack of Vigour
14. Physical Deformities in Men
15. Physical Deformities in Women
16. Functional Defects in Speech
17. Circulatory Disorders
18. Skin Disorders
19. Physical Development for Men
20. Everyday Health
21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments
22. Figure Culture for Women
23. Insomnia
24. Neurasthenia

Please send me, without charge, Volume No. .....
of your Health Library .....

NAME .....
(Please state Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title)

ADDRESS .....

I suffer from ..... *since* .....

My age is ..... *My occupation is* .....
Give any further particulars in a letter.

To EUGEN SANDOW,
Strand Magazine. 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

"Phew! how do you keep so cool, old chap?"

"Simple enough; 'B.V.D.' loose-fitting underwear, dear boy, the only summer undergarments designed and manufactured on scientific and hygienic principles; the last word in summer comfort; I never feel the heat."

"Give me the address of your hosier; I can't stand these tight-fitting pants and vest."

"My boy, 'B.V.D' don't hug, they fit just loose enough for comfort; the vest opens and closes like a coat, and the drawers hang loose to the knees; there's cool air all round me. Come, along, old boy?"

"No, I shall never do any more walking until I get a set of 'B.V.D.' See you to-morrow."

B.V.D.

Coat Cut Undervests & Knee Length Drawers.

4/6 a suit, or 2/3 a garment, and upwards of all hosiers. Look for this Label (our Trade Mark) on every garment.

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

Trade Mark.

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London Selling Agency:
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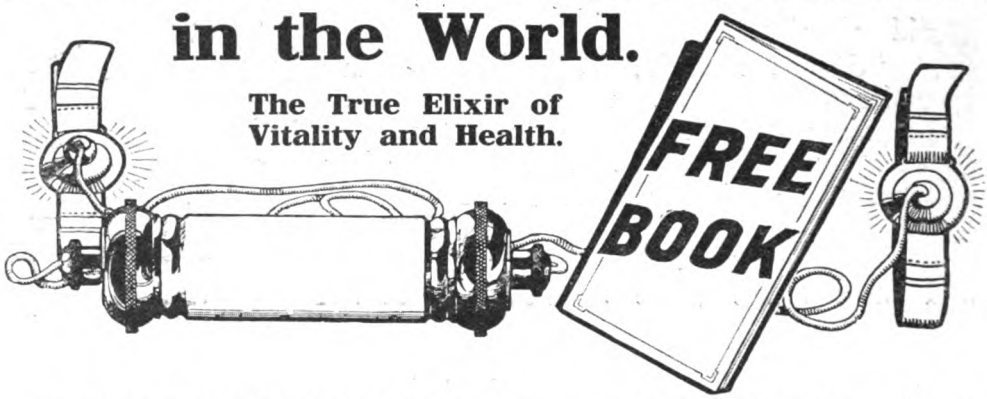
Booklet "Coolest thing under the Sun," on application.

The Most Wonderful Medicine in the World.

The True Elixir of Vitality and Health.



Amazing cures are being wrought by the new Oxygen treatment. A remarkable feature of the cures is that they number so many of the hitherto supposed-to-be "chronic" and "incurable" ailments.

Some particulars of this extraordinarily successful Oxypathic treatment are given in a treatise that is being issued gratis to the public by the London Institute of Oxypathy.

INTENSE PUBLIC INTEREST IN LONDON.

So much Public curiosity and hope has been aroused by the reports of the brilliant successes of this new Oxypathic treatment that the Institute Staff is being hard put to it to deal with the ever-increasing army of enquirers and patients. The success of the treatment is so immediately obvious that the Institute Staff are just as enthusiastic in their praises of the wonderful powers of Oxypathy as the visitors are certain of obtaining the same measure of relief and cure as reported to them by earlier patients.

AILMENTS AND DISEASES IN WHICH THIS STRANGELY POWERFUL CURATIVE INFLUENCE IS WORKING MIRACLES.

The Public is already hailing Oxypathy as a Universal Remedy for all complaints. The Medical President of the Institute is, however, professionally conservative. While full of enthusiasm, he so far refuses to describe Oxypathy as a universal remedy.

"All we know," he states, "is that Oxygen is a most subtly powerful curative agent. From what I have already seen, I am inclined to regard it as fully capable of proving to be a Universal Remedy—certainly much more so than loudly-vaunted Radium.

"In all pathological conditions where the patient's vitality, or recuperative power, is so low as to induce the opinion that he (or she) is too weak to get well, the Oxygen treatment exerts a powerful revivifying influence.

"It is common Medical practice to-day to administer Oxygen as a forlorn hope when a patient is *in extremis*. We all know of its wonderful vivifying power even at those dread moments when life itself is hanging by a thread. With the aid of Oxygen the lungs and the heart are often revivified, and Death itself held at bay or driven back.

"Oxypathy, as we now know, has a much wider remedial use than this. It can be employed with equally wonderful invigorating effect in all cases where the vitality is low. It may soon prove to be

THE 20TH CENTURY CURE FOR HITHERTO CHRONICALLY INCURABLE DISEASES.

"It is only a question of the proper mode of employing its strange power to make it the long-looked-for cure for Consumption.

"Meantime, we are busily engaged in employing its curative possibilities. Up to now the results of employment in such ailments and diseases as

Nervous Exhaustion,	*Neuritis*,
Cerebrasthenia,	*Locomotor-Ataxy*,
Insomnia,	*Progressive Paralysis*,

and in such complex chronic, painful, crippling, and hitherto unsuccessfully treated complaints as

Gout,	*Rheumatoid Arthritis*,
Rheumatism,	*Sciatica, and*
Rheumatic Gout,	*Lumbago*,

are encouraging in the highest degree, and certainly enable me to prescribe Oxypathy as by far the most successful treatment that has yet come under my personal observation."

Fortunately, the new Oxypathic treatment has already been adapted for home self-treatment, although, for those able to visit the Institute of Oxypathy, more varied and powerful forms of treatment are available.

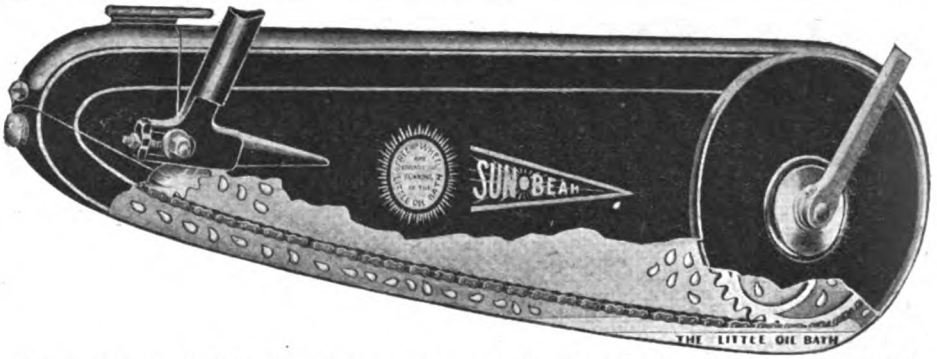
The Medical President and Staff receive visitors and enquirers from 10 a.m. till 6 daily (Saturday 10 till 1). Consultations are given gratis during these hours

In order that those of the Public who find it inconvenient to call personally may have proper information, a treatise explanatory of "Oxypathy" may be obtained gratis and post free on postal application, but additional particulars showing how to employ "Oxypathy" for different ailments can only be supplied to those who state their complaint and its symptoms when applying for the treatise.

THE INSTITUTE OF OXYPATHY

is located in fine premises at **61, Conduit Street, London, W.,** the midway thoroughfare between Regent Street and Bond Street.

All Regent Street and Bond Street buses pass within one minute's walk, while Oxford Circus and Piccadilly Circus Tube Stations are only three and six minutes' walking respectively.



Unaffected by the Weather, the possessor of an All-Black Sunbeam Bicycle rides imperturbably on his way.

For the chain and driving bearings of this Steed move under ideal conditions. Perfectly shielded from dust and grit, and automatically fed from the little Oil Bath, they revolve WITHOUT FRICTION, and transmit the Rider's full power.

What a contrast is this to the average Cyclist's experience.

He can only use his Cycle in bad weather under grave disadvantages. His vitality is wasted by friction in the driving parts. He exhausts his energy grinding Chain and Bearings to bits in a mixture of mud and grit.

Constant cleaning and continual oiling occupy hours of his time, and but slightly reduce his Troubles.

The Sunbeam costs more, but it gives more, it is always ready, it is free from friction, and it never wears out.

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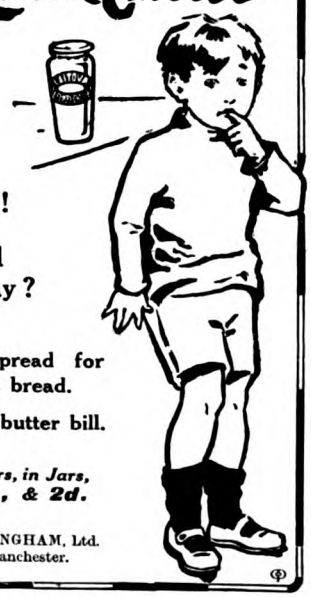

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What will mother say?

The daily spread for children's bread.

It saves the butter bill.

Of all Grocers, in Jars,
6½d., 3½d., & 2d.

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According to the amount one wishes to invest, we especially recommend, for Gentlemen, "**Riverside Maximus,**" "**Vanguard,**" "**Crescent Street,**" or "**Riverside,**" and for Ladies, "**Diamond,**" "**Riverside Maximus,**" "**Riverside,**" or "**Lady Waltham,**" each movement having the name engraved thereon.

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For our convenience, please mention this magazine.

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RUBBER HEELS
"MOTHER SAYS
THEY MUST BE REDFERN'S"!

Exact 'K' Oxford
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No. 5883 - - - - **13/9**

Pliant 'K' Oxford
Classe de Luxe, in choice Patent, with fine Grey cloth leg. From **17/6**

The above are from the new Index Guide to 'K' Footwear. Free, with name of nearest agent, from
'K' BOOT Manufacturers, KENDAL.

Ganesh Antiseptic Electrolysis.

MRS. ELEANOR ADAIR,
92, New Bond Street, London, W.
(Oxford Street end);
5, Rue Cambon, Paris; 21, West 38th St., New York.

ANTISEPTIC ELECTROLYSIS

safely, almost painlessly, removes superfluous hair, moles, warts, and broken veins, etc. Home treatment for removing superfluous hair by the "DARA" does not leave any mark. Price 21/-. Send for book, "How to Restore and Retain the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form," sent Free of Charge. Consultations Free.

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7 SERVICES for 21/-

Includes Dinner, Tea, Breakfast, all to Match, each set complete for six persons; Nice Bedroom Set; Dainty Trinket Set; Charmingly-decorated China Afternoon Tea Service. In this marvellous offer even the children are not forgotten, for there is a pretty china Tea Set for them. Each piece is

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The "COUNTY" Watch represents **all** that the experience and resources of a great firm can make it, and it looks like and keeps time like a £20 watch.

It has splendid 12-ct. Gold Half or Full-Hunting **Government Stamped** Cases, polished plain for handsome Monogram (5/- extra). Fine Keyless **Lever** Movement, **Breguet Sprung,** with **real** Chronometer Balance, timed for varying temperatures and for wear in the saddle. It is the very **finest value,** and represents an **investment** of the best class. It must be seen to appreciate its truly **extraordinary value.**

In Solid **18ct.** Gold Cases **£8-8-0.** In beautifully made **Heavy Sterling Silver Cases, £2-10-0.**

The "COUNTY ALBERT," a handsome Double or Single Curb Albert, Hall-marked every link, **£3-5-0.** Solid 15ct., **£5-15-0.** The **greatest value.**

The "LADY'S COUNTY," with fine **Lever Movement,** attached to beautiful expanding Gold Bracelet of the latest design. A charming gift. **£4-4-0. Unique value.** Or with Suède Wristlet, **£2-2-0.**

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The "SWAN SAFETY" absolutely defies trouble.

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BUY DIRECT. Our No. 1 Family Parcel of Sponges contains 1 large Bath, 2 Toilet, 1 Carriage, and 1 Pantry Sponge—the parcel of 5 all perfect—sent post free for **3/6.** Stable Sponges, **10/6, 18/-, 36/-** per doz.; or sample each quality, **5/6.** Send for Illustrated Catalogue, post free.

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Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Hair-Grower Tatcho is an HONEST ARTICLE. Its very name was chosen as meaning all that is upright and honest and reliable, true, trusty, honourable, genuine. That is the meaning of the Romany word "tatcho," aptly chosen by Mr. Sims for his wonder-working Hair-Grower.

THE UNFORGIVABLE SIN TO-DAY!

Where Woman is not competing for the many desirable positions which call for youth and energy and freshness—and above all an alert, comely and *capable* appearance—her position in Society, in the Home, demands that she look bright and young, and healthy and fresh. Let her hair grow grey, become thin and straggling, fall out, or exhibit other signs of disaster, and lo! her beauty fades and withers, her youth slips from her visibly, day by day, and age—the tragedy of approaching age—sits like some dreadful thing upon a brow that was meant to shine with the glory of profuse, luxuriant and lustrous youth and beauty.

Grasp, therefore, the great opportunity held out to you to-day, and make a good start with Tatcho, the one trusty, honest Hair-Grower, Hair-Preserver, Hair-Beautifier.

Photo. by] **MR. GEO. R. SIMS.** [Lavis, Eastbourne.

The Inventor of Tatcho, Author, Dramatist, and Philanthropist, "Dagonet" of the 'Referee,' and Discoverer of the Hair-Grower known to the world as Tatcho, a Romany word meaning "Genuine," "Good," "True."

TATCHO IS THE ROYAL ROAD TO A PERFECT AND BOUNTIFUL HAIR-HEALTH!

Under the beneficent influence of Tatcho your hair and scalp will begin to look and feel lustrous, healthy, full of vitality—accompanied by a wonderful sense of well-being that has been a stranger to you for years.

A grateful absence of irritation will be noticed. The profuse sprinklings of dandruff and scurf will noticeably diminish—and even in a few days the hair will begin to take on a fresh *youth*. You will *look* younger—*feel* younger. Because you have taken your hair in time.

Remember, Nature never strikes without warning. And the longer her warnings are neglected, the longer will she take to right herself—no matter how ably she may be helped. If anything will restore hair that has become "run down" and allowed to drop and fade and fall out, the trusty, honest Hair-Grower, Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Tatcho, *will* do it.

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"But my hair is all right! I don't want the Hair-Grower!" you may say.

Are you *quite* sure? Is it wise to neglect Nature's warnings—Nature's signals of distress?

These are Nature's warnings that your Hair and Scalp call for Tatcho:—

1. An unnatural greasiness or oiliness of the hair.
2. A harsh, dry, brittle condition of hair—the exact opposite of No. 1.
3. Stray hairs, if not quite large accumulations, or tufts, in the comb or brush after use.
4. Coat collar besprinkled with unsightly dandruff—commencing sometimes with merely a grain or so.
5. Escaped hairs on the pillow in the mornings.
6. A distressful itching of the scalp.
7. A dull, lustreless appearance of the hair.
8. The discovery of the first grey hair—do you remember your feelings at the moment?

These are the warnings of a great and wise Nature which cannot be disregarded by anyone who wishes to maintain a bountiful head of lusty, luxuriant, rich, lustrous, *youthful* hair.

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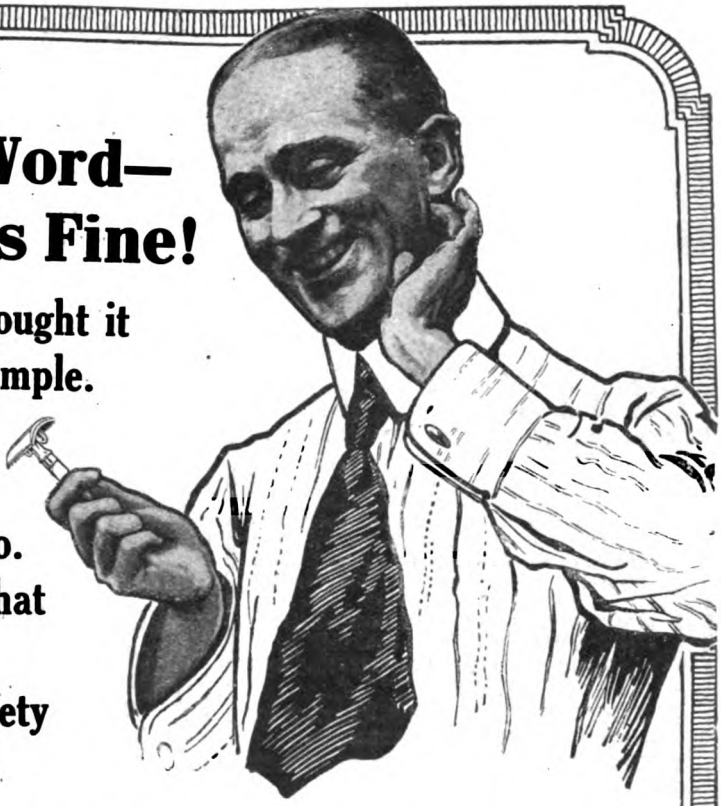

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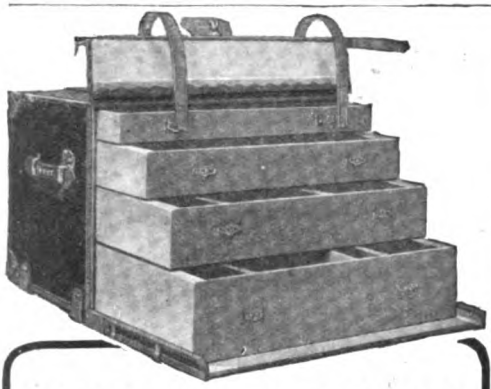

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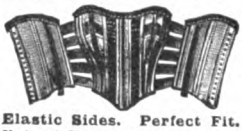

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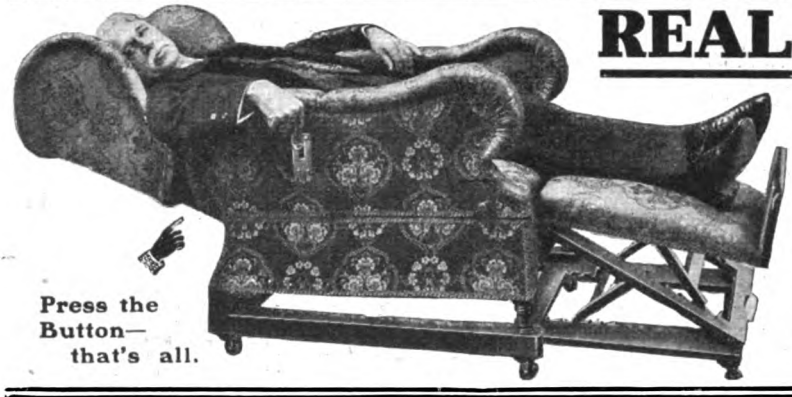

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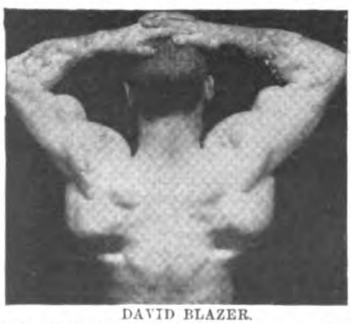

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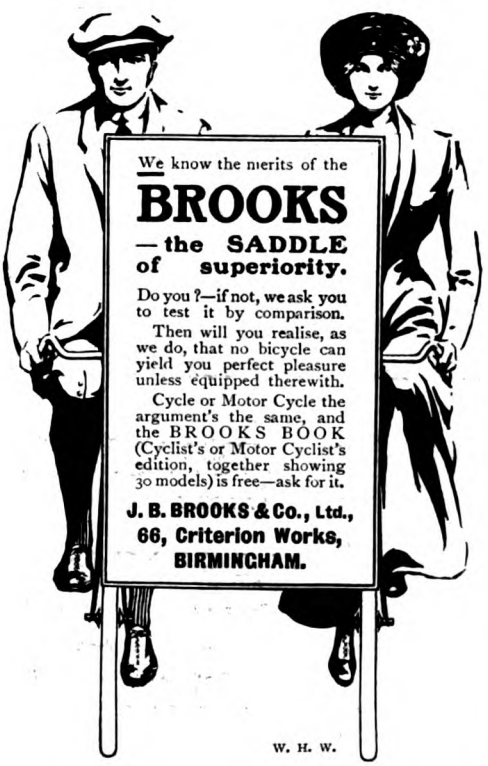

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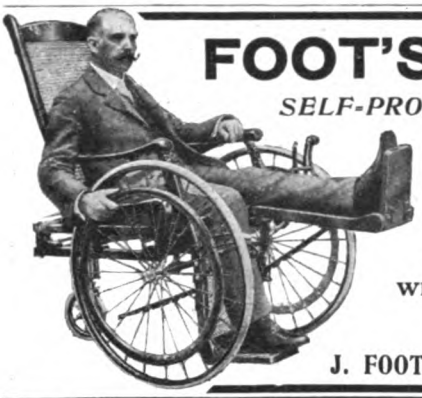

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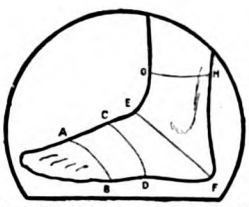

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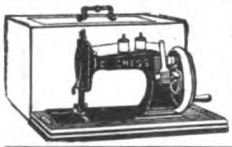

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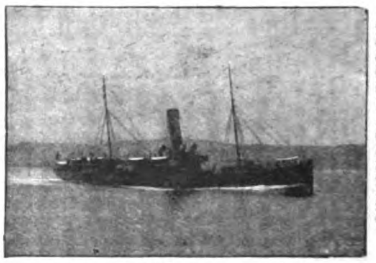

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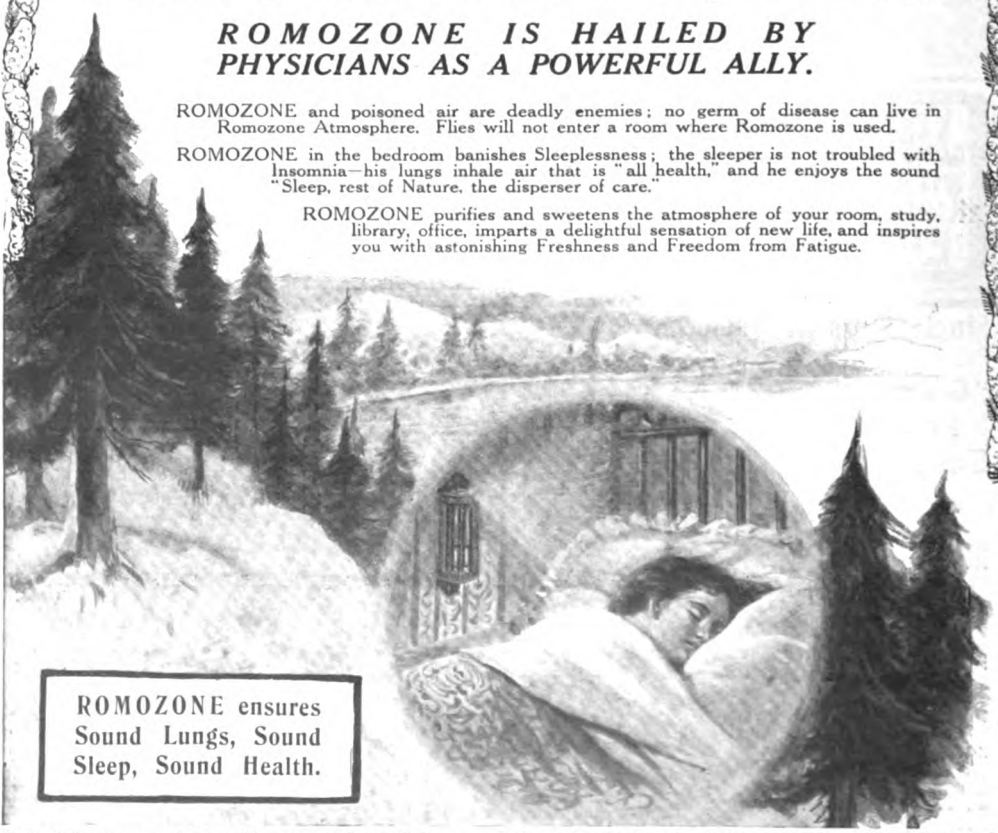

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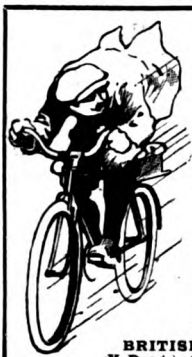

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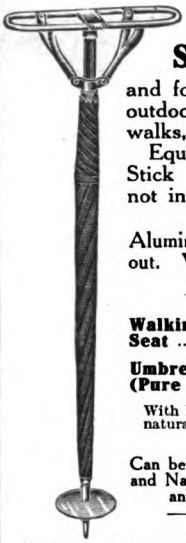

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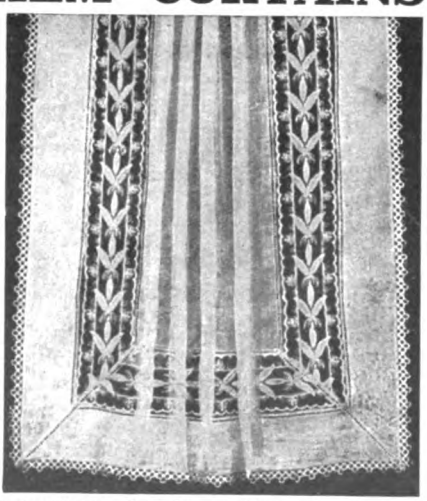

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Index to Advertisers

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to suit all hands.

Every Nib is 14-ct. Gold, beautifully made, and tipped with costly iridium.

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Efficiency, simplicity and reliability have won for Waterman's Ideal the Throne of Pendom. Kings, Princes, Prelates, Peers, Journalists, Business Men and Women, all find Waterman's Ideal essential to their writing comfort. Numbered among its possessors are—the Kings of Italy, of Spain, of Greece, of the Belgians, President Taft, the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Count Witte, Hilaire Belloc, Robert Barr, S. R. Crockett, Frankfort Moore, to mention just a few names which everyone knows. Need more be said to persuade *you* to purchase a Waterman's Ideal—the World's Best Fountain Pen?

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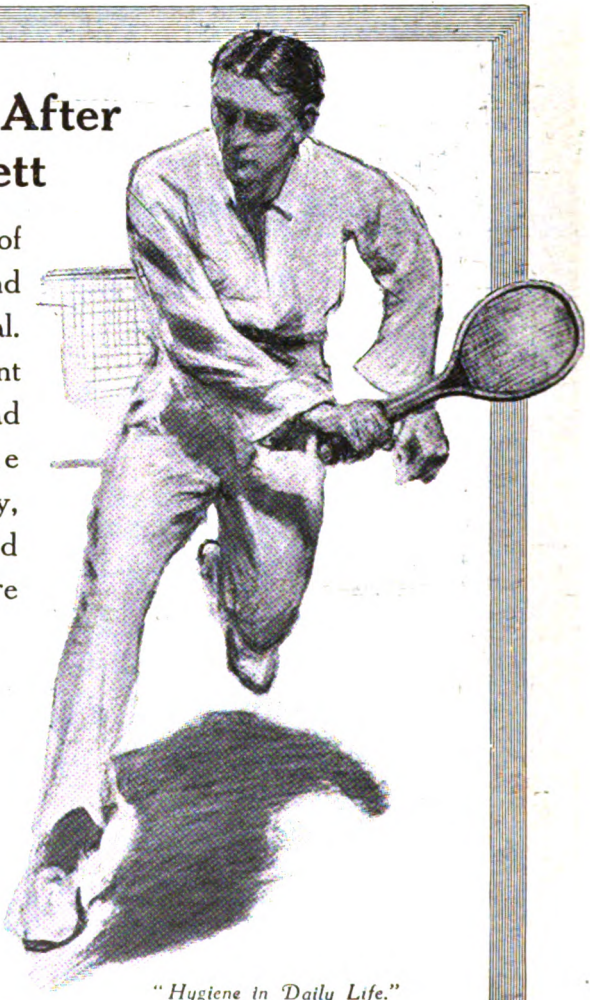

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free the system of the deposits of URIC ACID which are the immediate cause of the complaint.

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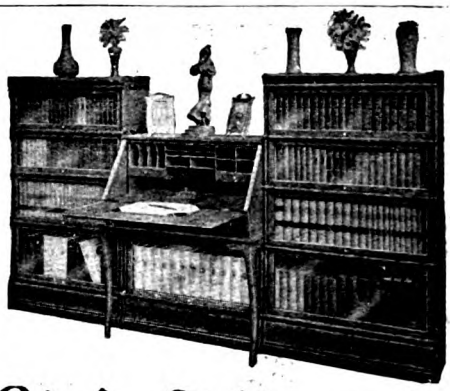

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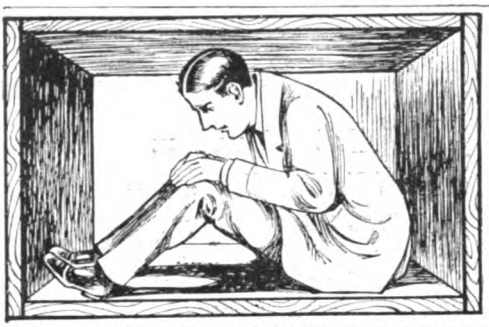

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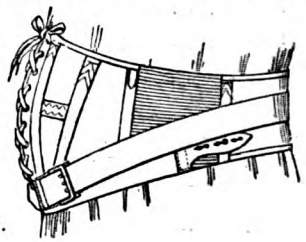

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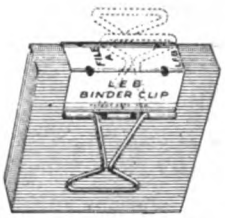

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Kutnow's Powder is an unrivalled road to health. The morning draught gives a buoyancy never felt before, drives away depression and despair, and brings the fullest realisation of the "joy of life." You are asked to try this great remedy free. All you need do is to post the coupon below to Messrs. Kutnow, and you will receive a sample of the remedy by return of post.

THOUSANDS of letters bear voluntary tribute to the invaluable qualities of Kutnow's Powder, which is praised by Doctors, Nurses, and Clergymen. Read this testimony:—

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"I have used Kutnow's daily in my own case, one of 'Suppressed Gout.' I must certainly award the palm for mild yet speedy elimination of Urics from the blood to your preparation. It is invaluable in the morning to a wide class of cases such as the medical profession get among Commercial Travellers, Clerks, and Brain Workers.—Meanwood, Leeds."

Mrs. S. SHEARS writes:

"I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism and Gastritis, and was ordered by my doctor to try your Kutnow's Powder. I have taken it for nearly two years, and all I can say is I would not be without it.—The Bungalow, Cookham."

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"Please accept my thanks for the Kutnow's Powder sent me. I shall do all in my power to recommend the World's Champion for stomach disorders. Dyspepsia flies at the sight of the bottle.—Holland Estate, Jamaica."

THE FREE TRIAL COUPON

To S. KUTNOW & Co., LD.,
41, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Please send me a free sample of Kutnow's Powder.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

STRAND MAGAZINE, June, 1912.

Insist on "Kutnow's"

Be sure you have only Kutnow's. You can buy it in 2/9 bottles from your chemist, or it will be sent from Kutnow's London Office for 3/- post-paid in the United Kingdom. You know Kutnow's by the fac-simile signature, "S. Kutnow & Co., Ld.," and the registered Trade-mark, the "Hirschensprung," or "Deer Leap," on label and wrapper. Insist on having Kutnow's. Accept no substitute. Remember, there is none "Just as good."

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Made from best materials in a variety of designs.

Prices from ... Seats, 15/-, Tables, 22/6, Tubs, 3/9.

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It is the dirt that is *in*, not the dirt that is *on*, that spoils the complexion. OATINE removes the dirt from the pores of the skin thoroughly.

A FREE SAMPLE

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To collectors sending postage (abroad 4d., Colonies 2d.), and mentioning **Gift 249**, will receive gratis

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You will find many bargains.

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Children's Complaints

To give some idea of how very careful a mother should be to keep the children's heads clean there is a case in point. A woman writes: "For two whole years I have been struggling to cure ringworm in my little children's heads. Three of them had it so badly that all their hair had to be shaved off time after time, and they suffered terribly from irritation. Our doctor discovered the disease had been brought into the family through vermin in the hair got from some playmates who were suffering from ringworm." Vermin in the hair are the usual means of communicating this and other distressing troubles.

No child is safe who goes with another who is affected. The tiny nits readily attach themselves to and multiply in the hair.

To guard against such a possibility mothers should keep in the house a tin of Rankin's Head Ointment. An occasional application will keep off the trouble, and a thorough dressing of the hair with it will rapidly kill all the nits and save the child from the terrible irritation that follows neglect.

All Chemists supply Rankin's Head Ointment in tins, 3d., 6d., and 1/-. If any difficulty, write direct to—

RANKIN & CO., KILMARNOCK.

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Made of non-corrosive metal—slightly oblique point—very rapid writer.

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Use it in your home. It will restore your vital power, cure your rheumatism, backache, or chronic ailments, and make you the man you used to be.

In the words of the poet, "While you live, enjoy! For when once dead, you never shall return."

Here in this world we have everything to make us happy. We have much misery, it is true, but most of that can be traced to man's own weaknesses.

To be healthy and strong is to be happy. If you are unable to enjoy the gifts which Nature has bestowed so lavishly upon mankind, it is because of some fault of your own. You were endowed with a constitution that should have held good for your allotted three score and ten years, but you have broken Nature's laws, and now you are paying the penalty.

You have wasted your vitality; you have travelled the pace that kills. The spark of life has been dulled by your own follies. Brace up! Arouse yourself from the state of dejection into which you have fallen. Turn your back upon the past. Make up your mind that while you live you are going to be a live man. Avail yourself of the means which Nature has placed within your reach for overcoming your physical ills. Make this world a heaven. Be healthy and happy. Radiate sunshine and joy. Get back your strength and ambition by wearing the "Ajax" Body Battery while you rest.

The "Ajax" is a scientific device for infusing a subtle stream of life-giving electricity into the human system without the least shock or irritation.

Under its powerful influence your pains and aches vanish like mists before the morning sun. The blood courses through your veins with renewed vigour. The glow of health returns to your cheeks, and you feel the thrill of new life that comes with increased vitality and nerve power.

FREE TO YOU

You ought to read our free book explaining our method of treatment. This book is illustrated, showing how the "Ajax" is applied, and contains some valuable information that you need. If you can't call for a free test we'll send the book prepaid, free, and closely sealed. Write at once.

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FOR THE MOTOR-CAR AND MOTOR-CYCLE OWNER.

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Head Lamps from **28/-** ea.
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W. & G. AUTO METAL BULBS
Most efficient of all metal filament lamps—withstand vibration, last longest, give best results.
Ordinary Type, from 1/- each; Focus Type, 4 to 36 c.-p., from 1/6 each.

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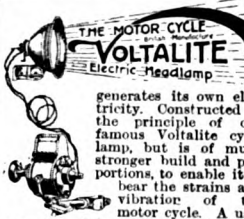

generates its own electricity. Constructed on the principle of our famous Voltalite cycle lamp, but is of much stronger build and proportions, to enable it to bear the strains and vibration of the motor cycle. A user says, after giving same a good testing: "Quite a success, and it ought to be the leading motor-cycle lamp." Ask for special pamphlet of this and the Voltalite lamps. Prices:
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Electric Cigar Lighter, actuated from ignition or lighting accumulator. Will not blow out. Price **9/6** each.

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Enamelled Black all over and Beautifully Lined in Gold Bronze.

The Frame is manufactured of Reynolds' Double-Butted Steel Tubing, bearing Transfer to this effect, has bridged bottom stays and special back stays; the Mudguards are specially strong, with detachable stays; fitted with **Hans Renold Chain, Eadie Coaster Hub, Dunlop Tyres, Brooks' Saddle, and Oil-Bath Gear Case,** complete with Dover Celluloid Inflator, Brooks' Tool Bag, Tools, and Oilcan.

PRICE £9 9s.

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Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder

can be as useful to you as it is to so many others who look carefully after their teeth. A trial sample

can be obtained by sending penny stamp for postage to F. C. Calvert & Co. :: :: (Dept. S.M.), Manchester. :: ::

Your Chemist sells it in 6d., 1/-, and 1/6 tins.

How to Make 8 Gallons Botanic BEER

(Non-Intoxicating) IN YOUR HOME.

	£	s.	d.
Mason's Extract	0	0	5
Sugar	0	0	9½
Yeast or Barm	0	0	1½
8 ...	0	1	4
= 2d. per Gallon.	0	0	2

Send us to-day 1d. stamp to cover postage, and we will send you our Pamphlet, "**HINTS ON BREWING,**" which contains much valuable information. A Sample Bottle sent for 8 stamps.

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It clears the skin of pimples, roughnesses, rednesses, and all eruptions—banishes freckles—and smoothes away all wrinkles, crow's feet, criss-cross lines, and other beauty-blemishes. It fills out the skin—purifies the complexion—and makes you look 5 to 15 years younger than you do at present.

Send 6d. in Stamps to James C. Crane (Dept. S.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and a sufficient quantity of Crême Elcaya to last for 6 days will be sent post free.

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AFTER I HAD TRIED PILLS, MASSAGE, WOODEN CUPS, AND VARIOUS ADVERTISED PREPARATIONS WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST RESULTS.

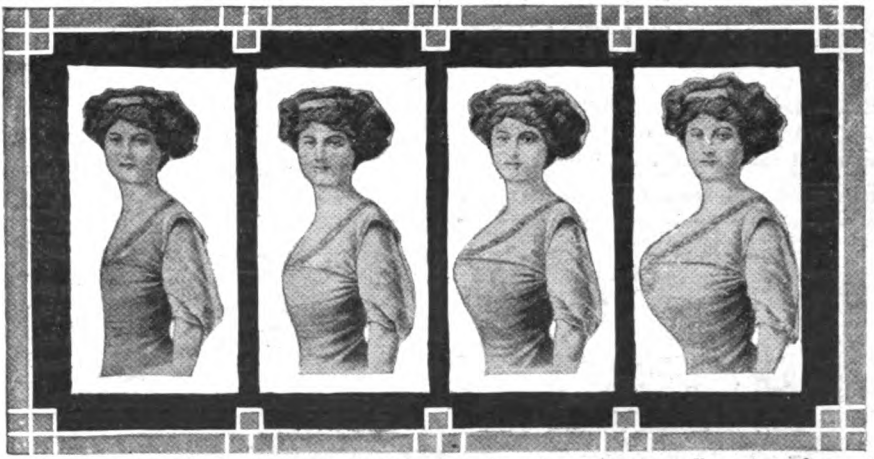
A Simple, Easy Method which any Lady can use at home and quickly obtain a Large and Beautiful Bust.

By MARGARETTE MERLAIN.

Well do I know the horrors and intense humiliation of being flat-chested; of having the face of a woman set on the form of a man; and I cannot find words to tell you how good I felt and what a terrible load was lifted off my mind when I first saw my bust had really grown six inches in size. I felt like a new being, for with no bust I realised I was really neither a man nor a woman, but just a sort of creature half way between.

My own. I had been imposed upon by charlatans and frauds, who sold me all sorts of pills and appliances for enlarging the bust, but which did me no good whatever. I therefore determined my unfortunate sisters should no longer be robbed by those "fakirs" and frauds, and I wish to warn all women against them.

The discovery of the simple process with which I enlarged my bust six inches in thirty days was due



Keep this picture and see your own bust undergoing the same marvellous transformation.

With what pity must every man look at every woman who presents to him a flat chest—a chest like his own. Can such a woman inspire in a man those feelings and emotions which can only be inspired by a real and true woman, a woman with a beautiful, well-rounded bust? Most certainly not.

The very men who shunned me, and even the very women who passed me carelessly by when I was so horribly flat-chested and had no bust, became my most ardent admirers shortly after I obtained such a wonderful enlargement of my bust. I therefore determined that all women who were flat-chested should profit by my accidental discovery and have a bust like

solely to a lucky accident, which I believe was brought about by Divine Providence; and as Providence was so good as to give me the means to obtain a beautiful bust, I feel I should give my secret to all my sisters who need it. Merely enclose two penny stamps for reply, and I will send you particulars free by return post.

I will positively guarantee that every lady can obtain a wonderful enlargement in her bust in thirty days' time, and that she can easily use this process in the privacy of her own house without the knowledge of anyone.—Address, Margarette Merlain (Dept. 816 F), Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W.

FREE COUPON

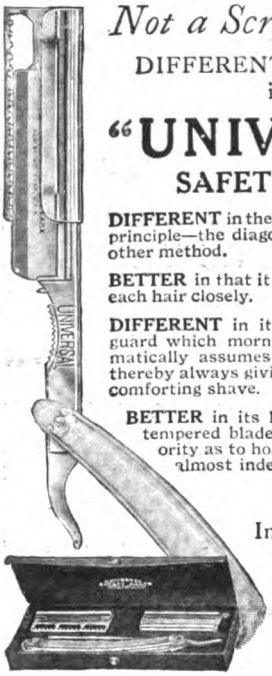
FOR READERS OF "THE STRAND MAGAZINE,"

entitling the sender to full information regarding this marvellous discovery for enlarging and beautifying the bust. Cut out this coupon (or write and mention No. 816 F), and send to-day with your name and address, enclosing two penny stamps for reply, to Margarette Merlain (Dept. 816 F), Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W.

Name.....

Address .....

NOTE.—All ladies who wish to obtain a large and beautiful bust should write Madame Merlain at once, as the above is an honest, straightforward offer on her part, made for the good of her sisters, and she in no way profits by the transaction, but generously offers her help absolutely free to all who use the free coupon above. Ladies who fear that their busts may become too large are cautioned to stop the treatment as soon as they have obtained all the development desired.



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DIFFERENT and BETTER is the

"UNIVERSAL" SAFETY RAZOR.

DIFFERENT in the superiority of its cutting principle—the diagonal draw cut—over any other method.

BETTER in that it does not tear but severs each hair closely.

DIFFERENT in its self-regulating safety guard which morning after morning automatically assumes the same adjustment, thereby always giving the same close, clean, comforting shave.

BETTER in its hollow-ground, perfectly-tempered blades of such infinite superiority as to hold their intense keenness almost indefinitely.

PRICE 10/6
Including Extra Blade.

Your Barber doesn't use a scraping razor. Ask him Why.

Send a postcard for Razor Booklet.

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By Special Appointment to H.M. the King.

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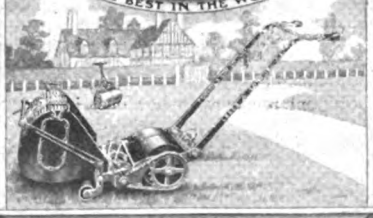
ROLLERS, TENNIS MARKERS ETC.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD



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Four Gold Medals—Five Silver Medals

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None but sound, irreproachable cloths of British origin are stocked; and these in immense quantities—of weights, qualities, and characteristics suited to all countries, climates, and purposes—my trade being world-wide. These can be tailored, if desired, by well-established firms in connection.

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Finest **Flannels** and **Cashmeres** for the tropics. Suit length, **17/6** to **28/-**

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With Woven Unfrayable edges.

NEW NON-FRAY **SPIRAL** (Patented).

A great improvement *without* extra cost

THE BEST LEG GEAR FOR

GOLFING, SHOOTING, CLIMBING, WALKING, CYCLING, MOTORING, &c.

Made in various qualities and colours. Shade cards on application.

Old Style shewing frayed edge.

For Gent's & Ladies & Children.

Prices from **5/-** to **7/6** per pair, without spats, and **7/6** to **12/-** per pair, with spats. If detachable spats, **1/-** extra.

Every pair labelled "FOX."

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"THE APPLE AS A DRINK."

Cider is the most delicious drink in the world; but it must be pure. As a light, wholesome, refreshing drink, nothing can compare with cider, when it is the true

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This famous brand is backed by an experience of 60 years. Behind every bottle of their Cider is a clean, straightforward, one-purposed guarantee: namely, that "Golden Pippin" is the product solely of good, sound, ripe, rich, round West of England apples—and nothing else. William Evans & Co. stand alone in having mills in the centre of the vintage orchards of Herefordshire and Devon and make every drop themselves.

Ladies will also find "Golden Pippin" an ideal drink, a natural tonic, giving that bloom and freshness to the complexion for which the women of the Cider Counties are justly famed.

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Obtainable from Wine Merchants or (if any difficulty is experienced in obtaining it) direct from

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is due to its 1,000 coppered-steel springs, each spring in a separate pocket. These innumerable small springs give a sense of repose and comfort unobtainable from a hair or wool Mattress, or one containing a few stiff springs in certain parts.

Made to any size or shape, e.g., Mattress 3ft. wide, **£3-12-6.** Mattress 4ft. 6in., **£4-18-6.** Beautiful "Vi-Spring" Catalogue free on request.

MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS CO.,
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TRADE MARK.

10 YEARS' WEAR! 2/9 kind.

Jute soles last longer than any others. Easiest, Coolest, for House, Shop, or Sports. *World-Wide demand all the year round!* D.F., 2, Lynmouth Road, Reading:—"Last pair nearly 10 years in use." W. BIGNAYE, New Barnet:—"Got last pair 9 years ago; now quite worn." D. C., Bower, Wick, says: "Last pair wore for ten years." Mr. V. F., 15, Rue Gutenberg, Boulogne, France, writes (20/8/04):—"Have travelled the world over, and no shoes good as yours."

Enclose Length of Walking Shoe. Colour—Brown, Black, or White.

Prices (*post free United Kingdom, abroad extra*).

	Children's.	Ladies'.	Gent's.
A. Plain Shoes (without Strapping)	1 6	1/8	1/10
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E. Boots, suit fishing, climbing, &c. (non-slipping)		3 -	3 3
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Red Rubber (Fine Brown or White Canvas), Ladies', 3/11; Gent's, 5/11; Best, 6/6. If three pairs at one time, reduction of 1d. per pair; 6 pairs, 3d. Full list, 1d., including special Boot List; single pairs *less than shop or "department store" prices.*

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 1, Steps Rd., nr. Glasgow.
No shops. Send P.O. direct. 25 years' advertisers.

A Message to Mothers

Few deformities are so disfiguring as outgrowing ears. But any tendency in this direction may be so easily counteracted that there is no reason why anyone should be disfigured in this way. The

CLAXTON
Improved Patent **EAR-CAP**

quickly corrects the tendency and ensures children having pretty ears. Easy and comfortable to wear. Beautifully made in 21 sizes. Send measurement round head just above ears, and over head from lobe to lobe of ear. Price **4/-** post free anywhere. Entirely British Manufacture.—S. M. CLAXTON, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

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REAL STAFFORDSHIRE COMBINATION TEA & BREAKFAST SERVICE
PURE WHITE SEMI-CHINA AS THIN AS CHINA & MORE DURABLE
53 PIECES 10/6 A BARGAIN DIRECT FROM FACTORY. DINNER SERVICE 15/
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Highly recommended by Medical Men. No Steel in Band. Effective and Light. Comfortable in any position. Consultations and Price Lists Free. *Those bearing the Co.'s name alone genuine.* Elastic Hose, Belts, etc. **White's Moc-Main Patent Lever Truss Co., Ltd., 98, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London.** Established 50 years. Lady Consultant. *Please mention this Magazine.*

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is not an ordinary blend but one of unsurpassed excellence, exactly the same as that which is served in the best Paris Cafés. English Coffee drinkers do not know how good coffee can be until they have tested this Superb Preparation.
Sold by all Grocers and Stores.
In handsome Tins; look for the "FRENCHMAN" on every tin.
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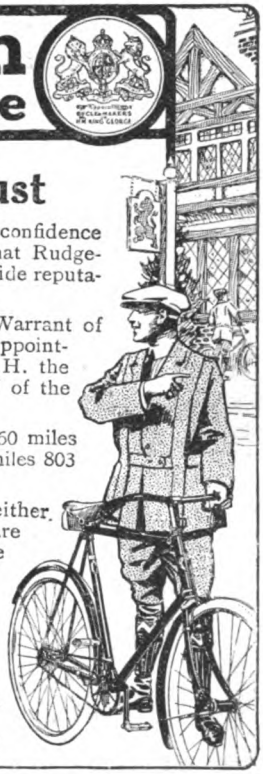

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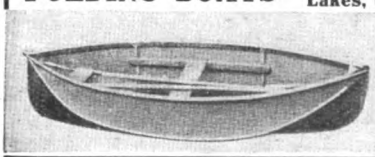

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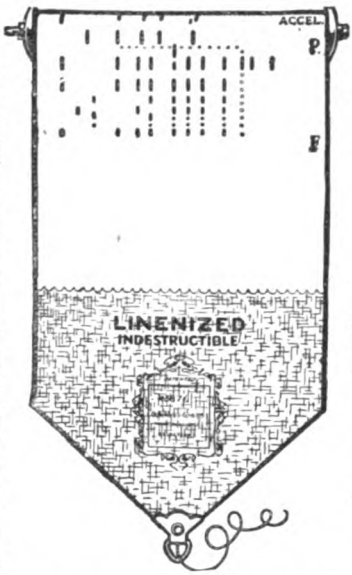

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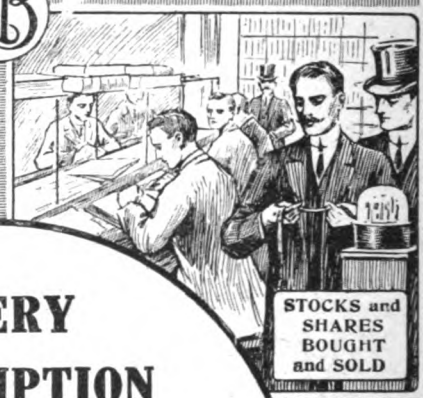

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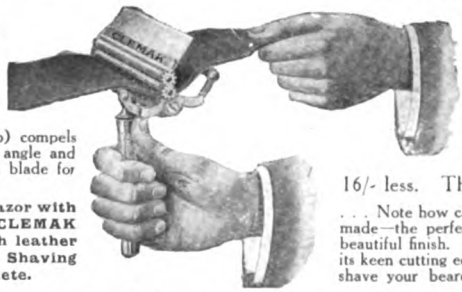

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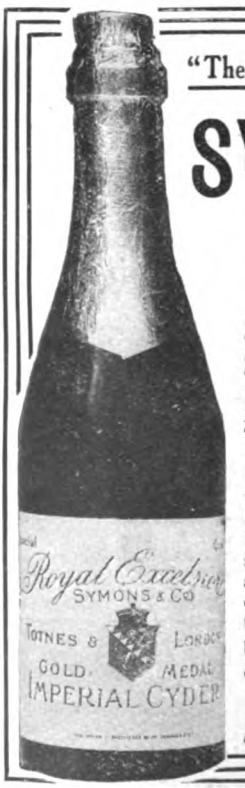

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Contents for June, 1912.

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE is printed and published monthly by the Proprietors, George Newnes, Limited, 3 to 13, Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 10s. (Canada, 8s. 6d.). Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office. Cases for binding volumes of THE STRAND MAGAZINE may be obtained to order from Booksellers for 1s., or post free for 1s. 3d. direct from the Office.

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STRAND MAGAZINE, June, '12. .....

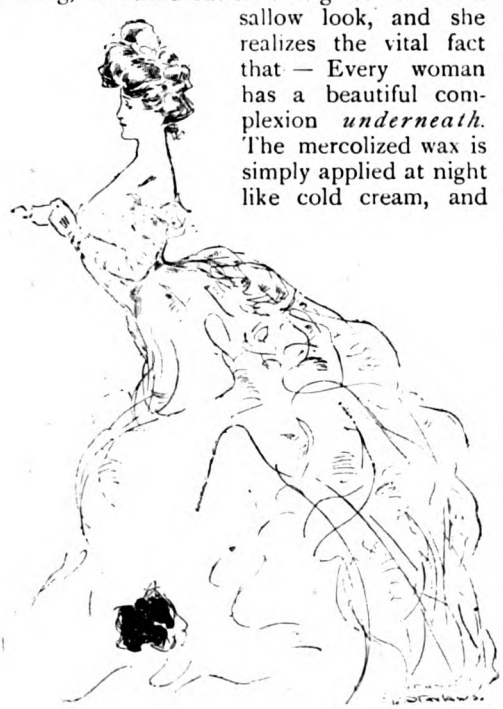
Young Faces for Old.

By MILLICENT BROWN.

Illustrated by PENRHYN STANLAWS.

TWENTY years ago one met the Stanlaws girl everywhere. A fluffy, dainty creature; all frills and flounces, dimples and demureness. And who that saw her can forget the delicate bloom of her complexion? Pastes and powders were out of fashion then. Bleaches were not correct. How then did she do it? Whence the freshness, the wholesomeness, the clear transparency of her skin? The riddle has been answered, and the answer points once again to the old saw, "There is nothing new under the sun!" Yes, our mothers followed Nature's way. They did not cover up defects. They removed them and gave Nature a chance to do its work.

To-day the up-to-date woman who desires to look her best is following closely in the footsteps of her progenitors. She has found that simple mercolized wax, procurable at any chemist's, harmlessly and easily absorbs the stifling, half-dead cuticle that gives her face a sallow look, and she realizes the vital fact that — Every woman has a beautiful complexion *underneath*. The mercolized wax is simply applied at night like cold cream, and washed off in the morning with warm water and soap. Strangely enough, it does not irritate or disfigure the face whilst the change is taking place.



But this is not all. The modern society woman desires also that her face be free from wrinkles, fine lines, and crow's feet, those prints of time that tell of stress and sorrow, and deepen with the years. How has she succeeded in banishing wrinkles? There is no mystery about it. This is what she does. She gets about a shillingsworth of parsidium from her chemist, and applies this fragrant, harmless, astringent toilet jelly to her face and neck, washing it off in a few minutes with cold water. How easy and pleasant a way! And when you think of it, it is only commonsense. Wrinkles are caused by a loose skin. To remove wrinkles, simply tighten the skin. That is all. Avoid violent massages—they have a tendency to weaken the tissue beneath, just as an over-exercised muscle wastes rather than grows. The fashion now is to combine the use of mercolized wax and parsidium, because each helps the other, and they do not conflict at all. A dash of good powder completes the toilet, and the effect is charming.

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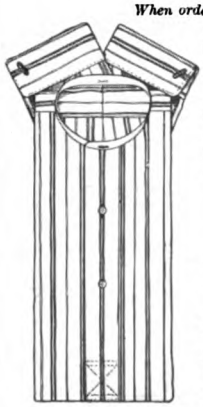

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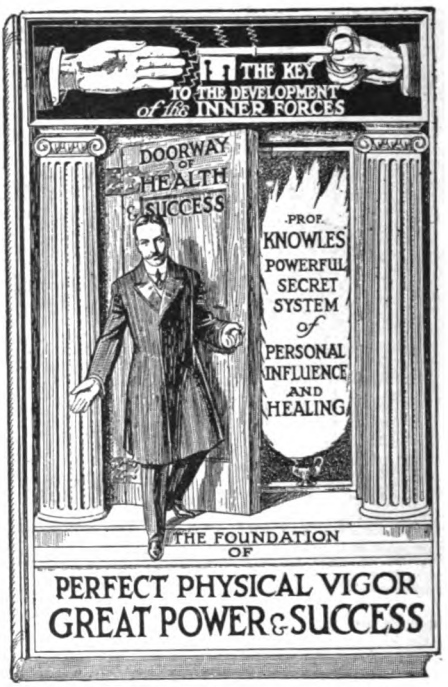

A room filled with copies of a strange and mysterious book, the like of which has never been fed to the eyes of the public, is on exhibition at an institution in London. Copies of it have been read with amazement; speculation is rife among the author's friends as to who wrote it; some contend that no mind of this age could tell of the carefully guarded secrets of the wise old sages and adepts in such simple language.

Professor Elmer E. Knowles, who claims authorship of the work, offers to send a copy free to any person who will, in his own handwriting, send the following odd lines to him:

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Incomes Increased Fourfold on Gilt-Edged Security ::

DOES YOUR invested capital yield **an income adequate to your requirements?**

Thousands of men and women in this country with a moderate capital live a pinched and monotonous existence, when they might, if they knew how, double, treble and even quadruple their Incomes, rendering them absolutely fixed and certain for life, and enjoy security that is not surpassed by any in the world.

This result may be attained by the **Purchase of an Annuity** from one of the **old-established and enormously wealthy Life Insurance Offices**

EXAMPLE.—£2,000 invested in ordinary high-class Securities will yield only £70 to £80 a year. Invested in an Annuity by a man aged 50, it will produce as much as £150 a year—by a man aged 60, £191 a year—aged 70, £275 a year (ladies receive slightly less). If the Investor is in really bad health the Annuity would be larger.

The Purchase of an Annuity will place you in the longest lived class in the world. Statistics prove that Life Office Annuitants live longer than any other class—the result of absolute freedom from financial worry. An Annuity never fluctuates, and never depreciates; it is **a sure, certain and steady INCOME FOR LIFE.**

About two-and-a-half million pounds a year is invested annually in Life Insurance Annuities.

The various uses of Annuities:

Husbands and wives buy Joint Annuities for the lives of both. Fathers buy Annuities, paid for by small annual deposits, for

infant children, to pay for future Educational Expenses.

Husbands buy, by small yearly deposits, Annuities for Wives to live on should they die.

Saving Men buy an Annuity to commence on retirement.

Some Actual Examples of Annuities :: :: ::

A retired solicitor in impaired health, aged 74, deposits £6,000, and receives an Annuity of £1,000 a year for life, thus increasing his income fourfold.

Three sisters, aged 62, 69, and 72, deposit £1,500, and receive a joint Annuity of £135, payable half-yearly until the death of the last survivor.

A husband, aged 75, and wife, 70, whose total worldly possessions amount to £2,000, on which they were realising £80 per annum, invested the whole in an Annuity, realising at once a joint income of £239, paid half-yearly during their joint lives, to be reduced to £179 after the death of the first.

Mrs. B—— R ——, aged 62, had £1,000 invested in securities yielding an income of £35 a year. By transferring the capital to an Annuity her income would have been increased to £93 a year, but, being in slightly impaired health, she obtained an Annuity of £105 a year, just thrice the amount formerly received.

L——— K———, aged 52, had £2,000 invested in property which gave continual trouble and necessitated continuous attention. He was averse to purchasing an ordinary Annuity owing to his being the father of a young family. The company therefore granted him an Annuity of £126 a year for life, but guaranteed that, in the event of his death, the Annuity should be continued as before until his youngest child attained 21 years of age.

Miss J——— A———, a lady of independent means, bought £2,000 of Consols in 1903, for which she paid £1,800. The income derived from this investment has been £50 a year. Early in 1912 this lady needed a larger income, realised her Consols for £1,600, and, being now 50 years of age, has obtained an Annuity of £109 per annum—more than double her former income.

Sir —— ——, aged 68, with slightly impaired health, invested £10,000, and secured an Annuity of £1,528 per annum, payable quarterly, and is arranging for a similar amount for Lady ——, his wife.

F——— M——, an accountant, age 35, single, secured an Annuity of £91 16s., payable half-yearly, beginning at age 60. In event of his not reaching that age, his deposits are all returned. The annual deposit for this is £25 3s. It is, however, provided that should he marry, he may, from that date, increase the annual deposits by £9 4s., and, in addition to the other benefits, secure for his wife £1,000 at his death if he should not reach 60.

G——— H——— J———, aged 37, has a baby boy and another son aged two. He foresees that when they reach 15 their education will be getting expensive. He secures an Annuity of **£100 a year for five years**

for each, beginning at 15 and continuing until 19. For the first he pays 15 annual instalments of £28 4s. each, and for the second 13 instalments of £32 18s. In the event of the father's death no further instalments will be required, and the Annuities will be paid just as if he had lived. Moreover, the Company will at once begin to pay £32 19s. yearly to assist in the elementary education of the boys until they reach 15, when the Annuities of £100 to each begin.

How to Secure the Best Annuity Terms

The purchaser of an Annuity has one difficulty to surmount. There are no less than sixty-six different Life Offices issuing Annuities. All of them are perfectly secure, but some of them give much higher benefits than others. For example, one office gives only £81 16s. 8d. a year for each £1,000 deposited by a man aged 60. Another, with equal security, gives £97 a year for the same sum.

Then again, some offices pay the stamp duty on the Annuity Bond—some do not, but leave the Annuitant to pay it.

Some offices will give much better terms if the Annuitant is in bad health—some will not, and so on.

The Purchaser of an Annuity

desirous of obtaining the best terms should not attempt to judge for himself which of these 66 offices is the best, but should consult an experienced Insurance Broker. **It costs absolutely nothing to do so,** for the Broker's remuneration is a small fee, **paid him by the Insurance Office selected,** if business is completed.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS. SEE PAGES 94 AND 95.

All Interested in any Form of Annuity ::

are invited to enquire either by letter (stating what kind of Annuity interests them, and giving their **date of birth, without which it is impossible to give an exact quotation**) or on the following form, which may be filled in, and to ensure privacy should be inserted in an envelope addressed to

Mr. W. H. AUSTIN, :: ::
Insurance Broker, :: ::
4 & 5, NORFOLK STREET,
STRAND, LONDON, W.C. ::

All Enquiries are cheerfully and promptly answered free of all cost, whether business results or not. Exact examples are furnished with full details of security.

Enquiry Form.

I was born on the.....day of.....

in the year..... Kindly inform me

which Insurance Office will give me the best terms for

Annuity, supposing I invested £.....

The present state of my health is..... ....
(insert here good, indifferent, bad, very bad, &c.)

NAME AND TITLE.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

S (Please write clearly).

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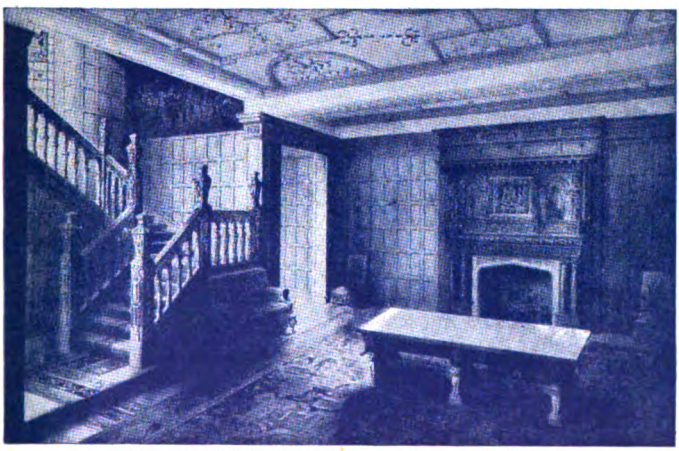

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Printed by R. CLAY & SONS, Ltd., Brunswick St., Stamford St., S.E., for the Proprietors, GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.

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